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A  
Catholic Journal and Review.

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# THE RAMBLER.

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## THE IRISH CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT. CAN WE UPSET IT?

It requires a great deal of skill to make the most of a good grievance. The very best of grievances may be spoiled by want of judicious management. It may be over-worked, or under-worked, or at unfitting times and in unfitting company; or it may be perverted by the aggrieved into a means for blinding themselves, instead of an instrument for confounding their adversaries. And so, instead of being a very valuable gift for the furtherance of political or social strategy, it may turn out not merely a grievance, real or imaginary, but a very serious evil.

We have sometimes thought that we Catholics have not altogether attained perfection in the management of our grievances. This, no doubt, is partly to be accounted for by the fact that so many of them have been not only grievances, but matters of life and death, if not physically, yet politically, socially, and religiously. A man must have acquired some sort of recognised equality with his adversary in order to allow him to employ his grievances to any advantage at all. It is of no use to call out, "Strike, but hear me!" to a villain who does not even say, "Your money or your life," but knocks one down senseless before he proceeds to rifle one's pockets. And as this prostrate condition has been a fair type of the state of Catholics for the greater part of the last three centuries, it is not to be wondered at that we still sometimes mistake the nature of the evils that yet oppress us, and mismanage them to our serious loss.

There is also another way in which those who suffer from a grievance may themselves add to its evils instead of diminishing them; we mean by over-estimating the importance of one injury, and underrating that of another. When a man is galled and stung, almost past endurance, by the pressure

of a complicated wrong, it is not easy calmly to analyse its several parts, and decide on the precise degree of pain and suffering which each element of injustice produces in him. It is, indeed, one of the arts of the tormentor so to agitate and bewilder his victim, as to neutralise his power of resistance by making him waste his strength in indiscriminate blows and unreflecting struggles. The tyrant thus manages at once to cover his own weak points, and to enfeeble the remaining energies of his victim. Yet there is perhaps no situation in human affairs which more urgently demands self-possession and calmness in calculation than that of a man who is striving to rid himself of a cruel wrong. Every mistake he makes is so much gain to his oppressor; who in the mean time husbands his means and watches his time, and never exerts his strength except to rivet the sufferer's chains anew.

It is not difficult to see in what way these truths are applicable to our own proceedings with regard to the Established Church in Great Britain and Ireland. Here we have a state of things which to us Catholics is both a wrong and an evil of the first magnitude. With all the advantages that we derive from living under the British Constitution, as contrasted with the despotism of the Continent, here is a combination of special injustice and practical mischief which is not to be found exactly paralleled in any other European state. We suffer from a double usurpation almost peculiar to the British isles. Elsewhere the same original crimes have been perpetrated with fully as unsparing a hand; elsewhere the State has openly attacked the Church, seized her revenues, destroyed or appropriated her cathedrals, churches, and monasteries; banished and executed her clergy, and made the very practice of Catholicism as a private religion penal. But nowhere else has Protestantism succeeded so fully in usurping the title to all moral, intellectual, and material greatness, and in branding the true faith with just that stigma which makes it specially odious in the eyes of the most influential portion of the people. Doubtless the same game of misrepresentation is played every where. It is the common cant of Protestantism to allege that Popery is identical with intellectual feebleness; that the dignity of man is lowered by his believing in miracles and going to confession to a priest. Still, it is here only that the imposition has succeeded with all that is wisest and best in the non-Catholic portion of the nation. Men of sense and honour abroad, when not Catholics, are often to some extent superior to the anti-Catholic prejudices of the vulgar Protestant mind. But here it is the

reverse. The belief in the degrading influences of Catholicism is wrought into the very texture of the English Protestant brain. The Englishman has imbibed it, often insensibly, with every morsel of intellectual and moral food which has been presented to him. He actually cannot think differently. It shocks all he holds dear and sacred; it seems to militate against the first truths of reason and all the experience of humanity to look on Popery as any thing but an enslaving, senseless, and debasing superstition. When you force the facts of the past on his notice, he stares like a man who, for the first time, is told that his father was a scoundrel, and his mother no better than she should be. In all sincerity he looks down on Catholics as Pariahs; as another race of beings; as men who, by the laws of morals, must be treated in a different way from the adherents of every other religion on earth. Such is the force of that double usurpation which Protestantism has accomplished in this land of liberty, equality, common sense, and legal justice.

Stung to the quick, however, as we have been, by robbery, spoliation, murder, and outlawry, and witnessing as we do the splendours of our own former possessions now in the hands of our enemies, we are sometimes apt to confuse past wrongs and present evils, and to overlook the working of the most fertile sources of injury to our religion in the present day. The memory recurs again and again to the state of things under which the gigantic crime was originally perpetrated; and we forget to study the entirely new condition of society under which we are living. Could the old wrong be redressed, we say to ourselves, all would go well with us. And so we bend our energies towards denouncing the crimes of the dead, and flatter ourselves that could we tear from our oppressor those particular possessions which he stole from our fathers; could we eject him from the position which once was ours,—the real problem of the day would be solved; and not only Catholics, but the Catholic religion—its faith and its morals—would once more flourish in the land.

Led aside by these pardonable misconceptions, we too often waste ourselves in efforts which are practically worthless, because they can come to no result; and worse than worthless, because they distract our attention from that course which alone will actually cure the evils we complain of. A sort of unreality stamps itself on our anti-Protestant proceedings, and gives to many of our most serious efforts the appearance of mere party animosity. When we are busied in the cause of Almighty God and of immortal souls, people take us to mean no more than is meant.

an election cry, or the noisy clamourings of selfishness and greediness of gain. We have too often suffered ourselves to be led away, and to be represented to the world, by men who are mere politicians ; who carry "the Catholic cause" into the parliamentary market as so much stock-in-trade, and whose object is their own personal advancement, and not the well-being of the whole body of English and Irish Catholics, as a portion of the English and Irish nation. With these men, of course, the natural plan is, to make the most of those grievances which tell on the hustings, or in Parliament, or at a dinner, or on a platform, or in a letter to a newspaper. That silent and laborious work which tends to raise the Catholic character and to disabuse the better class of Protestants has little charms for them. They want some tangible object for themselves to strike at, while the crowd stands by and applauds their blows. Thus they attain their own ends—notoriety, place, position, pay, or whatever it may be—at little cost of labour to themselves ; while we too credulously accredit them with the character of defenders of the faith, of men of dauntless courage, and patriotic citizens of the great Catholic commonwealth.

The readiest object for political attack is naturally the Established Church of England and Ireland. When a speaker or writer has nothing else to say or scribble, he falls foul of this monstrous institution, bespatters it with the facts and figures of parliamentary blue-books, and winds up with a grand denunciation of its especial iniquity in Ireland, on the ground that the Catholics there are a more numerous portion of the whole people than they are in England. Now of course we have not the smallest objection to any exposure whatever that can be made of the wealth, the absurdities, the inconsistencies of the Protestant Establishment, and especially of the concentrated absurdity of the establishment of a Protestant ministry where there is no flock at all for the hireling to look after. By all means let us lose no opportunity for refreshing the Protestant mind with these interesting facts, and suffer none of the misdoings of established Protestantism to be overlooked or undervalued. We only object to this kind of "Catholic tactics" when it makes us forget the only practicable means for actually upsetting the whole tyranny of Protestantism, and deludes us into assuming principles which we are far from wishing to see carried out.

Here, however, we must pause, to explain what we ourselves hold to be the principles on which our plans for the future should be based in the matter of Establishments and church-property ; for to those who differ from us, all we can

say on mere matters of tactics will be so much waste of words. Until we are agreed in our aims, we cannot agree in our actions. In one word, then, we do not want the revenues of the Established Church, either in England or Ireland. Whether we want their buildings, either all or some of them, is another thing. At any rate, we do not want their tithes, their glebes, their comfortable parsonages, or their episcopal palaces; still less do we want to see our prelates, like their prelates, in the House of Lords. We prefer our poverty to their wealth; our independence to any sort of servitude to the State, however thickly gilt. We want no exclusive privileges. We want to stand on precisely the same level with the professors of all other religions or no-religions. We want equality of rights as citizens, and nothing more; for every thing else we wish to depend on our own capacities, our zeal, our learning, our honesty, and on the protection of God, and on nothing more.

With any scheme, therefore, or agitation, which has for its object the making the Established Protestant clergy change places with our own, we have no sympathy whatever, but the reverse. Whatever might have been said in favour of the State-Establishment of the true religion in past days, we believe that now the balance of argument is entirely against every thing of the kind, at least in countries where Catholicism and the State are not already bound up together. Of these cases we say nothing, as they are not our own, except that, on the whole, we imagine that wherever the separation can be quietly carried out, the better for the cause of true religion, and of good government into the bargain.

It will be concluded at once, then, that we take no interest in those attacks which are made on the Irish Establishment, as distinguished from the English, on the ground that in Ireland Catholicism is the religion of the majority; and which imply that there is comparatively no great harm done by the establishment of Protestantism in England, where Catholics are so few. If these especial assaults are made on the Irish Establishment with any ultimate plan for transferring its revenues to the Catholic clergy, as being the clergy of the majority, for ourselves, we say, rather than hang the incubus of vast and territorial wealth and of State connection on the neck of Irish Catholicism, let the Establishment stand as it is. The harm it does now is most serious; but the harm its riches and position would do, if they were ours, would be tenfold. A well-filled purse may be a powerful enemy, but it is a fatal friend. Modern society is such, and the relations of various religious sects to one another also such, that

the Catholic Church cannot now flourish if placed in the same position which she enjoyed in the middle ages. And how men of good sense and devout intentions, with the knowledge of what medieval wealth brought upon the Church, can sigh for high temporal places for the Catholic priesthood and hierarchy, is a marvel only to be accounted for by the fact that it is hard to believe any difficulties to be so trying as those which beset ourselves. Does any man believe that if the Church had remained comparatively poor and unconnected with the State, the "Reformation" would have taken place? People talk as if this same "Reformation" was the work of Protestants; and forget that it was the work of Catholic prelates, Catholic priests, Catholic monks, Catholic sovereigns, Catholic nobles, and Catholic gentlemen, corrupted to their heart's core *by gold*. Who, then, with all our present disasters, shortcomings, dissensions, and difficulties, can desire to see the palaces of Lambeth, York, Dublin, or Armagh inhabited by the rightful owners, rightful though they be? As to the greater mischiefs supposed to be done to religion by the Irish Establishment than by the English, the notion is very questionable. Undoubtedly it is peculiarly monstrous that all the machinery of a well-endowed parish should be kept up for the benefit of "dearly-beloved Roger," as Swift called his "congregation." And, at first sight, it seems less hard for an English Catholic to see the old Catholic buildings and the old Catholic tithes in anti-Catholic hands, when these anti-Catholics outnumber the resident Catholics as ten or twenty to one. But really the positive *wrong* is just the same in both cases. Whether I am kicked out of my own house in company with one-tenth or with nine-tenths of my neighbours similarly served, the injustice and suffering is the same to me; *I* suffer just the same; I have to pay my full share of the expenses necessary for building and keeping up a new church, and for supporting my own clergy, whether I am one of ten Catholics in a parish, or one of ten hundred; nay, if there is any difference, I who am one of a few am worse off than he is who is one of many; for many people together can carry on any work, whether ecclesiastical or otherwise, at a less cost per head, supposing each individual gains the same benefit in both cases, than can be managed by only a few people acting in concert. We have an illustration in the comparative temporal conditions of the English and Irish Catholic clergy. The English Catholic aristocracy and gentry, as a class, are, at the very least, as liberal in their gifts to the Church as are Catholics of equal rank and wealth in Ireland; but nevertheless, as a body, the Irish priesthood are in

more comfortable circumstances than the English. There are hard cases in Ireland, and there are a few priests in England who are well supported by their flocks; but nevertheless the English clergy find it much harder to live than do their Irish brethren, for this special reason, that Catholics being scattered, the cost of the maintenance of their clergy presses more severely upon them than where Catholics are many.

That the Catholic people of either England or Ireland would be gainers in a pecuniary way by the simple destruction of the Establishment, is simply fiction, except so far as English church-rates go. If tithes were utterly from this hour abolished, the mass of the people would not be one sixpence the richer. The sweeping away of the tithe (whether commuted or not) is simply the transferring of its amount from the present possessors *to the owners of the land*. The occupiers and the people in general would neither gain nor lose one farthing. If the tithes were transferred to the Catholic clergy, that would be quite another thing; but as we have said, may the day be far distant when we thus sow the seeds of corruption in our own body, and prepare Ireland, and England too, for a second "reformation."

All this, however, touches only the money part of the question. The real evil of the Establishment is of a far different nature, and requires to be met by measures of which the upsetting the Establishment itself is but a part. As an antagonist to our religion, and not simply as a riser of our pockets, the Establishment injures us by fostering in the minds of the British and Irish people an idea that Catholicism is low, ungentlemanly, un-English, unintellectual, lax in morals, and a foe to civilisation and freedom. It is one of the main props of that vast system of misrepresentation by which the true claims of the Church are completely kept out of the sight of nine-tenths of the best members of the social state. It is by means of the Establishment, and through the stimulus supplied by the Establishment, that our books are put upon an *index expurgatorius*, the good deeds of our nuns are unremembered, our clergy are viewed as the hired minions of a foreign and anti-English potentate. It is the Establishment which ever strives to mark us with the ignominious name of "Dissenters," which perpetually whispers doubts of our honour and candour, which makes the respectable and aristocratic consider themselves *disgraced* when a member of their family "becomes a Romanist," as they phrase it. It is the Establishment that keeps up that "reign of terror" which holds so many timid souls in bondage, and terrifies those who are sensitive to ridicule, and gives a cur-

rency to those cant expressions which serve to make the conscientious imagine that they are serving God by stifling the voice of conscience itself. It is the Establishment which pays and feeds ten thousand popes throughout the land, whose very existence depends on the keeping alive the ridiculous old traditions of their immediate ancestors, and who can no more be expected to tell the whole truth than a doctor can be expected to decry drugs, or a butcher to advocate vegetarianism. The Establishment is the correlative of that *quasi-virtue* so dear to the heart of the Englishman and Englishwoman ; we mean, respectability. With such an Establishment, so venerable, so well-conducted, so free from vulgar fanaticism, so well-dressed, with such a liturgy, such anthems, such organs, such choristers, such cathedrals, such parsonages, such a literature, such universities, such college chapels and gardens, such libraries, such degrees, how is it possible that the genuine English mind can conceive it possible that, after all, the whole thing is a spiritual sham, a delusion of the past, a folly and crime of other days, to be swept away in order to make room for the true successors of the Apostles ?

It is, then, in its influence on the popular mind of Great Britain and Ireland that we recognise the grand injury that the Establishment does to the Catholic faith ; we see in it the clever possessor of stolen goods, who, to make sure of his ill-gotten wealth, contrives to blacken the character of its rightful owner, so that when he comes into court for redress he is forthwith turned out as a contemptible lying scoundrel. Of course we do not say that all the Anglican clergy and their adherents *know* what they are doing, when they do all this ; far from it. The old original thieves knew it well enough, and pretty shameless they were ; but their successors, who have inherited their gains, have not, we gladly admit, inherited their consciousness of the crimes they committed. But still, their acts are those of men who utterly misrepresent and malign us Catholics and our creed, and whose undeniable interest it is to prevent the British nation from opening its eyes.

Again, it is the interest of every one who is in any way connected with the Establishment to keep down Popery, as the rival of the Establishment, by branding it with the worst of characters. We never shall estimate rightly the strength of the Establishment if we view it simply or chiefly as a clerical or religious institution ; it is essentially a part of the income of the middle and upper classes of the community ; its welfare is bound up with their welfare in a totally different

way from that in which church-revenues are associated with the general stability of property in Catholic countries. The Catholic clergy and religious bodies, by the simple fact of their celibacy, never can form a large and integral portion of the middle and upper classes like the Anglican clergy. Even in the wealthiest times of the Church, when mitres and abbeys were too often regarded as prizes by a sort of fitness belonging to the clerical members of great families,—even then there was a very large proportion of the clergy who had no ties of blood with the rich and powerful sections of the community. When, therefore, the nobility of the time united with the sovereign to plunder the Church of its possessions, they did not feel that while they took from the Church with one hand, they were robbing themselves with the other. But here in England there is hardly a family of respectability that does not look upon the Establishment as a means for supplying a respectable income, a gentlemanly position, for one or more of its kinsfolk. Whatever damages the Establishment, therefore, is a positive loss to all this immensely numerous class; whatever lowers its respectability, or detracts from its ancient reputation, or robs it of its revenues, is just so much personal injury to nearly the whole body of the English and Irish aristocracy and gentry, and to many of the mercantile and trading classes besides.

It is the overlooking these vast ramifications of the roots of the Establishment in English society which often leads Catholics into erroneous calculations as to its probable stability. We see the cry for church-reform, the coolness with which Parliament rearranges the ecclesiastical revenues, the meekness with which the clergy submit to the doctrinal dictations of temporal courts, and the ridicule cast on their pretensions to be successors of the Apostles by newspaper-writers; and from this we argue that the Establishment is losing its hold on the nation as an institution. Never was there a more illogical deduction. The British aristocracy, gentry, and commercial classes no more uphold the Established bishops as successors of the Apostles than we do. When a man like Henry of Exeter tries the game, with ever such cautiousness, he is forthwith laughed at for his impudence. And as for any pretensions made by the great body of the clergy to *teach* the educated classes of the community what is the undoubted word of God, with the authority of divinely-appointed ministers of *the* gospel,—such things may pass muster with a few female coterie here and there about the country, but they would be the mere jest of ninety-nine out of a hundred *men* of every respectable class.

When the laity cry out for, and carry forward "church-reform," they take the best possible care to preserve the church-possession to the Establishment itself; they are perfectly aware that they are merely rearranging their own property, and making their own servants do their work more properly and decently, so as to neutralise the efforts of Papists and Nonconformists by showing what a practical common-sense affair the Church of England is, after all. Logic and theology have nothing to do with the matter. The governing classes in this country want a good, useful, working institution, thoroughly respectable, knowing its own place, and keeping to its own business, and supplying *them* with some fifteen thousand good places, to be filled by members of their own families, as interest and luck may settle the prizes. We are sometimes simple enough to imagine that if the Maynooth grant were withdrawn, the English Parliament would upset the Irish Establishment, for the sake of consistency. Who ever heard of men giving up an immense number of good places, varying in value from one hundred to eight or ten thousand a-year, for the sake of logical consistency? What on earth do the upper and middle classes of this kingdom care for logical consistency? You might as reasonably expect a national revolution in favour of Mr. Jelinger Symons' crotchets about the moon. With logical consistency on one side, and an annual million sterling on the other, is it in man's nature to hesitate for the infinitesimally smallest fraction of a second? We may rest assured that if the Maynooth grant does go, there will be a year or two's grand hubbub on our part, in which we shall be backed up by the Parliamentary opposition for the time being, whichever political party it may be, and then all will subside again, and we shall be called impudent dogs if we continue to grumble.

We entreat our fellow-Catholics, then, in arranging their plans for upsetting church-establishments, not to suffer themselves to be misled by any superficial view of the facts of the case. Unless we comprehend, not only the theological weaknesses of Protestantism, but also the sources of its political strength, we shall do ourselves more harm than good by miscalculating the means necessary for reducing it to its proper level. It cannot be too urgently repeated, that the strength of Anglicanism, as established in England and Ireland, is *not* a theological and doctrinal strength; and moreover that it is *because* it is thus not theological and dogmatic, that it is so difficult to overthrow. The Establishment is strong, because it embodies just enough of the dogmatic and religious principle, and just enough of the Catholic system generally, to

*appear* an essentially religious institution, and to answer the purposes of the governing classes; and at the same time furnishes good worldly positions to an overwhelming majority of these same ruling castes.

To suppose, therefore, that the Establishment is to be overthrown by mere force of reasoning on logical, or theological, or moral grounds, is clearly absurd. The mass of mankind, rich and poor, English, Irish, and Continental, invariably act on grounds of personal and temporal interest. No man ever yet impoverished himself, except for motives to which nine persons out of ten are utterly insensible. Nothing will ever disendow Anglicanism in England or Ireland, but a sheer Parliamentary out-voting of its supporters. And this can never be looked for until in the House of Commons there is a *large* majority of men who have no personal or family interest in the loaves and fishes of the Establishment. A small majority would not suffice; for the Lords would never yield to any thing less than a majority so great and so determined as to terrify them into acquiescence. Such a popular commotion as that which carried Catholic emancipation would, of course, have its practical weight in this case; but such an agitation as that which carried emancipation would not really disendow Protestantism, because the Lords and Commons are personally far more deeply interested in the Establishment than they were in keeping a few Catholics out of Parliament. Many of the most determined of Protestants laughed at the fanaticism and bigotry of their fellow-religionists, and voted on our side. But a man does not laugh at fanaticism and bigotry when fanaticism and bigotry bring him in five hundred a-year. A family-living is an argument in favour of things as they are as cogent as the mathematical proof that there are two right angles in every triangle.

Practically, then, our conclusion is this: first, that there is no chance whatever of upsetting either the Irish or English Establishment at present; and as a corollary, that we must not waste our strength by expending it on agitations, which can only be desirable on the ground that they will soon succeed in their aim. And secondly, that the best thing that Catholics can do with a view to the future is, personally to take that place in the community which will enable them to come in and join the agitation, when the right hour is come, with efficient, nay, with overwhelming force.

To treat, however, these two conclusions a little more in detail. And first, as to the expediency of present political agitation. It may be taken as an undoubted axiom, that

every agitation which fails of attaining its end in a moderate space of time, so far injures the cause it is intended to serve. It emboldens its enemies, and it disheartens its supporters, while it distracts their attention from other and more practically important labours. This, however, is not the case with agitations which are intended to be preliminary, and to last probably a long time, possibly even to be handed on to another generation. These, indeed, can hardly be called agitations. They are conducted by a different sort of machinery; they aim at affecting, on the whole, a different class of people, and they appeal to a different set of motives and passions. They are instructive rather than exciting; they are occupied in informing friends, or people disposed to be friends, rather than in defying or terrifying foes. They do not call for any vast exertion of energy or strength, and can be taken up and laid down, and again taken up, just as opportunity offers, or leisure allows.

Thus keeping ourselves unhampered by any fierce and engrossing present political agitation, we shall have more leisure and energies to devote to the grand duty of strengthening ourselves. Shut out as we have been from those advantages which have made the ruling classes of the empire what they are, our truest wisdom, now that matters are changed, is to strain every nerve to place ourselves on an equality with the most highly favoured and the most efficiently disciplined. If we neglect this first of duties, we shall have little or no weight to throw into the scale when the time is really come for the death-struggle of Establishmentism; we shall no more be a body of vast social influence than we are now, when—whatever may be our deserts—our favour rather injures a cause than upholds it. As things are now, “the Catholic” opinion and action on affairs in general just go for nothing. There have been a few Irish members of Parliament who have had so many votes to bully or support a minister with, but of these the larger portion have been notoriously venal; and now that Mr. Lucas is dead, our representatives are nearly all nonentities or confessed “bores,” which is worse.

To suppose that these evils are to be remedied by talking and agitation, is pure nonsense. There is nothing for it but a vigorous and determined training of ourselves, both rich and poor, combined with a practical readiness to take our places personally in the social and political world as opportunities offer. We must, as the saying is, throw ourselves into our work with all our hearts, and force the world to see what we are by *being* all that we can be. So far as the notions of the

age are good, or even harmless, so far it is for us to accept, appropriate, and act upon them. If we choose to play the Quixote, and take ourselves to be medieval knights, commissioned to assault the whirling mill-sails of modern life, we shall share the fate of the poor Don, and be dashed sprawling on the ground, sorely bruised and utterly discomfited. What the English world is prepared to honour, let us honour, so long as it is allowable. In former days, people associated the ideas of secular splendour with lawful spiritual power. Now-a-days, they recall the poverty of the Apostles, and refuse obedience to those who do not practise the apostolic self-denial. But, at the same time, they connect intellectual cultivation, and all its kindred graces, with the idea of the sacred ministry. They cannot conceive a primitive bishop, living at Lambeth, with fifteen or twenty thousand a-year; but they are convinced that were Saint Paul now alive, he would be a very respectable mathematician, and hold sound views on draining, guano, and the steam-plough. At present, the English mind is filled with the most ridiculous notions about us and our creed. It holds us to be the enemies of freedom, of manliness, of openness, of honour, of industry, of enlightenment, of national prosperity; and on these grounds—far more than on abstract theological reasons—it sets itself to keep us down, and to permit us none of that equality in rivalry which it allows to every other class in the community. To destroy this hostility, it is of no avail to argue till we are hoarse on general grounds. It profits little to prove, that for all these blessings and virtues which the model Englishman so highly prizes he is really indebted to the Catholicism of the middle ages; that the seeds of this very freedom and civilisation were sown six hundred years ago; and that the immediate effect of the “Reformation” was just to throw back the progress of the country towards barbarism and slavery. The English mind has small taste for this sort of reasoning; it is untheoretical, unhistorical, and unscientific. It goes by what it sees, and has a profound suspicion of every thing that has not been tried by itself. It hardly believes in facts, unless they are the facts of to-day, and can be touched, seen, and examined, within the limits of the British isles. We cannot, accordingly, talk or write down the anti-Catholic prejudices of our neighbours. Our only way is, to live them down. We cannot point to Westminster and York Minster, and argue the question as to who *ought* to have them, and who would make the best use of them. They had rather see the noble aisles cold and desolate—and yet in the possession of an institution which they think respectable,

national, and on the whole, learned and intelligent—than turned to practical use by those whom they believe to be priest-ridden simpletons. “If your religion is what you pretend,” they say, “why are you not as a body equal to the highest and ablest in the kingdom? If your Jesuits and Benedictines have done such things for learning as you assert, where are their works, or the works of their pupils, now? If your fathers created our freedom, why are you not found carrying out the system they erected?” It avails nothing to answer these questions by pointing to past penal laws, and to present poverty and paucity of numbers. The Englishman to his other notions about Catholics adds the crowning delusion—that whatever they choose to do they can do. And so he answers his questions for himself, by imputing to us wilful ignorance, wilful slavishness, wilful superstition, and wilful laziness. And he will never accept any other answer, except palpable visible facts, forced on him by the acts of English and Irish Catholics—the living proofs of the erroneousness of his prejudices.

So far, then, as the actual destruction of the Establishment is concerned, we fear there is no hope of it at present. Nothing but an increase of political power in the hands of its enemies can overthrow it; and this increase can come only by so large an extension of the electoral suffrage as to imperil the existence of our whole political constitution, or by *our* gaining, through conversions and the general education of our entire body, such a position in the nation as may counterbalance the interest which the upper classes of society now have in maintaining the Establishment. While the electoral suffrage is, as now, confined to the wealthy and comfortable classes, the Establishment is safe. Dissent will never upset it, because Dissenters almost always join the Establishment when they get rich; or if they do not join it themselves, their children do. Besides this, they would, as a body, rather see the Establishment upheld than Catholicism benefited, unless the gain to themselves would be so great as to make them lose for a time their anti-Popish feelings. Moreover Dissent is now a losing speculation in the country. It has but flimsy theological convictions; its old anti-prelatic fury is marvellously soothed down; it coquets with Gothicism, chantings, and liturgies; its preachers love to look like Anglican clergymen; it aims at being intellectual, polished, gentlemanly; and thus is fast losing that peculiar anti-Anglican spirit which gave it its hold on the fanatical, the discontented, and the rude. To whatever extent it becomes more and more latitudinarian, just so far it sits

easier in the neighbourhood of its endowed rival. Latitudinarianism allows, on principle, astonishing lengths of casuistry in the way of signing articles and creeds without believing them in their grammatical meaning. If it was right in Saint Paul to use the current language of his day, they argue, when he meant something far more enlightened and philosophic, surely we may adopt his forms of speech in Anglican devotions and dogmatic statements, when our meaning is just what *we* say was Saint Paul's meaning. Thus argues modern Socinianism, or Germanism, or "largeness of view," or whatever else be its fashionable title. And thus will Latitudinarianism continue to spread, without damaging the Establishment any where but in its outworks. We Catholics alone can advance in social position, in education, in wealth, in numbers, and yet retain our conviction that the Establishment ought to be abolished for the glory of God and the good of men's souls. Let us, then, bide our time, watching and in patience. Perhaps the day may come, when we least expect it, for the actual attack, the bombardment, and the storming. But in the mean time, let us wisely and securely take up our position, fortify our camp, and train our troops; and then when the hour *is* come, there will be no fear of defeat; the persecutions of three centuries will be avenged, and we shall stand where only we desire to stand—on a footing of perfect equality with the sects that surround us in all their motley multitude.

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#### A MORNING AT THE STAR-CHAMBER.

WE begin our series of records of the sufferings of the Catholics under the penal laws with the report of a trial in the Star-chamber, which originated in the alleged confession of Father Campian at the rack. It is said that the martyr, when stretched on the instrument of torture, trusting to the oath of the rackmasters that no evil should come to the parties named, confessed that he had been at the house of certain Catholics in the county of Northampton. It is further alleged that he afterwards reproached himself for his weakness, and wrote to a fellow-prisoner, Mr. Pound, that he had confessed only the names of the persons at whose houses he had been,

but not a word of their secrets. This letter (whether true or forged) was intercepted; and, together with the confession, became the ground of the following trial, so far as Lord Vaux, Sir Thomas Tresame, and Sir William Catesby are concerned. The other parties, the Gryffyths and Powdrel, were named with more circumstance in the alleged confession; and when taken up were found, by their own admission, to have really entertained Campian and his companions. They were then joined in one batch with the rest, that the direct proof in their case might serve to prejudice the case of the others, who seem to have been put down in the alleged confession simply because they were the chief recusant families of the county of Northampton, which Campian chiefly frequented. We ourselves have no hesitation in expressing our belief that the confession was a forgery, and known to be so by most of the judges; and that the denials of Lord Vaux, Tresame, and Catesby, were perfectly true. We found our opinion not only on the known characters of the parties, and the proofs which we hold of the perjury of the witnesses to the confession in other matters, but also on the deportment and characters of Sir Thomas Tresame and his companions, as well as on other grounds, which we hope to have an early opportunity of explaining more at length.

We hope that none of our readers will be frightened at the prolixity of the following report. Independently of the interest which every Catholic ought to feel in the details of the sufferings of the confessors of the faith, as Englishmen we ought to be proud of the noble stand which these accomplished gentlemen made for the dearest liberties of our country. The just reader will acknowledge that the services which are always attributed to such men as Hampden, were in reality performed before him by Tresame and his companions. They were not so happy as Hampden, in lighting the conflagration which destroyed the oppressor; but they have the greater merit of having suffered not only for religion, but also for the best rights of Englishmen, which they claimed with an amount of boldness and eloquence seldom to be found in defendants before such a dreaded tribunal as that of the Star-Chamber, and in such times of rampant injustice as the days of Queen Elizabeth.

At the Court of Starre-Chamber, Wednesday the  
20th November 1581.\*

Where were set in order the Lords Chancellor, Chamberlain,

\* Harleian Ms. 859.

Leicester, Cromwell, Buckhurst, Hunsdon, Norrys; Sir Francis Knolls, Treasurer; Sir Walter Mildmay, Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Chief-Justice of England; the Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, and the Chief Baron.

The prisoners at the bar were Lord Vaux,\* Sir Thos. Tresame,† Knt., Mr. Powdrell, Mrs. Gryffyth of Bucks, and her husband's brother, Mr. Ambrose Griffyth. All these came from the Fleet together, and were brought to the bar between nine and ten o'clock in the morning.

Sir Wm. Catesby,‡ Knt., was brought from the King's Bench; whose warning of coming thither was very late. The Lord Vaux and Sir T. Tresame had been heard before his coming to the Star-Chamber.

The queen's counsel was Popham, the attorney-general; Eger-ton, the solicitor; and Mr. Cenant, who spake nothing.

The attorney gave evidence against the prisoners, with a long exordium of the happy reign of the queen; showing what a malicious enemy the Pope was, who had stirred the rebellion§ in the north; who sent in the excommunication with Shelton;|| who sent in Maynie;¶ who stirred the late rebellion in Ireland;\*\* and who now had sent in renegade Jesuits and seminary priests, the very seed of sedition. Among whom was one Campian,†† who had been received sundry times in the houses of Lord Vaux, Sir T. Tresame, Sir W. Catesby, Mr. Powdrell, and Mrs. Griffyth.

Then against Lord Vaux, Sir T. Tresame, and Sir W. Catesby, he further gave in evidence, that they, being examined thereof, did deny it; who, being required by the council to confirm it by an oath, refused it: who then charged them on their allegiance to swear, but they refused it. Whereupon he urged the contempt; but he neither produced for that warrant of law nor precedent.

\* William, third Lord Vaux, of Harrowden, Northamptonshire, married to Mary, aunt of Sir T. Tresame. A most generous assister of priests, in spite of the persecution he endured on their account. *Ob.* 1595.

† Sir T. Tresame, of Rushton, Northamptonshire, born 1544; knighted by Queen Elizabeth, at Kenilworth. Confined for a long time for recusancy in Wisbeach Castle. In 1597 he had been already three times in custody. He was an accomplished scholar, and no contemptible architect. His son, Francis Tresham, joined in the Gunpowder Plot.

‡ Sir Wm. Catesby, of Ashby Leger, Northamptonshire, was brother-in-law of Sir Thos. Tresame, and father of Robert Catesby, the author of the Gunpowder Plot. He had a house in Southwark, where he hospitably entertained many of the persecuted Catholics. § 1569.

§ Felton, hanged for publishing the bull of S. Pius V., Aug. 8, 1570.

¶ Cuthbert Mayne, the proto-martyr of the Seminaries, suffered Nov. 29, 1577.

\*\* The rebellion of Fitzmaurice and Desmond, 1579-80.

†† Campian, a gentleman of a Northamptonshire family, which furnished several incumbents to parishes in that county, both before and after the Reformation. He was originally a clergyman of the Establishment, of St. John's College, Oxford; and after his conversion, joined the Society of Jesus. He was enthusiastically admired by all persons that knew him, and finished a saintly life by a glorious martyrdom, Dec. 1, 1581, eleven days after this trial. (See Challoner's *Missionary Priests*, No. 5.)

Against Mr. Powdrell he urged, that he also, being by the council required to swear to certain articles, likewise refused to swear to the interrogatories, unless he might first see them.

Against Mrs. Griffyth and her brother, in that they, being examined before him, the said attorney, refused to swear.

The evidence read in that behalf was a confession of Mr. Campian's at the rack in August last, before the lieutenant of the Tower,\* Norton,† and Hammon. The content whereof was that he had been at the house of Lord Vaux sundry times; at Sir T. Tresame's house; at Mr. Gryffyn's of Northampton, where also the Lady Tresame then was; and at the house of Sir W. Catesby, where Sir T. Tresame and his lady then were. Also at one time when he was at Lord Vaux's, he said that Lord Compton was there; but not mentioning conference with them, or the like.

Also to enforce this there was a letter produced, said to be intercepted, which Mr. Campian should seem to write to a fellow-prisoner of his, namely Mr. Pound; wherein he did take notice that by frailty he had confessed of some houses where he had been, which now he repented him, and desired Mr. Pound to beg him pardon of the Catholics therein, saying that in this he only rejoiced that he had discovered no things of secret.

Then the court demanded of the Lord Vaux what he could answer herein, and whether he confessed or denied this to be true which for the queen had been given in evidence against him.

Lord Vaux, making an humble and lowly obedience, offered to speak; but Lord Leicester (as it seemed), disliking of some want of duty or reverence therein, something said (as we guessed) touching the same to the lord chancellor.

*Lord Chancellor.* My lord, doth it become you so unreverently to presume to make answer with only bowing of your leg, in so high an offence as this is that you have committed against her majesty? No, it little beseemeth you, and greatly is to be disliked.

*Lord Vaux.* My lords all, if I have failed in any part of my duty, I humbly pray pardon; for I had intention not to offend therein (God is my judge). And the rather I hope you will pardon it in me, who through ignorance have committed this error, being erst never acquainted with the answering of any like cause in this or any other court. (All this he spake upon his knee; and so continued kneeling all the time of his answer, and so likewise the residue.)

*Ld. Chan.* Answer to the matter that her majesty's attorney hath charged you withal. Do you confess it or deny it?

\* Sir Owen Hopton, a great persecutor of the Catholics; but who made much money out of them, by charging Government for their keep long after death had removed them from his custody.

† A miscreant who was M.P., and who drew up many of the bills against Catholics; but who got into prison in March, in the year 1582, for a libel against the Bishops of the Establishment. While in prison he wrote a letter to the lords of the council, in apology for his cruelty in torturing Campian and Briant, which we intend to publish as soon as we have an opportunity.

*Ld. V.* My lords, I acknowledge all to be true that I am charged withal concerning my refusal to swear, and withal do affirm my examination, taken before Sir Walter Mildmay, to be true; offering now, as always heretofore I have done, to depose to any interrogatories that concern my loyalty to her majesty, or duty to the State, requiring only to be exempted from deposing in matters of conscience, which, without offending of my conscience grievously, I may not consent to do: with further offer that if I be not a most true and faithful subject to her majesty, show me no favour, but cut me off forthwith; at whose commandment my goods, my lands, and my life ever hath been and ever shall be ready in all duty to be employed. And as to the receiving of Mr. Campian (albeit I confess he was schoolmaster to some of my boys), yet I deny that he was at my house. I say that he was not there to my knowledge; whereof reprove me, and let me be punished with the punishment I deserve.

*Ld. Chan.* You have denied it unsworn; why do you refuse to swear it? Nay, you were but required to say it upon your honour, and withal but to your knowledge; and favour you had also showed you, that Campian's examination in that point was read unto you, wherein he confessed to have been at your house.

*Lord Vaux* answers that a nobleman's affirmation on his honour is the same as an oath; and he refused it, for fear of its being impeached by untrue accusations.

*Ld. Chan.* You see he hath said herein what he can. You may proceed with Sir T. Tresame.

*Ld. V.* Thus much I humbly pray, that if I have committed any offence herein, you would not impute it to contemptuous obstinacy, but rather to fear of offending my conscience.

*Ld. Chan.* Sir T. Tresame, what say you to that which Mr. Attorney-General hath charged you withal; is it true or false?

Sir T. Tresame, making humble and low reverence to the court, kneeled down upon his knee, and made his defence as followeth:

Mr. Attorney, you have charged me generally with sundry times receiving of Mr. Campian. I pray you limit the times and place, that my answer may be particular and direct.

The attorney caused Mr. Campian's confession to be read in that behalf; which being finished, Sir T. T. answered:

Being hitherto brought unto this bar by order of this honourable court, necessity now forceth me to plead my own defence, since none other will, or may; who being wholly unfraught of skill or art, and wholly unexperienced to speak before so honourable and great an assembly, and never practised heretofore to make answer in the like cause, and withal meanly—yea, too too meanly—indebted to nature for her gifts, even which I find to be marvellously impaired with my now many months' imprisonment; which being mere contrary to my ever heretofore liberty at large, hath wrought no small alteration in me; wherefore I am in all humility and duty most humbly to beseech your honours that if any thing escape me

which beseebeth me not, that in respect of my more than many aforesaid defects, your good lordships, of your great benignity, will pardon the same in me, or else give me leave to expound myself, who hath intention to satisfy, and in no wise further to move offence unto you, right lowly beseeching you to carry in memory what St. Augustine saith : *Linguam ream non facit nisi mens rea*—which I protest is not in me.

Mr. Attorney, you have with great skill inferred my offence, wherein if I were faulty in the same nature and form as you have charged me, worthily I ought to be punished; but I doubt not but to make it otherwise to appear. A great part of your speech concerneth me not; wherefore I will answer to those points which chiefly do concern myself, wherein I have to make answer only to two points : the one for the receiving of Mr. Campian in such sort as you have charged me; the other in contemptuously refusing to swear.

These being the several parts whereto I should answer, whether is it your lordships' pleasure that I shall answer to one or both? being ready to yield you sufficient answer to them both; for he who hath innocency for his advocate can never be taken unprovided.

Upon this demand, Lord Leicester moved towards the lord chancellor, and so likewise the attorney; whereupon presently the chancellor commanded Sir T. Tresame to speak to the contempt only.

*Sir T. T.* Then I trust I am acquitted of the receiving of Mr. Campian, wherewith I was charged by Mr. Attorney, in that I have denied it, and am ready to yield proof thereof; and that your lordships will not have me to answer thereto, but to the contempt only. Wherein I being delivered of the principal and original supposed offence, I make no question but my offence then in not swearing will greatly be extenuated, if not wholly avoided; for hardly—nay, impossibly—may that which is framed upon the foundation stand, when the foundation itself is removed and taken away from it. Wherefore (under correction of the court) I take the offence to be either nothing or else very little, if I refuse to swear to discover the thing that is of itself no offence at all.

But before I enter to answer of the contempt, may it please you to grant me, that whatsoever I shall be necessarily occasioned to plead in my defence, that you will not deem it in me presumption or arrogance that I intend thereby to persuade the court to be of my mind and opinion; but to make manifest only that I have not persevered of any obstinate undutifulness, but induced thereto by great reason and authority, seeming in my weak opinion unanswerable; wherein if I have failed, I humbly pray to be reduced forth of my errors by your singular knowledge and deep judgment, and then shall I be most ready to accept of that oath which now in no respect I may. And for my warrant herein (under your correction I say it) I have the express word of God not to be controlled, the opposition of the received doctors of the Church not to be denied,

the practice of the primitive Church when she was in most purity, by examples of glorious martyrs to us faithfully testified, and by probable reason not to be gainsaid; the one inhibiting me upon pain of present worldly shame, the other upon peril of future eternal damnation, which be two principal inhibitions to any honest Christian.

And inasmuch as all laws ought to be guided by God's law, and all our actions ought to take their directions thence, I will begin with my warrant out of God's word, which if I shall sufficiently prove, I shall trouble you the less, and shall not need to travel for further proof in any of the other authorities, the same of itself being most sufficient to free me from all suspect of contempt. My contempt consisteth in refusing to swear whether Mr. Campian, a Jesuit, was in my house, did say Mass, or preach there, who were present thereat, and such-like; all which tendeth to the discovery of the practice of a religion which is not warrantable in this State, and which by the laws now in force is penal. In this case, I said, even if I were faulty (as I protest I am most faultless), yet I might not accuse unsworn; *à fortiori* not swear therein; *nam qui jurat aliquid illicitum cum animo faciendi bis peccat*. Wherefore I make no question but that it is unlawful in this case to accuse, and more unlawful to swear. And because an oath herein is demanded of me, I first will seek what is an oath, and what is incident and proper to an oath; each of which being indifferently considered, it shall manifestly appear that to refuse to swear herein is no contempt at all.

St. Augustine, treating *de verbis Apostoli, Ante omnia nolite jurare*, proposeth this question now in hand; and also answereth himself, *Quid est juramentum nisi jus reddere Deo quando per Deum juras?* If, then, I am bound by my oath *jus reddere Deo*, I must heedfully foresee that with circumspection I do not the thing not lawful or inconvenient to be done; for such things be not due to God. And in the 4th of Jeremias we plainly are taught what is incident to an oath, without which no oath ought to be taken. The words be, *Et jurabis, dicit Dominus, in veritate, justitiâ et judicio*. The exposition whereof very briefly, but withal most pithily, the schoolmen do signify: *Judicio caret juramentum incautum: veritate mendax; justitiâ iniquum et illicitum*.

If, then, we be taught by God's word, that of necessity those three, viz. Truth, Justice, and Judgment, must all concur in an oath, which reason also teacheth us that they ought; and if this exposition of the learned schoolmen and deep divines be not denied, which is that an indiscreet oath wanteth judgment, a false oath wanteth truth, and an unlawful and unrighteous oath wanteth justice, and that without them no oath is to be accepted,—then, in this my present case, suffer me to lay open to this court, that not one but sundry of these three principles and maxims incident to an oath be wanting; that is, both *judicium* and *justitia*; either of which is sufficient to free me from my accused contempt. Wherefore, as they be placed in the words of the prophet so do I begin my defence with them. Therefore first to *judicium*, which I will but briefly

touch, relying especially to prove it *illicitum et contra justitiam*, which when I descend unto I doubt not but to make most evident.

*Judicium* is requisite in an oath; and an unadvised or improvident oath doth want judgment, which of necessity must be wanting if I depose herein. For if I swear falsely, I am perjured; if by my oath I accuse myself, I am condemned to the penalty of the law and displeasure of my prince, which is contrary to the law of nature *seipsum perdere*; if I swear truly, then I lay myself wide open to perjury, because Mr. Campian hath oppositely accused me in the affirmative; lastly, if I swear as he hath confessed, I thereby should record myself before no meaner witnesses than your honours to be an egregious liar, to affirm one thing before you unsworn, and by oath before you to swear the contrary. Secondly, I should greatly sin uncharitably to belie him, to make him and myself both guilty by my oath, who to my knowledge are most innocent,\* which I am by God's word expressly forbidden. Lastly, I should commit a grievous sin, to swear against the knowledge of my own conscience, wherein *perhiberem meæ conscientie falsum testimonium*.

Thus being plunged in this peril, which by no means I may escape, I then humbly pray judgment of the court whether I should not want judgment indiscreetly to depose herein; which if it be wanting, as doubtless it is, then am I by the authority of this holy prophet not to be condemned, but to be commended in not swearing, for to swear when *judicium* is wanting is forbidden: *non tentabis Dominum Deum tuum*.

*Mr. Attorney.* My lords: it appeareth that Sir Thomas Tresham, upon the excommunication of the Pope, doth not hold you lawful judges, and therefore you want *judicium* in ministering of an oath; and I know it to be true that by a book which I have seen (which is common amongst the Papists), the Pope hath forbidden to swear *quousque*; and this is his reason of refusal to swear, and the daily practice of this court is, if one refuse to swear, he is punished by the court for the contempt.

*Ld. Chan.* Sir Thomas, herein wanteth not *judicium*, which is requisite in an oath, when we authorised magistrates do offer you an oath, which in duty you are to swear unto.

*Sir T. T.* Mr. Attorney, you do me wrong; you reason *ex falsa hypothesisi*. I derive no argument from any excommunication; neither do I say, or give you occasion to say, that I hold not your honours lawful magistrates to administer an oath; but it pleaseth you to suppose so, and then to make answer to your own supposition; but to my argument you have answered nothing, for if you understand me, I reason only that *judicium* is wanting in me and not wholly in them, if I should swear herein, which still I affirm. And as for your book and *quousque*, I protest I never heard of any such; or, if I had, what had it been to the purpose, when I take my original and ground simply forth of the Scripture; and as to your precedent, it maketh

\* Sir T. T. seems here to hint his suspicions of the alleged confession being a forgery.

with me and not against me, for in that case —. [Here he was interrupted.]

*Mr. Solicitor.* I will prove to you directly, that in this oath is *judicium, veritas et justitia*; and thus I prove it. The magistrates have lawful authority to minister an oath to you; and they tender it you in *judicio*, and therefore also in *veritate et justitia*.

*Sir T. T.* Sir, I grant that these magistrates be lawful magistrates, and therefore may tender an oath; but in this I said I ought not to depose, because *judicium* should be wanting in me, in whom it specially ought to be in; for though it ought to be in both, yet principally it ought to be in the party deposed, for the magistrate cannot be perjured in ministering of the oath, but he only who deposeth. Therefore chiefly it behoveth him to see that *judicium jurantis* be not wanting, which the express words of Scripture do teach, saying, *Et jurabis*, &c., speaking to him that is to take the oath, and not to him that ministereth it; wherefore I still affirm that in *judicio*, which in this place is discretion, I cannot take this oath, and therefore I ought not.

*Sir Walter Mildmay.* Sir T. T., I then perceive that you think it as needful to have *judicium jurantis* in an oath as to have *judicium* in the magistrate.

*Sir T. T.* Yea, sir; and I think it much more needful in that party than in the magistrates; for it concerneth him most, who may take most detriment by it, which is the party to be deposed.

*Sir Walter Mildmay.* By this argument, then, every deponent may refuse if he see *judicium* to be wanting in the things he should depose unto.

*Sir T. T.* In every such case I make no question but the party to be deposed doth better to refuse to swear, yea though he refuse to swear when in true judgment he ought to swear; for in refusing to swear in such a case as is a mere temporal demand, is but a temporal contempt; but to swear to such a lawful act against the judgment of his conscience is unlawful and a great sin, and hereof divines make no doubt.

*Ld. Chan.* If your lordships think good, I would minister an oath to him by what means he cometh to these instructions out of the doctors; and I hold it requisite to tender him an oath herein.

*Sir T. T.* With good will, if it please your honours; but that shall not need; for the same parties that instructed me be still in my study; which is the Bible, St. Augustine, *Soto de jure et justitia*, and Naner in his cases of conscience, and the *Summa* of St. Thomas: let them be perused, and the notes on those places with my own hand will manifest whence I had them.

*Ld. Hunsdon.* You have greatly deceived me; I had thought you had not been so well studied in divinity as it now seemeth you are.

*Sir T. T.* My study is little; yet the most time I employed in study is in divinity, and very little had I profited if in so clear a case as this I could not have avouched express authority to prove this no contempt in refusing to swear.

*Ld. Chan.* Why, then, you will swear to nothing, or but to what you list; this smelleth somewhat of the Anabaptistical opinion.

*Sir T. T.* There is none in this great assembly more free from that detestable opinion than I am; for I know the Scripture, both in the Old and New Testaments. *Juravit Dominus, et non pœnitebit eum, &c. Per meipsum juro, dicit Dominus. Per gloriam vestram, fratres, quotidie morior. Deum invoco super animam meam, &c.* Also the place of Jeremias, by me avouched, doth testify no less: *Et jurabis, &c.* saith the prophet; that is, not "thou shalt not swear," but "thou shalt swear," with this limitation, so it be in verity, discretion, and justice. And to free me from all such suspect, I appeal to my Lord of Leicester, to whom, with my lord chamberlain, and my lord treasurer, now absent (who were the three that committed me), I did send sundry articles, whereto I offered to depose, which I beseech you to produce to the court, because I wrote them only to you three, and here I have now many more judges, who, it seemeth, did never see them, and do condemn me deeply in that I will not swear at all (which is very untrue), whom it behoveth me also to satisfy therein now, as you then.

*Ld. Leicester.* *Sir T. T.*, you were not best to have them showed; for I promise your lordships they will make most against him.

*Sir T. T.* My good lord, I beseech you, notwithstanding that, to show them to the court; for I am the man that did write them, that did send them, that did premeditatedly deliberate upon them, that still do justify them; and I am he who, if I therein have erred, must bear the blame of them. Therefore I humbly pray this justice of both your honours, to whom I did write them.

*Ld. Chamberlain.* (I was somewhat far off from my lord chamberlain; but I take it he said that indeed he heard of sundry articles, but did never see them.)

*Ld. Leicester.* I confess you did set down sundry articles whereto you offered to depose, but that was in effect to nothing; and as for those articles, I assure your lordships I have them not here, otherwise I willingly would produce them in court.

*Sir T. T.* By your lordship's favour, I pray to put you in remembrance of them, which I know to be far otherwise; for therein I offer not in effect to swear to nothing, but almost to every thing. I offer to depose to any thing concerning my loyalty to her majesty, and to any matter of state whatsoever, and not only what my actions and speeches therein have been, but also with what intention I have done them. And furthermore, what even my thoughts have been of any acts past, present, or in future time to be done by me, as more at large in those articles most manifestly appeareth, wherein I am so far from swearing nothing in effect, that I dare to say that hitherto never subject during her majesty's reign did at any time depose to the like or so largely. And because my lord saith he hath not them present, and that it behoveth me to satisfy the court herein, I humbly pray license of the court that this, a true copy thereof, may publicly be read in the court.

*Ld. Leicester.* It is very true that his articles be to that effect ; but in his conclusion of them, he doth affirmatively put down his resolution that he will accuse no Catholic in cases of conscience.

*Ld. Hunsdon.* Then now you are contented to swear, I perceive. Why would you not before ?

*Sir Francis Knolls.* Your swearing now, I can tell you, will not avoid the contempt ; albeit it is better for you to yield than persevere.

*Sir T. T.* I am ready now to depose as much as I then offered, and then as now ; which is briefly, as Lord Leicester signified, to all things of allegiance and state ; but not to accuse any Catholic in cases of conscience only, which I still affirm, and which more particularly and fully appear in these articles, which I pray may be read in the court.

*Ld. Chan.* You that are so full of Scripture, do not you know that the Scripture commandeth you to be obedient to your superiors ? which it seemeth you little do understand.

*Sir T. T.* My good lord, I know it right well, and hold it a strict commandment for me dutifully to obey and religiously to observe ; yet your lordship knoweth that some things be proper to God, others to Cæsar, which we may not confound ; but in this, it being no mere temporal demand, but a matter in conscience, and thereby concerning my soul, I mean to have such special regard thereto in this my oath before you, as I may be able to make my account before Almighty God at the dreadful day of judgment.

*Ld. Hunsdon.* If it please your honours to call to remembrance, Sir Thomas Tresham yielded a reason even now why he might not swear ; for he said if he did swear falsely he should be perjured, and therein indeed he said very truly ; and so it seemeth to me that he fully hath satisfied the court why he will not swear.

*Sir T. T.* It is very true that I said if I did swear falsely I should be perjured ; but that I said that was my reason why I would not swear, I utterly deny ; for had you remembered the words and reason immediately following, I had left you small scope to play upon me. For, may it please your honour and your honours all, at that time when I yielded sundry instances to prove that I could not *in judicio* take this oath, I propounded, if I did swear falsely I were perjured ; and if I did swear truly, I should lay myself wide open to perjury, because Mr. Campian had affirmatively accused me ; and if I did accuse myself by mine own oath, I should condemn myself against the law of nature and God's law ; lastly, if I should swear as Mr. Campian had said, wrongfully I should accuse him and myself both, also record myself before you to be an egregious liar ; and above all, in so swearing, *perhiberem meæ conscientiæ falsum testimonium*, which is a great sin ; which, then, I trust, without offence, I may boldly affirm, that my reason why I refuse to swear is not for fear of perjury in false forswearing, but that I cannot in this labyrinth swear, but fall into one of the perils and inconveniences aforesaid, which if it may not be eschewed, then can there not be *judicium*

*jurantis* in me; and therefore, by the authority of the prophet, I ought not to swear in this point.

*Ld. Chan.* You argue ignorantly, and it seemeth you are taught a lesson; but you have not well carried it away. How can you lay yourself open to perjury, when Campian is not deposed? will not your oath be always of more validity than Campian's accusation? Your speech is herein to little purpose.

*Sir T. T.* Under the correction of the court, I suppose I have reason to say that if I should swear contrary to Mr. Campian's testimony, I should offer myself to the peril of perjury, were my oath most true. And that is most evident—which lesson I have learned of reason only. That Mr. Campian hath not made his accusation by oath is more than I erst heard; for I hear nothing of him (myself being close prisoner) but what I hear reported by you. Notwithstanding it is not unlikely but that you would have had him testify by oath, seeing you will not be satisfied with my confession, nor my betters, but by oath. Wherefore I have reason to think he was deposed, and accordingly to misdoubt the inconvenience that thereby might grow to me. But admit that he be not yet deposed, it is to be thought that he will testify this his accusation when time shall serve by oath, as well as in this sort to confess it and to accuse me. Well, take it in the weakest sort that may be, and it shall be always a most strong evidence against me to haste me to the pillory, there infamously to lose my ears; for if I swear to the contrary, my deposition is of record, so likewise is his accusation. Mine is but a bare negative; and in these cases a man cannot purge himself by his own oath. Every offender will say no; and therefore that is no proof, nor yet worthy of much credit. But on the contrary part, the proof lieth directly, as he sweareth affirmatively that he was in my house, that he lay in my house, and in what chamber of my house; and had talk with me, and what talk, and such-like. In this case (I say), suppose that he neither sweareth, nor is present to testify it, nor hath none else that will concur in testimony with him; yet inasmuch as the same is for the queen, and against me, a disgraced person, with many enforcements which by men of skill may be urged, as not likely that a man of so great expectation and learning would come so many miles to my house, and would not discover himself to me being a Catholic, and especially he being a priest would not wrongfully accuse a Catholic, with such-like;—in this case, I say, what jury—nay what most indifferent jury—would not condemn me to be falsely perjured? Which evidence seemeth potent with you, that you deem his testimony true and mine false. Wherefore I think I have great reason to say as I already have alleged, and to eschew by all means possible so apparent and prepared a ruin of my credit and loss of my ears. Which reason of mine not only soundeth probable (I hope) in the ears of all your honours, but also of this great assembly here present. Wherein I should greatly want *judicium* to swear, if I had no other point to stand on but only this. There having been sundry other

also by me probably alleged, and namely that this is [not] a mere temporal demand, but a case of conscience, therefore it is against *judicium* to swear herein.

*Ld. Chan.* To yield account by your oath whether that Campian was at your house is a civil cause, and you forget yourself too much to refuse to swear thereto.

*Sir T. T.* Under your lordship's favour, I deny this to be a mere temporal demand; for I was examined whether Mr. Campian was at my house, whether he said Mass, and such-like; only inquiring after causes of religion, and never of causes of state, or mere temporal demands, unto which I never refused to depose, nor yet do.

*Ld. Leicester.* We examined you only whether Campian was at your house, and because you denied it, we proceeded no further with you; therefore you cannot plead for yourself what we in your opinion would have demanded of you; therefore this is but a shift.

*Sir T. T.* My lord, if it be a shift, it is a true shift, and that shall I duly prove sundry ways; witnesseth first Sir Walter Mildmay, in my first examination before him, by virtue of the council's letters.

*Sir Walter Mildmay.* I did not examine you whether Campian did say Mass, or preach, or such-like, because you denied he was at your house, which first I should have known.

*Sir T. T.* Sir, may it please you to call to remembrance that I was examined upon seven articles, which you showed me, and your warrant for them from the council; among which principally I should have answered unto matters of religion and conscience, and nothing of state at all; and among other this general article was one, what Masses I had heard any priest to say, or by report did hear any to have said; whereto I answered: and I think you will grant that if I had confessed his being in my house, you would then particularly have demanded what Masses and such-like I had heard him say, for so were your instructions which I did see. Also, since my coming to prison, I sending to the court to know to what articles I should depose, answer was returned me from some of her majesty's council, only to swear whether Mr. Campian was at my house, whether he preached and said Mass, and who were present thereat. Also, since my coming to the bar, it was my position at the first, whereupon I framed my defence, which till now was not denied. Lastly, I see that one of my fellows at the bar, which confessed his being at his house, was also examined only whether he said Mass, preached, and such-like, and who was thereat present. Wherefore it cannot be denied that this is no mere temporal demand, but only a case of conscience, which being granted, I ought not to depose herein.

*Ld. Leicester.* Is it not only a civil cause to ask for Campian? What if it be added also whether he said Mass; what religion is in this case?

*Sir T. T.* Your question, as your honour avoucheth it, is no mere civil cause, because the principal thing you inquire is whether, according to his vocation, he hath practised a religion not warrantable by our present laws. And, my lord, what you make of a Mass

I know not, but I never heard it accounted of any but a mystery in religion, which being annexed to the inquiry of Mr. Campian, most plainly maketh the difference between a temporal demand and this case; which being, then, a cause of conscience, I offer myself to be judged of any divine, old or new, Catholic or Protestant—I refuse none—whether I ought to swear herein; and so far as they shall yield that by God's law I ought, so far I will depose.

*Ld. Chan.* My lords, I would willingly (if you so think good) minister an oath to him here in court, how he cometh by these instructions in divinity; for it were not well he should pass away in this sort.

*Sir T. T.* My good lords, I am right sorrowful that necessity forcing me to make my defence, and having yet scant touched the same, that in so little saying I should so much offend you; wherefore I, perceiving that in that which I have to say I should offend more, I will forbear to proceed to prove it *illicitum*, and therefore *contra justitiam* (whereof I have invincible proofs). And so in silence do refer the same to the consideration of this honourable court, being prepared with obedient patience contentedly to endure what herein shall be imposed upon me.

This ended, Sir T. Tresame, all this time kneeling, did rise up, making a lowly and humble obeisance to the court.

*Ld. Chan.* Mr. Powdrell, what do you answer hereto; do you confess it in the same sort as you are charged, or no?

*Mr. Powdrell.* My lords, I deny that part of Lord Shrewsbury's testimony of my confession, wherein he saith I came to the latter ending of the Mass; for I neither did so, neither did I say so. Also the day of the receiving of Mr. Campian into my house is not set down as in truth it was; for it was the 8th of January, which was four days before that day which is set down in Lord Shrewsbury's certificate. But that I have received Mr. Campian, I have confessed it; and I hope I have not offended therein, for bestowing a night's lodging on him who sometime did read to me in the university, and by whom I did never know evil.

*Ld. Leicester.* Your lordships may see how bold he is to deny that which Lord Shrewsbury himself hath testified under his own hand; and that he came to the latter ending of Mass—to the kissing of the pax; which I am sure you thought worth the kissing.

*Mr. P.* May it please your honours, I must deny it, because it is untrue. If I had done it, I would have confessed it; but this was the confession of Mr. Sacheverell, and not of me.

*Mr. Attorney.* For the difference of the days, that you did take exception unto, it altereth not the case.

*Mr. P.* Thus much it changeth the case, that I say it was done two days before the proclamation of Mr. Campian; and by that certificate it should be two days after the proclamation when Mr. Campian came to my house.

*Ld. Chan.* What say you to your refusing to swear; can you deny it, I did offer the oath to you?

*Mr. P.* I confess your honour did so; to whom I answered, that I would not depose unless I might first see the interrogatories whereto I should swear.

*Ld. Chan.* At that time I declared unto you that you should answer to nothing but to such as concerned her majesty.

*Mr. Attorney.* Your lordships see that he confesseth that he refused to swear unless he might first see the interrogatories wherewith he is charged. If it please you, I will proceed to another of the prisoners, *Mrs. Gryffyth*. This gentlewoman hath been a great receiver of Campian and Parsons, and many the like, as one of her husband's brothers hath confessed, sometimes by the names of Foster, Colt, &c.; and this as well before the proclamation as after. And thither were they brought by one Morryce, sometime a school-master, a common conductor of such. This gentlewoman, being examined before me, refused to answer upon her oath.

*Ld. Chan.* What say you to this? Why did you refuse to swear?

*Mrs. Gryffyth.* My lords, an oath is a thing of great importance, and I do not know the danger thereof; therefore, as one scrupulous in conscience, and being afraid to swear for offending of my conscience, indeed I refused to swear, which I acknowledge.

*Mr. Attorney.* My lords, this gentlewoman's house hath been the ordinary house to receive them and such-like; and I have heard that it is rare to find such a house for that purpose. It standeth absent from other houses; there is a wood of a mile long adjoining to it, and it is moated about, and yet sundry secret ways to escape out, as *Mr. Blunt*, that standeth thereby, can inform you.

By this time was *Sir W. Catesby* brought in from the King's Bench, to whom was read the accusation of *Mr. Campian* upon the rack, and his letters intercepted being sent to *Mr. Pown*; and who was then charged with refusal of deposing; and being demanded whether he would confess or deny it, he answered:

My lords, true it is that I have denied that *Mr. Campian* was at my house to my knowledge; either that he was there by that name, or that, coming by other names, I did know him to be *Campian*, which still I justify. And where I am charged with refusing to swear, I confess it; wherein of no disloyalty or fraudulency, as being faulty of any criminal cause, I so refused to swear, but for fear of more peril that might pass thereby to me than (in my mean discretion) good would come to her majesty or to this state. Which is in offering myself wittingly, and yet falsely, to be convicted of perjury, because you signified to me that *Campian* had affirmatively accused me; but otherwise to swear to my allegiance, or to any thing concerning her majesty or estate, or any other thing whatsoever, other than to discover matters of conscience, which I may not do without offence of my conscience; thereof I pray only to be exempt from swearing, and from none else, which always in all duty and obedience I have offered, and here now in court again do; for I desire not to live longer than that I remain an honest and faithful

subject. In which denial of swearing, if I have offended, I pray pardon thereof, having faithfully showed my reason thereof.

*Ld. Hunsdon.* Your lordships may see that this man hath been in another prison, yet both he and Sir T. Tresame tell one tale; you may perceive thereby that they have had both one schoolmaster.

*Sir W. Catesby.* I grant as much as your lordship hath said; for I assuredly hope, however we be disjoined, that we have ever one schoolmaster, that is God, who teacheth us to speak truth.

*Mr. Attorney.* Your lordships do see that he confesseth the refusing to swear, and you have heard his allegation. An' it please your honours, now having heard all the prisoners, I will make brief repetition thereof.

*Sir Walter Mildmay.* Yet you want one Ambrose Gryffyth; where is he?

*Mr. Attorney.* Your honour doth say true. His brother, being examined before me the last day, confessed that this Ambrose hath been present at his brother's house sundry times when Campian and Parsons and such-like have been there. Whereof I, intending to examine him, tendered him an oath; and he refused to swear, which I think he will not deny.

*Ambrose Gryffyth.* My lords, I am a student in Lincoln's Inn, and but seldom repaired to my brother's house; so that what was done there I little know, neither have I to meddle therewith; but as to the refusing to swear, I confess it, for I will not offend my conscience.

*Ld. Chan.* You have heard what they can say; we may proceed to judgment.

*Sir T. T.* This only I would note to your honours, that at that time I was at Leicester House, when I am charged to have contemptuously refused to swear, I then made petition to you both, that in case I might see Mr. Campian, or hear him speak, where by his speech or face I might call him to remembrance, I then offered to depose, if I could call him to memory.

*Ld. Chan.* You wanted discretion to make such a demand; and it was only a delaying of time, for you were to answer only to your knowledge.

*Sir T. T.* By your favour, I was specially induced so to do; for as I had desire to satisfy you, so was I unwilling to minister foul blot of perjury. If by seeing him I could call to memory that he had been at my house, then would I have deposed according to Mr. Campian's examination, whereby I should have avoided all scruple of perjury. For this Mr. Campian and I were never of much familiarity, so that in thirteen years' space he might grow out of my knowledge. Who never saw him in the university but once, before his departure beyond the seas. Who, as your lordship did say, stayed little with me, came much disguised in apparel, and altering his name. All which made me refuse to swear to my knowledge, lest haply he might have been in my house, and in my company both, I not knowing him; and yet that the same should be

referred to a jury, who sometimes participate of affection or ignorance to judge, whether I be perjured or no. Wherefore (as I have said) my desire was that by means of seeing him or hearing him that I the better might remember him, which haply would have procured the full satisfying of you.

*Ld. Chan.* I can see no reason why it should be granted you.

*Sir T. T.* I now find mine own wants apparently, in that all seemeth unreasonable to your honours that I held for assured and grounded reason; and that the same doth aggravate my offence, which I thought would have freed me of this my fault; whereat I must needs sorrow, and learn to hold silence.

Then beginneth the attorney to make a brief repetition of the evidence; and so the court proceeded to judgment.

*Sir W. Mildmay.* His speech was first in extolling her majesty for her happy government, and planting of the true religion. Then what a malicious enemy the Pope hath been to her majesty; reciting that the rebellion in the north was produced by him; the rebellion in Ireland of Fitzmorrys, and the residue; the procuring thither of Spaniards to invade the realm. And lastly, that he hath sent in a rabble of seminary men and runagate freers, who call themselves Jesuits (amongst which one Campian) to sow sedition and subvert the true doctrine, and thereby to withdraw the obedience and hearts of her majesty's subjects from her, under colour of preaching the Catholic doctrine; who there, making definition of Catholic, proved by the property of the word that it could not be Rome only; and therefore they had not the true Catholic religion among them. Then he generally made show of the shires where Campian made his peregrination, nominating Northamptonshire, where he came to the houses of these prisoners at the bar; and lastly unto Berkshire, where he was apprehended, declaring that like a trusty officer he faithfully and diligently, and withal discreetly and shrewdly, performed what he had in charge; not tarrying long in a place, and shrouding himself most commonly in houses of best worship; in whom he thought great boast of learning was supposed to be, yet could he see no learning in him, but only brag of learning and vanity.

Then he showed his coming to the houses of the prisoners, viz. the Lord Vaux, Sir T. Tresame, and Sir W. Catesby, all faulty in one predicament, that had received him, and being examined thereof, did deny it; who being demanded upon oath and allegiance, and required by the council to swear it, have refused it. And albeit that Sir T. Tresame hath pleaded his defence by warrant of God's word and authority of the doctors why he refused to swear; but I know (saith he) the gentleman to be so honest (setting his religion apart), that I certainly persuade myself that this is no piece of his conscience, which being indeed a deep point of divinity, wherein I will not give my censure, but refer the same to the learned schoolmen in divinity; yet I am of opinion that we may as well proceed against him as the rest. First, I think them worthy that they should

return to their prisons from whence they now came, and there to abide till they have conformed themselves to swear herein.

Also that they should be punished with pecuniary pain, wherein I think it requisite that the Lord Vaux shall pay 1000*l.*, Sir T. Tre-same and Sir W. Catesby each of them 1000 marks apiece, and Mrs. Gryffyth and Ambrose Gryffyth 500 marks apiece. And for Mr. Powdrell, inasmuch as he confessed the receiving of Campian, and that his refusal to swear was only because he might not first see the interrogatories, I could wish his fine to be the less; wherefore I think 500 marks sufficient for him.

*Sir Roger Manwood, the Lord Chief-Baron.* He sought to urge it to proceed from malice, and not ignorance or zeal; alleging that all the prisoners at the bar, at the altering of religion, were not of years to judge of or know the old religion; and that though the law did forbid a man to accuse himself, where he was to lose life or limb, yet in this case it was not so. But he avouched no authority for it. Then, lastly, he urged that this was a great matter of State; wherefore for the punishment he liked it well, so the fines had been greater; for he supposed that this was not passing one year's revenue, which at least would have been double. Yet he concluded that because Sir W. Mildmay had begun before him he would not alter it.

*Sir James Dier, Lord Chief-Justice of Common Pleas.* He began by saying that in case where a man might lose life or limb, the law compelled not the party to swear; and avouched this place: *Nemo tenetur seipsum perdere*. Afterwards he produced two precedents in law; the one the statute of hunting, whereby it is made felony if upon his oath he answered not the whole truth. Also he alleged a precedent of a riot in burning of a frame, which was brought into the Star-Chamber in Lord Audley's time, where the party was punished; but what it was he mentioned not, neither could the court then produce the record. Lastly, he urged it to be a great matter of state, and so concluded with the punishment that Sir W. Mildmay first had set down.

*Sir Christopher Wraye, Lord Chief-Justice of England.* He also began with the Lord Chief-Baron's original: that no man by law ought to swear to accuse himself where he might lose life or limb; but that he was of opinion that they ought in this case to swear; and avouched the practice of his court, that usually they did swear men to give evidence between party and party, and therefore, *à fortiori*, where the queen is a party. And as for the fines, he would not alter them, because so many had passed before him; but he thought them very small in so great a case of state and importance as this was, when he usually doth, upon a juror's not appearing before him, tax him at one year's fine. And for the taxing and levying of these fines, it is lawful; for the law is, where a bishop doth refuse to admit a clerk upon the queen's writ, in that case his temporalities shall be seized into the queen's hands till she hath levied such fine as shall be taxed upon him.

*Sir Francis Knolls.* The matter had been so sufficiently touched

by them that have spoken before, that they have prevented him much of that which he had to say. He protested that he bare no malice to the parties, for that they never deserved evil of him; yet inasmuch as it concerned her majesty and the state, he in conscience was bound to speak thereto; in fine, he made it participating of treason, and little differing from treason. Lastly, he briefly spake to Sir T. Tresame's argument, saying that he had been bred up in Popery, and also had the experience of the persecution in Queen Mary's time; and he was sure that in all that time they knew no such evasion for an oath as school-divinity. And therefore he wondered how Sir T. Tresame had stumbled upon it; manifesting that he never held Sir T. Tresame for so well learned in divinity before that day. And as for the fine, he agreed with the residue that went before him, signifying that if any had increased it higher, it should have had his consent.

*Ld. Norrys.* He framed his speech very brief, signifying that he had thought that this realm could not afford any so undutiful a subject, that, considering her majesty's government, would have received Campian; but to see such of such calling as were the prisoners at the bar, that would not only receive him, but contemptuously refuse to swear, it was far beyond his imagination to think any so ungrateful and faithless subjects had been to be found. Therefore he spake to the increasing of the fines, earnestly requiring that so it might be.

*Ld. Hunsdon.* He agreed in opinion with them all going before him, declaring that he verily believed that Campian was at their houses; and that he held it to be a very disloyal fact to refuse to swear in a case of so great importance and state as that was. Yet in this he notably differed from them all that went before him, that he would have had Sir T. Tresame to be fined at the least at 3000*l.*, because Sir T. Tresame committed a greater offence in making of his public defence in court than he did erst in refusing to swear; signifying that in his conscience he did verily think that Sir T. Tresame had studied and premeditated his argument forth of the Scripture and doctors more to incense the ears of so great an assembly, and thereby (as it were) to premonish all Catholics by his example how to answer, and how to behave themselves in like cases, than that he did it in defence of his own cause. Wherefore he instantly prayed the court to have regard to it, and deeply to aggravate his fine.

*Ld. Buckhurst.* It seemed that the Lord Buckhurst had studied somewhat which he meant to utter; though he said, or rather iterated, the same that had been spoken before, commending the queen, condemning the prisoners, and wishing that the fines might be greatly raised; declaring it was an odious act, and which concerned the state greatly; adding this only of his own, that he verily thought, and thereof made no question, but that Campian had been at their houses, especially for that they refused to swear, which (he said) was an undoubted token of his being there.

*Lord Cromwell.* His speech correspondently answered the speech

of the Lord Buckhurst, saying that particularly he would have had them—viz. the Lord Vaux, Sir T. Tresame, and Sir W. Catesby—to be doubled in their fines: so to the purpose, but briefly, he concluded, for he was not long in his speech.

*Ld. Leicester.* My Lord Vaux, Sir T. Tresame, and Sir W. Catesby (said he), you know how careful I was over you, and how friendly I admonished you; but no warning would serve you. I cannot but show you I would you had been advised by me, for then you had never come to this.

*Ld. Chamberlain.* He argued discreetly what belonged to government, and then descended to the punishment of offenders; lastly, he manifested that he liked of the proceeding of Sir W. Mildmay, and those that had gone before him, and so ratified the punishment.

*Ld. Chancellor.* He presently entered into the body of the cause, without any long narration, saying that because time did draw away, he would be short. He held in his opinion the prisoners guilty of receiving Mr. Campian. He noted their obstinacy and undutifulness in refusing to swear. He thought they had said untruly, and upon that he produced *Os quod mentit occidit animam*. He afforded good commendation of Sir T. Tresame, but disliked him in this course. He urged against the Lord Vaux that he was at full years at her majesty's coming to the crown; who at that time did his homage, whereto he was sworn; declaring that in the refusing to swear he had violated the same, which was a grievous offence; declaring that he, being the last, could not alter what already was agreed upon, otherwise he would deeply have increased his fine. And for Mrs. Gryffyth, he thought it convenient to discharge her of her fine of 500 marks, because she was covert baron, and it could not be levied on her; and because she knew not what belonged to an oath, she should tarry in prison till she did know. For Mr. Powdrell, he urged two things against him: that he would refuse to swear when he told him that he should be examined of no things but such as concerned her majesty; also that he denied one part of Lord Shrewsbury's certificate concerning his hearing of Mass. Lastly, he added, the prisoners should not only return to prison, to continue there till they had sworn, but withal that they should not be delivered without her majesty's special favour obtained first therein. And where it was ordered that every prisoner should return from whence he came, he thought it mete that they should all return to the Fleet.

And herewith the court did arise, and the prisoners were carried away.

Notes observed by us that were present of arguments whereto it was marvel that Sir T. Tresame did not reply, having so much advantage; but it is to be supposed, because he was so checked a little before, that then he would not. Also, perhaps it is against the order of the court to reply after judgment delivered.

All the court seemed to be of opinion, and most of them pro-

nounced in their speeches, that the Lord Vaux, Sir T. Tresame, and Sir W. Catesby, had received Campian, and this by Campian's examination, and circumstances gathered in the court; albeit Sir T. Tresame desired to speak at the first against the receiving of Campian. Hence it seemed to us that he had reason to misdoubt a jury would have found him faulty therein, when upon that evidence, without any enforcing, so honourable an assembly was thereby satisfied that Sir T. Tresame's former testimony was untrue.

Also all of them held it a great matter of state, and some judged it little differing from treason; and yet all the three judges were clear of opinion that where a man may chance lose life or limb (and loss of ears is loss of limb), that there he is not bound to accuse himself; which if it be a matter of state and little differing from treason, then by the judges' arguments as aforesaid Sir T. Tresame nor the residue ought not to accuse themselves; for *nemo tenetur seipsum perdere*.

*The attorney's case in law against himself.* For he avouched that the court of Star-Chamber might compel a man to swear who is either defendant or witness, if not to punish him (which case did greatly make for the prisoners, as we did take it). First, that was done by force of statute; so if they could not do it without then, then not now. Item, a man might make a contempt, and not to be forced to swear; for if the matter be not contained in the bill, we think that the court cannot force him to swear. In which case of refusal no contempt at all. Lastly, all punishments for contempt of non-appearance, and such-like, be punishable, but not finable. So that case, then, maketh much for the prisoners.

*Ld. Dier's two cases.* He produced the statute of hunting, wherein it is made felony if the party therein offending do refuse to swear; which case, he said, agreed with this case; but it proveth that such an offender was not bound to accuse himself before that statute was made. Also that statute is for the discovery of the whole truth therein; for if an offender swear, and do not discover the whole truth, but leaveth any part thereof unrevealed, being demanded, that maketh it felony, which maketh another difference in this case.

Also that is a mere temporal demand, and the act is in itself evil, which likewise maketh a most different contrariety in it; for this now is a case of conscience, and of all Catholic divines reputed good.

At that time he likewise alleged a precedent of that court; but it could not be produced then, and few heard thereof, which was in the Lord Audley's time; that in riotous manner a frame of a house was burned, and the party was punished in that court, not showing what, or in what sort. But not mentioning at all a refusal to swear, which was nothing to the purpose; for the riot, or unlawful act of burning the frame, ought not to escape unpunished, for it is a wicked act in itself, and hath no affinity to this case, neither was it proved, but only alleged; and if proved, it would prove nothing.

*The Chief-Justice* avouched a daily precedent in his court; also a case at the common law, which was to prove that they might fine them, as well as punish them. His case was, that if a bishop, upon

process directed to him from the court, shall refuse to accept his clerk, he is finable at the queen's pleasure, and shall have his temporalities seized till the money be levied; which case hath no affinity with this supposed contempt: for the bishop doth withstand the ordinary course of the common law, and this usually is in practice. But this of theirs is no contempt to the common law to refuse to swear to accuse in cases of conscience. Also we be of opinion that there was never a precedent in this case before, neither in the common law nor civil law.

Lastly, this differeth much in the punishment; for there the bishop is not punishable by body, but by pecuniary fine only; and these prisoners were both by body and grievous fine. Some contempt is neither punishable by body nor fine; some only by body; some only by fine. But we have not seen both by body and fine, but where some statute specially doth authorise it, as in riots, cosinage, counterfeiting of hands, perjury, and such-like.

His other precedent was of his usual fining and committing also to prison in his court, when a man made contempt to appear upon a jury, whereupon he also noted that he usually did set a year's fine at the least of such. Wherefore, he said, in this case it ought to have been much more, being for the queen, and in so great a matter of state; which precedent did make much for the prisoners. This is done by statute, and if then not without statute there, no more here, till a statute be provided for it. Again, deciding of right between party and party is a mere civil cause, so is not to accuse in cases of conscience.

Lastly, for the heightening of the fine his precedent is to little purpose; for true it is that he many times assesseth fines upon the jurors that be poor men, which haply amount unto a year's fine; but with a knight, or such-like, who may dispend 500*l.* or 1000*l.* or but 100*l.*, he doth not so, nor even the tenth part; wherefore that precedent maketh little to urge the fines, as we (who did stand by) did take it.

We feel that no remarks of ours can add to the force of Sir Thomas Tresame's argument, or to the hideous and unblushing effrontery of the injustice of the impatient judges. We have only to add, that the accuracy of this *ex-parte* report is confirmed by several papers in the State-Paper Office, which we hope some day to publish with this in a more complete state; for we have thought it best to retrench a few prolix forms, such as "your lordship my Lord of Leicester," and a few repetitions, so as to render the report more readable; but in no case have we altered a single word so as in any way to modify the sense. Our object is not to reproduce old documents *verbatim* for the delight of antiquarians, and to print archaisms which would deter the modern reader, but to publish, that is, to make known as widely as we can, the authentic records of the virtues and the sufferings of our glori-

ous predecessors. We do not know when we shall be able to trace the rest of the history of these confessors of the faith; we will only say here, that after their liberation from prison, Lord Vaux, Sir Thomas Tresame, and Sir William Catesby, undeterred by the danger of the gallows, and unmoved by the memory of their former troubles, proved to the end of their lives to be the most generous and hospitable receivers and fosterers of the persecuted clergy and laity, in spite of the act of Parliament which entailed the penalties of treason upon their charity.

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### PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATION.

WILL young fellows ever become old fellows? In years no doubt they will; but in opinions, feelings, views? We once heard an ancient address a youth after this manner: "Ah, you young fellows, you begin very well, you do a great deal, and want to go very fast; but wait; by and by you too will settle down, and be quiet sensible old fellows like us. Wait, I say." And is it indeed so? Are the old fellows in the right, and the young fellows simply hot-headed and impetuous because they are young? Is the remedy of all present evils to be found in the consolation that the young fellows are growing old, and will be *bonâ-fide* old fellows some of these days? We don't believe it. We cannot bring ourselves to think that all the high views and ardent aspirations of the young are to sink and cool down—

"Till all our hopes and hues of day  
Have faded into twilight gray."

But if it is so, if indeed this is our sad but inevitable destiny, what then? Why, let us be up and doing at once. We are not old fellows yet; and if we are—O melancholy reflection!—to end so, yet let us not begin so. Let us do our work while we still have the life and energy. We are not ourselves a young fellow (as an American reviewer might say), but we are for the young fellows; we are for energy, activity, and exertion. It is not from too much of these that we are at present suffering.

We are not now about to lecture on the necessity of energy and activity in all matters, but only in that with which we are at present concerned, namely, education. Let us suppose, then, that we have a clear, distinct, definite idea of what is to be aimed at. This we discussed in our last Number, and showed

that the required results can reasonably be expected only from *education* as distinct from *instruction*. Let us also suppose it settled that education is the impressing certain fixed principles upon the mind, and building upon those principles certain settled habits, brought into actual use and practice. In other words, that it consists in learning not the science, but the art and practice of virtue, or how to use rightly that free-will which is possessed, and will be called into exercise, by every rational creature, of whatever age, sex, or condition.

All this being settled, let us now consider how these high views of education can be carried out,—from what methods such good results can reasonably be expected. Now there are many methods of education; there must and ought to be many, for the varying circumstances both of the teachers and the taught make different methods unavoidable. And education, in order to effect its object, ought to take all these circumstances into consideration, to allow for them, and to build upon them. Once make a rigid rule or system of education, unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and however perfectly it may fulfil its object at the time it is made, yet its becoming stiff, antiquated, and useless for any practical purpose, is simply a question of time. The world is going on, society shifts, nations change places; old opinions, feelings, and aims die out, and new ones come in; and though the laws of God and His Church, and the rules of what is right and good, are immutable, yet the application of these to our own circumstances must needs be modified from time to time, if we would be successful. And how are methods of education discoverable? Like other things, by experience and hard thinking. Experience, no doubt, is the best way. Nothing will supply the place of a thoughtful man's observation of what actually produces the best results. But still there are some difficulties and dangers in the way. First of all, most men are *not* thoughtful; they are satisfied with very "small experiences,"—they generalise a great deal too fast, not taking into account ever so many circumstances and considerations which ought to modify their conclusion; and because their conclusions are, as they say, founded on facts, they are as obstinate as an ass about them. Moreover, if ever the proverb is true, that experience keeps a dear school, it is emphatically so in education. While the manager learns by experience, the unfortunate little subjects of his experiments jeopardise soul and body under his hands. Could one, indeed, have a normal school, peopled by little creatures who had, as politicians speak, no future, in a literal sense, or at

least none dependent on the way in which they are at present taught, it would then be in every way best to learn by experience, and that alone. But, as things are at present, it must be done cautiously, and not without some tenderness for the interests of those who may chance through our mismanagement to make shipwreck of their prospects either in this world or the next.

On the other hand, hard thinking and original designs of education, so to speak, are not to be depended on unless founded on and modified by experience. The turnings and windings of the human heart, the springs of action, the balances and counter-movements, that really produce the actual results of life, are too intricate and subtle to be known and calculated on by us prior to experience and trial. It will, then, be by the union of thought and experience, by reflection built on observation, that we shall be most sure to come to right conclusions as to the best method of education.

However, whatever means we take, method of some sort we must have if we are to succeed. It is all very well for men to sneer, as they sometimes do, at acting upon principles in these things. For a time they may take things as they turn up, and do what seems best at the moment, without either reflecting on the past or looking forward to the future; but in the long-run men must, if they are active and successful, lay down certain principles and rules of conduct to guide them in their work,—principles and rules which they act upon because either reason or experience, or both, have convinced them that they are the right and true ones.

Nor is it to the purpose to object against adherence to rules and principles that we have for the most part to make them for ourselves, and so may be in error both as to the rules themselves and their application to particular instances. What is this, after all, but to say that we are such poor and short-sighted creatures that we may fall into mistakes? And is it not because we are so weak and short-sighted, that we need the support of rules and the guidance of principles to help our weakness? If it is difficult to avoid mistakes and errors in choosing principles of conduct, or in applying them to particular cases, is it less difficult to avoid mistakes without any rules? If the one requires ability and judgment, does the other require less? Better even to make mistakes than to have no principles of action; because the mistakes will in the end be fewer and lighter. And let it not be forgotten, that in one case we may have the assistance of others, their judgment and experience—that is, we may act on the principles of wiser and more practical and practised men than our-

selves; in the other, we are left to the mercy of what modicum of these qualities we happen to possess ourselves.

But if we only look into things, we shall find it to be a fact, that those who succeed in their undertakings are men of enlarged mind as well as personal energy,—men who have formed certain principles in their mind, and who adhere to them. And as in schools the whole character of the education and its success depends on the principles we set out with, it will be well to enter more fully into the subject, and show by some examples the nature and importance of right principles of education.

And first let us explain more precisely what we mean by principles of education. We do not mean here what are called first principles,—those fundamental laws which are founded on the distinction between right and wrong; or at least rules that are so important and primary, that a difference about them implies a difference of end and aims. But this is not the case here. We are all agreed as to what we are aiming at in Catholic education; there is no question which is a matter of right and wrong amongst us. On first principles we are agreed; but we also call by the name of principles those rules which men lay down to themselves, to guide them in the application of first principles to the work they have in hand,—practical rules formed from first principles, and which are in fact so many expressions and adaptations of them to the particular circumstances,—rules, in short, which we have in some way learnt are now and here the ones to go by in what we have to do, and which, though they may be modified or departed from for a cause, are not to be departed from without a cause.

Now we all aim by education at making children good Christians; but as to the means, those who are intent on succeeding in their work get to act on some plan or method, and adhere to certain rules which they think the best for attaining the end in view. And the whole school will take its character from the character of this plan or principle. Thus, some men say, that as temptations are the material of our trial on earth, and surround us through life, the object to be attained in a school is, by strict discipline and punishment to teach a self-restraint, and to associate vice with pain; while others think that associating virtue with pleasure, and teaching the happiness of being good by making the school a cheerful, happy place, is the truer method of attaining the same end. Some think that to keep out the knowledge of evil is the way to prevent a taste for it; others depend more on the maxim, that to forewarn is to forearm. Some schools seem

plainly to prepare children for the world as a place of work ; others as plainly seem to teach them to dance and sing through life. Some aim at taming and subduing and humbling our headstrong passions and proud self-will ; while others seek to encourage and elevate all that is hopeful and good in our nature, as the better way of insuring virtue in after-life.

Now who will say that there is not a great deal of reason and good sense in each of these principles ; and who again will deny that if the school is carried on with any vigour or energy, its entire character will depend on whether one or the other of these principles is adopted ? According to the circumstances of the places, or the dispositions of the children, or the national character of the people, or the sort of temptations they will be most subject to, so one or the other of these methods may be most proper. And on the choice whether of the right and fitting principle, or of a wrong one, the whole future course of the children, their salvation or their ruin, will probably depend.

It will be evident from what we have said, that these principles, inasmuch as they are the application of fundamental rules to present exigencies, cannot be laid down once for all, nor again for one person by another who is ignorant of the circumstances of the case. All that we desire is, that those who have such vast power for good or evil in their hands as the management of a school implies, should think over and study these principles, that they may pick and choose what is best for themselves. If any thing at all great in the way of work is done, it must, let us say it once more, be done on principles, if it is to succeed. When active men ignore or slight principles, the result is generally not doing without any, but unknowingly adopting bad ones. But though we cannot dictate to others, yet it may be of use to discuss one or two of the methods, in order to show by an example how much depends upon them.

One system of education is founded on the principle, that to keep out evil, even the knowledge of it, is the one aim to which all other views and ends must bend and be subservient. And yet, while the truth of this principle cannot be gainsaid, there is another which contains also a great truth, viz. that as you *cannot* keep out the knowledge of evil, the important thing, the one aim is, to arm men against it, and to teach them how to use the knowledge and liberty they must inevitably become possessed of,—to send them at once to see the enemy and attack him. Now, however it may be argued that these principles are not exactly contradictory to one another, yet they are so far inconsistent, that both cannot be

at once the main principles by which the same school is conducted. They lead to an entirely opposite system of treatment, they mutually oust each other. Which shall be adopted?

The one says that the great thing is innocence; that the robe of baptism, if once soiled, cannot be washed again; that the way of penance is not only a lower course in itself, but an alternative that may never be adopted: it is a plank thrown out to the shipwrecked soul, by which he *may* be saved, not by which he infallibly will. What can make up for the loss of innocence? Is it not worth while to sacrifice all worldly prospects for the sake of it? What can education possibly do more than secure innocence? Is not this the very acme of success?

Yes, it may be answered by the advocates of the other principle, nothing is more important than innocence, no education more completely successful than that which secures it; but innocence not for childhood only, but for the whole of life. Innocence in childhood, if it is purchased by frailty in after-life, is worth but little. The chief value of innocence lies in its preservation to the end of our lives, not in our having possessed it some time or another. We will not be one whit behind you in our appreciation of innocence; but on your system you look only to the present; you are ready to sacrifice every thing to present innocence, or rather ignorance, whereas we look rather to the future, when temptations are stronger and helps fewer; and we consider how, by our system of education, we may secure a conscious and guarded innocence throughout life rather than an unconscious ignorance of evil at one particular point of it.

The answer to this takes the matter on a higher ground. It says, we have nothing to do with the future, which is in the hands of God; our business is with the present, and we have no right to sacrifice the least ornament of present innocence for the hope, in our short-sighted calculations, of a greater benefit hereafter. We have to do our duty now, and take care of what is intrusted to us; and leave the future alone,—it does not belong to us.

We should be afraid to say a word against this reasoning, did there not seem to be still more cogent arguments on the other side. For what is the case? A man is ill; he sends for a physician; he describes his symptoms, and asks advice and relief. The doctor sees that the man is in a bad case; but he can nevertheless apply remedies that shall set him up for the time, or by a course of painful treatment he can probably insure a more or less perfect but lasting recovery. What shall he do? Why, if he is a good doctor, you will say he

will not, *more doctorum*, regard his patient's present calls for immediate relief, but will look to make a lasting cure. Will you say he has nothing to do with the future? Or the lawyer who undertakes your cause,—is it his duty to ease your mind for the present, rather than to look to the lasting benefit of your property? Or the architect,—has he nothing to do with the future and permanent stability of his edifice? Now what is the work of the educationist, if we may use the word? Surely not simply to look to the present happiness or well-being of the children; but to prepare them for life, to fit them to enter into its struggles, and to resist its temptations with success. His work is pre-eminently with the future; to provide for their well-being not so much now, when they are under his care and protection, as for the future, when they will be left to themselves. If, then, it is said we have not to do with the future, but with the present, we answer, If you undertake the future, you are answerable for the future. And when the schoolmaster ceases to look to the future, he had better shut up his school; for the children are sent to him that they may be provided for in the future. It is indeed true that the future is not in his hands; but it is a great deal more in his hands than the health of the patient is in the hands of the physician, inasmuch as we can exercise more control over the free-will of man than over the decrees of God. And to strive to influence and lead the free-will of men, so that it may be exercised rightly in the future, is exactly and precisely the work of education. We may fail, notwithstanding our utmost endeavours, through causes that are beyond our control; but so precisely is education an undertaking to control the future as far as we may, that could we be sure that the children under our care would turn out badly, we should not educate them at all; unless, indeed, we desired that they should become what our friends in the sister-country call "finished blackguards."

But the advocates of the first system will urge, that the case of the educationist is not analogous to that of the lawyer or physician; for these latter have only temporal good to look to, which they may use as they please; but when we come to treat of moral good, the case is different. Here our hands are tied by the laws of God; we are not allowed, on a calculation of what is probably to be the event of things, to give way to present evil, or to sacrifice any degree of present innocence. We must not, in short, do evil that good may come.

But this, it may be answered, is to mistake the point. The principle in question does not suppose that we should

consent, for the sake of greater innocence hereafter, that children should commit sin; but that they should be permitted to survey its snares and temptations while they are under control and restraint. It is not a question of permitting sin, but of permitting some knowledge and hence some danger of sin, or, to be still more precise, of permitting one danger in preference to another. But moreover, while theology teaches indeed that we cannot lawfully consent to sin under any pretence, yet it also teaches that we are bound under particular circumstances to permit it, that is to say, to keep ourselves neutral, not to step in to prevent it. And those circumstances are, when the evil, whatever it may be, seems to be less than another which would ensue from our stopping it. This is plain to common sense; for the same jealousy for God's glory, the same hatred of sin, which would make a man stop the commission of evil in every possible case, would also make him avoid what seemed the greater evil in any case where one or the other seemed inevitable. And it is not a true jealousy for God's glory, but a true and genuine narrowness of mind and shortness of sight, which makes a man careful about little things that are present and before him, and utterly blind to great future consequences. It is of course a truth, that we must not meddle with God's laws or abate one jot of them; but we also hold it for a truth, that we must use foresight and prudence about spiritual as well as temporal affairs. We do not see that the extraordinary assistances which God gives us, the gifts of faith and grace, are meant to supersede activity, foresight, prudence, or reflection, but to supply what those are unable to do. Hence if reflection and experience combine to teach us that being tolerant of a small evil now is the way to prevent a great evil hereafter; that permitting a certain amount of danger to be incurred now is the only sure or the most sure way of guarding against its being fatal hereafter,—right reason, as well as the law of God, teaches that we should act about this as we should about our health or property, or whatever else we most value in life. Because the cause is an important one; because the interests involved are higher and greater than in purely secular matters,—is that a reason for not using that practical wisdom and common sense which we rightly look upon as the most valuable quality to direct us in all other matters?

And while on this subject, we cannot resist making the reflection, what a monstrous evil is hasty legislation. Men who have to do with governing, whether a kingdom, or an institution, a school, or a family, observe certain abuses that creep in—certain advantages taken of that freedom and liberty

which those under them enjoy ; and forthwith they proceed to strike, as they say, at the root of the evil by taking away the liberty altogether. They determine in their zeal to put an end at once to some mischief or malpractice, and they devise a rigorous penalty, which shall effectually prevent the recurrence of the evil ; and perhaps in the meantime the state of things they have been so impatient under was the least imperfect and mischievous that was attainable, all things considered. And so they have indeed stopped one evil, but opened the way to another ; they have closed the sluices, but have loosened the embankment, which will soon give way beneath the mighty waters. Physicians tell us of some disorders that, being once contracted, serve as a flux for all the ill and superfluous humours of the body ; and though inconvenient themselves, cannot be stopped without danger of more serious maladies. And so, we take it, in the moral body, there are certain faults, weaknesses, and dangers, which we should do well to estimate, not only in themselves, but in comparison with others, and consider whether they are bearable—whether they are under control—whether they can be met by particular means, or made cases of special treatment—whether they are not the least of evils,—before we take any active means for annihilating them. This is the vicious maxim of a great deal of national legislation. Liberty is taken away from all, because it is abused by a few. The whole system is not to encourage and defend goodness, but to eradicate evil—to take it up—to imprison it—to cut it off from every outlet, and leave it entirely without resource. At last, it is hoped, all the ways and turnings to evil will be so perfectly hedged up and guarded, that men must needs perforce move on in the way of right and honesty because there is no other open to them. As if vice could not always find means to break out in a fresh place. The question, then, in all legislation is, not merely is this an evil that we can stop, but is it also an evil that it will be well to stop ?

But we must resume our argument. It may still be urged, in favour of the principle of keeping the children at all hazards innocent and ignorant of present evil, that the best way to secure innocence—which we all agree is to be aimed at—is to make them know virtue, and be ignorant of vice. Men are prepossessed, they say, in favour of what they have studied and are well acquainted with. A man, through accident or necessity, takes up a pursuit ; and through his intimacy with it he comes to love it. The strongest advocates of particular sciences are those who know them best ; whereas what is unknown is undervalued and lightly esteemed. So, they

say, make children know and study virtue, its nature and beauty; let them learn its principles and its examples,—and thus they will admire and love it. But keep them in ignorance of vice,—let them not know its manners or its ways,—let them not become familiarised with its votaries; let them know it as something all the more horrible because it must not be known.

Now this argument, again, has no little to be said for it. We are prepared to allow that where the system is practicable it is absolutely perfect. The innocence which, like that of the angels, is not only guiltless, but ignorant of vice, is the highest virtue, and that most pleasing to God. Wherever the circumstances of particular ages, or countries, or classes of people, allow of its being attained, what more could be desired? But our precise difficulty is, that under present circumstances here and now it cannot be attained. Were we educating, for instance, children whose vocation it was to live secluded from the world, there would then be a reasonable hope that the very ignorance of vice in which we so carefully brought them up might be retained throughout life. But as the case stands, the children—at least in our poor-schools—are to go forth to mix freely with the world, to see and hear and know all the immoral doctrines and corrupt practices which flourish and abound in this country. As for keeping the poor children in ignorance of vice, you might as well talk of keeping a fish dry; they live in and are surrounded by it. They must become acquainted with it. If they do not already know it, this knowledge is only a question of time. And what we throw out as a doubt is, whether it may not be a wise course not to aim at keeping them from all knowledge of and contact with vice, which they must become acquainted with, so much as to show them how they may walk undefiled even in the midst of it. In short, shall the children know what sin is now, while they are still under guidance and control, or afterwards, when they have no external support either to answer its fallacious arguments, or arm them against its attacks?

But, it is said, knowledge begets a taste for a thing. Not always. If the thing is a science, or conventional usage, it does. Men are fond of that which they have made a study of,—which they are well acquainted with,—which they excel in. But if it is not a matter of science, but of natural feeling, then it depends upon what is the nature of the thing tasted. An intimate acquaintance with the flavour of good port begets a taste for it. The same acquaintance with a black-dose begets a distaste. So that we must take into account the na-

ture of the thing tasted. What is vice? Is it something of which the flavour is racy and excellent, and invites a second and third trial; or is it

“A monster of so frightful mien,  
As to be hated needs but to be seen?”

The whole question depends on this. For ourselves, we do not doubt the poet is right, and that vice is never loved when it is seen. But, on the other side, it must be admitted that vice never is seen. It has a habit of dressing itself up and going about in disguise; so that it is only after some experience that its real character is known. The ancients described it more truly when they represented it under the form of a beautiful female; whose body, however, ended in a serpent. And so, who will deny that vice, as it presents itself to us, especially when young, is captivating and enchanting;—that it tempts us to further experience, until we are fairly within the meshes of its influence. Could we, then, succeed in keeping our children out of the sight and hearing of this siren, this would be best. But if we cannot,—if it is part of their trial in the voyage of life to be exposed to her blandishments,—is it not our truest policy to let her be seen while she can be made to appear in her true colours? In short, let her be known, and she will not be loved. Let it be only shown that she is in disguise, and her charms are gone. And this we have some power of doing while the tempted are yet in our hands, and while their passions are as yet undeveloped. We have none when they have left us.

Moreover there is another consideration. If unknown things are not relished like those that we are acquainted with, yet there is a *per contra* to this in the maxim, *omne ignotum pro mirifico*. In this dull world the things that men are most eager after are often objects the emptiness of which is taught by experience, and experience only. The most active and stirring are the very men who form schemes, and build airy castles, and feed their imagination with bright hopes and desires that can never be realised. And as this is the spring which excites men of business and of ambition to all the restless activity which we observe in them, so men of pleasure are energetic in their pursuit, not so much from natural impulse as because vice and pleasure are invested in their minds with a poetic beauty,—a romanticism which makes them irresistibly tempting. This is especially the case with the young and ardent. They feel a craving after what is called “stunning enjoyment.” They don’t believe that it is not to be had. Then they hear the boasts of the vicious that there is great fun in what is forbidden. They find but little enjoyment in

their present life; and they get more and more convinced that behind all those restraints that are imposed upon them there is a great deal that is very jolly. The ignorance they are kept in of all that the world extols makes them fancy there is not only that amount of pleasure in vice which is actually to be found, but a great deal more; and their very ignorance of life enables them to picture vice as possessed of charms and delights which in matter of fact she has not to give. How common is it to find children with the idea that their superiors, instead of being people who are providing for their happiness, are slow old fogies, who, because they do not care for pleasure themselves, keep them from having their fun! When once a child gets this notion into its head, it is all up with him. He will be sure to have his fling. But deprive vice of the poetry and unknown jollity of character with which she loves to deck herself out, and she will be deprived, not, indeed, of all her powers of attraction—for she appeals to our natural passions—but of a good half of them. Let us give plenty of innocent amusement, as an outlet to the spirit of fun; and unless vice is invested with fictitious charms, it will be comparatively an easy thing to keep children from it. We do not ourselves believe that the balance, even for this world, is in favour of vice. Is it impossible to prevent children from thinking so?

One thing that is so continually overlooked is, that even children have free-will. You may generally lead them by judicious and careful treatment,—not even that always; but drive them into virtue you cannot. And if you attempt it, you only lay the foundation for a more or less violent, but a certain reaction. There is a certain disposition of mind typified by a donkey, who being desired to go in a particular direction, plants his fore-legs firmly on the ground, at an angle that utterly precludes any possible danger of being moved a single inch that way. The same frame of mind is expressed in words by the negro, when he answered his master's shouts by replying, "More massa call, more me not come." And the seed at least of the same disposition is to be found in every child: it will be well not to excite it. There is many a poor child who goes on silently and sullenly in the course marked out for it; it seems content without amusement,—it keeps steadily to its daily routine,—we seem to have completely broken it in to its work; but it is only biding its time,—the long-looked-for day when it will be free must come at last. It had free-will all along; it has strength now, and it sets vigorously to work to make up for past restraint. It finds that there *is* some pleasure in vice,—it looks for more

when it has gone deeper into it. As for virtue and religion, they are associated with that dull weary time of bondage,—it will never take up with them again.

But supposing this principle of making education to consist in the exercise of free-will, under guidance and control, to be the true one, or at least that most suited to our present circumstances, how will it apply,—how will it affect the regulations or system of our schools? Let us show by some instances. Take, for example, the matter of the children's reading,—reading books, newspapers, all sorts of things; what shall we do about this? The common literature of the day contains a great deal that is both irreligious and immoral. Are we to let them read all this? No, certainly not, if we can prevent it; but we cannot prevent it. As soon as they have left school for active life, nay, that very day, before or after school-hours, they can buy, borrow, or steal the forbidden production; and they think it must have something in it, or else why be so strict about it? Seeing, then, that it is not in our power to stop the thing altogether, we should reason thus about it: that, under the circumstances, it is better not to attempt to do what we can only do imperfectly and for a time, but rather to endeavour to strengthen the children against the danger which they must incur. We should seek to provide an abundance of healthy reading, books to which we can give the sanction of authority as being good and to be depended on. We should strive to strengthen the child's principles, with particular regard to this very danger, and take the opportunity of showing, with respect to these publications, how incorrect and untruthful they were; that they were many of them mere speculations, whose object was not to give knowledge or instruction, but to produce money. And we doubt much whether, if the children became in this way acquainted with them, while, at the same time, they learnt to place no confidence in them, we should not have more effectually disarmed them than by any impotent attempts to prevent the children from knowing any thing about them.

Sometimes a question arises on another point; which will be answered one way or another, according to the principle on which we conduct our school. Shall we allow of mixed schools, where boys and girls are educated together? And if it be thought that this question scarcely arises except in small country places, yet still there are a great many of these; and even in others the same question may arise respecting mixed confraternities or societies for the children. Considering the dangers that must attend free intercourse of the sexes even amongst the young, is it not an important thing,—a

great duty,—to separate them carefully from one another? The feeling of many, and those persons of religious earnestness and zeal, is that the thing must not be thought of. What! they would say with disgust, you would not let boys and girls be together?

For ourselves, we are inclined to go further still,—to object to young girls and boys mixing freely in the streets, and to be scandalised at young men and women working together in the same business, or living together as servants in the same house—in circumstances where it is not even pretended that any restraint can be exercised over them. We are even convinced that, far from its being desirable or necessary that young people should go to the theatre and see plays, in order, as Luther recommended, “that they might learn how to woo,” the old system of this sort of thing being done by proxy, and the young people being betrothed before they had seen one another, was the most moral and happiest state of things. Ah, but now you are becoming unpractical; you cannot bring back past times. Society has changed, and custom has introduced the social intercourse of the sexes; and it would appear certain that people may, if they please, be moral and virtuous in it. Moreover it is certain, as the great Balmez has shown, that the introduction of women into society has done no little towards elevating and refining its whole tone and character.

We are, then, to take things as they stand, and make the best of them. Such is the state of society we have to deal with. Boys and girls, men and women, are allowed in this country to mix very freely; we cannot prevent it. Well, then, if so, which is the safest—to let them begin young, while bad passions are weak, while they are under our care and guidance; or to make it a wrong, naughty thing for little boys and girls to play together, while at the same time plenty of opportunity is given them for doing so, and that too when no surveillance can be exercised over them.

“The consequence of the English system (says a periodical) is, that the sexes are kept strictly apart when there is no danger of rudeness, and allowed the freest intercourse when there is. Distinct and separate rooms divide them in the presence of their teachers, when they might learn lessons of correct behaviour; while they are poured out of school in marching crowds, to walk home by lanes and fields, the better prepared by previous restraint and separate confinement for the commission of rudeness or misconduct. The truth is, if the sexes are to meet in after-life, the sooner they are practised in becoming deportment towards each other the better.”

Whoever wrote this spoke with a great deal of common sense. The whole question lies in this. Here is a danger which we cannot prevent some time or another: shall we meet and grapple with it while we have some power and control over it; or avoid encountering it for the moment, though with a liability to greater danger when the time comes? We doubt whether in existing circumstances the wisest course would not be to permit and encourage the innocent intercourse of the sexes, as the very means of making that intercourse as little dangerous as possible.

And here comes in the use of the playground, which to those who adopt this principle of teaching the right use of liberty is invaluable; whilst those who look upon a school merely as a place in which children are to be *instructed* in what is right, and to be for the time on their good behaviour, will see no use or object in a playground. In the playground the teacher can more easily mix with the children as their friend and companion. He has opportunities there which he will never have in the school of observing the several characters and dispositions of the children, without a knowledge of which he can never be thoroughly successful in his work. Here too he sees what effect his instructions have had; and here, while the children are off their guard and exercising their liberty, he steps in to correct their faults, and to teach them not the theory but the practice of virtue, and that they are in matter of fact to carry out and act upon the precepts which he has so often inculcated upon them. Here, in short, it is that virtue and religion is not taught as a science, but begins to be practised as an art.

In all that we have advanced, we have done little more than apply to poor-schools that which Dr. Newman has said of universities: "Why do we educate, except to prepare for the world? The university is not a convent or a seminary; it is a place to fit men of the world for the world. We cannot possibly keep them from plunging into the world, with all its ways and principles and maxims, when their time comes; but we can prepare them against what is inevitable; and it is not the way to learn to swim in troubled waters never to have gone into them. . . . To-day a pupil, to-morrow a member of the great world; to-day confined to the lives of the saints, to-morrow thrown upon Babel,—thrown on Babel, without the honest indulgence of wit and humour and imagination ever opened to him; without any fastidiousness of taste wrought into him; without any rule given him for discriminating the precious from the vile, beauty from sin, the truth from the sophistry of nature, what is innocent from what

is poison,—how can he contend against the world's temptations?" The same fundamental principle presides over the education of the peer and the peasant. Each has to live with men of the same nature, of the same passions, of the same souls. Nature is wider than art; her one touch makes the whole world kin more really than any artificial classifications divide it.

## Reviews.

### ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

*Arctic Explorations in the Years 1853-5.* By Elisha Kent Kane, M.D., U.S.N. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson.

WE are very fond of Arctic exploration and adventure—that is, with our slippers on the fender and the thermometer at + 60. A whiff of Latakia, or an occasional sip of '34 (Sandeman's or Thomson and Croft's shipping), as the whim seizes us, does not interfere with our enjoyment. Under these circumstances we can take leave of our family and friends without shedding a single tear, and bravely set sail either with the intention of piercing the rocky labyrinths of Barrow's Straits, in search of a north-west passage, or of pushing northward through Sir Thomas Smith's Sound, in the hope of reaching that most mysterious Polar ocean, which, like the Gardens of Ad in the barren deserts of Arabia, appears to reveal its dreamy existence simply to bewilder the gaze of the excited traveller. It is clear that this our special liking for reading and pondering over the records of the heroes of modern navigation is shared by a large proportion of our fellow-travellers who "sit at home at ease." We have been so dosed with jottings by the way, and out of the way, in all the nooks and corners of Europe and America, by all possible competent and incompetent scribblers—the latter, of course, infinitely the more numerous class—that we fling down "Journeys up the Jura," "Pencilings of Pennsylvania," "Vacation Varieties," "Liquor from the St. Lawrence," and "Scrambles through Scandinavia," as hastily as a heated poker or Sam Warren's last poem. Even when we accompany an enterprising geographer to the barbaric court of King Nangoro, to those African lands where feathers are many but body-linen scarce, or wander with him into that vast void which yet stares us in the face as representing all we know of

the interior of the Australian continent, we are still sensible that something is wanting of the dignity of Arctic travel. It is in the frozen north alone that we seem brought face to face to the contemplation of Nature's gigantic operations, undisturbed to any appreciable extent by the busy hands of the swarming millions who scratch and delve and pile up and destroy in the regions which a more temperate climate renders available to their puny activity. The mountain-fires of the south are terrific in their power and magnificent in their grandeur; but we make terraces on the fertile sides of the volcano, that the clustering vine may there mature its fruit. The sweep of the falling waters is endless in energy and irresistible in violence; but we have spanned Niagara with a bridge, and the scream of the iron horse is heard above the thunders of the cataract. But the stillness of the Pole has in it something which is akin to the sublimity and awfulness of death. The lump of clay may have been ungainly in form—mean and of no account while animated with its living soul; a change has quickly come upon it—it lies motionless before us, *dead*, and we uncover our heads and are silent as we remember that world in which death has no place. In presence of the dead the outer world fades into nothingness; for one soul outweighs the material universe. So the passage from the teeming haunts of buying and selling,—from the loopholes of the warehouses and the bales that throng the dockside,—from the creaking crane and the shout of labourers,—is speedy and short; a few days, and the trebly-guarded bow of the exploring-vessel is crashing through the barriers which guard the realm where Nature in respect of man lies in the stillness of death, yielding no response to the toil of the husbandman, no material to the handicraftsman, no traffic to the merchant. Dead, however, as she is for the purposes of life, it is here we see her in her most majestic repose. The prolonged night of an Arctic winter, and the continuous day of an Arctic summer, yield to the gaze of the intrepid navigator phenomena more exciting in their appalling sublimity than any he can find where day and night follow in alternate course, and tell men when to work and when to sleep.

It is a most natural, and, as we think, praiseworthy curiosity which prompts men of energetic mind to visit and describe every portion of the kingdom which God has placed under the rule of the sons of Adam. Nor do we consider that the dangers of adventure should deter those who feel that they possess the proper qualifications. It is easy to understand how the problems, scientific and commercial, which remained to be solved in the high latitudes of the north had a

special interest for the enterprise of a nation essentially maritime, and which had to a great extent already exhausted the riches of the icy waters of Greenland by a vigorous and reckless prosecution of a perilous traffic. The entire failure, however, of a pretentious expedition in search of a north-west passage, under Captains Moor and Smith, in 1746, occasioned a long absence of adventure in this direction. It was not till the year 1818 that the Admiralty fitted out two expeditions, at the instance, and in consequence of the exertions, of the late Sir John, then Mr., Barrow; but from that time to the present the prosecution of Polar research has continued to be conducted with ability and success. On the whole, the loss of life was inconsiderable in Arctic travel, as compared with African and other expeditions, until the unhappy fate of Sir John Franklin and his brave companions startled and grieved the scientific world and the public at large. How every endeavour was made to relieve him by his countrymen, and how American and European sympathy lent ready aid, is known to all. At last melancholy evidence has been obtained that hope there is none of giving succour to the living; but with a noble desire to ascertain the precise spot and nature of the final catastrophe, and to offer such honour as is due to the relics of the dead, a further expedition is, we believe, about to be organised, as we gather from reports of meetings, and from the letters of Lieut. Pim and Capt. Collinson, lately published in the *Times*. The puddledock oracle takes a very material view of the case, and sees no good in it. It has consequently fulminated a leader, in which it declares that there is nothing more to be done;—that if scientific men choose to go out in a vessel together to the middle of the Atlantic, and there scuttle the ship, they have a perfect right, and may do so with pleasure to themselves and advantage to the public; but that further search for the 138 missing men shall not be, with Jupiter's consent. With all deference to the Thunderer, we think he will succeed in putting down this expedition pretty much as the great city knight succeeded in putting down suicide. Captains and lieutenants, and doctors and icemen, who have faced 40° minus, who have feasted on tallow and frozen liver, and cut up their fur-breeches at fabulous temperatures to mend dog-harness, will hardly be deterred from a noble deed by a splash of ink from Printing-house Square. In anticipation we wish them all success. Sufficient is now known to narrow the circle of search to a very small ring; and the energy and perseverance of a picked band of hardy voyagers will scarcely leave that unexplored.

The two handsome volumes before us contain the history of the *second* attempt made by Americans to rescue Franklin; and we have read them through with the deepest interest. In its main object this attempt was, like all the rest, unsuccessful; but it has added another record of manly courage and endurance under fearful dangers and sufferings,—of brave self-reliance, joined with all the charities of life,—to the long roll of modern Arctic adventure. Nor was it fruitless, by any means, in a scientific point of view; as we shall presently see, in giving a slight outline of the course of the expedition.

Elisha Kent Kane, who commanded it, is a doctor of medicine and a surgeon in the United States' navy. What his general qualifications as the leader of an exploring party are we may ascertain by a glance at his past career, premising that he is now thirty-four years of age, or thereabouts. Having completed his education at the universities of Virginia and Pennsylvania, he graduated as M.D. in 1843, and was appointed surgeon to the diplomatic staff on the occasion of the first American embassy to China. He took this opportunity to explore the Philippines, Camarines, and Mindora, and devoted much attention to the volcanic region of Albaif. "His sojourn among the Negritos and Arafuras was of romantic interest; and he was the first who descended the crater of the Zall." In this pleasant little descent "he was lowered more than a hundred feet by a bamboo-rope from an overhanging cliff, and, clambering down some seven hundred feet through the scoriæ, was dragged up senseless with the interesting specimens he had collected, including bottles of sulphurous acid from the mouth of the crater." He afterwards traversed India, visited Ceylon, the Upper Nile, and the oases of Jupiter Ammon, making acquaintance there with the learned Lepsius. He then sailed for Africa, visiting the slave-factories from Cape Mount to the River Bonny and the Barracoons of Dahomey. By way of change, he accompanied in his professional capacity the American forces to Mexico, was severely wounded on the field of Nopaluca, and made barometrical observations of the altitudes of Popocatapl. Peace being restored, he was appointed to the coast survey, and was engaged in the Gulf of Mexico when the first American-government expedition in search of Franklin was organised, through the liberality of Mr. Grinnell. Dr. Kane volunteered and was accepted as senior surgeon. He published his "personal narrative" of this expedition in 1852.

The liberality of Mr. Grinnell having again placed at his disposal a brig of 144 tons, duly strengthened for the Polar

seas, Dr. Kane was placed in a position to accomplish his ardent desire to renew the search; and in due course received his special orders from the Secretary of the Navy "to conduct an expedition to the Arctic seas" accordingly. The authorities gave but few and general instructions, wisely leaving all details to the consideration and judgment of the commander of the party, which consisted of eighteen, all hands counted. Having completed his equipment, which was chosen with much regard to hard service and with little to luxury, he sailed on the 30th May 1853, and reached the Danish fishing-station of Fiskernaes without incident, save that at St. John's, Newfoundland, they received a hearty welcome from Governor Hamilton, and "a noble team of Newfoundland dogs." At Fiskernaes the doctor obtained the services of Hans Christian, an Esquimaux boy of nineteen, and expert with the kayak and javelin, as huntsman-in-chief. He was fat and good-natured, and proved in the long-run "a right good fellow." On the 10th of July they put to sea in the teeth of a heavy gale; and the dangers and difficulties of their task commenced in real earnest. Dr. Kane's plan was founded on the analogies of physical geography, which led him to the conclusion that Greenland approached the Pole nearer than any known land; and its main features were to ascend Baffin's Bay to its most northern attainable point, and thence, pressing on northward by boats or sledges, taking land, where practicable, and not ice, as a basis, to examine the coast-lines in search of the lost expedition. In accordance with this plan, after infinite perils from bergs, and a terrific "nip" which forced the ship bodily up a wall of ice, a latitude of  $78^{\circ} 41'$  was attained, being a position farther north than any of their predecessors "except Parry on his Spitzbergen foot-tramp." This latitude carried them well into what must now be called Smith's *Strait*; and, winter approaching, the momentous question of advance or retreat must be settled. We give the mode in which a decision was arrived at in the doctor's own words, which are very characteristic:

"August 26th, Friday. My officers and crew are stanch and firm men; but the depressing influences of want of rest, the rapid advance of winter, and, above all, our slow progress, make them sympathise but little with this continued effort to force a way to the north. . . . It is unjust for a commander to measure his subordinates, in such exigencies, by his own standard. The interest they feel in the undertaking is of a different nature from his own. With him there are always personal motives, apart from official duty, to stimulate effort. He receives, if successful, too large a share of the

credit; and he justly bears all the odium of failure. An apprehension—I hope a charitable one—of this fact, leads me to consider the opinions of my officers with much respect. I called them together at once, in a formal council, and listened to their views in full."

With one exception, all were in favour of a return to the south. The doctor, "not being able conscientiously to take the same view," explained the importance of securing a position for expediting future sledge-journeys; and announced his intention of warping towards the northern headland of the bay in which the vessel then was:

"'Once there, I shall be able to determine from actual inspection the best point for setting out on the operations of the spring; and at the nearest possible shelter to that point I will put the brig into winter harbour.' . . . My comrades received this decision in a manner that was most gratifying, and entered zealously upon the hard and cheerless duty it involved."

Having at last a "breathing-spell," a party of seven was organised; and a boat—the *Forlorn Hope*—equipped for rough service, with the intention of securing the best winter-quarters for the ship. Their passage was along the *ice-belt*, a most noticeable feature of these frozen regions; where the summer sun, though it for the most part breaks up the ice of the mid-water, never removes the marginal portion, which clings with a perennial gripe to the base of the savage and overhanging cliffs. Five days of toil gave but forty miles of distance from the brig. Here is an incident:

"Our night-halts were upon knolls of snow under the rocks. At one of these the tide overflowed our tent, and forced us to save our buffalo sleeping-gear by holding it up until the water subsided. This exercise, as it turned out, was more of a trial to our patience than to our health. The circulation was assisted, perhaps, by a perception of the ludicrous: eight Yankee Caryatides up to their knees in water, and an entablature sustaining such of their household gods as could not bear immersion!"

After a careful inspection from the highest point gained, an altitude of 1100 feet, Dr. Kane decided that the bay in which the vessel then remained combined more of the requisites of a good winter-harbour than any other he had seen; and hurrying as rapidly as possible the return march, she was again reached in safety:

"My comrades gathered anxiously around me, waiting for the news. I told them in few words the results of our journey, and why I had determined upon remaining; and gave at once the order to warp in between the islands. We found seven-fathom soundings, and a perfect shelter from the outside ice; and thus laid our little brig in the harbour, which we were fated never to leave together;—

a long resting-place to her indeed, *for the same ice is around her still.*"

From this time till the determination to abandon the ship, which was arrived at, after much consideration, on the 20th May 1855, the journal of the doctor and his comrades is one continued record of struggles against the most frightful dangers of travel, aggravated by scurvy, snow-blindness, and frost-bite; but endured, save in one or two exceptional instances, with loyal magnanimity and bravery. Dr. Kane evidently possesses in no small degree that best qualification of a commander, sound cheerfulness of spirit, with the power of communicating his own strength to his subordinates. The limits of a review will not permit us to follow as we could wish the numerous journeys by sledge and on foot, the intercourse with the Esquimaux, the routine course of observation, and the domestic arrangements which made up for so many weary months the life of this hardy little band. We must confine ourselves to a hasty notice of the two principal geographical results, referring our readers to the books themselves for details of such interest, that we shall be much mistaken if they skip a page from title to colophon.

In pursuance of his original plan of pushing as far north as possible,—be it remembered, on ground now untrodden even by the foot of the wandering savage, and after a terrible incident which eventually cost the lives of two of the party,—Dr. Kane determined on an extended journey. He proposed to follow the ice-belt to the Great Glacier which bears the name of Humboldt, and, skirting its face, to cross the ice to the American side; thence, passing to the west, to enter the great indentation the existence of which he inferred "with nearly positive certainty," where he might find an *outlet*, and determine the state of things beyond the ice-clogged area of the bay. We see how the thoughts of our intrepid traveller dwelt on the probable existence of open water beyond. Wherever the shore-line inclines to the north, the scenery of this strange coast is magnificent in its untamed ruggedness. Cliffs, rising to a thousand feet and more, come down boldly to the ice-foot; and immense turrets and pinnacles of greenstone flank cliffs battlemented into the dreamy resemblance of castles. One of these pinnacles, standing on the brink of a deep ravine solitary and threatening, is "as sharply finished as if it had been cast for the Place Vendôme. Yet the length of the shaft alone is four hundred and eighty feet; and it rises on a plinth or pedestal itself two hundred and eighty feet high." To this natural minaret the doctor has given, the name of Tennyson the poet. Continuing the journey,

the commencement of the Great Glacier was reached,—a titanic mass of frozen water, a chained and fettered ocean, heaped on the mainland; so gigantic in its dimensions, that without an effort we can in no way realise them. It commences nearly with the 79th, and stretches beyond the 80th parallel. Glorious must have been the sight, even to the dimmed eyes and aching limbs of suffering and weather-beaten men :

“ A face of glistening ice, sweeping in a long course from the low interior, the facets in front intensely illuminated by the sun. But this line of cliff rose, in a solid glassy wall, *three hundred feet* above the water-level, with an unknown, unfathomable depth below it; and its curved face, sixty miles in length from Cape Agassiz to Cape Forbes, vanished into unknown space, at not more than a single day's railroad travel from the Pole.”

This last illustration is very racy in its nineteenth-century smack; and we can imagine how the railroad was in very truth present to the mind of the longing discoverer :

“ The interior, with which it communicated, and from which it issued, was an unsurveyed *mer de glace*—an ice-ocean—to the eye of boundless dimensions. It was slowly that the conviction dawned on me that I was looking upon the counterpart of the great river-system of Arctic Asia and America. Yet here were no water-feeders from the south; here was a plastic, moving, semi-solid mass, obliterating life, swallowing rocks and islands, and ploughing its way with irresistible march through the crust of an investing sea.”

Of course, to climb and cross this giant mass was totally impracticable. Subsequently, however, two bold fellows—let us name them, William Morton, and Hans Christian the hunter—with a light sledge, succeeded in traversing the bay; and then followed the second great discovery that marks this expedition. At the northern extremity of the cape that terminates the Great Glacier they found a channel; the ice was weak and rotten, and the dogs began to tremble. Turning as soon as possible, they reached the shore, and at last made good ice again; and presently, the fog lifting, they saw *open water*. Rounding the cape, they looked ahead, and again saw nothing but *open water*; presently a flock of Brent geese, and ducks in crowds, eiders and dovebies, tern, ivory gulls, and mollemokes. Travelling further north, the channel expanded into an iceless area, “ four or five pieces alone being visible over the entire surface of its white-capped waters;” and Dr. Kane estimates, from the mean radius of thirty-six miles open to reliable survey, that this sea had an extent of more than four thousand square miles. Finally Morton, leaving Hans and his dogs, proceeded along the porphyritic rocky

coast; and climbing with increasing difficulty in hopes of doubling a promontory which shut out further view, arrived at the forced conclusion of his march:

"It must have been an imposing sight, as he stood at this termination of his onward journey, looking out on the great waste of waters before him. Not a 'speck of ice,' to use his own words, could be seen. Then from a height of four hundred and eighty feet, which commanded an horizon of almost forty miles, his ears were gladdened with the novel music of dashing waves; and a surf breaking in among the rocks at his feet stayed his further progress. Beyond this cape all is surmise."

The doctor, admitting the difficulty of pronouncing with certainty where so many previous supposed discoveries have proved altogether illusory, modestly and shortly points out wherein the difference lies between this last "open polar sea" and its many deceptive predecessors. It is impossible not to be struck with the melted snow on the rocks, the crowds of marine birds, and the limited but *still-advancing* vegetable life, and the rise of the thermometer in the water. He considers that within historical and even recent limits the climate of this region was milder than at present. In Dallas Bay, at the southern extremity of the Great Glacier, is an Esquimaux village, with bones of seals, walrus, and whales, all now cased in ice; and in Morris Bay, miles beyond the *northern* extremity of the glacier, a sledge-runner, worked with skilful labour out of the bone of a whale, was found, in proof that a latitude of 81° had been at some time not unknown to that wandering race.

At last it became too clear that the brig was frozen in for a second winter; and whether to stand by her or push for the south must once more be decided, since the summer had not broken the solid pack within twenty miles of her icy dock. Eight out of seventeen survivors resolved to remain; but seven, with whom all resources were justly and liberally divided, left their commander and comrades to try their fortunes in their own way. One speedily returned; the rest after much misery. "They carried with them a written assurance of a brother's welcome, should they be driven back; and this assurance was redeemed when hard trials had prepared them to share again our fortunes." In suffering and labour, lightened by hope alone, the second winter wore away; but again the summer brought no change; and to face a third winter, with thirty-six days' provisions only and no firewood, would have been suicidal. Most admirably in this emergency were all the arrangements, long considered and matured by Dr. Kane's foresight, brought into active operation; and after a touching

farewell to the ship, the party set forth on their journey for life or death. It succeeded for all but one brave man, who died from an injury received in the noble performance of duty; and the survivors reached in safety the settlement of Upernavik after eighty-four days in the open air. We must extract the record of the first sound of a Christian voice in unfamiliar ears:

“‘Listen, Petersen! Oars, men! What is it?’ and he listened quietly at first; and then, trembling, said in a half-whisper, ‘Danemarkers!’ By and by—for we must have been pulling a good half-hour—the single mast of a small shallop showed itself; and Petersen, who had been very quiet and grave, burst into an incoherent fit of crying, only relieved by broken exclamations of mingled Danish and English. ‘Tis the Upernavik oil-boat, the *Fraulein Fleischer*. Charlie Mossyn, the assistant-cooper, must be on his road to Kingatok for blubber. The *Mariane* has come, and Charlie Mossyn.’ And here he did it all over again, gulping down his words and wringing his hands.”

After recruiting at Upernavik, where they “could not remain within the four walls of a house without a distressing sense of suffocation,” they set sail in the *Mariane* above-mentioned, with their little boat the *Faith* on board as a relic. On the 11th September they arrived at Godhavn, the inspectorate of North Greenland; and the same day a steamer, with a barque in tow, appeared in the distance. It was not long before they recognised the stars and stripes of America; and with beating hearts the *Faith* was lowered for the last time, and they could soon see “the scars which their own ice-battles” had impressed on the vessels sent out to seek the long-absent travellers.

The doctor closes his narrative with the happy meeting:

“Presently we were alongside. An officer, whom I shall ever remember as a cherished friend, Captain Hartstene, hailed a little man in a ragged flannel-shirt. ‘Is that Dr. Kane?’ And with the ‘Yes’ that followed the rigging was manned by our countrymen, and cheers welcomed us back to the social world of love which they represented.”

In consideration of his Arctic travel and discoveries,—the most important of the latter being the Great Glacier, Kennedy’s Channel, with the coast on either side and the open sea beyond,—the Royal Geographical Society has lately presented Dr. Kane with its gold medal; but we regret to add that his broken health prevented his receiving any public manifestation of goodwill. He is now, we believe, on his way to the West Indies; and we sincerely hope he may speedily

recover all his physical energies. His friend, Captain Hartstene, has just arrived at Portsmouth with the *Resolute*, a graceful present from our Yankee cousins to the Queen.

We have only, in conclusion, once more warmly to recommend the history of the Second Grinnell Expedition as an excellent Christmas book for old and young. It is profusely illustrated, many of the wood-engravings being of considerable merit; and, between grave and gay, suffering and laughter, Esquimaux life, manners, and customs, seal, walrus, and bear hunts, it will be no fault of Dr. Kane's if every taste does not find something interesting and exciting. As a record of unflinching resolution and of dangers bravely overcome, it has no superior in the annals of travel.

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#### THE GIRLHOOD OF CATHERINE DE' MEDICI.

*The Girlhood of Catherine de' Medici.* By T. Adolphus Trollope. Chapman and Hall.

OUR verdict on Mr. Trollope is, on the whole, that he is a goose. He has the solemnity of the owl, and the pretentiousness of the peacock; but his voice is an unmistakable cackle. The present book shows that he has entirely mistaken his vocation. Nature never meant him to write historical biographies. A man who can discourse for two octavo pages on the small fact that a baby was taken from Florence to Rome, was designed for other things. Nature intended him to be the minister of a fashionable proprietary-chapel in London or in a provincial watering-place. In that elevated and intellectual position, far removed from fear of critics, he might be the "guide, philosopher, and friend," of a select circle of artificially devout ladies, with whom syntax was a superfluity and logic a blessing altogether unknown. With these, over the fragrant bohea, he might "improve" the events of the passing hour, set mankind in general to rights, and prove every thing out of nothing. He might also find leisure for a completion of the life of Catherine de' Medici, in five-and-twenty volumes, embracing a sketch of every thing that did happen, or might have happened, or ought to have happened, in general Europe, and France and Italy in particular, during the long life of his heroine, together with moral reflections *ad libitum* as long as the printer's type would hold out.

We have come across a good many foolish books in our day,

a good many dull books, and a good many conceited books too. Especially in the way of history or historical sketches, this present age abounds with the productions of persons who imagine themselves called to the service of Clio. But any thing more coolly impudent than this volume of Mr. Trollope it has rarely been our unlucky lot to stumble over. Here is a volume of nearly 400 pages, handsomely printed, published by one of the most respectable London houses, and altogether "turned out" in excellent style, on a subject which might have been exhausted in one-tenth of the space. Even this quantity could only be attained by a little judicious spinning-out. The *Girlhood of Catherine de' Medici* had not many more incidents than usually happen to a child whose parents leave her early an orphan; and as to existing materials for furnishing a sketch of her character and private life as a child, there are almost literally none. It is supposed that some such things do exist, in the shape of the reminiscences of a nun belonging to one of the convents where she was brought up; but Mr. Trollope has never seen them, nor has any account of them ever been given to the world. In fact, the *Girlhood of Catherine de' Medici* is a mere catchpenny title, adopted with a view to make the public anticipate a striking and spicy piece of biography, showing what that extraordinary woman really was before her union with the royal family of France. Mr. Trollope's book is in reality a dull tedious rigmarole of vapid description and obtrusive disquisition on sundry Italian affairs and people of the time of Catherine or, as they say in Moore's Almanac, "thereabouts." He has read a few odds and ends of contemporary history, together with Ranke and other recent writers, and to these he has added a study of sundry anti-jesuitical and anti-papistical novels; and having done this, he has felt himself called to expound largely on the thesis that Catherine was a bad woman because she was brought up by cardinals and nuns; to which thesis he appends sundry other profound maxims, such as that Catholics are necessarily persecutors, because every body who is confident that he is right in religion is bound in conscience to take forcible measures to crush those who think otherwise. The book would not, indeed, be worth more than a line or two of notice, but that the publication of such productions is a melancholy sign of the gullibility of our fellow-countrymen on every thing that even remotely touches the Catholic religion. The most "sensible" and "practical" race in the world are the foremost to lend their ear to any pretender who will tickle it with a few flourishing sentences in dispraise of Catholics, and suggest the delightful belief that never were

there such things as faith and morals upon earth till modern England arose to enlighten the nations.

Let us not be misunderstood, however. We are the last to object to the publication of the real truths of the history of past ages, however much it may involve what is discreditable to Catholics, whether ecclesiastics or laymen. We have not the faintest desire to doctor the records of the past, or "work" them as a defaulter "cooks" the accounts which he presents to his superiors. We hold that a knowledge of the disasters which have afflicted the Church in past days, whether from without *or from within*, is of the utmost importance as a practical guide to ourselves as Christians in our own age. We would no more eliminate the records of the sins of Catholic countries from history than we would cut out the records of earthquakes and inundations from the physical history of the world. What we complain of is, that the histories of Catholic times are written by men who utterly misunderstand them, who are acquainted with only one class of the facts which they present, and who are morally or intellectually incapable of comprehending the motives of persons different from themselves. All but the shallowest thinkers are aware that the real spiritual condition of an age is not to be judged by the conduct of its most prominent personages in secular affairs. Moreover, in the middle ages, and especially in Italy, owing to the comparative want of education of the laity, there existed a large class of men who were by profession ecclesiastics, but whose life was devoted to secular pursuits; and who in no sense whatever represented the entire body of Catholic ecclesiastics in their sacerdotal capacity. Whether it was well for religion that ecclesiastics should thus merge their spiritual in their temporal character, is another question. Abstractedly speaking, we think it was the very reverse of desirable; but whether, in a transition state like that of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, it *could*, practically speaking, have been otherwise, may well be doubted. Nevertheless it is the fact, that within the sacred ministry there did then exist in large numbers—as they have sometimes existed since in a smaller proportion—a class of ecclesiastics often perfectly respectable in private life (though not always so), whose time was devoted almost exclusively to political or other secular affairs, and whose habits were not exactly fashioned after the apostolic model.

In one of the few readable passages of his book, Mr. Trollope gives a picture of certain cardinals of this description, extracted from the accounts rendered to their government by the Venetian ambassadors:

"The manner of living which Rome was accustomed to see and admire in her ecclesiastical princes is amusingly shown by the account which the same company of ambassadors from Venice, whose report has been before cited, have furnished of a banquet given them by the Venetian cardinal, Andrea Cornaro. After duly recording the velvet-covered seats, the cloth-of-gold, the sideboards loaded with superb plate, they state the astounding fact, that the dinner consisted of sixty-five courses of three dishes each; and all served on silver. 'Scarcely had we tasted one,' say the simple ambassadors, with very evident admiration, 'than another was brought in. At last we rose, stuffed and stupified, as well from the quantity of the food as because at the cardinal's table there was music of every sort that could be found in Rome. Excellent fifers played continually; harpsichords also were there, with most wonderful sounds in them; lutes with four strings; harps and songs outside the room, and inside;—one music after another.'

This magnificent cardinal, we are told, gave dinners to the members of the sacred college three times a week. Their eminences often called on him on their way to the apostolical palace, as his mansion was situated in the Borgo; and he was in the habit of pressing them to stay and dine with him.

Various other entertainments are recounted with infinite admiration and simplicity by these worthy Venetians, who have left one of the most amusing, if not most politically important, of the '*Relazione*' which have come down to us. With Cardinal Grimani they dined one Saturday entirely, like good Catholics, on fish. His eminence, being bishop of Porto, has special facilities, they say, for having fish of all sorts: and indeed it should seem that he had, for the ambassadors, 'stupified' as they had been, a few days before, by Cardinal Cornaro's sixty-five courses, sat at Cardinal Grimani's table during this fast-day dinner, for nearly six hours. They particularly commemorate one fish, a sturgeon, the head of which was 'larger than that of a large ox,' and which had cost eighteen golden ducats, equal to not much less than 8*l.* of our present currency.

None, however, of the festivities recorded by them give so striking a picture of the profuse magnificence of the Roman life of that period as the following very interesting and curiously minute account of a hunting-party, to which one of their number was invited by the Cardinal Cornelio:

'Mathew Dandolo, on Saturday, went to hunt with this cardinal; and they took a stag, a wild-goat, and a hare. The cardinal was mounted on a dapple-gray Spanish jennet, of great beauty and nobleness, admirably well paced, and ornamented with black housings. He was dressed in a plaited priest's vestment, short, of scarlet colour, and without lining. On his head, above his skull-cap, he wore a Spanish hat, dark-coloured, and ornamented with tassels of black silk and velvet. And they went twelve miles out of Rome to hunt. The company comprised about a hundred horsemen; for when the cardinal goes a-hunting, many noble Romans, and other

courtiers, that take pleasure in the sport, follow him. There was Messer Serapicca, among others, very sad and out of spirits. The cardinal sent on eight mules loaded with nets, which were immediately stretched in a little valley shut in by certain hills, not very high, but difficult to ascend. Through this valley the stags and swine had to pass. The huntsmen, whose business it is to know the haunts of the stags and other animals, and their lairs, had not yet come up, having gone to lie in ambush for the game. When they arrived, the cardinal dismounted, and took off his upper clothing, remaining in a jacket of brown Flemish cloth, cut close and tight to the body. The rest of the company also dismounted. Then the cardinal having remounted and assigned every one his place, they proceeded to a lovely meadow, by which the stags were obliged to pass. A small river, deep and swift of stream, ran through it, and it was crossed by several little bridges. This meadow also was guarded by dogs, of which there were a great number present. The cardinal then mounted a jennet of great value, which his brother, Don Francesco, had brought him from Spain, and all set about driving the stag from his cover. Three or four were very shortly put up. Two of them ran into the net and entangled themselves: one was caught; the other escaped. Then three exceedingly fierce boars were driven out from the valley; and the whole hunt, horsemen and runners on foot, hounds and mastiffs, followed them a good hour, teasing them unceasingly, as they at one moment rushed into the cover, and the next were started from it by the hounds. A fine sight it was to see, and the cardinal was exceedingly delighted and exhilarated. After that, in another beautiful meadow, in which there was only one small shrub, was prepared the buffet of the cardinal, and a table for fourteen persons; and at the head of it a chair of state for his lordship. And thus, some sitting on stools, and others standing, they eat, while the dogs howled at the sight of the food; the hunting-horns were sounded, and those who had followed the hunt on foot strolled about with their bread and cup of wine in their hands. But, in the midst of the dinner, down came a hard shower of rain, which washed all the company well, and watered their wine for them in their cups. They continued their dinner, however, only ordering felt hats to be handed round to the guests. The repast consisted of the finest fish, both sea and fresh water; of which the laccia, from the Tiber, is the best fish in the world. We have it in the Po, and know it under the name of chieppe; but, in truth, with us the fish is comparatively worthless. There were exquisite wines of ten sorts. Sweet oranges, peeled and prepared with fine sugar, were served at the beginning of the dinner for the first dish, as is the mode at Rome. There were three hundred mouths to feed. Then all mounted again, and came to a coppice of underwood, into which some hounds were sent. The huntsmen started a very beautiful wild-goat, which the dogs at last caught and killed. Then they chased a hare, and took her. After that, another stag was found, but was not caught. An hour before

sundown they returned to Rome. The next morning the cardinal sent the produce of the chase on a mule, as a present to the ambassadors. He sent also three other mules, each carrying a very fine calf; and twenty very long poles, carried by forty porters, from which hung capons, pigeons, partridges, pheasants, peacocks, quantities of salted meats of various sorts, and most delicate buffalo cheeses; besides three pipes of wine loaded on twelve mules, carrying two barrels each; and for every four of these mule-loads there was another mule carrying an empty tun well seasoned, for holding the wine in the cellar. The wines were of three sorts, and most exquisite. Besides all this there were forty loads of corn for our horses. And Messer Evangelista dei Pellegrini da Verocchio, house-steward of the cardinal, a man of worship and reputation, addressed the ambassadors, inviting them to dine with the most reverend cardinal on the following Tuesday. The present, which was estimated at two hundred ducats, was accepted, as also the invitation to dinner.'"

As Catholics, then, we never object to the publication of such anecdotes as this, provided only they are not put forward, as they usually are, as illustrating the entire character of the Catholic priesthood, and as proofs of the worldly, grasping, and licentious spirit of the Church of Rome. What would be said of us Catholics, indeed, if we took the twenty thousand a year of a Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, and his sumptuous entertainments to royalty, as a proof of the worldly and luxurious lives of all the vicars and curates of the Establishment? Yet the decorous magnificence of Lambeth banquets, and the courtier-like life of many of the Anglican prelates, is every whit as unapostolic as the portrait of Cardinal Cornelio out hunting in "pink," or the sixty-five courses of Cardinal Cornaro's dinner. Far be it from us to wish to see a Catholic prelate following his own pack of hounds, or to sit at a cardinal's table with sixty-five courses, sent up by a French *chef*, and with the best band of music of the day in attendance. That such things ever were, we only lament; and we see in them, quite as much as in the occasional vices of certain ecclesiastics, the real cause of the "reformation." But we protest against accepting these gorgeous misrepresentatives as an indication of the whole state of things in Rome, or any other Catholic country. All the while that these things were seen *by the worldly eye*, those who saw below the surface beheld the private life of thousands and thousands, priests and laymen, bishops and nuns, pure and unspotted; sometimes rising to the height of heroic sanctity, and testifying to the truth of the doctrines of the Church and the virtue of her sacraments all the more powerfully because of the corruptions to be witnessed in high places.

The writer before us is not the man thus to penetrate below what is outside, and find diamonds in the darkness of a mine. He talks about moral strength, but he does not understand it. Popes like Adrian VI. and the present Pontiff, constrained as he is to admit their moral worth, awake only his contemptuous pity. He smiles, or rather sneers, at "poor Adrian," as a man who lived for nothing; utterly forgetting, if he ever knew it, that the spirit which broke forth for a few months in Adrian, speedily arose again, and effected the most extraordinary real reformation *within* the Church which history has to record. Want of space prevents us from quoting the few paragraphs from Mr. Trollope which we had intended to give as a specimen of the cool impertinence with which writers of his stamp treat men immeasurably their superiors; but we cannot omit the following sage conclusion :

"It is intelligible enough that his short papacy should have been wholly uninfluential on the character and habits of the Roman court and city. It was altogether a failure in every point of view. And Rome evidently understood the exigencies of her papacy best in sinking all notion, or other than strictly official and conventional talk of duty with regard to it altogether.

Death delivered Adrian from the papal chair, and the Romans from Adrian, on the 23d September 1523. And the Church has never since committed the blunder of putting any other than an Italian at her head."

Assuring our readers that the unintelligible nonsense which forms the third sentence in this last extract is not the result of our printer's blundering, but comes *in puris naturalibus* from Mr. Trollope, we pass on to another part of his volume.

When Catherine was eight years old, she was placed by her uncle with a community of nuns, called the "Murate," or walled-up ones. This community had been founded a century and a half before, by three pious women, who had determined to live and die in a little building on the pier of one of the bridges of Florence. They walled up their door in order to prevent any communication with the world without, and hence their name.

After an account of the progress of the new society, which may be taken as a characteristic specimen of the vulgar flippancy of the school to which he belongs, and with interminable digressions and moralisings on this and that and every thing else, Mr. Trollope proceeds to give his history of the education of the child. On this important subject he has to tell us practically *nothing*, so far as his thesis is con-

cerned. In the midst of this dearth of facts, he favours us with his views as to what her education must have been, grounded on what he tells us is the universally received ideal of convent education at the present time. The "educational specialties"—*this* is certainly a piece of "educational" slang exclusively confined to the nineteenth century—the "educational specialties" of convents in the sixteenth and all other centuries are, we learn, confined to "a due knowledge of the catechism and crochet-work," or, in other words, "religion and polite behaviour." Having thus summarily settled the question of convent education throughout the Catholic world, Mr. Trollope proceeds to inquire, "according to the recognised laws of ethical cause and effect," whether the "moral atmosphere" of the convent was not such as fully to account for Catherine's turning out "the cold-blooded murderess of many thousands of her fellow-creatures." As we have said, of the facts of Catherine's life in the convent he has nothing to tell, while he admits that she ever retained an impression of the piety of her teachers. But what is that to your genuine anti-papistical Protestant? The less he knows of Catholicism, the more confident he is that it is all an abomination. The darker the blindness of his own eyes, the more fully is he persuaded that he is gazing upon black iniquities too foul to see the light. Accordingly our wiseacre here *proves* that the nuns practically made Catherine a murderess, by detailing sundry miracles said to have been wrought in the convent, and the number of prayers they said in order to be able to offer a splendid new mantle for an image of the Blessed Virgin on a certain great festival. He gives the list of the prayers at full length, quoting from Richa, their panegyrist; and we have no doubt that when he had copied it out, he felt persuaded that he had supplied the English reader with one of the most exquisite pieces of satire upon the superstitions of Popery that history can furnish. To show that we do not quite think its publication fatally destructive of our religion, we give the catalogue the further publicity which our own pages can supply:

"For making the said mantle of six yards of rich brocade of gold, lined with seventy ermine skins, embroidered with sixty-three crowns in gold, and eight hundred and eighty-two precious stones, furnished with a garniture of pearls and a golden clasp, with a Solomon's knot in gold, and a button of gems, and spangled with five sorts of flowers, viz. lilies, roses, carnations, jessamines, and hyacinths,—the following prayers must be said:

For six yards of brocade, three psalters in honour of the Holy Trinity; fifty psalms per yard, with *Gloria tibi Domine*, and medita-

tions on the great favours Mary received from the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

For seventy ermine skins, seven thousand times the *Ave Maria*, in honour of the seven joys.

For sixty-three embroidered crowns, sixty-three times the rosary, in reverence for the sixty-three years Mary lived in the world.

For eight hundred and eighty-two precious stones, fourteen for each crown, must be repeated seven times the joys she had on earth, and seven times the joys she had in heaven.

For a garniture of pearls, seven hundred times *Ave Maria* (sic) *Stella*.

For a clasp, seven hundred times the *O gloriosa Domina*.

For a Solomon's knot, seven hundred times the *Salve Regina*.

For a golden button, seven hundred times the *Alma Redemptoris Mater*.

For embroidered roses, seven hundred times the *Ave Sanctissima Maria*.

For ditto carnations, seven hundred times the *Regina cæli*.

For ditto lilies, seven hundred times the *Ave Regina cælorum*.

For ditto jessamines, seven hundred times the *Quem terra*.

For ditto hyacinths, seven hundred times the *Memento Salutat* (sic)."

But, after all, where is the absurdity of this? The nuns have a wish to adorn a certain image of a person whom they love, in a way suited to their own ideas of art and beauty; and in order to be able to accomplish this wish, they offer certain prayers to God. In a similar way, some modern benefactor of his country dies—of course a Protestant—and his grateful fellow-countrymen wish to put up a statue in his honour (not having the fear of idolatry before their eyes); and the managers of the undertaking being religious people, and believing in the efficacy of prayer, pray to God that, if it is His will, the affair may prosper and be brought to a conclusion.

Now we ask, in all honesty, what is the difference between the two cases? If it is natural and sensible to pray that God would bless our pious wishes to honour the memory of an excellent person just dead, why is it superstitious to pray that we may be able to decorate an image of Mary with gold and ermine? Why does the latter prove that the nuns made Catherine an embryo murderess, while the former would be a feather in the cap of any man who had the education of youth under his charge? There are differences of detail, no doubt; but the principle is absolutely the same in both instances. Catholics love the Blessed Virgin, Protestants do not, but consider a statesman or warrior a more worthy object for a statue than her whom God himself has called "blessed."

Again, it throws the æsthetic mind into fits to think of dressing up an image—probably an ugly one—with silk, and ermine, and pearls, and much more with spangles, muslin, and such-like millinery. The British intellect cannot conceive that such things can be otherwise than a mockery of true religion, a superstition at once disgusting and degrading. But why is marble pious and spiritual, and muslin grovelling and gross? Why is a statue by Flaxman or Chantrey not inconsistent with Christianity, while a little wooden image, carved by nobody knows who, is idolatrous and an abomination? Is devotion a matter to be settled by the rules of academies? Does Almighty God hear no prayers but those offered in good grammar? Does He value an artist's *chef-d'œuvre* more than a poor man's daub? As for all these mantles and brocades, these spangles and artificial flowers, personally speaking, we have no taste for them; and we should never say Pater-Nosters and Hail Marys in order to obtain them. But that is simply because our taste does not lie in that direction. There is no merit in a severe and classical taste. Let every man, woman, and child follow their own inclinations in such things, without being laughed at, except in the way of good humour, by their more critical neighbours. When will rational Protestants be rational with respect to us and our devotional practices? When will they learn to see below the surface; to separate the accidental from the essential, and get rid of that shallow bigotry which delights in condemning other people's proceedings simply because they are not one's own.

We have, however, no more space to devote to Mr. Trollope, and can only wish his book a speedy journey to that goal to which it is assuredly advancing, namely, the trunk-maker's shop.

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#### SOUTHWELL'S POEMS.

*The Poetical Works of the Rev. Robert Southwell*: edited by W. B. Turnbull. London: J. R. Smith.

IN an article upon "Mediæval Hymns," which we published last April, we were at some pains to prove that the most natural form for delivering religious teaching is a rhythmical and quasi-poetical one. We showed that in past ages the rudiments of theology were almost always taught by means of hymns, just as the abstracts of other sciences were

put into verse, so as to be always at the fingers' ends. But it is not merely as an aid to memory that theology can be best taught in verse; it is not only that this science, where so much depends on the verbal symbol, is most naturally, most easily, and most permanently impressed on the mind in poetical formulæ, but because there is a still deeper and more original connection between religion and poetry than the dry theologian would be willing to concede. Historically no one can doubt that the first poets were the prophets, oracles, and priests of their countrymen; that all poetry was considered a sacred thing, and was for ages devoted solely to religious purposes. The earliest philosophers also spoke in verse; and history thinks it worthy of record that Pherecydes of Syra was the first that innovated on the old custom by writing philosophy in prose. Even still, as Father Faber testifies, nothing takes so strong a hold upon people as religion in metre,—hymns or poems on doctrinal subjects. We have also the highest authority for this use of poetry: those parts of Scripture which most touch the soul and illumine the mind are, in fact, poems. Where the deepest mysteries of religion are discussed,—where the most sacred revelations of dogmatic, moral, or mystical theology are made,—the language always assumes a balanced rhythmical form, even if it is not professedly poetry. Moses summed up his teaching in a song; the Psalms were the liturgy of the Jewish Temple; the Song of Solomon, the teachings of the prophets, are all delivered in this kind of language. In the most exact of the great theological Fathers we observe an epigrammatic mode of writing in balanced rhythmical sentences, full of antithesis, with which all readers of St. Augustine are familiar, and which is far removed from the indefinite carelessness of modern prose.

But the connection between religion and poetry rests on something still deeper than this historical basis. All language, as soon as it goes beyond indicating the ordinary objects of sense, as soon as it becomes more than a nomenclature of things under our eyes, is poetry. How could people have first indicated metaphysical ideas, or expressed the inward acts of the soul, except by the most daring poetical images? Just as nurses call children's sulks "the black dog," so qualities were first expressed by the names or actions of animals: injuries were said to awake a man's sleeping lion; to be pleased was to wag the tail, to express love was to coo like a dove. The more insensible and metaphysical the object of conversation, the more bold must have been the imagery, the more poetical the metaphor. But what

is so far removed from sense as God and the soul? What so invisible, so inaudible, so incomprehensible, as the bond that unites them? Even now, when use has vulgarised and rubbed out our sensibility to the poetry of most of our metaphysical terms, the images which we have to use when talking of God and of religious matters still speak to the depths of our poetical sensibility, and thrill the heart more surely than any others. Doubtless professed theologians, by constant use, will come to see only a technical meaning in the most imaginative symbol; but they should try to remember what effect it at first had on them, and should not attempt to appreciate its poetry by the hardness of the outline which it now presents to their scientific vision. Then they will own that theology, so far as its terms are concerned, *is* poetry; and that, if taught at all, it must be taught poetically. We can appeal to a very high authority in proof of our statement—namely, to St. Thomas himself. In the 9th article of the first question of his *Summa* he introduces his devil's advocate (if we may so term that quarrelsome gentleman who opens all the discussions with his *arguitur quod non*, and who is prepared to contradict every thing that St. Thomas is prepared to affirm, from the being of God down to the use of metaphors in Scripture), "proceeding" on this wise: "Scripture should not use metaphors; for that which is proper to the lowest kind of learning is not fit for theology, the highest of the sciences. But to use various similitudes and representations is proper to poetry, which is the lowest of all learnings; so theology ought not to use them." Yes, indeed, poetry is the lowest learning, in the same sense as the foundation is the lowest building; but it bears up all the rest. Poetry teaches us to get beyond the bark and rind of a word; it teaches us how the unseen may be expressed in terms of the visible, how language may get beyond statistics, and may be of some further use than to enumerate the dishes on the dinner-table or the tools in the work-shop. But let us see what St. Thomas answers to the objections of this enstatic individual. First, then, he crushes him with the words of Osee, "I have multiplied visions, and have been symbolised by the prophets." Then he answers in general, that "Scripture must teach divine and spiritual truths under the similitude of material things, because God provides for all according to the requirements of their nature; but man's nature proceeds through sensible to intelligible things, for all our knowledge begins with sense. Fitly, therefore, does Scripture teach spiritual truths in material metaphors, for as Dionysius the Areopagite says, 'the divine ray cannot possibly shine upon us

otherwise than as shrouded about with a variety of sacred veils.' Besides, as Scripture is for all, wise and unwise in common, it is expedient that spiritual things should be set forth under the images of material things; that thus even unlettered persons might understand them who cannot comprehend abstract metaphysical terms." And lastly, he finishes by giving a particular answer to the objection. "Poetry uses metaphors simply for the purpose of representation, in which man naturally takes pleasure. But Scripture employs them for necessity and use." Scripture, then, is poetry; the essential character of its method is identical with that of poetry; the difference is, that the poets seek to fill the mind's eye with a pleasing picture, or to thrill the heart with a passing sentiment; while the prophets and evangelists wish to teach that which it is necessary to know if we would be saved, and to inflame the heart with a fruitful love of the goodness and beauty of God.

Now how many of us have read over and over again these and similar words of Saint Thomas about the expediency of a poetical style to captivate the popular unscientific mind, *Convenit sacræ Scripturæ, quæ communiter omnibus proponitur, ut spiritualia sub similitudinibus corporalium proponantur, ut saltem vel sic rudes eam capiant*, and then have admired and even analysed the epic grandeur of the whole design of the services of the Church, the dramatic power of her antiphons, and the lyric beauty of her hymns, and have been struck with wonder at the genuine poetic sensibility and artistic skill which must have filled the hearts and heads of those good old monks who have bequeathed this legacy to the world, without ever thinking of uniting the two reflections, and recognising in these services, these antiphons, and these hymns, that very poetical character by which these wise philosophers thought that the minds of the uneducated could be best captivated, and led to take a genuine interest in the sublime dogmas of religion! We have forgotten that these very theologians, who wrote so well both of God and man, and who recognised that it was only by the poetical method that the minds of children and common men can be made to understand spiritual things, have bequeathed to us specimens of this mode of teaching; and with St. Thomas's office for Corpus Christi before our eyes, with the beautiful and most poetical book of Dominican prayers, with the *Lauda Sion*, the *Stabat Mater*, the *Dies iræ* sounding in our ears, we have put up with shabby translations from slipshod French and Italian prayers, conceived in the fashionable epistolary style of the day, without a particle of that powerful and yet refined

poetry which speaks directly to the common heart of humanity in the old medieval devotions and didactic hymns. They are real works of art, which even the atheist and the scoffer might prize, and lay by among his choicest treasures. But once look with a purely artistic eye on the common run of our devotional books, and how trumpery must they appear! Before Father Faber, there was scarcely an attempt worth mentioning to supply English Catholics with devotional poetry; and the consequence was, as he testifies, that "they were not unfrequently found poring with a devout and unsuspecting delight over the verses of the Olney hymns."

Father Faber has attempted, and, on the whole, with marvellous success, to fill this void in our devotional literature. But he must be himself aware of the poverty of his collection in thoughtful poetry like the didactic and dogmatic hymns of the medieval writers. When we expressed, last April, our hope that some gifted person might be found who would endow the Anglo-Saxon race with such a legacy, we little suspected that a treasure of the kind already existed; still less did we imagine that it had been provided by a man whose name may one day stand in the Calendar of the Saints, on account of the glorious martyrdom which he suffered for the Catholic faith.

We do not at present intend to do more than quote enough of Father Southwell's poetry to verify our estimate of him, reserving for a future occasion our criticism of Mr. Turnbull's edition of his works, and of the memoir which he has prefixed to them. Whatever its deficiencies may be, we Catholics are under a great obligation both to him and to the enterprising Protestant publisher for having rescued from oblivion such invaluable relics; for invaluable they are in every sense.

The first and chief sense in which Southwell towers above other poets is, that he was not only a poet. He had not that halfness and incompleteness which would drag down even a Shakespeare from the highest throne of humanity. He (not like Shakespeare, but in his measure) had an eye for the gorgeous hues of the material world; and he employed them as colours to compose his picture. But he did not rest in their beauty; he stepped beyond words into the realm of things; he explored the virtue that resides in the symbols, and imparts their power. He does not pretend to weep sentimental tears with the sorrowing Werter; but he feels the sorrows of St. Peter, and utters the apostle's "complaint" from a heart which has sounded the same depths. His "Mary Magdalen's Tears" are the real experiences of a penitent (not that we

mean that the venerable martyr was in any technical sense a penitent), not the imaginary sorrows of a Byronic *blasé*. The resolutions which he expresses he acted upon; the virtues which he praises he possessed. When he says,

“ My choice was guided with foresightful heed,  
It was averred with approving will;  
It shall be followed with performing deed,  
And sealed with vow, till death the chooser kill.  
Yet death, though final date of vain desires,  
Ends not my choice, which with no time expires,”

he uttered no vain brag; for his “performing deed” was a most constant martyrdom. When he declared,

“ My conscience is my crown,  
Contented thoughts my rest;  
My heart is happy in itself,  
My bliss is in my breast.  
My wishes are but few,  
All easy to fulfil;  
I make the limits of my power  
The bounds unto my will,”

he was simply describing his habitual state of life. When he expressed the wishes of the following exquisite stanza,

“ Who would not die to kill all murdering grieves?  
Or who would live in never-dying fears?  
Who would not wish his treasure safe from thieves,  
And quit his heart from pangs, his eyes from tears?  
Death parteth but two ever-fighting foes,  
Whose civil strife doth work our endless woes,”

it was no imaginary state of mind, no ideal of what should be, but the simple naked representation of the usual state of his own will. There is no unreality about him. He is a whole, not a half man. His pretensions are not hollow; there is no concave part in his character, no hole to be picked in this perfect sphere, *totus in se teres atque rotundus*.

Next, even in the ranks of secular poets, Father Southwell holds no contemptible place. The music and harmony of his lines are perfect; while reading them we seem to be listening to the cadences of the most beautiful of the old English or Italian madrigals.

But it is as a thoughtful poet that he puts out his greatest power. Here he proves himself a true oracle of wisdom. Whether for terseness in expression, as in the line,

“ Most friends befriend themselves with friendship's show;”

or for practical wisdom, as in a stanza which we earnestly recommend to our Anglican friends,

"Where the truth once was, and is not,  
 Shadows are but vanity,  
 Showing want that help they cannot,  
 Signs, not salves, of misery.  
 Painted meat no hunger feeds,  
 Dying life each death exceeds ;"

or for intricate play upon words, as in the following quaint but beautiful little fugue on the subject "To live in love,"

"Who lives in love, loves least to live,  
 And long delays doth rue,  
 If Him he love, by whom he lives,  
 To whom all love is due ;  
 Who for our love did choose to live,  
 And was content to die ;  
 Who loved our love more than His life,  
 And love with life did buy ;"

or for tenderness of imagery, as in the poem "At home in heaven" (we should like to quote the whole poem).

For all these, Southwell approves himself to our judgment as holding, perhaps, the highest place among the poets of the sixteenth century. We doubt if the poems (not the plays) of Shakespeare could furnish brighter gems.

When such a poet as this has continued in our language the traditions of the medieval hymnographers, the experiment which we demanded has been made. It only remains to see whether our anticipations will be justified by the event—whether these and similar hymns will gradually regain the popularity they once had. We cannot expect them to take the Catholic public by storm ; their beauty and grace are too intellectual, too subtle for that ; but the heart once captivated by them is loth to submit to the rough handling of a more commonplace poetry. Not that Southwell is deficient in rugged manliness. Let any one read his noble translation of the *Lauda Sion*\* (which ought to be the foundation for any future version ; Father Caswall's pales beside its rough majesty), and he will never suppose Southwell capable of effeminateness. No saintly soul is destitute of certain feminine qualities ; but they enhance instead of destroying the male character of the whole. But let us give a few specimens of his hymnology. The first is an address to Sin, from "St. Peter's Complaint":

"Ah, sin, the nothing that doth all things file,†  
 Outcast from heaven, earth's curse, the cause of hell ;  
 Parent of death, author of our exile,  
 The wreck of souls, the wares that fiends do sell ;

\* The Protestants, with characteristic dishonesty, in an edition of this poem, in 1630, omitted the stanzas where the dogma of transubstantiation is so beautifully expressed, and substituted some doggerel of their own to teach Hooker's nonsensical view of the Holy Eucharist.

† Defile.

That men to monsters, angels turns to devils,  
 Wrong of all rights, self-ruin, root of evils.  
 A thing most done, yet more than God can do ;  
     Daily new done, yet ever done amiss ;  
 Friendied of all, yet unto all a foe ;  
     Seeming a heaven, yet banishing from bliss ;  
 Served with toil, yet paying naught but pain,  
 Man's deepest loss, though false-esteemed gain."

The second is a hymn on the Nativity of our Lord :

" Behold the Father is His daughter's Son,  
     The bird that built the nest is hatched therein ;  
 The old of years an hour hath not outrun,  
     Eternal life to live doth now begin.  
 The Word is dumb ; the mirth of heaven doth weep ;  
 Might feeble is, and force doth faintly creep.  
 O dying souls, behold your living Spring !  
     O dazzled eyes, behold your Sun of grace !  
 Dull ears, attend what word this Word doth bring !  
     Up, heavy hearts, with joy your Joy embrace !  
 From death, from dark, from deafness, from despair  
 This Life, this Light, this Word, this Joy repairs.  
 Gift better than Himself God doth not know,  
     Gift better than his God no man can see ;  
 This Gift doth here the Giver given bestow,  
     Gift to this Gift let each receiver be :  
 God is my Gift, Himself He freely gave me ;  
 God's gift am I, and none but God shall have me."

The third is a portion of a hymn on the Blessed Sacrament, which, as a whole, seems to us not much inferior to St. Thomas's *Lauda Sion* or *Pange lingua* :

" That which He gave He was, O peerless gift !  
     Both God and man He was, and both He gave ;  
 He in His hands Himself did truly lift :  
     Far off they see whom in themselves they have.  
 Twelve did He feed, twelve did their Feeder eat ;  
 He made, He dressed, He gave—He was their meat.  
 They saw, they heard, they felt Him sitting near ;  
     Unseen, unfelt, unheard, they Him received ;  
 No diverse thing, though diverse it appear—  
     Though senses fail, yet faith is not deceived ;  
 And if the wonder of the work be new,  
 Believe the Worker, for His word is true.  
 Whole may His body be in smallest bread,  
     Whole in the whole, yea, whole in every crumb ;  
 With which be one, or [be] ten thousand fed,  
     All to each one, to all but One doth come.  
 And though each one as much as all receive,  
 Not one too much, nor all too little have."

But here we must conclude, recommending our readers to buy the volume, and to study its contents. St. Alphonsus

recommended the reading of authors whose names begin with an *S*. We do not at all intend to anticipate authority in prefixing this letter to the name of Robert Southwell; but one cannot help imagining that a man who had lived his life and died his death in countries nearer the centre of authority would long ago have been raised on the altars of the Church.

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## Short Notices.

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### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

*The Lamp*, September and October 1856. We are sorry to make any invidious remarks on a generally meritorious publication; but the editor of *The Lamp* has, through inadvertence, carelessness, or simplicity, admitted some papers of so scandalous a character into his pages, that we cannot let them pass without a remonstrance. Not that we wish to invite the attention of the authorities to the subject, though we should have thought that the danger of the insidious recommendation of a condemned heresy to the readers of *The Lamp* is considerably greater than that of the consideration of questions as yet undecided in the pages of more exclusively literary periodicals. The papers to which we refer are entitled "Female Confessors of the Cross." They are so palpably dishonest, the intention of the writer of them is so manifestly "Jesuitical" (in his own sense of the term), that they neither deserve nor will receive quarter at the hands of Catholics. This person knows as well as we do that Jansenism is a heresy which no Catholic can hold; he knows that the literature which emanated from Port-Royal, however brilliant it may be, is stained with this heresy, and is placed on the Index of forbidden books; he knows that the nuns and recluses of Port-Royal, those vaunted saints of Jansenism, are noted with the brand of disobedience, pride, wilful error, and quibbling equivocation. Yet this is the doctrine—these are the books—these are the saints—which the writer before us thinks proper to recommend to the simple Catholic reader, through the medium of a magazine of the lightest literature. An unsuspicious Catholic may take up this "illustrated Catholic journal," "devoted to the religious improvement of the working-classes," and may draw from its pages lessons of the most unscrupulous and revolting of heresies. Now is this honest? Moreover, the more surely to disarm suspicion, the hypocrite (we can call the writer by no gentler name) begins his discourse with the names of universally-honoured saints. The first paper is merely a panegyric of St. Bernard, whose rule the nuns of Port-Royal professed to follow. Next, because St. Francis de Sales was a warm friend of the Mother Angelica, his name is prominently put forward; though the writer judiciously omits to tell us that this saint died before his penitent became a Jansenist; and that he, for reasons of his own, had refused to admit her into his order of the Visitation.

Another judicious omission is the name of St. Vincent of Paul. It would not have served the writer's purpose to inform his readers that this well-known saint was one of the great opponents of the Jansenists; and that he carried his hostility to them so far, that he actually delated one of the chiefs of the sect to the civil authorities.

Upon this foundation, equally judicious in its statements and its reticence, our author goes on to build his superstructure of Jansenist hagiology. Mother Angelica is of course the principal figure. Next to her is the "celebrated Abbé de St. Cyran, the friend of the distinguished Jansenius," in the society of which "holy man Angelica seemed again to behold the blessed St. Francis de Sales. Till then she had mourned the loss of the Bishop of Geneva as irreparable. For the first time the abbess 'met with one whose growth in piety was equally extraordinary. Nor could she avoid observing that to the eminent holiness which distinguished St. Francis, M. de St. Cyran added a strength of mental powers, luminous intellect, and an energy of character, peculiarly his own.'" Under the guidance of this heretic, saintly as St. Francis, but far wiser, the inmates of Port-Royal "promoted the truths of the blessed gospel," converted worldlings "to the truth as it is in Jesus," won many souls to Christ, and made them followers of the "meek and lowly Jesus." We quote these peculiar phrases with satisfaction, because they prove to us that the writer is a Protestant: no Catholic ever uses them; they are the coinage of the "Evangelical" mint. The writer himself is probably one of this sect, who has fraudulently gained admission for his writings into *The Lamp* by representing himself to be what he is not. If so, this is a case of moral swindling, quite as infamous as forgery, or obtaining money under false pretences, in the civil commercial code. It is analogous to a case which was received, some years since, with the universal execrations of Protestants, and which cost its author his place under government; when the Archbishop of Canterbury was inveigled by a pretended Protestant inquirer to make some damaging admissions. But the present writer does not attack a man who can defend himself; he attacks the faith of the defenceless flock. It is like a minister dressing himself in a Roman collar, and introducing himself into a hospital as priest, in order to undermine the faith of the patients. No mercy can be shown to such a culprit.

We have no wish to gag argument; we only wish each person to sail under his own colours. If we catch a Jansenist sailing under our flag and capturing our craft, we have nothing to do but to treat him as a pirate. Let him argue his case honestly, if he will; but then, of course, he cannot expect his discussion to be admitted into a Catholic periodical that professes to admit only Catholic writings. He must be content with the "outer darkness" of publications professedly Protestant, and not introduce himself as one of the children of light, even in the pages of so modest a luminary as *The Lamp*.

We trust that the editor will do his readers the justice to apologise for his carelessness, and to warn them off the deleterious trash which he has set before them as wholesome food. Even though he may have been ignorant of the full amount of the evil, we cannot altogether acquit him of a very culpable simplicity, in allowing the writer to use his pages for the abuse of the Jesuits. Surely a journal like his should not indulge in invidious remarks against any order of priests. But when a writer singles out as the reason of his hostility to "the society of Jesuits" (he will not call them by their proper title) that which is one of their greatest glories, namely, the sagacity and perseverance with which they ferreted out the dishonest equivocation of the Jansenists from all the windings

and shifts of their diplomatic sophistry, he shows his *animus* so plainly, that no one who takes editorial responsibility on himself ought for a moment to have been taken in by him.

*Liddell v. Westerton.* The downward progress of the Establishment is becoming more and more rapid every day. Judgment succeeds judgment, each of them extinguishing some fond hope of the would-be restorers of its "catholicity." The last of these cruel blows was the judgment delivered by Sir J. Dodson in the Court of Arches on the 20th ult. The points which this careful decision has brought out with greater clearness are, first, that the true representatives and founders of the Church of England are not those Caroline divines (Andrews, Laud, &c.), from whose writings all the "catenas" of the Tractarians are made up, but those "irreverent dissenters" who filled the bench in the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth. The true legislation of the Establishment is the privy-council-book of the Protector Somerset; the true expositors of her principles are the bishops of the period. This is a deserved judgment upon the Tractarians; they have always tried to eke out their case with all the spurious saints of Fox's *Book of Martyrs*; they have claimed to sit in their seat; to them they have appealed as to their founders against Popery on the one hand and Dissent on the other. But now it appears that the legitimate successors of these "martyrs" are not the surpliced and ceremonious rubricians who have lately set themselves up as the only true specimens of English churchmanship, but the cross-hating puritans whom Lord Palmerston, with a true appreciation of English history, is now so rapidly promoting to the mitre. Not Andrews, nor Laud, nor Cosin, but Grindal, and Latimer, and Cranmer, and Peter Martyr, are the true fathers and doctors of the Establishment.

The second point is, that English Protestantism is a protest against the cross. In spite of the feeble declaration of Dr. Blomfield, that "he did not think we ought to be ashamed of the cross," the Establishment as an institution is founded on precisely the same basis as the Dutch influence in Japan, namely, the trampling on the crucifix. The fathers of the Reformation trembled like demoniacs in its presence. How Jewell sighed over the Nehushtan in the queen's chapel! "That little silver cross of ill-omened origin still maintains its place in the queen's chapel; wretched me!—this thing will soon be drawn into a precedent." In the visitations of the bishops and ecclesiastical commissioners the cross was not excepted from those monuments of idolatry and superstition which were to be destroyed; for, as Sir John Dodson holds, in the royal injunctions, which had the force of law, the cross was considered, if not an image, at least a monument of idolatry and superstition. The isolated ornament of the cross was not one by its nature excepted from the danger of being abused, according to the distinction in the "Homily against the peril of idolatry" (1562). This homily made an exception in favour of historical paintings, observing that men do not so readily worship a picture on a wall or window as an embossed and gilt image set with pearls or stones. It is added that "a story painted with the gestures and actions of many persons, and commonly the story written beneath, hath another use in it than one dumb idol or image standing by itself." So, according to the learned judge, the cross also is a dumb idol, like an African fetish, or a Hindoo image. And as such, all deans, archdeacons, masters of colleges, &c. were enjoined to take it away, "so that there remain no memory of the same on walls, glass windows, or elsewhere, within their churches or houses." No wonder that the authors of these Dutch-Japanese injunctions joined Jewell in his protest against the queen's crucifix: "The establishing of images by

your royal authority shall not only utterly discredit our ministries and builders of the thing which we have destroyed, but also blemish the fame of your most godly brother and such notable fathers as have given their lives for the testimony of God's truth, who by public law removed all images;" and that they burnt and treated with all imaginable insults the images of Christ, of our Lady, and of the saints; that they overthrew the altars, and broke down the carved work with axes and hammers; that they tore the service-books, destroyed the organs, turned the vestments into quilts and curtains, insulted the sacraments, and did their best to wipe out all memory of Christianity. It is enough to say of them that they were haters of the cross, or at best that they could endure it but for a moment, while it was signed over the unconscious infant in baptism, never to be looked upon with patience again. And these, in the eye of the law, and of every honest man, are the persons from whom Anglicans derive their rights, and whom they cannot renounce till they renounce all connection with the imposture which they founded.

Among the books sent us for review we have only space to notice a few of the more important. Dr. Newman's fascinating volume, the *Office and Work of Universities* (London, Longmans), is a re-publication of papers which appeared in successive numbers of the *Catholic University Gazette*. It is the fashion now for Protestant critics to warn their readers off from the works of this great writer, by declaring that his power is altogether destructive; that he is wonderful in demolishing other people's fabrics, but impotent in building any solid edifice in their place, in spite of his adroitness in "putting a bottom to a question that is really bottomless;" so they tell us that Dr. Newman is on the whole "an infidel writer!" And probably Protestants believe these veracious gentlemen, and abstain from verifying for themselves a judgment which they are but too eager to publish. Perhaps they will not fear coming within Dr. Newman's influence on such a harmless subject as "universities." If they will dare to take the step, we can promise them, not a destruction, but an edification of their ideas. The present volume brings out, by means of historical narrative, imaginative illustration, and close reasoning, the ideal of a university with such clearness and distinctness, that the intellectual image seems to be invested with the qualities of the sensible, and to stand forth in form and colour before our eyes.

The next most important book is the Rev. J. Spencer Northcote's book on the *Roman Catacombs* (London, Dolman), an indispensable guide-book both for the fireside traveller and for the actual explorer of the places, and most interesting to any one who wishes to enlarge the brief sketch of them which was given in *Fabiola*. Much of the matter of this volume has appeared at intervals in our pages.

*The Lost Sheep and other Poems*, by H. A. Rawes, M.A. (London, Richardson), is a volume of some promise; though the union of Wordsworthian naturalism and Spenserian allegory forms as unequal a whole as one of Turner's mythological pictures.

We should have thought that Green and Marlowe's poems, which form Mr. Bell's new volume of old poets, were scarcely decent enough for publication in the present age.

Other poems, by Mr. Dewar, and an anonymous author, we have not yet had time to read.

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#### Obituary.

Of your charity, pray for the repose of the soul of JAMES KIRSOFF, who departed this life at the Spital, near Hexham, on the 11th day of December 1856, aged 42; on whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

# The Rambler.

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## PART XXXVIII.

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### To Correspondents.

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All communications must be addressed *postpaid* to the publishers, Messrs. BURNS and LAMBERT, 17 Portman Street, Portman Square, London.

# THE RAMBLER.

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## THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY: ITS DIFFICULTIES AND PROSPECTS.

THOSE of our readers who are familiar with the columns of the Dublin newspapers are aware that a correspondence has been lately going on with reference to the new Catholic University, characterised by language, to say the least, somewhat excited. Various articles have also appeared in the same journals, all indicative of a state of feeling among the supporters, or quasi-supporters, of the University, which it is impossible not to deplore. Neither letters nor articles tell the whole truth, but they suggest quite as much as they distinctly declare; and they are sufficient to show that a period of crisis has arrived in the history of the University, which cannot fail materially to affect its future destiny.

Whether or not it may have been judicious, or even justifiable, to print such statements as have been given to the public eye, we are not now about to inquire. On this point probably opinions will differ, even among good and loyal Catholics, to some considerable extent. But considering what has been said, and, moreover, what has been left unsaid, we cannot help endeavouring to point out to our readers what appear to us to be the principal difficulties of the new institution, and what the only conditions on which it can fulfil the duties of a really Catholic University for the British empire. When such subjects are once mooted, and angry feelings have once worked themselves to the surface, it is a most mistaken policy to attempt to stifle a full and free discussion of the actual state of the case. Loyalty, obedience, prudence, and charity, may combine to keep the tongue tied, so long as serious evils, though known to exist, are hidden from the public eye; but when once the veil has been lifted, the same virtues combine to urge a different course of action, and bid

us speak aloud those very truths which beforehand we should not have ventured even to whisper.

Every one, then, who knows how Catholic affairs stand in this kingdom has been all along aware that the grand obstacles to the prosperity of the University would be caused by Catholics, and not by Protestants. The difficulties thrown in its way by an adverse Government, or by the general influence of Protestantism in some shape or other, might indeed be serious. But such hindrances as these could have been foreseen from the beginning; and it was evident that they would in all probability only be such as could be mastered by reasonable prudence, perseverance, and devotion to the cause. But obstacles from within, it has always been known, would be far worse evils. From their very nature it was impossible to foresee in what particular guise they would present themselves, by what combinations they would perplex, and by what obstinate persistency they might weary out those whose sole object was the success of the University in the sense in which its foundation was recommended by the Holy See.

When two combatants stand openly opposed to each other, if you know their relative strength and the weapons they employ, it is easy to calculate pretty exactly what kind of wounds they will naturally inflict, and who will win in the end. But put a score of people, not altogether the best of friends, into a ship's cabin at sea, and then let the vessel be tossed violently to and fro in a tempest, and see if you can guess beforehand whose head will be broken; whose temper will vent itself on his tumbling neighbour, instead of laying the blame on the winds; and how many of the whole score will be found permanently *hors-de-combat* when the hurricane is past. We Catholics are somewhat in the condition of these storm-tossed passengers. We are shut up with one another, comparatively few in number, and called on by every duty to the Church to bear and forbear one with another's mistakes and infirmities, and to do all honour to those of our fellow-Catholics who labour heartily for the good of others, even though not precisely in our own fashion. Yet our tendency to disagree, not pleasantly and charitably, but unpleasantly and uncharitably, is one of the most notorious causes of the ill-success of many of our undertakings. Our faith and our conscience force us to aim at the same ends, but our ignorance and want of self-control set us knocking our heads one against another; while our enemies make a jest of our squabbles, and imagine that our faith is not one because our private animosities are so many. Undoubtedly there are certain excuses to be found which to some degree palliate the folly and criminality with

which we might otherwise be chargeable on account of our dissensions,—excuses which attach to us as Catholics in distinction from Protestants of any denomination. But at present our purpose is not to dwell upon these palliations. We wish to analyse the character of the difficulties which the new University has to encounter, chiefly through the operation of these personal and un-Catholic feelings amongst us. The subject has been now brought before the public in so pointed and yet so unsatisfactory a manner, that we cannot fairly be charged with indiscretion, if we say things to which, under other circumstances, we should have been the last to give utterance.

These internal difficulties, then, may be classed under four heads: the money difficulty, the student difficulty, the national difficulty, and the personal difficulty. They are of very different degrees of importance; but still all may be considered as real obstacles to the permanent success of the undertaking. We shall take them in the order in which we have now placed them; and in thus arranging them, we have been guided by what appears to us to be their relative moment.

The first, then, and the least, is the money difficulty. The money question is not only the difficulty which can be most easily overcome, but it is that which, even when solved, is very far indeed from helping the other problems to a solution. Its solution would be involved in the solution of the rest; but alone it can do little towards the great work of which it is, though a necessary part, yet only a preliminary. As for any actual impossibility of raising sufficient funds by private subscription to find the proper maintenance of a university staff, we do not believe for a moment in its existence. The Catholics of the United Kingdom are perfectly ready to furnish such annual payments as would be wanted, in addition to what they have already given, *if only they are properly called upon*. But this proper calling involves, first, a systematic and periodical recommendation of its claims by the clergy and influential laymen; and secondly, a proof on the part of the University itself that the whole affair is not to end in smoke, or what is much the same thing, in a provincial job. How are all the vast sums annually raised which are collected by the various Protestant religious and philanthropic societies? Simply by the periodical recommendation of their merits to their neighbours by the parochial ministers and the laity of each neighbourhood. These societies are as numerous as are the chief sections of English and Irish Protestantism; and the society which is venerated as if it was the work of a living apostle in one place, is snubbed, scouted, or

hated in another. But still each association has its own special set of willing supporters in large numbers, some in one spot, some in another. These people only wait to be asked from year to year, and they open their purse-strings. Of course the asking is accompanied with a little talking and stimulating; and to our ears this same talking savours not a little of folly and fudge. But the folly and the fudge are part of the cause, not part of the money-collecting machinery. All that is necessary is, that the local clergy and laity *care* about the work. The metropolitan executive then sets them going; and sums of money astounding to Catholic ears are the unfailing result.

Just so with the Catholic University. If the English and Irish clergy—but especially the latter—take a *bonâ-fide* and personal interest in the success of the institution, it will cost them but very little trouble to send up ample funds for all its necessities. We do not mean, of course, that sort of interest which to-day blazes up like a furnace, and to-morrow is cold as ice; which depends on party-spirit, or a desire for flooring the godless colleges, or a personal liking for this man or that; but a conscientious, deep-seated conviction of the advantages which a well-conducted university must bring to the Catholic faith, and to all who submit to that faith. This is the only sort of conviction which will last long enough, or be sufficiently active, to collect the funds without which a university simply cannot be.

For opening the purses of the more educated and better-informed laity, this zeal on the part of the clergy would, indeed, not suffice, if it stood alone. They must see clearly that the money is not going to be thrown into that dark abyss which has swallowed up so many promising Catholic undertakings. While it remains doubtful whether the work can last, and become what it ought to be and what they want, they will unquestionably not go on giving their money. They will, some of them, give handsomely for once, or even twice; but no permanent support can be expected while the air is filled with rumours indicating a questionable stability in the whole affair. So long as people know, or hear, that A quarrels with B; that C is getting utterly disheartened with his difficulties; that D has notions irreconcilable with every sound theory of university education; that E, — in short, that if the University succeeds, it must be *in spite of* many of its supporters; so long, we may rest assured, people will hold back their subscriptions. Whether these rumours are true or false, the result is the same. Their very existence is a blight on the pecuniary resources of the University. We

want no unreasonable advance in the institution. We know that it is yet in its infancy, and that it cannot have done more than make a fair start. Nay, we should suspect it of being more or less a delusion, if it *had* some marvellous stories to tell of its instantaneous and unparalleled success. We know also that its difficulties must be great; that all great works encounter serious obstacles, because they are generally designed to cure serious evils; and that the circumstances of English and Irish Catholics are not such as to warrant an expectation that this great work would prove an exception to the general rule. But we do want to see that an advance is being made *towards* overcoming these difficulties. We want to see that good feeling, common sense, loyalty to the Church, and a hearty love for literary cultivation, are combining to master the difficulties of the situation. We want to see that the success that has been already gained by the labours of the authorities, and the good conduct and attention of the students, are not imperilled, and in a fair way to be thrown away, through the operation of evils which would destroy the fairest hopes, and level the noblest institutions to the ground.

Again, it appears to us to be a mistake of not a little consequence, to imagine that large funds necessarily imply the real and permanent prosperity of the undertaking. If the University is to achieve the noble work of training the young men of the upper classes of the United Kingdom, something more is wanted than a heavy balance at the banker's. Every thing depends on what the University is, and not on what it has. If it is behind the age, if it is provincial, if it is lax, if it is over-stringent in discipline, if it is a mere big school, if it is Gallican in theology, if it coquets with the State, if it courts quarrels with the State,—these are the evils which will destroy its efficacy, in spite of tens of thousands of pounds consigned to the pockets of professors and students. And we dwell upon this point, because there is a tendency in some people's minds to identify its prosperity with its wealth; and on the other hand, to depreciate the success it has achieved because its revenues are not so flourishing as they once promised to be. Nothing can be more unfair to the rector, professors, and students, than to throw cold water on their work because the funds at their disposal are not large. If *they* had shown symptoms of misconceiving their office, or of falling short of their duties, there would be some reason for anticipating a positive failure from within. If the University itself was not only small, but a sham; if it was a got-up, forced, un-academic, un-Catholic concern; the artificial result of a

temporary excitement,—then indeed we should look upon the diminution of its revenues as a preliminary to its extinction; and should hold that it not only would die, but deserved to die. But there is not a shadow of a proof—nay, marvellous to say, scarcely a report—of any thing like a failure, so far as the prudence, zeal, capacity, and character of the superiors is concerned; while the number of students and their conduct is fully such as could be looked for in the early infancy of such an institution.

This, however, brings us to what we have named as the second difficulty which the University has to overcome—viz. that of the students. We do not mean any supposed difficulty of teaching and controlling the junior members of the University, but the difficulty of getting students at all in sufficient numbers. It might at first be supposed that here at least there would be no obstacle to get over. Considering that the University is founded by the direct authority of the Pope; considering also how loud we Catholics of England and Ireland have been in our boastings of our attachment to the Holy See; considering, again, what an outcry many of us have raised against the godless colleges, and mere worldly education in general,—the simple-minded observer might have imagined that the Pope had but to set a real Catholic university a-going, to have its portals crowded with eager applicants for admission; and that the only question would be, how to dispose of and instruct such an embarrassing multitude of enthusiastic youths. Truly would the same simple-minded observer be astonished when he came to test our professions by our practice, and learnt, for the first time in his life, that to grumble at evils is one thing, and to make the best use of good opportunities is another. He would discover that there were sundry qualifications attached to these exuberant protestations of loyalty to Rome, and of antagonism to Protestant governments and Protestant institutions. He would see that many a parent who shouted till he was hoarse about his exclusion from old Catholic foundations, would not spare a few pounds a year in order to send his own son to a living Catholic institution; preferring the cheap honours of religious and patriotic talk to the more expensive but real advantages of religious and patriotic action. Many too, he would perceive, after all, *did* value the favour of the State and the world to an extent for which their vehement declamations of spiritual single-mindedness had little prepared him. The wishes of the Holy See, the labours of the prelates, the character of the rector and his associates,—all this would go for little with that class—alas, too numerous—in

whom the spirit of flunkeyism has taken up its abode. Such as these value a university education not for what it is, but for what it seems to be; not for what it makes their children, but for the vulgar approbation of the multitude. So long as the Queen's majesty, with her gingerbread representative in Dublin, vouchsafe no smile—so long as the rank, wealth, and insolence of Protestantism turns up its imperious nose at the nascent institution—so long as no immediate gain of pounds, shillings, and pence is to be got by studying there—so long does this numerous class of Catholic parents hold aloof, or damn with faint praise, or rejoice to propagate ill-natured stories, or, in short, do any thing but what they ought to do.

To the influence of these dishonourable feelings we must add the action of other causes, more or less harmless or excusable, but still tending to keep parents from sending their sons to the young university. Such are, apathy, an excessive caution, a desire to see how the thing works before they do any thing themselves to help it; with sundry other little feelings of a like kind. Taking these causes all together, so far from wondering that there are not hundreds of eager applicants for admission, we only wonder there are so many students at Dublin as there are. For ourselves, we never expected more at the beginning. We utterly distrusted three-fourths of the talk that used to be uttered on the subject; and felt assured that when it came to doing any real work, the loudest blusterers would be the most backward supporters. Accordingly, we hold that the actual attendance of students is amply sufficient to encourage the upholders of the University; and that the past and present backwardness of parents is no proof that they will not gradually learn wisdom, or be shamed out of their apathy. Such an undertaking takes a generation thoroughly to root itself, much more to bear abundant fruit. Only a new generation of fathers of families will adequately comprehend and cordially appreciate its merits. Few things change more slowly than old prejudices on the subject of education. Men who have been deprived of it themselves are often reluctant to take any trouble to give it to their children. People who have gone on from year to year thinking that the grand cure for all evils is to clamour about their magnitude, are often perfectly helpless when some simple remedy is actually put into their hands. Still, the gradual change in ideas does take place. The old baseless caprices vanish one by one; or they become unfashionable, and people are ashamed to own to them. And so it will be in the present case. Unless the University dies by its own hand, the middle and upper

classes of England and Ireland will before long awaken like men out of sleep, and wonder at their own past insensibility to its claims. No one can say how soon this may be, or how long it may take to convince them of their blindness to their own interests. But we know with what extraordinary rapidity affairs have moved in the Catholic body during the last ten or fifteen years; and we are therefore warranted in thinking that it may require only a few more years to convince the gentry of England and Ireland that a university like that now commenced in Dublin is absolutely essential for the remedy of those defects over which we have so long and so loudly lamented.

The third difficulty which we have named is of a far more serious kind; and on its solution depends the question whether the University is to be a great national or a small provincial institution. Unhappily, as is notorious, there exists between certain portions of the English and the Irish races a species of feeling which makes it difficult for them to unite in practical action. We do not now stop to analyse the exact nature of this cause of mutual repulsion, or to account for it, or to blame it, or to justify it, or to show which party is most to blame, or which is most under its influence. It is sufficient merely to recall the fact of its existence. And no man can ignore that fact in contemplating the future of Catholic academic prospects in the United Kingdom. The feeling is too old, too deeply-seated, and too readily called into action, to be overlooked for a moment. We may give it what name we please; we may call it antipathy, or mistrust, or jealousy, or doubt, or irritability, or any thing else which will partly or wholly express what both parties feel, or what one of them more especially feels; there the fact remains.

Moreover the tie of a common religion is not sufficient to overcome the repellent forces of these dislikes. It modifies their action, it is true. In some cases it so far overrules them, that though they exist, they do little or no harm. But with the generality of those persons who are under their influence, the fact that both sides are Catholic goes for little better than nothing. The wishes of the Holy See, the cause of religion itself, the dictates of common sense and enlightened patriotism, all go to the wall, under the influence of a miserable antipathy and jealousy, the result of times gone by, or of ill-conduct on the part of those with whom the present undertaking has nothing to do.

The consequence in the case of the new University is this: that a certain class of minds in Ireland regard the appointment of Englishmen, as such, to offices of trust and authority

as simply an intrusion on ground which ought to be held exclusively by the Irish-born. They are even more jealous of Englishmen than of foreigners of any country. A continental heretic would be more endurable in their eyes than an English Catholic. We speak, of course, only of some persons; but they are sufficiently numerous and influential to constitute these suicidal notions a thing of serious moment. Others, on the contrary, every whit as good Irishmen, detest this pseudo-nationality in matters of religion and literature. They see as clearly as possible not only the absurd and anti-Catholic theories which it involves, but they foresee the practical impossibility of carrying out a scheme based upon ideas so narrow-minded and short-sighted. To such as these we would offer an apology for the freedom with which we are speaking of the mistakes of their fellow-countrymen, but that they would ask for none and desire none. They agree with us; they lament over these unhappy delusions quite as sorrowfully as we can do; and we believe that they will be gratified rather than annoyed at meeting with any thing like plain-speaking on a subject of such vast importance, however much they may be pained at the circumstances which call it forth.

Counting, then, upon their hearty approval, we have no hesitation in saying that this notion of placing the management of the University solely in the hands of Irishmen would be utterly fatal to its prosperity, not only as a national, but as an *Irish* institution. Being in Ireland, it has been placed under the Irish episcopacy as its supreme authority. This is natural and just; no Englishman ever dreamt of supposing it could be otherwise, or wishing it otherwise. But when it comes to the staff of strictly university-officers, the application of the local principle becomes simply ridiculous. Were it the sole object of the Pope and its other founders to erect a place of education for young Irishmen only, the idea of making all its professors and lecturers Irish exclusively would be bad enough. Even in this case the idea betrays a total ignorance of the principles on which every successful university has been carried on, and a blindness to the particular facts of this present time. Were there no wish to have a single student from England, America, the continent of Europe, or the colonies, no Catholic university *could* do its duty to the Irish youth if exclusively Irish in its staff. A man whose own education had been interfered with by misfortunes and illness might as well expect to be able to educate his own children without any assistance from those more fortunate than himself. The very nature of the case

implies as much. Ireland, through the influence of the penal laws, and other causes, has been placed for ages in circumstances unfavourable to the cultivation of the youth of her upper and middle classes to the extent which they deserve. Dr. Lyons, himself an Irishman, recently called the attention of his countrymen to the astonishingly small proportion of the wealthier classes of Irishmen who have had the benefit of a university education. He has found that while Scotland stands the highest among civilised countries in this respect, Ireland is actually the lowest. How, then, is it possible that Ireland, thus long stripped of the advantages of other countries, can suddenly supply from her own resources alone such a staff of authorities, from the rector downwards, as can, by their reputation, experience, and knowledge, carry an infant university through all the untried difficulties which must beset its progress? To call it "patriotic" to cry out for Irishmen only in such a case, is absolutely childish. Noble patriotism, indeed, to debar one's country from a remedy for the ills which we lament, unless administered by men born either in Leinster, Munster, Ulster, or Connaught! We shall next hear of some sound Protestant, when shivering under the ague, refusing to take quinine because the use of bark was introduced by the Jesuits; or of Evangelical young ladies rejecting camellia-blossoms for the adorning of their hair because the flower was named after Camellus, a member of the same papistical and idolatrous society.

But the absurdity becomes tenfold when it is remembered that the University is specially intended for all Catholics who speak the English tongue, and for as many continental Catholics as have an inclination for education under the spirit of national British ideas. It was *not* designed to be a local or provincial institution, but a great national university. It was meant for Catholics as such, without reference to race, birthplace, or politics. It was designed to keep pace with the altered situation of our religion in the whole United Kingdom,—with our advance in numbers, wealth, cultivation, and social position. Those persons who wish to stamp it with an exclusive character are the real intruders; they are attempting to appropriate to themselves the sole benefit of what was designed for them only in conjunction with others. It is a violation of the first principle of its existence to nail up the cry of "Ireland for the Irish" as a motto over its portals. It is not the "Irish Catholic University" at all; it is the Catholic "University of Dublin." The fact that Dublin is in Ireland no more proves that the University is meant to be specially Irish, than the fact that Oxford is in

Oxfordshire proves that it is not designed for people born in Yorkshire or Middlesex. It is founded in Dublin, rather than elsewhere, not because Dublin is in Ireland, but because it is the most convenient *Catholic* centre.

Does any rational man, then, suppose that as a Catholic institution the University can flourish, if it is carried on upon the basis of the exclusion of Englishmen from its practical management? Is any Irishman so blind to facts as to imagine that its halls can be filled with students from every part of the British empire, if it is once supposed that it is governed by the spirit of a pettifogging provincialism? We do not ask whether Irishmen would like to be able thus to attract the youth of the world solely by their own local merits;—that is not the question. The question is, *can* they do it? Surely there can be but one answer to the query,—It is simply impossible: there is but one feasible way of carrying on the University, namely, by utterly discountenancing and rejecting every petty distinction of race and birthplace, and by confiding the instruction and discipline of the students to the most competent authorities who can be induced to undertake it. On this principle the staff of authorities was originally filled up, though not with such a consistent disregard of foolish and self-destructive prejudices as might have been wished. Still, the right principle was indicated with sufficient distinctness; and the excellent feelings which have personally existed between the various professors and lecturers, of whatever country, have shown that it really *is* possible to work the University on the basis of common sense and unalloyed Catholicism. How much of the actual prosperity of the young University is due to the extreme good sense, cordiality, sincerity, and liberality of mind, of the whole body of its working authorities, we believe is little known to the criticising public. On this point, happily, there has been no difficulty. The wretched jealousies of race have been determinately trodden under foot; and the more the superiors of the University have known of each other, the more closely have they been united by the bonds of mutual regard.

The only question is, whether this happy commencement is to be neutralised by the gradual encroachment of a bigoted provincialism. The struggle must come sooner or later; and one of the two conflicting principles must give way altogether. The species of compromise which has been allowed to modify certain original arrangements can be accepted only as a temporary acquiescence in evils which cannot be instantly confronted. But it must be temporary only. If such a pressure arises as shall give the provincial element a distinct

*locus standi* in the University, farewell its prospects as a national institution. Farewell all hopes of seeing it supply the wants of the Catholics of the United Kingdom. The whole affair will collapse into a job ; the best friends of Ireland will be disheartened, and her most patriotic children made sick at heart at the failure of the one great work which they had flattered themselves would flourish superior to the littlenesses, the bigotries, and the heartburnings, which have long cost them so many sighs.

And this is not all. A rival must arise some where. If the University of Dublin finally settles down into the character of a provincial establishment, it will share the fate of all things provincial. Neither a university, nor a city, nor a territory, can be at once national and provincial. Ireland itself is not yet, in the estimation of many Irishmen, definitively either one or the other. They cannot make up their minds to drop their old notions of being great, influential, and illustrious, as a distinct division of the United Kingdom, and with a sort of antagonism to Great Britain. They cannot grasp the idea of being as much a *part* of the empire as England and Scotland are, and on the same terms. This real equality is a thing which they cannot comprehend, and which they consequently never attempt to bring practically about. They want to be a separate "nation" by themselves, engaged in a sort of partnership in certain matters with Great Britain. This, however, is neither more nor less than an impossibility. Great Britain and Ireland must be one "nation ;" a national division is no more possible than a division of languages and manners is possible. The only alternative that remains to Ireland is, to choose whether she will be a "province," or simply a geographical division, of the one grand homogeneous empire. In the former case she voluntarily chooses the inferior lot ; she decides upon an antagonism when all the chances of success are against her. In the latter, all rivalry comes to an end. She is at once not merely the equal of Great Britain, but a part, *with* Great Britain, of the United Kingdom. She has no hostile interests, no old feuds to perpetuate, no petty jealousies to indulge. What Great Britain is, such is Ireland : not partners in one firm, but members of one and the same family.

And if this is true in political and social matters, it is still more so in all things touching the Catholic religion, and the education of the upper classes of Catholics. Englishmen, Scotchmen, and gentlemen from the Colonies, will not seek education for their children in a university whose first principle is to allow their own immediate friends and kinsmen no

share, or only an inferior one, in its government. Who does not see that the necessary result of this "Ireland for the Irish" scheme would be to banish all but Irishmen from the lecture-rooms of Dublin? And then what will follow? The erection of another University in England. There can be no doubt about it. It may not arise immediately, and it may not be called a university; but sooner or later the reality will come. The aristocracy and gentry of Great Britain cannot continue much longer without some institution which shall undertake to train their sons in the momentous period between boyhood and manhood. We cannot go on for ever with nothing but schools for our children, although they go by the more ambitious title of colleges. Increasing as we are in numbers and social position, and every year growing more conscious of the urgent necessity of some systematic training for our youth between the ages of eighteen and two or three and twenty, we shall certainly do something to supply our wants if Ireland deliberately refuses us an entrance to the new University in Dublin on terms of absolute equality. With such a competitor, how will Dublin hold its ground even over the Irish gentry and nobles? Every body who knows the laws of human nature must foresee that in this case a large portion of them would prefer the English institution, administered on national principles, to the Irish institution, administered on the basis of a jealous provincialism. Every man who wished his son to take his position among his fellow-countrymen as their equal, would send him for education to a place where nobody cared where he was born and where he came from, and all that was desired was that he was personally fit for the society into which he sought admittance.

This brings us to the last of the four difficulties: the personal difficulty, or, we might almost call it, the political difficulty. It is one most unhappy feature in the state of Irish Catholicism, that the curse of politics is introduced into the very heart of its life. Whiggism and Toryism, and all their kindred modifications, both genuine and sham, thrust their importunate faces up the very steps of the altar, and scowl in anger where nothing should be seen but looks of love and amity. Sometimes one political scheme is the source of dispute, sometimes another; sometimes the virulence of party-spirit contents itself with general questions or abstract proposals, sometimes it concentrates itself in attacks on individuals opposed to one another in political action. But still, there the dark shadow is: there it comes, throwing its baleful gloom over private friendships, over works of mercy and

philanthropy,—nay, over undertakings commenced with the one professed view of furthering the cause of Catholicism, and the culture of Catholics of every class and section. Nothing is too venerable, too delicate, too sacred, for the intrusion of this pertinacious mischief-maker. No matter what a man is, or what his social or ecclesiastical position; no matter what his private worth, his capacity for serving a good cause,—all goes for nothing, if he pleases to exercise the right of choosing his own politics, and decides on a line different from those who have the means of attacking him. We do not say that one side is one whit better than the other, as a whole, whatever be the special bone of contention. There are good and wise men on both sides; and there are noisy uncharitable zealots also, some of them sincere, some of them merely “making capital” out of the delinquencies, real or imaginary, of the opposite side. However, there the evil is: possibly not so vigorous or universal as heretofore, but yet sufficiently so to interfere with the success of the best and noblest works.

Of course the Catholic University has shared the fate of other undertakings. The political blight has entered its neighbourhood, and is dividing those who ought to be its best supporters. Accusations are bandied to and fro in connection with the University, and having a direct tendency to sap its foundations, which have no root except in personal animosities, generally of a political complexion. Nobody is safe from them. Silence goes for nothing, speaking-out goes for nothing, courage goes for nothing, prudence goes for nothing. The one question is, Does this or that man hold my notions on politics? if he does, he is a “patriot,” and he ought to be an influential man in the University; if he does not, he is a traitor, and I will not countenance a place of education which tolerates his presence.

Yet, what folly is this! what ignorance of mankind! what perversity! what ridiculous dogmatism! Will all men ever be agreed about politics? Will all sincere and zealous Catholics ever agree about *any thing* except the doctrines of the Catholic faith? Will public men ever be of one mind as to the terms on which it is best to stand with the secular government? Will they ever be unanimous in advocating identically the same measures for ameliorating the condition of the poor or the suffering? The idea is visionary. Beings who are not omniscient or infallible must disagree, simply because their minds are different in character, and no two persons’ knowledge of facts is identically the same. What right, then, has any man to brand his neighbour’s conduct as

false and detestable, when his moral character is unimpeachable, because his political and social views are unlike those of his accuser? What right have I to point to my own magnificent self, and say, "Behold the standard of all human perfection; let all men admire and imitate, or else be marked as the enemies of their brethren"?

To every sincere friend of the University we say, then, Tolerate not for a single instant the intrusion of this fatal passion within its boundaries. It would injure the prosperity of the most stable of institutions. It will ruin the prospects of one that is only just beginning its course. You have no right to plead the politics of excellent men, of priests, or of Bishops, as an excuse for introducing them where no politics at all should come. Let men have their politics, and act on them, whether prelates or private people. It is their own affair; and they all have a right to their views. But what have Dr. Cullen's or Dr. M'Hale's politics to do with the carrying out an undertaking founded by the formal desire of the Holy See? Some people admire this or that prelate's political conduct, others do not; but is that any reason why the University should be dragged into the discussion?

The evil goes even further. People's minds are so excited by their personal animosities, that they forget the first principles of Catholicism, and almost avow an open and exaggerated Gallicanism. The Archbishop of Dublin happens to be the Papal Legate specially commissioned in the affair of the founding of the University; all the prelates of course joining in the work. But we have people, good and influential, who dislike Dr. Cullen's politics, actually maintaining that the Irish hierarchy and clergy would be justified in turning a cold shoulder to the University because Dr. Cullen has been much concerned in it; in other words, and to speak plain English, in snubbing the Holy See in the person of the Archbishop of Dublin. It cannot be too urgently insisted that the University owes its origin not to any local or provincial source, but that it is the result of the formal advice of the Head of the Catholic Church; and that any systematic throwing of cold water upon its management, on the ground of personalities of *any* kind, is nothing less than a disloyal unwillingness to co-operate with the Pope himself in his efforts for the benefit of English and Irish Catholics.

Once more, then, we repeat, keep your personalities, your antipathies, your politics, your provincialisms, to their congenial hotbeds. Nourish them, if you will, in committee-rooms, on platforms, in Rotunda-meetings, and on the back-stairs of the Castle, where a mock-royalty puts forth its gilded

attractiveness. But away with them from the walls of a Christian University. There we wish to know no distinctions save those of orthodox faith, profound learning, and academic zeal.

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### FATHER SOUTHWELL AND HIS CAPTURE.

HAVING said something about the poetry of Father Robert Southwell in our last Number, we propose now to give some little account of a portion of his life. We have found Mr. Turnbull's memoir rather deficient both in accuracy and in completeness; the latter fault may perhaps be attributable to restricted space, or want of time, or fear of compromising himself with his public and his publisher if he made his book too violently Popish: but among the inaccuracies are some that deface the fair fame of persons who gave their lives for their religion, and who ought to be treated with more respect than is implied in perpetuating the mendacious calumnies of their enemies. In our present Number we propose to give some particulars of the life of the martyr, from his landing in England to his imprisonment, which have been omitted both by Bishop Challoner and by Mr. Turnbull; only premising that the original documents which we publish are either from the British Museum or from the State-Paper Office, where a little more industry would have enabled Mr. Turnbull to find them for himself.

Father Southwell, with his companion Father Henry Garnett, sailed from "the port" (probably Nieuport in the Low Countries, but certainly not Porto, as Mr. Turnbull calls it) on the 15th July (new style) 1586, having written just before his embarkation a letter in his own beautiful Bernardine Latin to his confessor, the perfume of which is quite lost by translation, and of which therefore we will only print a few sentences in a note.\* On the third day after setting sail (July 7, old style) they landed somewhere on the east coast, doubtless with all the secrecy possible and in the fittest disguise they could invent. But nothing could conceal their advent from the practised vigilance of the sagacious blood-

\* He begs his friend to pray that "*corporis mortem aut utiliter fugiam, aut viriliter sustineam. Mittor ego quidem in medium luporum, ac utinam ut ovis, pro illius qui mittit nomine fideque ad occisionem ducendus. Certe terrâ marique mihi sat scio inhiaturos plurimos, qui non solum ut lupi, sed tanquam leões circumeunt, quærentes quem devorent; quorum ego non tam timeo quam expeto morsus; nec tam horreo torturos quam coronaturos exposco, &c.*"

hounds of Walsingham. A letter of "secret advertisements," without name or date, from one of these gentry to his master, is extant in the State-Paper Office,\* which contains the information: "Two Jesuits arrived upon the coast of Suffolk and Norfolk: the one called Southwell, son to Mr. Southwell, of Norfolk; the other Allen, son to the widow Hone, whose last husband was judge of one of the sheriffs' courts in London." However, they were not taken, but were able to accomplish their journey to London, where Father Southwell arrived a few days before July 22 (St. Mary Magdalen's day). He was first entertained by Lord Vaux of Harrowden, the same who was imprisoned and fined for receiving Campian, at his house at Hackney. He appears to have brought a letter of introduction to this generous and zealous Catholic from Father Parsons, who is said to have reconciled him to the Church. Here he remained till July 23, when he says he was sent for to another place, probably Lady Arundel's house; from whence he seems to have written a letter to the General of the Jesuits at Rome on the 25th. Whether this letter reached its destination or not we have no means of knowing; we only know that it passed through the hands of some of Walsingham's agents, who kindly furnished "his honour" with the following abstract thereof:

"At his coming to London he spoke with divers Catholics in prison, and with the party to whom he was commended from the superior, at whose house he was well entertained, and said mass upon St. Magdalen's day; and the next day was sent for to any other place.

His coming into the realm did greatly encourage all the Catholics here, who did before imagine that they were as it were forsaken by the Society.

Many priests have been taken of late, but not so hardly used nor kept as before-times; and some also for money released and set at liberty.

In the court there is somewhat said to be in hand, which if it take effect, the Catholics are then to look for all extremities; but if it go not forward, then is hope for all quietness.

That the Catholics, which since the making of the last statute were stricken in some fear, do now begin to fear less and less, and to gather their spirits higher.

That in three or four shires together there is not one priest, though desired of many; and unless some supply be sent over, the Catholic cause will be very much impaired.

It was propounded to the Earl of Arundel by the council, and (as was thought) by the queen, that if he would but carry the sword

\* Domestic, 1590, no. 414. The document is probably misplaced: the latter name was a mistake, unless Allen was an alias of Garnett.

before her when she went to church, and stay there till the end of prayers, he should be set at liberty. But he surely will do nothing that shall not be lawful and agreeable with the duty of a Catholic.

A certain priest was taken in mariner's apparel and brought to the court into the queen's sight, who asked him merely whether he would convert her. He answered, he would do his endeavour in it willingly. But she replied that he must first convert her women; and so, after many mockings, he was committed to prison.

That divers priests do their duties wonderfully, as well in confirming as converting many, and in other offices of a priest; so that the heretics do term some of them to be conjurors and enchanter.

That he likewise doth employ himself diligently in hearing confessions and other duties of a priest, without fear or fainting.”\*

Alas for the poor Catholics who were now beginning to fear less and less, the matter in hand at the court resulted in no other than the sanguinary statute of the 27th Elizabeth, assigning the penalty of death to all harbourers and comforters of seminary priests or Jesuits. The Anglican bishops could not endure the spectacle of so many of them “doing their duties wonderfully well in confirming and converting,” and were continually demanding that the reviving religion should be repressed by any violence requisite; and the Queen and Parliament were not slow to second their advice. But without giving much heed to this ripening plot, Father Southwell lost no time in applying to the work he had undertaken, and soon found himself in the condition to give more detailed information to his superior. The letter, of which the following is an abstract, was apparently written a very short time after the former:

“He shows that his coming over and name are descried already.

He procured F. Richard money to apparel himself, but yet saw him not for fear of taking; and writes that F. Richard's fellow is taken.

That *F. Tirrell*,† a man that hath done much good, is taken; and two days before the writing hereof two others; as also Martinus Arraius,‡ who, as he hears, hath procured by money to be pardoned his life, but shall be banished.

That F. Cornelius§ (called by the Protestants a conjuror and

\* State-Paper Office, Domestic, 1586, July 25, no. 411.

† Father Tirrell, captured in 1586. Yielded to the fear of death, and became apostate. Was released from prison, under pretence of going to Suffolk to help capture recusants; but wrote to the queen to say that he had only yielded through fear of death. Recaptured in the north; again made a public apostasy; but finally escaped to France and recanted. (See Strype, A. iii. i. 615-619, 697-99, &c.)

‡ Martin Aray, Ara, or Arre, sent in 1577 from Rheims to Rome, to help found the English college. Sent on the English mission 1579; captured in 1586; but by bribery “had favour to be banished;” but still remained as a priest in the north of England. (Harleian Ms. 360, fol. 10.)

§ Cornelius, martyred at Dorchester July 4, 1594. (Challoner, vol. i. no. 102.)

enchanter) is in safety, and doth much good by his singular gift in preaching.

That FF. Brushfoord\* and Stafferton, and Christoferus, are well, and profit much.

Complains of the want of priests; and that three whole shires, having great store of Catholics in them, have not one priest amongst them; and so divers other places.

Desires to be commended to one Roberts, a Londoner; and speaks much in praise of that Roberts's mother, and that she looks for her son's coming and desires it.

He dispraiseth one (whom he calleth blind, and puts a word in cipher in the margin for his name), blames him of covetousness; that himself got to see that man's congregation here by means of one Emerford. That he begins to reclaim himself.

He heareth ill-report of one whose name he sets down in cipher; that that party had dealings with one (whose name is likewise set down in cipher), and at his command went into France and is returned. He fears this man is a dissembler, and complains much of the danger they are in by such false brethren.

He desires to be recommended to his brethren of the seminary, in particular to Anthony Burley, Messingham, Elmer.

That he saw one Matthews' brother well, and in good case; but writes that Humfrey, one Parminus brother, is condemned to die with Tirrell, but the execution yet deferred.

He desires further to be commended to Father Leonard, Vicarius, Humfredus, and Father Hoffeus, F. Secretary and F. Mag-  
gius.

Subscribed,

ROBERT."†

There ought to be several more of such documents; for Father Southwell complains of his letters miscarrying by some man's treachery; but we have failed to discover them.

It must have been a very difficult thing to collect materials for these news-letters, which he seems to have transmitted with regularity to his superiors on the Continent. We can scarcely imagine a greater contrast to his life than that of an ordinary collector of news. Secluded as he was, he must have had wonderful versatility to enable him to become "the chief dealer in the affairs of our state of England for the Papists," as he was described by Boord, a spy, to Lord Burghley, in 1591. The priests in those days were not much less fettered in the houses of the nobility than in the prisons themselves.

"Nowhere do priests lodge more straitly than in the palaces of the greatest nobles of England. For in those great households, among crowds of heretics, there are but few Catholic servants,—

\* F. Brushfoord's confession may be seen, Lansdowne Ms. 96, art. 63. Part of it is published by Ellis, *Original Letters*, Second Series, vol. iii. p. 91.

† Domestic, 1585, undated, no. 755.

whether because few are to be found fit for the chief offices, or because the masters think they are in less danger of discovery from allowing but few to know their secrets. So the priest is generally lodged in the most distant part of the house, out of earshot, only known to one or two of the servants, shut up in a little room, where he passes days and nights 'as the sparrow, a solitary in the roof;' cautiously letting in a little fresh air by the window, cautious of stirring, for fear of being heard by those who ought not to know about him; saying mass in the presence of a few, and sometimes conversing with still fewer. From the abundant table some moderate portion is secretly carried to him by his servant, enough to support life, but certainly not sufficient to pamper the appetite.\*

No one was better framed both by nature and grace to use this solitude well than Southwell. He found the advantages of it, and tried to impress his own love of it on his more unreflecting brethren. The following letter was written by him to a priest who seemed to be in danger from his unsettled mode of life and want of a fixed home :

"I am very sorry to hear of your unsettled way of living : visiting many people, at home with none. We are all, I know, pilgrims ; but it is our life, not our road, that is uncertain. The curse made Cain a vagabond and fugitive in the earth. Inconstancy is a disease of the mind always changing to new places, and never able to find a holy thought wherein it can rest. Variety of company is the parent of idleness and instability, and is more apt to spoil than to perfect nature, however good. Who is more sunburnt than he who is always on the road ? The eyes, perhaps, are fed with a change of objects, but they suffer the more from wind and dust. You will not often find virtue on the highway ; rare is the company from which you depart more innocent. Experience is costly, if it is purchased with the chance of doing evil. Better to be ignorant of other men's manners than to be a stranger in one's own house. It is difficult to adapt one canvas to so many different pictures. Diversity begets confusion, but does not perfect art. It is difficult to imitate one thing well. Graft your thoughts into one thoroughly good stock ; suck the sap from a racy root ; change of juices ripens not but rots the fruit. He who is fellow with all, is friend to none : you will never be your own, if you are always with every body. Among many passing guests you will find but few friends. Do not transplant your mind so often ; give it time to drive its roots into some one soil. Plants often moved grow not, but wither. That is an unwholesome appetite that tastes of every thing and likes nothing. He who sips of all, and sticks to none, is unsteady of heart. Recall, then, your senses. Restrain your vagrant mind. Turn over a new leaf. Esteem yourself worth something which you may cleave to for the future. Be at home somewhere, and then live by rule : go forth to other places like a visitor looking homewards. Like the bees,

\* More, *Historia Missionis Anglicanæ S. J.* lib. v. p. 184.

gather the honey from the flowers, and then take it home, and there go about your domestic duties, which begin with prudence, and end in gain. I wish you to put bounds to your social geniality, not as I would cage a bird, or condemn an owl to the dark. There is a mean between a dumb solitude or silent obscurity and a continual change of companions: both these extremes are equally bad; the mean between them is best, when we converse whenever there is cause to do so, and retire at stated times. Look at Nature herself: the seasons, day and night, are lessons of this mode of life. There is a time to go abroad, and a time for retreat. While you are at home, reflect how to behave in company, and teach your mind how to dwell in secret on holy thoughts. Let these, with the practice of all virtues, be your chief aim and delight, so that your life may be long and (as I hope from my heart) saintly. Farewell."\*

This letter, besides being a favourable specimen of his style, throws some light on the habitual concentration of thought, of which his poems are the best proofs. The unity and simplicity of the few leading ideas, and the wonderful exuberance of illustration employed to bring them out, reflect as it were his lonesome life in his little chamber, preserve the image of the pondering solitary, and illustrate his theory that "diversity begets confusion, while the perfection of art is in unity. That it is enough to imitate one thing well; that one good stock is to be chosen, into which all our ideas are to be grafted." These were his rules of art. After selecting the stock of each poem, he gradually grafted into it the fitting ideas as they arose;—they grew by a process of aggregation from a mere nucleus to the fully-developed creation. There is a copy of his poems among the Harleian Mss. (No. 6921) which Mr. Turnbull would have done well to have collated. Here the chief poem of the printed editions, "St. Peter's Complaint," which now consists of a hundred and thirty-two stanzas, appears quite in a rudimentary state, in twelve stanzas only. The quality has been improved as much as the quantity, as may be seen in the following parallel lines:

I vaunted erst, though all his friends had failed,	Vain in my vaunts, I vowed, if friends had failed,
Alone with Christ all tortures to have tried;	Alone Christ's hardest fortunes to abide;
And lo I, craven, first of all was quailed, &c.	Giant in talk, like dwarf in trial quailed, &c.

The whole poem, like a commonplace book, was the continually-growing receptacle of the poet's thoughts. It reminds one of Tennyson's *In Memoriam* for monotony; but it is far more metaphysical and thoughtful.

Mr. Turnbull reprints from Bishop Challoner two of Father Southwell's letters, written in the early part of 1590.

\* More, ut supra, lib. v. no. 22, p. 188.

We have found in the State-Paper Office a much more perfect copy of the second of these two, containing some details of the martyrdom of Christopher Bayles that are omitted by the venerable Bishop. Our translation is more literal than graceful :

" We have often written to you, but as I have lately heard, few of our letters have come to you, through the false dealing of one, about which F. William will tell you. We are still tossed in the midst of dangers, and, indeed, in no small peril ; from which nevertheless we have been hitherto safely delivered by the grace of God.

We have altogether, to our great comfort, renewed the vows of our society, spending some days in mutual exhortations and conferences ; ' we opened our mouths and drew in the Spirit.' I seemed to myself to behold the cradle of nascent Catholicity in England, of which we now are sowing the seeds in tears, that others may come to carry the sheaves. Yet we have sung the song of the Lord in a strange land ; and in this desert we have sucked honey from the rock, and oil from the hard stone. But this our joy ended in sorrow, and we were dispersed by a sudden alarm ; but in the end we escaped with more danger than hurt. I and another of us, in avoiding Scylla, fell into Charybdis ; but by an especial mercy of God we escaped both dangers, and are now at anchor in harbour.

Among others, there was lately taken a priest named Christopher Bales, of the county of Durham, a scholar first of the Roman college, then of that at Rheims. For twenty-four whole hours he was suspended by the hands, just touching the ground with the tips of his toes, cruelly tortured, and wearied by various questions, to all which he gave this one answer, ' That he was a Catholic priest, and had come to recall souls to Christ's fold, and never intended or wished any other thing. From Bridewell, formerly a house of correction for strumpets and cutpurses, but now for Catholics, he was removed to another prison, and there put in the same cell with a puritan heretic, whence he was shortly taken to be tried, and capitally condemned on the express count, that being a priest ordained by papal authority, he had come into England. They asked him whether the Pope might depose the queen ; and he answered that it was in the Pope's power to depose princes for just reasons. When they were about to pass sentence upon him, they asked the usual question, whether he could produce any reason why he should not be put to death. ' I should like to ask you one question,' said he. ' Was St. Augustine, whom Gregory II. sent into England, a traitor guilty of treason, or not ?' He was not, they said. ' Why, then, do you say that I, sent by the same See for the same purpose, am a traitor, when nothing can be urged against me that might not have been urged against St. Augustine ?' They had nothing to answer to this but their ' Away with him ; crucify him.'

While he was being drawn on the hurdle to the place of execution he sang psalms. When he had gone up the ladder he said,

'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ;' then lifting up his hands to heaven, and signing himself with the sign of the cross as well as he could with his manacled hands, he said, 'You have come to see a man die—a common sight!—a priest—neither is that unusual! I wish you could see my soul as well as my body, and behold the way in which it departs; for then I am sure that you would both sympathise and rejoice with me, no less than you now with such hatred imprecate curses on my head. From my soul I pardon all men, and I desire all to pardon me.' Then asking all the Catholics to pray for him (for he said that the prayers of the heretics would do him no service) he fell to his prayers, and shortly after, with fearless countenance and mind, he bravely and constantly underwent death. He suffered on Ash-Wednesday, in the most crowded street of London,\* very many of the heretics praising his piety and constancy.

Then the hangman, with hands all bloody with this butchery and quartering, hastens to another street,† to execute a layman, a man of probity, who had been condemned to die for comforting priests, and giving them alms. Before his death, while he was sitting with a lighted candle in his filthy and dark dungeon, seeing the form of a crown on the head of his shadow, he put up his hand to feel what could cause such an appearance; but finding nothing, he changed his place, to try whether it came from some peculiar position of his body; but as he walked, there was the same appearance, which moved when he moved, and stood when he stood, and so remained visible for a whole hour, like a diadem upon his head, to foreshadow his future glory. He told this a little before his martyrdom to a pious woman. Horner was the man's name; and he gained the palm of victory with as great constancy as the other. With these spring-showers, as it were, the field of the Church was to be watered, that the tender plant might rejoice in such dew-drops. We also are expecting (unless perchance we are unworthy of such an honour) our day to come, as that of the hired servant. In the mean time we earnestly beg the prayers of your lordship, and all the rest, that the Father of Lights may restore to us the joy of His salvation, and confirm us with His princely Spirit. March 8, A.D. 1590.

Your lordship's obedient servant,

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

Indorsed: This relation was translated into Spanish, and presented to all the grandees of Spain, to make them conceive that the number and persecution of Catholics in England was great."‡

From the "informations" we have found, it appears that though Southwell led a pretty retired life at Lady Arundel's, he went about London a good deal, "*using* to Mr. Cotton's,

\* Fleet Street, March 4, 1589-90.

† Smithfield.

‡ State-Paper Office, Dom. March 8, 1591, no. 51. It should be 1590, as the martyrdom of Bayles took place March 4th, that year.

in Fleet Street, and sometimes to Dr. Smith's;" and even occasionally made excursions into Sussex and into the north. In his dress he did not adopt the extravagant disguises which many priests of that day thought it necessary to affect; attiring themselves as gallants, with feathers in their caps and hawks on their fists; with slashed satin doublets and velvet cloaks, and mounted on good horses, with lackeys running by their side. On the contrary, "he was wont to go apparelled in black-rashe,"\* with "clothes more fit than fine," as he sings of himself;—a man not very remarkable, of moderate stature, with auburn hair and beard.

But we must now give some account of the incidents which led to his capture. On the 26th of January 1592, Walter Copeland the Bishop of London committed to the Gatehouse at Westminster a girl named Anne Bellamy as an obstinate recusant. She was the granddaughter (not the daughter, as Mr. Turnbull supposes) of William Bellamy, of Uxenden Hall, Harrow, who with his family suffered so severely for his charity in allowing Babington and a few companions to sleep in his barn, and in sending to the poor famishing men a little food. Jerome his son suffered as a traitor; Katherine his wife escaped the gallows by a flaw in the indictment, only to languish and die in prison; Bartholomew, another son, did not commit suicide, as Mr. Turnbull says, but died in torture upon the rack. Robert, another son, would have been hanged, but "brake prison," and escaped; he was, however, recaptured in Germany, on his way to Rome, and several letters of recommendation, of which we give two extracts, were found upon him:

"GOOD SIR ANTHONY,—Being in London in prison, it is my good fortune to be acquainted with your brother-in-law and Mr. Bellamy; and having all three joined in one, we have escaped the danger of our enemies. I am most heartily to request you to show as much favour to this bearer as you would do to me, &c. The gentleman's money was well spent, by reason of great travel and expenses; wherefore I pray you, if occasion serve, help him, and I will see the same well and truly discharged, for he deserveth well; for his mother was condemned for the Queen of Scots, and died in the Tower before execution; and one of his brothers was racked to death, and one other of them executed with the fourteen gentlemen; and his wife's days were shortened as the days of your sister, by the tyranny of Justice Young and the pursuivants, &c.—Your assured

From Collen, June 19, 1589.

GEORGE STOKER."†

On the same day, and from the same place, Thomas Heythe,

\* Corbett, Secret Advertisements. State-Paper Office, 1592, no. 815.

† Lansdowne, 96, art. 17.]

the companion of Stoker and Robert Bellamy, writes to his brother-in-law, Sir Anthony Snowden, by the same bearer :

"I thought it my part to make you acquainted with my misfortunes, which have happened by the cruelty of our English heretics ; who, hunting me and my wife, your sister, from place to place, and not permitting us to rest long any where quietly, at length, spying their opportunity, in my absence, by the aid and assistance of Sir John Bowes, brake up my doors, and put my wife into such a fear, that within five days after she departed this world ; after which they arrested all my goods for the queen, and laid wait for me, and not long after by great misfortune apprehended me." (Then he goes on to give some account of their escape, and of the affairs of the rest of his family.)\*

The two following documents are from the State-Paper Office :

"The 11th of last month Casimir, Palgrave of the Rhine, by his servant George Sulker, accompanied with two others and a *cocher*, delivered into my custody here in Stade one Robert Bellamy (some time her majesty's prisoner in Newgate, in London) with strait charge to cause him to be safely delivered unto your honour ; alleging that as his lord and master had, upon the good affection he beareth to her highness, stayed the said Bellamy going to Rome, and sent copies of such letters as his grace found about him unto your honour ; so was he required by you to send such his prisoner unto me to be conveyed as aforesaid, which in regard of my duty I could not refuse. The said George Sulker also required of me such charges as he and his company had been at coming hither, and should sustain in their return, with some gratification (which I gave). I have delivered over the said Bellamy to Mr. John Postek, captain of her highness ship the *Swallow*, with so great (if not greater) charge than was fit and meet for one of my place to give unto such a person, to see him safely delivered unto your honour ; which I nothing doubt but he will perform. Stade, 16th Nov. 1589.

To Sir Francis Walsingham.

WILLIAM MILWARD."†

"Heath and Stoker, prisoners in Newgate with Robert Bellamy, having the tools of a carpenter brought thither to mend the floor of a room called Justice Hall, did therein cut certain joices, whereby they got down into a cellar, which had a door into the street, which they opened and escaped, and acquainted Robert Bellamy therewith, and thereby gave him the means of his escape.

He scaped away for his safety in regard of his conscience.

His escape was about eight days before Candlemas-day last past. From London he gat into Scotland, where he remained till May following ; and about the latter end of May passed over to Hamburg, and from thence departed towards Cologne, where he, understanding that the forces of the Spanish king were to have then returned to

\* Lansdowne, 96, art. 17.

† Domestic, 1589, Nov. 16, no. 499.

the invasion of England, did take his voyage towards Rome, to the end he would not be carried to have gone against his country.

From Cologne, where he stayed but eight days, he departed towards Basle, and coming to a place called Gormaston, a town of the Palgrave's, was there taken for a Spaniard and a spy, and from thence conveyed to Heidelberg to the Duke Casimir.

His intent was not to go to Rome for any practice, but for the matter of his religion; and withal to have gotten some means of maintenance to have lived in those parts with his conscience."\*

When brought back to England, he was almost continually in prison; sometimes obtaining a brief liberation for money; but soon committed again by Mr. Justice Young, as may be seen by the Lord Keeper Pickering's papers.†

Richard Bellamy, the father of Anne, was eldest of this heroic band of brothers. Some time before 1592, he had succeeded to the estate of Uxenden, and had married a wife of the same name as his martyred mother Katherine (a circumstance which leads Mr. Turnbull into the mistake of identifying Richard with his father William, and so into a hopeless confusion of the families); and by her had two sons, Faith and Thomas, and three daughters, of whom Anne was the eldest, who was committed to the Gatehouse in 1592 for religion. She had been brought up in a Catholic household, far from the knowledge of evil, where the practice of piety was as natural as eating or walking. Her first introduction to the Babel of the great world was in the tainted atmosphere of a prison, and, unfortunately for her, a prison where the influence of the notorious Topcliffe was paramount. This familiar of Queen Elizabeth improved his opportunities, and soon seduced Miss Bellamy from the path of virtue. "She had not been there six weeks," says Robert Barnes, "but was found in most dishonest order, and before six weeks more, being with child, was delivered from prison by Mr. Topcliffe's means, upon bail, not to depart above one mile from the city."‡ She lodged in Holborn till Midsummer, when, in order that she might pay her own expenses, she was induced to betray Father Southwell into her seducer's hands, under promise from the Council that none should be molested in the house where he was taken.

For some three weeks after she had consented to act the traitor, she was at a loss to get her victim into the trap. On one occasion her brother Thomas called on her, little suspecting to what infamy she had fallen, and was nearly induced by

\* Domestic, 1589, Nov. 25, no. 508.

† Harleian Ms. 6998.

‡ Stoneyhurst Ms. Aug. A. ii. 41, published by Tierney, Dodd, vol. iii. App. p. cxvii.

her importunity to take her to Southwell, who lived hard by, and whom she much praised for virtue and learning. She had previously written to her sisters, to beg that if he came to her father's house at Uxenden, she might be told at once, and she would come to see him, notwithstanding any bond to the contrary. Thomas and the sisters refused to have any part in this proceeding; so she found some other means of communicating with Southwell, who shortly afterwards meeting with Thomas Bellamy in Fleet Street, stopped him, and claimed acquaintance as a countryman of his mother's, asking him to stay with him that night, and the next morning to ride with him to show him the way to Uxenden. Thomas complied; the next day they started at ten o'clock, and by noon arrived at Mr. Bellamy's house. Topcliffe was then with the Queen at Greenwich; but he had his horses ready laid for three weeks previously, and so rode off in hot haste, and came to Uxenden Hall by midnight, having full directions written by Anne Bellamy how to know the house, and where to find the secret place in which Southwell was sleeping. Richard Bellamy was at this time absent from home. The unhappy mother and family were totally ignorant of Anne's fall, and naturally inquired of Topcliffe how he had come by such precise information as to be able to march directly up to the hiding-place and secure its inmate. The veracious and truth-loving commissioner, unwilling to lose the opportunity of discrediting a Catholic ecclesiastic, told the daughters that the traitor was one Wingfield, a seminary priest, who sometimes came to the house in character of a schoolmaster, and who had been there that very day.\*

For the nonce, Topcliffe was contented with the capture of Southwell, whom he carried off to London with the circumstances of public cruelty and insult that were customary in those barbarous times, leaving Mrs. Bellamy (who seems to have behaved with some weakness) and her family in peace for the present. As soon as he reached London, he pretended to be very angry with Anne Bellamy for having dared to make an appointment to meet a priest while she was under his care, and committed her to the Gatehouse for her misdemeanour, where she remained till St. James'-day, July 25, when, as she began to show signs of her disgraceful condition, under pretence of carrying her before the commissioners to be examined, he took her off to Greenwich, and there had her married to Nicholas Jones, servant to himself and to Pickering, the keeper of the Gatehouse. In the

\* Richard Bellamy's answer to Topcliffe's exceptions. (Harleian Ms. 6998, fol. 22.)

mean time he wrote the following hypocritical letter to Mrs. Bellamy :

“MISTRESS BELLAMY,—It may be that I did leave you in fear the other night for the cause that fell out in your house, better known to yourself than to any of us that were there. But because I myself found you carried a duty and reverence to the name of my sovereign Queen and yours, and showed the fruit of obedience you know wherein, I presumed to adventure to show you more favour than like offenders unto you have had shown in like cause, and your sons and your household for your sake. For I know her majesty's pleasure is, and so hath always been my disposition, to make a difference of offenders and offences, and between those that owe and perform duty to her majesty, and such as show malice unto her in word and deed. This day I have made her privy of your faithful doings, which traitorous papists will say is faithless ; your seeming to bear by this your doing a good heart, smite with a little scrupulousness her majesty is disposed to take better than you have deserved, and I trust will be your gracious lady at my humble suit, which you shall not want, without bribe, and with a good conscience of my part. And therefore take no care for yourself and for your husband, so as he come to me to say somewhat to him for his good. Your children are like to receive more favour, so as from henceforth they continue dutiful in heart and show. *And although your daughter Anne have again fallen in some folly, there is no time past but she may win favour.* And knowing so much of her majesty's mercy towards you, as I would wish you to deserve more and more, and no way to give cause to her majesty to cool her mercy ; and so I end. At my lodging in Westminster Churchyard, the 30th of June 1592.”\*

After this Anne was taken down to Topcliffe's house in Lincolnshire, where she was delivered of a child about Christmas. It was only after this event that Richard Bellamy was told of his daughter's disgrace, and when, after two years' time, Topcliffe impudently demanded of him to settle a farm of 100 marks a year on Jones and his wife, Bellamy resisted, and Topcliffe thereupon had him arrested on charge of comforting and receiving priests, in spite of the promise of the Council that no harm should come to him. However, he does not seem to have acted in his own name in this affair, but to have used the ministry of Mr. Justice Young, to whom the warrant for Bellamy's apprehension is directed :

“For Mr. Justice Yoinge.—That Mr. Justice Yoing, or sume other lyke comissionerr, do apprehend Richard Bellamy, of Oxenden, in the parryshe of Harrow-on-the-Hyll, and his wyffe, and ther

\* Harleian Ms. 6998, fol. 21. No signature, but referred to as Topcliffe's in the last paragraph of the next document but one.

tow sonnes and ther tow doughters, in whose howse Father Sowthell, alias Mr. Cotton, was tayken by Mr. Toplay, a comysseyoner, and wher a number of other preests have beene recevyd and harberd as well when Sowthwell hathe bene ther, as when Mr. Barnes alias Stromdge als Hynd als Wingfild hathe beene ther a soiorner in Bellamy's howse.

And they to be comytted to severall prysons, Bellamy and his wyfe to the Gaythovse, and ther too doughters to ye Clynk, and ther tow soones to St. Katheryns, and to be examyned straitly for the weighty service of ye Queen's majesty."\*

This was the demolition of all Bellamy's happiness in this world. He penned several petitions to the Council, in which he proves to demonstration the profligacy of Topcliffe; but all was to no purpose. His wife died in prison; he at last escaped, and died in poverty and exile in Belgium. The sons appear to have saved their ancestral estate by conformity; the two daughters remained in their religion and in prison. Topcliffe, foiled in getting a provision for his paramour from her ruined father's estate, suborned false witnesses to bring some of Bellamy's friends within the law, as may be seen in Robert Barnes' account, to which we have referred above. Besides the other miseries, two more lives were sacrificed in these proceedings for this wretched woman, who, in spite of her marriage to another man, continued for three years to live with Topcliffe. For her two more Catholics died by the slow martyrdom of imprisonment and chains. But we must give young Bellamy's own account of his sister's misconduct.

*"1. Petition of Mr. Bellamy (Anne's brother) to Lord Burleigh."*

In tender consideration that all in the said petition is true, and for that your honourable letters cannot be got out of Mr. Topcliffe's hand, to cause a certificate of the petition, as also of their hard imprisonment of long time sustained, with the great charge of 3*l.* a week unto your said petitioner, and the great danger of this extreme hot weather unto close prisoners. In the most humble wise beseecheth your honour even for God's sake, even prostrate at your honour's feet, their speedy deliverance upon bonds or otherwise. If his brother Thomas be not able to prove, as he hath in the said petition set down, before any to whom it shall by your honours be committed to hearing, to be recommitted. For the which, I, my wife, and children, and kindred, shall for ever be bound to pray unto God for her Majesty's long and prosperous reign, with victory over her highness's enemies, and for the eternal felicity and happiness of your honour.

\* State-Paper Office, undated, 1592.

*2. Petition of Thomas Bellamy (the other brother).*

A note of the proofs of the principal points contained in the petition of Thomas Bellamy to the Lords of the Council against Mr. Topcliffe, first to prove by pregnant conjectures that Anne Bellamy, by Mr. Topcliffe's privity, sent Southwell to Richard Bellamy's house.

That Southwell was sent by Anne Bellamy unto her father's house there is vehement conjecture, for she a little before being delivered out of the Gatehouse, and bound not to go above a mile from London, and therefore lying in Holbourne, she spake to her two sisters to send her word if one Cotton (which was Southwell, by Mr. Topcliffe's own notes), a fine gentleman, came to her father's house, and she would come to him notwithstanding her bond. The suspicion is, she without Mr. Topcliffe's encouragement (being then under his government), durst never adventure to break her bond, being 200*l.*, except she first had made her father privy, which she did not. Besides, Southwell being a stranger unto her, she could not have known him to be called by the name of Cotton without some information, neither know of Cotton's coming thither, of whose coming neither her father nor mother knew. And it appeareth more suspicious by that which followeth.

Mr. Topcliffe must have some means to know that Southwell was at Bellamy's house; Mr. Topcliffe apprehended him within twelve hours after his coming thither. If any of Bellamy's house had sent him word, so much time would almost have been spent in riding from Uxenden to Westminster, and in coming from Westminster to Uxenden; and Mr. Topcliffe came thither both speedily and with good instructions to find him out readily; for he had a note of every secret place of the house, which could not be done without her direction. Besides, that Anne Bellamy was privy to Southwell's sending, may be gathered for that she was committed by Mr. Topcliffe to the Gatehouse for it, as may be gathered by his letter dated 30th June. But within a while after, he took her out of the Gatehouse and sent her to his own house in the country, as shall be proved hereafter.

Further, Mr. Topcliffe told this petitioner that he loved not Anne Bellamy, for that she was the cause of Southwell's apprehension. And if she were the cause of his apprehension, and Mr. Topcliffe his apprehender, and Southwell so small a time at Uxenden, it is very probable they both knew of Southwell's going thither.

Now, whether Anne Bellamy at that time being got with child, and intended to be married to Jones, and for her lewdness and disparagement doubting that her father would give her no portion, sought by this means to entrap him in such sort, as that he needing her new friend's help should be driven to give her a good child's part, I will not affirm, but leave it to the censure of your honours. But this is certain, that when Southwell was taken, and two years after, Mr. Topcliffe stood a very good friend unto Richard Bellamy,

until he being desired by Mr. Topcliffe to let Jones have the manor of Preston to dwell in, refused it. Since which time he hath been an extreme enemy unto all the name of the Bellamy's, and kept his wife, his two daughters, and his uncle Page, in prison in the Gatehouse, almost to the utter undoing of the said Bellamy.

Proofs that Anne Bellamy, being the Queen's prisoner in the Gatehouse, was there got with child, and after carried to Mr. Topcliffe's house, and there delivered.

In his (Topcliffe's) letter, dated 16 August 1592, to Mr. Bellamy, he signifieth, that he meaneth from the Gatehouse to send his daughter Anne to his sister Brudnell's, and if his sister and she can agree, there to continue, or else to send her to his own house to Somerby. He confesseth that he hath undertaken to her majesty for her forthcoming, and that he will answer his behaviour towards her to her majesty, and that he will defend her from wrong against all creatures, he will not regard the speeches of venomous tongues more than stones cast against the wall. He writeth she shall continue there six or eight months to see how God will work with her.

By his letter dated 19 August 1592, sent to Mr. Bellamy, he sendeth for 5*l.* 18*s.* due to the keeper of the Gatehouse for her charge in prison. He sendeth for apparel for her, and sheweth how it shall be conveyed to her in a trunk of his own to his sister Brudnell's, by which it appeareth she was there gone into the country.

By his letter, dated 6 September 1592, from Westminster, to Mrs. Bellamy, it appeareth manifestly that she was removed from his sister Brudnell's house by his appointment and her consent, to his own house at Somerby, where he proposeth to see her before the term, to see how she doth housewife it; he doubteth that her father and mother when he is gone down to her shall hear very vile rumours of matters that may offend them, and confesseth that in the Gatehouse already, where she was prisoner, malicious papists have shot their venomous arrows and stinking breath at him, and glanced at their daughter. But he saith he will answer his doing, and knoweth that she feareth God.

In his letter, dated 12 January 1593, written to Mr. and Mrs. Bellamy from his house at Somerby, he writeth that he understandeth by his friend, Nicholas Jones, that they are afraid of rumours touching their daughter's reputation. He confesseth that their daughter is, and hath been, at his house at Somerby ever since she departed from his sister Brudnell's. He very vehemently purgeth her from reports of slander, howsoever slanderous and venomous tongues rave and spit their poison; and that he will maintain her, because he took her into his protection not without warrant sufficient and upon a good ground, which may be supposed he meaneth. By her majesty, to whom, as appeareth by his letter, 16 August, he had undertaken for her forthcoming and good usage; which if it were so, he greatly abused her majesty. By a postscript he writeth, that if any apapist Catholic say she is with child, hold

them knavish and false. And to confirm the truth of his letter he subscribeth it, 'Your plaine and known friend, Richard Topcliffe.' And by another postscript, to assure them that their daughter was there, he causeth her to write a few lines to her parents.

By his letter, dated 19 February 1593, he confesseth that she is at his house, and liveth not obscurely, and that she shall have the honest testimony of many of reputation for her behaviour, whatsoever venomous papists can say; and writeth that he would be glad to satisfy her parents concerning such bruits as have come to their ears touching her.

In a letter from Jones to Mrs. Bellamy, dated 21 December, he writeth that he museth such unseemly speeches should be used of Mrs. Anne Bellamy, not calling her his wife. And that for the time of his knowledge of her, he will stand to the defence of her honesty. He writeth that she now lyeth at Somerby at Mr. Topcliffe's house, and that Mr. Topcliffe at his coming to London will fully satisfy them of all such flying speeches as no man dare justify; the truth thereof is so manifest.

By a letter written from Anne Bellamy to her mother from Somerby, dated 12 March 1593, she advertiseth her mother of her marriage, alleging many reasons thereof, and craveth pardon for it, confessing that it was done without her mother's leave, license, or knowledge. She confesseth herself to be delivered of child before her time, and that by the friendship of Mrs. Burrowe, a kinswoman of Mr. Topcliffe, her child and she were greatly preserved.\*

By the premises it plainly appeareth that Anne Bellamy, the queen's majesty's prisoner, was, during her imprisonment, gotten with child, by whom in certainty no man knoweth; for as for Jones, no man suspected him with her, until herself writ that she was married unto him. But all the rumours of suspicion of her lewd behaviour, both at the Gatehouse and at Somerby, were of rumours of unseemly dealing between Mr. Topcliffe and her, which he endeavoureth in all his letters to purge himself and her of, which hath been and is a most grievous corsey\* to the hearts of her parents, who hoped that she should have been kept undefiled, being the queen's prisoner. And they greatly marvel, if Mr. Topcliffe were clear, why he conveyed her so carefully from the Gatehouse, being the queen's prisoner, first to his sister's, and then to his own house, and there kept her with great infamy, until she was delivered with child, her friends not knowing any such matter, and he so manifoldly defending her honesty and denying her to be with child, until she was delivered, and that it could be kept close no longer.

The petitioner, therefore, if upon these matters it shall seem good to your honours that Mr. Topcliffe be in fault, humbly craveth at your honours' hands that he may by justice be punished. The rather in respect that she being born a gentlewoman, of an ancient house, and the queen's prisoner, was by Mr. Topcliffe's means,

\* A very old word, which means 'grievance.'

without the privity of her parents, married to Jones, a weaver's son, and base fellow, to her great disparagement, and the continual discomfort of her friends.

For her dutiful behaviour at the time of Southwell's apprehension towards her majesty, Topcliffe's letter, dated 30 June, doth declare.

Indorsed: The humble petition of Richard Bellamy.\*

However reluctantly, we must now quit this family, to whom Mr. Turnbull has done but scant justice, and about whose identities he has made very unpardonable mistakes,—to resume our account of Southwell's treatment.

After taking him back in ludicrous procession to Westminster, Topcliffe carried him home, lodged him in his own strong chamber, secured him in irons, and essayed to examine him; but the confessor of Christ was too strong for the profligate persecutor. He would not even confess his name. Topcliffe thereupon sat down and wrote an account of the prize he had taken to the queen, begging leave to torture him privately before he was committed to prison. The permission was immediately granted, and the way in which it was acted upon is thus described by Father Tanner:

"Topcliffe took him to his own house, and there privately subjected him ten times to tortures so atrocious that at his trial he called God to witness that he would rather have endured so many deaths. The particulars were never accurately known, save that he was hung from the wall by his hands, with a sharp circle of iron round each wrist pressing on the artery, his legs bent backwards, and his heels tied to his thighs (so that he might get no rest from his toes touching the ground). But even thus Topcliffe could not make him answer a single question; so to enforce him the more, he on one occasion left him thus suspended while he went to the City on business. Southwell spent seven hours in this agony, and appeared to be dying. Topcliffe was sent for, and had him gently taken down, and sprinkled with some distilled waters, till he revived; when he vomited a large quantity of blood, and was immediately hung up again in the same position. For the Lords of the Council had permitted Topcliffe to torture Father Robert to any extent short of death."†

To confirm this *ex-parte* statement of Father Tanner the very autograph of Topcliffe has been providentially preserved, and may be seen among the Burghley papers in the British Museum.‡ We keep the orthography of the first part of this precious morsel, which, as is evident, confirms all the points of our narrative which it touches. "My boy Nicholas" is the

\* Lansdowne Ms. 73, art. 47 (it should be Thomas).

† Soc. Jes. Mart. p. 35.

‡ Lansdowne Ms. 72, art. 39.

husband elect of Anne, and her "setting of Southwell into my hands" is described as his act. The "hand-gyves" are the circles of iron which caused such exquisite torture. "To stand against the wall, his feet upon the ground, and his hands but as high as he can reach against the wall," is a euphuistic mode of describing the atrocious butchery, fitted for the delicate nerves of the feminine queen.

"MOST GRACEOOS SOVEREIYNE—

Having F. Robert Southwell (of my knowledge) ye Jhezuwt (Jesuit) in my stronge chamber in Westmr church yearde, I have mayde him assewred for startinge or hurtinge of hym self, By puttinge upon his armes a pr of hande gyews: & There & so can keepe hym eather from vewe or conference wth any, But Nicolas ye Underkeeper of ye Gaythowse & my Boye. Nicolas beinge the man yt caused me to tayke hym by settinge of hym into my hands ten myles from him.

I have presewmed (after my lytell Sleepe) To runne ovr this Examination inclosed, faythefully tayken, & of him fowlye & suspiciously answered, and sumwhat knowinge the natewre & doinges of the man, may it please your majesty to see my simple opynyon. Constreigned in dewty to utter it.

Upon this present taykinge of hym, It is good foorthewth to inforce him to answer trewyle & dyrectly, & so to proove his answers trewe in hast, To the Ende, yt suche as bee deeply concerned in his treacheries have not tyme to start or make shyfte.

To use any meanes in comon presons eather to stande upon or ageinst the wawle (whiche above all thinges Exceeds & hurteth not) will gyve warninge. But if your highness's pleasor bee to knowe any thinge in his hartte, To stande ageinst the wawle, his feett standinge upon the grownde, & his hands But as highe as he can reatche ageinst ye wawle, lyke a Tryck at Trenshemeare, will inforce hym to tell all, & the trewth proved by ye Seqvelle.

The answer of him to ye Qvestyon of ye Countesse of Arrundell, & That of father Parsons, discipherethe him. It may please your majesty to Consyder that I did never tayke so weightye a man: if he bee rightly used. Yoinge Anto Copleye the most desperate youth that liveth & some others be most familiar with Southwell.

Copley did shoot at a gentleman the last summer and killed an ox with a musket, and in Horsham Church threw his dagger at the Parish Clerk, and stuck it in a seat in the Church. There liveth not the like I think in England for sudden attempts: nor one upon whom I have good grounds for watchful eyes for his sister Gaige's and his brother-in-law Gaige's sake, of whose pardons he boasteth he is assured.

So humbly submitting myself to your majesty's direction in this, or in any service with any hazard, I cease, until I hear your pleasure

here at Westminster with my charge and ghostly father this Monday the 26 of June 1592.

Your majesty's faythefull Servant,  
RIC. TOPCLYFFE.

Indorsed

Mr. Topclyffe to her majesty,  
With the examination of a priest that will not confess his name."\*

This letter is a capital comment on the mendacious apology for the torturing of Campian, Briant, and the rest, put forth by the government nine years previously; one of the assertions of which is, "that the proceeding to torture was always so *slowly*, so *unwillingly*, and with so many preparations of persuasions to spare themselves, and so many means to let them know that the truth was by them to be uttered, both in duty to her majesty and in wisdom to themselves, as whosoever was present at those actions must needs acknowledge in her majesty's ministers a full purpose to follow the example of her own gracious disposition."

Among other questions which the confessor was thus vainly urged to answer, was one about "the colour of a horse whereon he rode one day," to which he refused to reply lest he might give a handle to conjecture in what house or in what company he then was. This question seems to have reference to a certain confession of Mr. Britten, a servant to the Earl of Northumberland, who appears by a document in the State-Paper Office to have furnished a white gelding to a suspected priest named Cotton in December 1583. Cotton and Cooper were both aliases of Father Southwell; but as he did not come into England till 1586, his adversaries were clearly on the wrong scent. They evidently suspected that he had some treasonable connections in Sussex.

Sir Robert Cecil, who was Southwell's rackmaster, is said to have expressed the highest admiration for his more than Roman fortitude. Topcliffe's new style of torturing was, he said, much more painful than the rack; yet Father Robert bore it with a firm and even cheerful mind, and would confess nothing except that he was a priest and Jesuit, and had come over to win souls to Christ. Topcliffe, he said, tortured him so cruelly, that he was never allowed to rest except when he seemed to be dying. Then they would take him down, and bring him to by burning paper under his nose. He would then vomit a quantity of blood, after which he was hung up again. All this time he was so patient, and the expression of his countenance was so sweet, that even the

\* Lansdowne Ms. 72, art. 32.

servant who watched him began to look upon him as a saint. His only exclamations were: "My God and my all!" "God gave Himself to thee, give thyself to God! *Deus tibi Se, tu te Deo!*"

Four days of this brutality had reduced Father Southwell's vitality to so low an ebb, that Cecil and the other Lords of the Council determined to take him out of Topcliffe's hands: they therefore committed him to the Gatehouse on the 30th of June. But as all his money had been taken away at his arrest, he was put among the pauper prisoners; where for a whole month he was neglected, and left in hunger and thirst, in cold and filth, so that when his father came to see him he was found covered with dirt, swarming with vermin, with maggots crawling in his sores, his face bleared and like that of a corpse, and his bones almost protruding through his skin. On this his father presented a petition to the queen, demanding that his son might be either executed or treated as a gentleman. The queen herself was moved to compassion, and ordered that he should be removed to the Tower, where he remained nearly three years at his father's expense.

The memorandum of his committal to the Gatehouse appears among the accounts of the Lieutenants of the Tower and keepers of the other prisons, extant among the Records at Rolls House, Chancery Lane. The following is a copy of it:

Charges of — Pickering, keeper of Gatehouse, for prisoners, Sept. 1592: "Robert Southwell, a seminary priest, sent in by your lordships, oweth for his diet and lodging from the last of June to the 30th July '92, being four weeks and two days; and removed to the Tower by your honours."

Time has obliterated what honest Pickering charged for starvation, under the name of diet for a month. Southwell's name does not appear in the accounts of the Lieutenant of the Tower, for these bills only refer to those state-prisoners for whom the government paid. In Elizabeth's days prisons were self-supporting institutions, where all but a few of the prisoners paid for themselves; and choice places, where the governor became a rich man in a few years. Southwell, being in the Tower at his father's expense, does not appear on the bills sent in to the privy-council. But we must break off here for the present, to resume our account of his imprisonment, trial, and martyrdom, as soon as possible.

## NOTES OF A VISIT TO THE COAST OF ALBANIA.

*Corfu, Nov. 24, 1856.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I will yield to your importunity that which I should never have offered of my own accord, and will try to put you in possession of the very slight amount of information that I gathered on the coast of Albania, though I fear that you will scarcely be able to make it available for your pages. Unfortunately, I saw but little of the country: for six weeks after my arrival, in spite of every effort to believe myself well, I was unable to leave the ship, and seldom even able to converse with the visitors, from whom I might have learned much concerning the province. The remaining three weeks of my stay were so prolific of magnificent thunderstorms, reverberating among those old mountains, with lightning so continuous that the sky seemed a flickering cupola of flame, and (in the intervening days) of waterspouts, three of which on one occasion made their appearance together, like unstable columns supporting the toppling sky, that our opportunities of going on shore occurred but seldom; and sometimes all communication with the land was cut off. Still we did not leave the country without having seen it. More than once we went up that kingly river the Bojana, deep and wide enough to float a fleet of heavy ships, but with an unfortunate bar at its entrance that effectually prevents any vessel of deep burden from entering its inland waters. I will not stay to describe the luxuriant vegetation on its banks, scarcely ever broken through by the inhabitants, except here and there, where at rare intervals a small landing-place may be seen, with a few miserable hovels among the trees: these are the villages. One day we turned the boat's head up a narrower stream called the Drino, and landed on a little cleared space which appeared to be a sort of ferry, where we had our dinner under a spreading tree. Our meal was unluckily concluded when four tall wild-looking Albanians broke through the underwood behind us, two mounted, two on foot, all armed to the teeth, and accompanied by the most savage of dogs. They soon got over their first surprise, and sat down near us to smoke their long pipes. We had only water-melon and biscuit to offer them; and as they could not understand a word of Italian, and we had no dragoman that day in our company, we could only converse by signs. I soon elicited the fact that they were Christians by making the sign of the cross, which they all answered readily; and we were on friendly terms at once. Our captain proposed firing

at a mark, and an empty bottle was placed in a bush. It was surprising to see how often their handsome well-kept weapons missed fire: each man had a musket about six feet long, nearly as tall as himself. Each man's belt was stuck full of pistols; and one or two of them had a yataghan by his side. Their delight and wonder at the revolver-practice was boundless. The captain, in his long inland walks, often had similar shooting-matches, which he found an excellent introduction to the good opinions of the people. It soon became pretty well understood on the coast, among the Christians, that the English men-of-war that were hovering near them, with the heavy guns which they could often hear at hours of practice, were their especial friends. Our dear allies the Turks were proportionably discontented at the display of power, though its ostensible purpose was to support the Sultan's government, and to enable the pashas to publish the *hatti-humayoun* which conferred equal rights on Christian and Turkish subjects. Albania, however, so far from the seat of empire, is the refuge and asylum of the old fanaticism of the Mussulman; whose bigotry is so firmly rooted there, that as yet it has not been possible to publish the decree.

Every part of the country along the sea-coast is most beautiful; the mountains are noble, the plains at their base exuberant in fertility. The land seems as if it were only prevented by the most iron oppression from pouring its riches into the laps of its inhabitants. This painful impression acquires fresh force as each new vista or smiling valley opens upon you in the sunshine. What a glorious country it might become, if it had only the commonest fair-play! It has been forgotten by the rest of Europe. The customs of the people and their household fittings are those of the epoch of Hesiod. The fishermen's nets are of the old pattern and size; the stools, the cooking-utensils to be seen in their huts, are the same as those described by Homer. The farming-tools and furniture are of the most primeval description. Their bullock-yokes, ploughs, and reaping-hooks, have never been changed from the original model. Their breeds of cattle have only degenerated from the wild stock; I do not know whether their horses, cows, sheep, or pigs, are the worst. The goats appear the least objectionable; but the poultry is execrable. Their crops are chiefly Indian corn and potatoes. In their village-gardens they cultivate cabbages, onions, and the usual household vegetables, with water-melons, and another small round species, which is as delicious as it is abundant. In the winter the game literally swarms; the rivers offer a perfect massacre of wild-ducks; and the sports-

man is spared his stealthy and cold night-watch. The earth yields its wild-grapes, figs, peaches, pomegranates, quinces, and crab-apples. Boon Nature has done her part generously, and needs but little coaxing to help her to bring all her gifts to perfection. But every effort at improvement, which should so rapidly bring wealth and comfort, is only a signal for spoliation and extortion, against which there is no appeal, and for which there is no compensation. If the head of a village, by careful concealment, manages to acquire a little fortune, he is quite unable to enjoy its fruit, beyond the handsome dress he may purchase for holiday attire, and the firearms in which the whole nation takes such delight. Any further display would endanger all the man's possessions. Hence, though the people are poor—poorly housed and poorly fed—they are not destitute of the necessaries of life. But they are forcibly debarred from all progress and improvement. The Turks have never allowed them to have schools, so of course they cannot read or write.

But both people and country seem to be the most eligible raw-material of civilisation. Those grand old mountains, those kingly rivers, those fertile plains, all so expansive and so enduring, make up just the country that should, and that did once, give birth to a race of heroes. The inhabitants have always been remarkable for their bravery; often for their ferocity also. Albania is the ancient Illyria, and part of Epirus; and there is a wonderful quantity of very ancient history lingering about some of its old towns, now all in ruins. One can quite fancy such men as one saw there forming the Macedonian phalanx, and peopling the armies of Alexander and of Pyrrhus. We must often have sailed over the same boisterous waters (probably between Durazzo and Brindisi) where the poor fisherman carried over "Cæsar and his fortunes" in his little bark. The men are, I suppose, as unchanged as the waves which wash their coasts. They are a tall, well-built, spare, muscular race, with the warrior nose, lengthened sufficiently to denote perseverance in pursuing their conquests, or other undertakings for which they have suitable leaders. (I must tell you that I have become learned in noses, having read a treatise thereupon in Malta.) They (the men, not the noses) have a wild picturesque dress of scarlet and white, which they can render very rich and costly; and they are always armed and prepared to do deadly battle;—even the labourer in the field has his loaded musket lying by him. In spite of the retrogression and bondage of more than four hundred years of Ottoman tyranny, this stalwart race still cherishes a strangely-surviving hope of the regeneration of

their country. A tradition and an expectation of better things still exists amongst them; and surely it must one day bear its fruit. They have an ardent love of their beautiful land; and I believe they have, like all nations with similar warlike tendencies, a ballad poetry which perpetuates a spirit of heroism amongst them.

The Christians and Turks in Albania are collected into groups occupying different districts. On the Austrian frontier the population belongs to the Greek Church. In a very few miles the Catholics, or United Greeks, commence. At Antivari the Turks begin; and there is not a Christian inland between that town and Scutari, about twenty miles. In the other districts there is an equally marked separation. Among the mountain-tribes only Christianity is to be found; some belonging to the Greek sect, others to the Catholic Church. Great antipathy at all times prevails between these separated branches; the Catholics disliking and dreading the Greek Christians more than the Turks. I scarcely wonder at it; for here at Corfu the Greek intolerance is something intolerable: they got up such disturbances at our keeping our Church-festivals according to the new style, that they actually killed one man in the tumult, and several were seriously injured; the Pope, to prevent a recurrence of such a scandal, ordered the feasts to be kept according to the old style; and so we had All Saints and All Souls November 13 and 14: and, what is worse, we shall have Christmas-day January 7th. But the English keep up the Christmas festivities as we do in Western Europe; for the Greeks tolerate the Protestants perfectly, and Greek servants join readily in Protestant family prayers; which the Italian Catholics will never do. But to return to the Albanians. I could obtain no account whatever of the actual number of the Catholics. The whole Christian population is sunk in great poverty, but does not want the absolute necessities of life. Under a settled government, and with fair and just laws, it would soon assume a high place. Under Turkish rule the Christians have been careful to grow only what is necessary for themselves, and not to have any superfluity which might attract the cupidity of their rulers. Their houses are miserable; one partition containing the cattle, the next the household. Even in the best houses the cattle are locked up at night in the lower story, a crazy ladder leading to the rooms inhabited by the family. Cakes of Indian corn and sour cheese are the staple of their diet; varied in summer and autumn by the plentiful wild-fruits of the country. Each family has its little flock of cattle, goats, or sheep, with one or two pigs. These are

always tended by the women, who begin this duty from a very tender age, and who also assist in the labours of the field; husband and wife cultivating their little patch together. The women always carry their distaffs, and occupy every leisure moment with spinning. I imagine that they make all the materials for their clothing, except those for the gala dresses, which are only to be procured in the towns, and which consist of red, blue, or violet cloth jackets, embroidered with gold, red silk sashes wound several times round the waist, and embroidered leggings or gaiters, together with a shirt, kilt, or petticoat of inexplicable width, which is always of white linen or calico. The women seldom possess these holiday suits; the men being far more anxious to adorn their own persons than those of their wives. The morality of the rural Christian population is said to be very high; about the towns we could not learn. "*Le donne di questa paese sono di un onore estremo*" was the verdict of our interpreter during one of our long walks through the country villages. They marry early; but rear few children, for they die in great numbers in infancy. Thus the population seems very thin and scattered. The women are certainly very industrious; and more modest and retiring they could not possibly be—as all our officers agreed. They are always at work, and seem to do the principal part of the field-labour. From the end of September to the middle of October numbers of them are to be seen gathering in the Indian corn, loading their mules and asses, and frequently carrying large loads upon their heads. If there are any men, they carry nothing but their arms, without which they never stir abroad. In Upper Albania, about Scutari and Antivari, robbery is very rare; and all the numerous violent deaths are to be traced to feuds and quarrels. I remember, when we were off the Bojana, our captain went up to Scutari, and heard that on the previous day a woman had shot a man in the bazaar with a pistol as a *vendetta*, for the death of her brother *ten years* before. She had waited and watched for her opportunity all this time. I believe she was a Greek; she was imprisoned, but would probably be liberated after a short confinement. In Lower Albania brigandage prevails; and the coast population, Christian and Turkish, is only restrained from piracy by fear of the consequences. Still further to the south, in Thessaly, there are horrible banditti tribes, who exact a tribute from the villages, and visit those who do not pay it with terrible calamities. Only a fortnight ago a village was destroyed, and twenty-two individuals murdered, with circumstances of atrocious cruelty.

After the downfall of the Eastern empire, the Venetians seem to have established themselves in many parts of Albania, and many of the ruins of their solid buildings and fortifications still remain. Since the conquest of the Turks, the towns and fortresses have gone to decay; the latter, even if perfect, would be useless for modern warfare. The ancient churches have been converted into mosques, or are crumbling to ruin under a rule which has hitherto permitted no outward proof to remain of the existence of a religion different from its own. They were generally built on hills, overlooking the villages, and surrounded by large and lofty trees. The Christian traveller, as he wanders through the country, is frequently reminded of the rude shock which his religion has received, by the mouldering ruins which look down upon him mournfully in their desolation. At present the only stay and support of the Catholic Church in Albania comes from Austria, the archbishops, bishops, and priests, being paid by that government; while the Propaganda of Rome and the Lyons society furnish some of the missionary friars, of whom there are about twenty-five, all pensioned by the Austrians. The secular clergy depend upon their parishioners, who pay them some trifling fees for baptisms, marriages, &c., and who put aside for them a portion of their produce,—so many bags of grain, and a certain part of every bullock, or other animal that they kill. The hierarchy consists of three archbishops and four bishops. The Church is, of course, very poor. The metropolitan see is Antivari. The Catholics commence there on the coast, and continue as far as Durazzo, which is another archbishop's see. From Durazzo, through Lower Albania, the Greek Church prevails. Formerly the clergy had to go to other countries to be educated, chiefly to Italy and Austria; but now there is a college at Scutari, where they study and are ordained. Some few are educated intelligent men; but most of them, as is natural, having sprung from the people, and had scanty opportunity of intellectual cultivation, are but little raised above their flocks in mental attainments. They have no schools in the country parts; they never collect the children for catechism; they never preach even on Sundays; they say Mass on Sundays and holidays, and occasionally hold stations. One can scarcely imagine a more solitary and dreary (because unoccupied) life than that of the Catholic priest in Albania at the present time. The effect of the constant apprehension of persecution, if not actual persecution, in which they have so long lived, has been to paralyse their energy, and to render them incapable of making

an effort to improve the spiritual condition of their flocks. The churches in the country parts are in a wretched state, in fact mere sheds, with nothing to distinguish them from cow-houses; and the priests are often obliged to say Mass in the open air, on a rude stone altar, under the shade of a large tree. It was so at the Bojana, where in winter the holy sacrifice is offered in a miserable room in the priest's house, incapable of holding above twenty persons. Not that this was surprising, after so many ages of persecution; besides, the venerable old stone and the branching tree were quite as capable of raising the thoughts as many a pretentious piece of architecture; but the deplorable part was the entire absence of zeal and power to gather together the scattered flock, and to rear the young ones in true religion. The wonder is that there are any Catholics at all. In Ireland formerly there may have been equal oppression and equal poverty, but the priests attended to their people, and, as they might, provided for their instruction; and, in return, the people were attached to them as their fathers and only real friends, receiving from them a spirit of religion which they transmitted to their children, and which was proof against every attack. I did not discover this spirit in Albania. In the upper province, however, there are now three schools, two at Scutari and one at Presvarende (which is also an archbishop's see). All the masters are Austrians, paid by that government. One of the Jesuit fathers attempted to build a seminary lately at Scutari for the education of priests, with funds supplied by Austria; but the Turks destroyed it, in spite of the efforts of the pasha and consuls. The only Catholic Church in the country parts that we met with was at the village of Bersa, five miles from Antivari,—a low narrow building, without any light save that admitted by loopholes in the walls, but beautifully situated on the side of the valley opposite the village, concealed by huge trees, and overlooking a bubbling stream that tumbles over the stony bottom of the valley. The priest had recently been appointed as a *locum tenens*; he had been educated at Loretto in Italy. The parish priest was unfit to do duty.

The Austrians, doubtless, are doing a great deal of good to the poor Catholics in Upper Albania; but they are supposed, of course, to be playing a political game, and to have an eye to this fine province, whenever the next convulsion shall offer it to their grasp. I wish them success; but politicians deprecate such an accession of valuable territory to Austria. Surely it would be infinitely better for these fine people to be brought within the fostering care of the Church,

even with the stern rule of Austria, than to be given over to the tender mercies of either Russia, Greece, or Turkey.

The towns are chiefly inhabited by the Turks; they are dirty and wretched; but the inhabitants, especially on a holiday, have a general appearance of being well-to-do, and are very well dressed, and there are scarcely any beggars. But the population is decidedly thin, and is said to have decreased wonderfully of late. There is one great drawback to commerce: in all Upper Albania there is not a single good harbour capable of sheltering vessels of any size; and the Ionian and Adriatic, like most narrow seas, are very boisterous.

Now I think I have communicated to you all I know of this very interesting province; but I cannot communicate the enthusiasm which the sight of such a country and such a people awakens:—I speak only of Upper Albania; the lower province is in a much more barbarous condition. The people become more brutal and cruel as they approach the neighbourhood of the Greek populations, whose name has become ignominious for bad faith and every kind of treachery.

#### CRITICS AND THE FINE ARTS.

It is not *de rigueur* that a good man should be able to draw a straight line. Many a sound geometrician, and worthy father of a family, is unable to connect two points by any thing save a *circumbendibus*, unless he appeals for aid to a ruler; and even then the chances are that he blurs the line and inks his fingers before he has finished. Dear Mrs. Mullins has brought up a bevy of virtuous daughters, with credit to herself and advantage to the world of bachelors, although she learned oriental tinting in her girlhood, and still thinks it sweetly pretty; two painful screens of her designing ornament the front parlour to this day. Mullins himself is not a bad kind of man; yet he has had "Sherry, sir!" framed elaborately, and considers that most vile production a marvel of art. We must not altogether cast aside and condemn Jones, because he prefers "Cherry ripe" to "Crudel perche," and "British Grenadiers" to Beethoven; nor imagine that Brown must necessarily become a ticket-of-leave, because that most misguided individual has painted his front-door apple-green picked out with black, ruddled his flower-pots, put rows of white flints instead of box-edgings to his gravel-walks, and capped his infamy by perpetrating an eighteen-

inch fountain, which squirts a tiny thread of liquid in every direction but the one in which it is desired to go, continual pokings with a knitting-needle notwithstanding. In a word, our friend the geometrician cannot use his fingers; Mrs. Mullins's artistic flame is a refractory rushlight; Mullins is by no means Dr. Waagen; Jones as earless as Prynne after the pillory; and Brown does not inherit one atom of the genius of his namesake, "Capability." Yet all these good people may lead virtuous lives, and in due time die pious deaths.

We feel bound to place this protest on the very threshold as it were of any critical edifice we may endeavour to raise, now or hereafter, in the pages of the *Rambler*, seeing how heartily we dislike and disapprove the tone and style which so many of our public journals and periodicals (to say nothing of books devoted to the subject) adopt in treating matters appertaining to what are called the Fine Arts. For it seems absolutely demanded now-a-days that common sense should be cashiered; and a wild, metaphysical, metaphorical, dreamy, opium-eating-like excitement take its place. Installed in a temple, Art is worshipped with most verbose litanies; while her self-ordained priests cut mental antics more surprising than the capers of the mad knight-errant which so shocked Sancho Panza in the Sierra Morena. Blue, we take it, is blue; and yellow, yellow and nothing else; and blue and yellow make green; but we are talked to about the "holiness" of colour, and instructed to approach paint with reverence. We are familiar with the beard and wide-awake of little Sandie Macguilp; we have even drunk Messrs. Barclay's renowned beverage in company with that North British genius of the brush; yet we are lectured about the artist's inner life, and given to understand that Sandie lives in some sphere (not marked in the celestial globe) where the artist-nature breathes an ether more congenial to its unearthly requirements, but which, judging by certain cartoons of the spasmodic school, must be occasionally sulphuric. [N.B. We beg to mention that Sandie's body dwells in a third-floor in Greek-street, Soho, wherever his artist-soul may be; and that the said body will be happy to accept commissions from any of the nobility or gentry who may favour it with a call. Discount allowed for cash payments.] Music fares no better than painting. The critic cannot discourse quietly and sensibly from his easy-chair; that would ill become the ardent prophet, whose privilege it is to indoctrinate the outer world with the eternal principles of the Beautiful and the True. No; it must be done on stilts, and in satin and spangles, amid a thousand artificial flowers of rhetorical display, or it

is nothing worth. The only mode to fix the attention of the grovelling crowd, is to preach while pirouetting on one leg; to attain the sublime by a copious use of the ridiculous. The old lady in the nursery-tale could not climb the tree to get at the bird's-nest containing three young rabbits, so she *tumbled* up; a mode of progression much practised by the critical fraternity in the discovery of equine breeding-places, and with such result as befell the epicene hero of the tale in question; for truly do they break their shins against a bag of moonshine of their own manufacture.

The root of all this folly is, the mischievous error of mistaking means for end,—an error sometimes wilful, sometimes unintentional, but continually committed by those who talk and write with a headlong or strained enthusiasm. Life is short, but Art is long, says the copy; and a definite existence and a pedestal in the modern Pantheon are given her. As virtue is “its own reward,” so the recompense of those who cultivate the worship of Art is neither more nor less than Art herself. She is to be served, lived for, died for, with unswerving faith and trust, amid poverty, sickness, hunger, and the contempt of a sordid world. She is the one exponent of all that is lovely and true in the relations of the human mind to the external and material. If all men would but listen to her voice, a golden age would once more fill the earth with innocence and peace. Fine words! but the proper answer to them is Mr. Burchell's expressive response to the flowery conversation of Dr. Goldsmith's tinsel ladies, “Fudge!” Mullins might grasp all painters, from Cimabue to Millais, and yet beat his wife; Brown might enter into the length and breadth and depth of the choral symphony, and yet be picked out of a gutter by a policeman. Three centuries before Christ, the Greek sculptors so perfectly understood and appreciated the beauty, grace, and dignity of the human form, had so mastered its every line and contour in action and repose, that under their skilful blows the marble yielded statues of almost supernatural loveliness, and this with easy labour and in profusion. Yet the boast of Praxiteles was, that he substituted a glowing naked Venus for the draped harlot, whose less perfect but more decent image previously satisfied the host of worshippers. When three centuries had passed away, when the Son of God stood sentenced at Jerusalem before the Roman governor, imperial Rome was filled with the triumphs of the architect, the sculptor, and the painter: a very city of temples, theatres, and palaces; alive with deities, nymphs, and heroes of marble, bronze, and ivory; its walls brilliant with gold, gay with the delicate fantasies of the cunning decorator;

its floors a network of intricate yet most harmonious mosaic. And the people? tyrants and slaves; proud, sanguinary, hard, cruel, sensual; their business pleasure; their crowning sport the hellish gladiatorial shows, in amphitheatres deluged with rivers of blood, where oftentimes the mangled tortured victim appealed in vain for mercy to a steaming crowd, whose eyes gloated with infernal satisfaction on the death-throes of the innocent wretch "butchered to make a Roman holiday." As far as Art is concerned, the nineteenth century differs in no respect from all that have gone before; good taste and goodness are no more convertible terms now than they were in the days of Pericles or Tiberius. A dozen Great Exhibitions, a hundred Bernal or Soulage collections, will no more affect our criminal statistics than as many poultry-shows, or displays of fat animals by the Smithfield Club. Some years ago, Lord John Manners and his following of white waistcoats, —a school, unluckily for our amusement, stifled in its puny babyhood by a surfeit of pap,—submitted to the world a scheme for the regeneration of the bucolic population by means of maypoles and the noble game of cricket. A course of Fine Arts, *pure and simple*, will have about as much effect in amending the lives and morals of the million as my lord's panacea for agriculturists. The better artist the better man, is a transparent fallacy which needs no confutation.

What then? We have protested that Mullins and his wife, that Jones and Brown, may all die good Christians, although plunged in an abyss of ignorance as to paint, mired in a slough of bad taste as regards sweet sounds. But have we in any shape alleged that they are the more likely so to die because of these their ignorance and bad taste? Emphatically, no! We have affirmed that Art is no true end of man's existence, and that for critics so to treat it is a foolish and mischievous error. But have we for a single moment denied that Art has an office, and a high one, of its own? Assuredly not. Like all other matters in themselves of pure indifference, which furnish the raw materials, so to speak, to be woven by man into the many-coloured tissue of his life, Art may be used or abused; it may add grace and beauty to the fabric, it may defile as a spot and a stain, or it may be altogether and entirely omitted. Like all mere human learning, philosophy and science, mechanical arts and the rest, it is but one of many means to an end. Art is good to the individual, when used *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, and no further or otherwise. Do not let us, however, be mistaken. We are not guilty of the absurdity of saying, that because Pagan, therefore Greek and Roman art were not in their way per-

fection, and, in a certain sense, to the glory of God; but simply this, that Art must be so *used* as to fit with ease and propriety into the life of a Christian man, whose end is not a picture or a song, but to save his soul. It is impossible to deny the fact, that art-idolatry exists at the present day, that it pervades the writings of some of the ablest critics, and finds its way freely into the lecture-hall; and as readers and listeners are many, we shall have done some good if we draw the attention of a few to a heathen practice, which has not the heathen excuse. It is not always that an audience can have the security of listening to an accomplished prelate of the Catholic Church, whose extensive range of acquirement places him in the foremost rank of popular speakers on the subject.

Art being, then, no legitimate end of our existence, what can it do for us as a means, and how is it to be used? In the first place, as a portion of the higher course of education, which includes what is called polite learning, it assists in forming that refinement of mind, that courtesy and delicacy of manner, that carefulness in avoiding the giving of needless offence to the feelings or even prejudices of others, that absence of vulgar self-assertion, which is implied and understood by the one word 'gentleman.' And this alone is no small matter; for at no period of our civilisation has an open gentlemanly bearing been more essential to the pleasantness of social intercourse, or to the success of those who aim at influencing others, especially such as hold a lower worldly station than their own. In the next place, it supplies the language by which the artist-proper expresses visibly or audibly to himself and the world the creations of his imagination, the results of his powers of observation and combination, and the degree of his technical skill. To him it is the *business* of life; just as the speculation of the merchant, the labours of the author, the tillage of the farmer, or the craft of the mechanic. We may be told that this is a low view; but it is a correct one, for all that. It is enough to know that the artist's business is a praiseworthy and proper one. In addition, Art affords material for the industry of thousands and tens of thousands who find their daily bread in the production of the endless articles which belong to the wants and luxuries of a highly-organised and artificial state of society. The mere necessary requirements of a dense population—food, clothing, and shelter—do not find nearly sufficient work for the multitudes, who cannot live in idleness without a revolution in the constitution of society itself.

Again,—we can only glance at a few of the many offices of Art,—it affords beyond dispute the most admirable and in-

exhaustible storehouse on which to draw for that healthy and innocent relaxation and amusement which is as needful to the toiler in the weary struggle of life as sleep itself. Most happily for us, a popular reaction is taking place; and the hours of labour, after having been lengthened beyond endurance, are being curtailed to a somewhat reasonable limit. Master and man alike are reaping the benefit. It is a tempting subject to enlarge upon; for the memory of a Catholic cannot but revert to social history, with a smile at the failure of a system which inflicts three hundred and odd days of dreary work, and fifty-two of dreary vacuity, as the Christian year. But let it pass; a better mind, no matter how originating, has sprung up, and we ought to make the most of it. We repeat that, for all classes engaged in business, law, commerce, manufactures, and what not, Art supplies beyond compare the most ample fund of innocent and healthy recreation. The pursuit of science, to say nothing of natural gifts, requires time and study such as no otherwise busy man can spare. The mere trashy, superficial, undigested notions that usurp the place of science are worthless in themselves, and prejudicial to the amateur philosopher, than whom no one for the most part can be more vapid, conceited, and inflated; a very india-rubber ball, wanting but a single slight prick from an acute questioner to collapse into a shapeless nothing. With Art it is different. All have eyes to see and ears to hear, and all (the exception proves the rule) have at least a scintilla of taste, which by careful fanning may perhaps be cultivated into a respectable glow, if not into a blazing flame. Let it be remembered that between Raffaele Sanzio and the boy who is spoiling paper and pencil at our elbow there is but a step, though it may be one such as only Chamisso's shadowless man could compass. It is a question not of kind, but of degree. That the many may be brought to a hearty appreciation of what is excellent, there is no lack of facts to demonstrate; as witness the crowds of all ranks who flock to gaze on the noble works of our greatest painter; the mob of eager listeners at the performances of our magnificent choral societies, where the appeal is to no false taste, but solely to the intelligence which can understand and enjoy the highest and best in Art.

We conclude by giving some idea of the true duties of a popular critic; on which point, as we have before observed, we cannot agree with all our critical brethren. We think his object should obviously be to guide popular taste aright in all those matters in which, for want of careful cultivation and technical knowledge, it is apt to be warped and strained by

sudden impulse, to mistake tinsel for true metal, impudence for energy and courage, folly for simplicity, crude complexity for deep learning, and so forth. To accomplish this task, he must be eyes and ears for those who are without them; he must see and listen with intelligence, praise and condemn with boldness and sincerity, and give his reasons for both with the utmost plainness that a conscientious accuracy will permit. As a general rule, no great artist, whether painter or musician, makes a good critic for the people. His attention is too much occupied by theories and the mechanism of his art;—he thinks in a groove. On the other hand, no man is fit to decide for others unless he has a sufficiently practical knowledge of technicalities to understand and appreciate the means by which the works he criticises have been produced. But as much as possible these technical details should be kept to himself. The less he talks about mahlsticks, chiara-oscuro, and tonings down, the better it will answer his purpose; he can say all that is right and proper about a sonata, a symphony, or even an oratorio, without one single diminished seventh or superfluous octave embarrassing his pen, or driving his readers into despair. We do not under-estimate the deep, thoughtful, and suggestive labours of many well-known critical writers; but these, though most valuable and necessary to the student, are nevertheless caviare to the million. It is with the latter that the popular critic has to deal; and he will treat them but scurvily if he makes what should be but a simple lesson for their guidance an ill-timed occasion for the display of his own recondite attainments. Finally, let him guard strictly against that most abominable custom of importing religious forms and phrases into his critical strictures which defaces the disquisitions of more than one distinguished modern author. Art enjoys the privilege of serving Religion; but it is a scandalous abuse to pretend to force Religion into the service of Art.

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#### MEMORIALS OF THE PENAL LAWS.

IN undertaking to lay before Catholics a selection of the multitudinous documents connected with the forcible suppression of our religion in this country (which are preserved in the various public libraries of this kingdom), we are setting ourselves a task, the interest and utility of which is, we

flatter ourselves, too plain to need many words from us. At a time when each district of the kingdom has its own antiquarian society, when every tombstone has its readers, every brass its rubbers, every coat-of-arms its amateur herald, every old story its chronicler; when museums greedily buy up old bills, old newspapers, old deeds, old any thing, out of which a tittle of evidence can be collected about such interesting facts as what was the price of coals in the time of Elizabeth, what was the rent of "a certain close or paddock called Long Acre," in which some alderman perhaps of the time of Charles II. kept the two kine which supplied his suburban residence with milk; what cosmetics our great-grandmothers chiefly affected, who were the doctors they employed, and how much they paid the barbers who erected the many-storied towers of their voluminous head-dresses;—when such questions as these occupy the whole mind and attention of hundreds of inquirers, and entertain for some minutes the eyes, if not the minds, of thousands of readers, it is surely not too much to expect that the records of the sufferings of our ancestors in the faith should meet with a corresponding attention from Catholics; for, after all, how different is the worth of the scraps of information enumerated above and of that which we propose to publish! Those little fussy bits of antiquarianism all end in themselves; neither material nor moral science is advanced a single inch by a million of them. They are curious, and that is all that can be said for them; they may sometimes serve to point the moral of an article in the *Times*, when that journal wishes to compare our present light with the benighted ignorance of our forefathers,—but beyond this they are good for no earthly purpose, except to enrich the publisher of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, or the editor of *Notes and Queries*, or to foster a spirit that would sink the historian in the genealogist, and the philosopher in a chronicler of the weather. They are all about pills and pigments, and such small facts as have perished in the using or doing of them: but our inquiries are about facts that have life and vitality in them still. When the Catholic squire or yeoman paid his apothecary or his coal-merchant, he performed an act of ordinary honesty which deserves but little praise, and less record: but when he stood up in court, and endured the contumely of upstart fanatics, the loss of his estate, the ruin of the prospects of his family, the filthy dungeon, the rack and the gallows, rather than renounce his religion, he did an act which the recording angel wrote down with an Alleluia on his lips,—a deed which continually cries out to the just God for mercy or for vengeance, and which, like a seed sown in a good soil, shall in its own

time most certainly germinate and fructify. Such facts are living, not dead. It is not a mere antiquarian repertory that they fill, but a martyrology. If we only gave the catalogue of the names of those who endured the loss of all things rather than defile their conscience, it would not, it ought not to be a mere dry list like that of the Post-Office Directory;—it should be like a list of victories to the old soldier; like a catalogue of the names of those who fell at Inkerman to the British patriot. It should be still more; it should be somewhat similar to the Litany of the Saints, or the columns of the glorious record of the martyrology. While we read them, we should remember that each name is probably written in the book of life; that these are our fathers in the faith, through whose prayers our miserable remnant\* still continues faithful, and whose merits have gained for us whatever expansion we can now boast. We should think how one day we shall stand apart while this noble army is called over name by name in our hearing. We should think how we shall see these men and women one by one in their glorified bodies approach the Judge, one by one receive the palm-branch, the sceptre, and the royal robe; while we wait for our turn, happy if our paltry sacrifices and cool zeal procure for us the last and least of the places beneath their feet, to be their servants and their handmaids for ever in the courts of the house of God!

Such is the religious aspect of these documents. But they have practical values in our eyes not much inferior. In the first place, a study of the records of the persecution will do much to explain the otherwise unaccountable religious character of the English peasantry. How is it that this race, so sensible, so persevering, with such admirable qualities, even with a religiosity which surprised and charmed the ladies who made such sacrifices to nurse the sick and wounded soldiers in the East,—so independent moreover, and high-spirited and proud, so moved by the burden of their national song, “Britons never will be slaves,” yet at the same time so gentle, so easy to be governed, so submissive to authority,—how is it that in religion alone this race should have no fixed principles except that of change; no perseverance, no sense, no humility; and yet, unaccountable mixture! should be characterised by servility in religious matters which sells its faith for a loaf, and at the same time, by a shy kind of pride which keeps them separate from the higher classes, which holds them aloof from all attempts to evangelise them except by means of illiterate fanatics who spring from the midst of

\* This was written some months before the last Number of the *Dublin Review* appeared.

them, and impresses indelibly upon them that stupidity and dullness in religious matters which make the English peasants such hopeless pagans in the eyes of those who have ever attempted to enlighten them? European society has been well said to be incarnate history. Great events leave their impressions on the fibres of society as surely as the water and the fire leave their traces in the strata and the rocks of the earth. The religious character of the English peasantry is the incarnation of the religious history of the people of England. There is not a characteristic in the contradictory complication of attributes which forms it that may not be explained historically; each callosity and bruise and wound bears the unmistakable mark of the chain or weapon that inflicted it, and is a record of the persecution and the cruelty by which first ignorance and then Protestantism were enforced upon them. But to construct a history of the Reformation from these traces would require the ingenuity of an interpreter of the Apocalypse, and the labour would result in as great an uncertainty; it would be a mere hypothesis, as little to be depended upon *à priori* as a phrenologist's character drawn up after due inspection of bumps. It would be like a restoration of a many-sided seal from an impression of one face of it. Here therefore we shall see the value of these records; we have the impression in the religious character of the people of England; we have the seal in the records of the administration of the penal laws; we have only to compare the seal with the impression in order to identify beyond all controversy the cause from which the effect had its origin. We shall be able to trace the persecution gradually imprinting all the present characteristics on the mind of the English peasant; and at last presenting him to the world in all the bizarre deformity of his religious intelligence. We shall also perhaps learn to judge him with more indulgence, to make allowances for his brutality; and this new charity may perhaps discover how to reverse the process of his brutalisation, and once more to verify the saying of St. Gregory, *non Angli sed Angeli forent, si modo essent Christiani*.

Another practical good that may arise from the publication of these documents is, the rectification of our ideas of history. There is a feeling abroad, that all historians are to be profoundly mistrusted; that the only truth-tellers are the bare unsophisticated records which exist among our government archives. A learned German, Dr. Pauli, is slowly plodding on with an English history, which he is writing on this principle: Mr. Froude, in his late remarkable romance, professes to follow it as his one guide. If we can but get

Protestants to read a few of the records of the means by which their religion was established—records which emanated from themselves, and have been preserved by them—what a different notion they will have of the arguments by which the Reformation was introduced and carried through! What a peculiar light such a study will throw on apothegms like that of the *Times* (Oct. 3, 1856), “The great mass of English religious intelligence has, from the religious data before it, gathered a Protestant conclusion,” when we find that these data were first the enforced ignorance, and then the racks, dungeons, halters, and sequestrations, by which the Elizabethan tradition was imposed on the masses of the population! Truly they seem preserved for the resurrection of a truth that has been bled to death by the pens of heretical historians!

Then, again, consider the use that may be made of the information that can be collected. Not a fine was inflicted, not an imprisonment enforced, but a record of it was preserved in the proper office—and may still probably, after due search, be found; with a given amount of labour we may find the names of all who suffered for religion in every village and town in England, the value of the goods which were confiscated, of the lands which were seized to the use of the crown, the informations, the indictments, the prosecutions, the imprisonment, first probably in the house of some parson or well-known Protestant, whose “conferences” the recusant had to endure a certain number of times a week; whence, on his continued obstinacy, he would be removed to the gaol, where he would die, or from which, after some ten years, he would be released a ruined man, to make room for the multitudes who were ready to take his place. Records of all these things exist; and only the industry of Catholics is requisite to collect, classify, and copy them. Then what an arm will they furnish to the controversialist! He may go into a village, and call round him the Woodcocks, Stubbs, Cooks, Hodges, the pauper labourers of the village, show them that their ancestors were once substantial yeomen of the place, living in that English comfort which the chief-justice of the fifteenth century (Gascoigne) so well describes, and holding fast to their old religion, when one day they were called up before the next justice of the peace, who was perhaps the squire, enriched by the spoils of some neighbouring abbey, and fined say 160*l.* for not having been to the church for the last eight months; that under the pressure of this impossible imposition they fled away, that their lands were seized and sold, their goods dispersed and confiscated, themselves soon after committed to gaol as vagrants, if they

did not die under the hedges; and their children brought up to curse the religion of their parents, and to till for hire as pauper labourers the lands which in justice they owned. Such an argument as this is intelligible to minds which are callous to all other "religious data." This mode of dealing was the argument by which Protestantism was established; the record of the fact we may hope will turn out to be an argument tending to the overthrow of that hateful system.

Many a side-blow too, we hope and trust, will be dealt by these documents to other things which our soul hateth. One of the pests of modern literature, it appears to us, is the controversial novel; that delightful way of so mixing truth and fiction, that the reader may fix the limits of the two just where he pleases; that new means of persuading men to a certain conclusion, by introducing a needless uncertainty into the premiss. There are facts stranger than fiction, and authentic narratives more stirring than any invented stories. These ancient histories may at first seem something strange and foreign; but the more intensely we read, the more our thoughts are engaged and our feelings warmed: and the history of those ancient men becomes, as it were, our own history; their sufferings our sufferings; their joys our joys. Without this sympathy history is a dead letter, and might as well be burnt and forgotten; while if it is once enlivened by this feeling, it appeals not only to the antiquarian, but to the heart of every man.

Having thus briefly stated our reasons for the work we have undertaken, and our expectations of its utility, we may as well go on to state what we wish to guard against. Of all things we dislike, dry dusty antiquarianism is one of our greatest aversions. It appears to us to be a mental deformity, analogous to the corporeal one of having one's head placed on one's shoulders hind-side before. To have eyes behind may have its advantages; we do not deny that Janus had certain prerogatives and conveniences attached to his unique dignity,

*"Solus de superis qui sua terga videt."*

He was able, says Persius, effectually to overawe all rude little boys who are wont to follow fat gentlemen unlikely to display great agility in turning, whose waddle they imitate, and in derision of whom they loll the tongue and apply the thumb to the nose—

*"O Jane, a tergo quem nulla ciconia pinsit,  
Nec manus auriculas imitata est mobilis albas,  
Nec linguae tantum, sitiatis canis Appula quantum."*

But then Janus had a front face as well as a hind face, and

did not lose the present while he surveyed the past. Such an endowment is impossible to ordinary mortals; Providence, which has limited our eyes to two, has provided that they shall both be in front; we cannot have one before and one behind; to look back, we must turn our heads, and for the moment lose sight of the present. But let it be only for a moment; for if we get ourselves fixed in that position, we are fit for nothing more practical than the work of the poor love-lorn sailor, whose

“—head was turned, and so he chewed  
His pigtail till he died.”

Like him, we shall unfit ourselves for any thing but to live in the past, and to seek, like parasitical insects, a precarious subsistence in the dusty periwigs of our deceased ancestors.

And yet, how difficult it is for an individual or a people, who, by force of circumstances, by natural decay, or external violence, is obliged to subside from a state of activity into one of passiveness, to avoid casting this longing, lingering look behind, and to feed the intellect on the empty memory of former deeds! The old soldier, the fallen politician, the defeated party, the subjugated people, each sets up as *laudator temporis acti*; each becomes an enthusiast for the past age of its activity, even to the utter oblivion of the present and the future. We English Catholics are in danger of falling into this mental imbecility; the circumstances amidst which we live are those most likely to encourage and to develop this mode of thought. A small minority among the millions of our race, inactive among the active, uninfluential amid those who direct the destinies of the world,—what have we to boast of but our past glories? On what can our memory dwell with perfect pleasure but on the ages when, instead of being sectarians in society, we were “the people of England;” when we gave the tone to its thought, the direction to its influence, the strength to its arm? No wonder that we lean back in the arms of the past, and yearn towards “the ages of faith.” No wonder that we praise their system, their institutions, and their art; no wonder that we become enthusiasts even for their puerilities and their deformities; that we come to love the tobacco-pipe columns, the distorted saints, and dark corners of Gothic architecture, as well as its real beauties, its graceful forms, and bold constructions—the mystery of its vaults, and the breadth and amplitude of its cathedrals. It is not to be wondered at if some of us become as narrow-minded as the classical enthusiasts of the Renaissance, and in a different sphere imitate their exclusiveness and their prejudice. As their heads were filled with the idea that the

creative power of the human mind had exhausted itself in the great works of Greece and Rome, so some of us may be led to fancy that there can be no improvement on the works of the middle ages; and may be in danger, like them, of making ourselves, by our blind enthusiasm, the pests of science, literature, and art. When a man can no longer gather inspiration from the objects that surround him; when the writer is as it were a stranger, who feeds only on memories and imaginations, who lives in an ideal world, and has neither point of contact nor sentiment of fraternity with living men; when the accents of his eloquence are no longer the *explosion* of nature, but only something systematic and conventional, a cold echo of what was said a few centuries ago,—the words may be abundant and sonorous, but the spirit is smitten with barrenness. An uncritical admiration of antiquity for its own sake would land us in Druidism, or something still more barbarous; logically it ought to sigh for a state of things like that wherein the skin-clad Adam had to subdue the thorns and thistles of the earth with such implements as he could contrive out of broken sticks and sharp stones. *Æsthetically* we do not see that it can produce any thing much more practical than a perhaps melodious, but certainly melancholy, dirge upon the supposed death of an imaginary golden age, but no wise resolution for the present, no deep and far-sighted plans for the future.

Therefore, we repeat, we do not publish these documents in a mere antiquarian spirit; we are not solicitous to preserve the spelling and punctuation; we desire to rouse living feelings, indignation, zeal, love to our noble predecessors, even that love perhaps which would lead us to take measures for the exalting of some of their names into the Calendar of Saints. We are desirous, by publishing these specimens, to raise some little enthusiasm among our young Catholics—enough to induce them to join with us in our laborious occupation; to make generally known to those who may possess any ancient records the work we have undertaken, so that our little beginnings may, please God, be the nucleus of an association which in time may deserve the title of English Bollandists.

We had written thus far some months ago, when we thought that we should do more wisely to put off our preface till we had made some advance in the work which we had undertaken. We therefore threw this by, and only found it by an accident. We publish it now because some expressions in it throw light on what we meant in a notice, the inno-

cent wording of which has drawn down upon us an attack, the injustice of which has, we own, pained us deeply, and which we have briefly noticed in another article. This paper was written about the same time, and by the same person, as the notice in question; and as we can assure our readers that we have not altered a word of it, it will serve as proof, if any were wanted, that the expressions used here as well as there were not intended in the sense assumed by the Dublin reviewer.

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## Reviews.

### THE RAMBLER AND THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

WHEN there is any danger of a great scandal ensuing, it is at all times better to suffer wrong patiently than to resist it violently, and to expose it clamorously. This consideration, and not any acquiescence in certain unjust and uncharitable misrepresentations of the *Rambler* in the late Number of the *Dublin Review*, induces us to refrain from all retaliation on the present occasion, with the simple protest that for ourselves we have always hated and detested any line of conduct which tends to the separation of old and new Catholics; that we have never allowed our thoughts to dwell on any comparisons between them; and that nothing was farther from our intentions or our expressed meaning than such an unwise contrast. We recognise any jealousy of the kind as the great danger of our position; and we fully subscribe to any possible invectives against its meanness, injustice, and folly. And in proportion to this our hatred of the crime, is our internal sorrow and indignation at the accusation of our having committed it. The very thought of it was so far from us, that it never entered our heads to examine whether our words could be interpreted to imply it; and we cannot help thinking that any person as free from such prepossessions as ourselves would have passed over our expressions without dreaming of attaching any such invidious meaning to them.

The accusation is made against two of our writers. We will not attempt to justify all the expressions of the notice of Dr. Brownson's review, which we published in our October Number; possibly the writer was too much elated with the praises of the great American, and too sore about certain clamours that had lately been raised against him. But still, let us be attacked for what we did say, not for what we did

not say. Dr. Brownson invited us to break with medievalism. We replied that we could not afford it. We compared America generally with "England, and especially the little remnant of Catholic England,"—the former as having no medieval traditions, the latter as formed upon them, and living by them. The contrast was between the society of the new continent and that of the old country, especially that small part of it which still clings to the ancient faith. We never had the remotest thought of dividing the faithful into two parties, the old and the new; still less of "twitting the old Catholics." No one can pretend to assert that the converts are less "medieval" than the others; to construe an attack on medievalism into an attack upon these persons is a very indefensible piece of false criticism.

Again, a special defect was imputed to the writers of the *Rambler* by Dr. Brownson, namely, want of breadth and comprehension in their views of the necessity of disencumbering themselves of the obsolete forms of the middle ages. They replied, that this is to be attributed not to their want of conviction of the truth which Dr. Brownson enunciates, but to their "inability to write in a masterly manner." Hereupon the Dublin reviewer accuses them of charging "the Catholic public with an incapacity of appreciating their productions."

Again, we said that it was *sometimes* proposed to us as the condition on which our publication would be encouraged, that we should provide insipid milk-and-water for our readers, —or, to use the published language of one of these monitors, that we should confine ourselves to "disseminating light, interesting, and safe reading." Hereupon we are accused of declaring that the whole Catholic body is so low in the scale of intellect, that it can only be satisfied with lies and trash. We never said, or implied, or thought of, any such absurdity.

We certainly enlarged upon this sweet theme of "milk-and-water and sugar," and described the way of treating history and philosophy which it implies: cooking history by suppressing, denying, or covering with the dust of irrelevant statistics all that may make against us; cooking philosophy by pretending that science is smoothing our difficulties, instead of (what it is really attempting) increasing them; and defending whatever is done in Catholic countries, as if the Catholic Church had done it. But did we accuse the Catholic public of compelling us to do this? Rather did we not appeal to the Catholic public against those who by their clamours appeared to be attempting to force us into that "safe" line? To whom did we write the obnoxious sentences? to Dr. Brownson, by way of showing him that his

advice was impossible to be followed? or to the Catholic public, asking them to support us in our protest against such monitors? Did we intend any insult to those to whom we were appealing? Common sense forbids the bare supposition.

This misrepresentation of our fault has enabled the reviewer to fasten another untrue accusation upon us: we allude to his bitter charge against us for our supposed estimation of ourselves, with his ironical admission of our unparalleled capacities. All this is mere misinterpretation of what we did say. We laughed, rather too loudly perhaps, at the hushing-up system; and protested against the incubation of persons who dread the public discussion of matters which they know to be the subject of anxious thought in private. We claimed, perhaps too positively, a right to express our profound interest on the great topics of the day, which, in spite of all surveillance, will more or less modify Catholic thought; to give them the measure of attention and study which we could afford; to say what we had to say about them to our fellow-Catholics and fellow-countrymen; and in the absence of others who would do it better, or indeed at all, to print and publish our own ideas, in the hope that they would not be utterly and entirely worthless. We claimed for ourselves and all Catholics, without thinking of drawing any line, the right to think, and to express our thoughts, on all subjects, so long as we did not impugn revealed truth. The reviewer may object to our claim, and prove it inadmissible; but he should not try to dispose of it by representing it to be that which it is not,—the drawing a line between ourselves and the general body of Catholics; between writers and readers; between ourselves as the wise instructors, and all the rest as the ignorant persons to be instructed. Such an interpretation of our words is both invidious and false.

Our second writer has been even more unfairly treated than the former one. There might have been some imprudence in that case; but what has this writer done? Yet the Dublin reviewer has pointed out an article of his as tending to produce divisions among Catholics, not only by dogmatically dividing them into marked classes of croakers and *couleur-de-rose* men, but by damping the energies of the laborious worker by a perpetual fault-finding. By way of showing that the *Rambler* is thus guilty, he quotes the opening sentences of a paper on education; and then proceeds to glorify the *Dublin* for having from the first used the very brightest colours of the rouge-pot for all Catholic matters. But surely this truth might have been announced without being propped up with the insinuation that *our* black souls de-

lighted in croaking. He need not have stopped short at exactly that point in our article which enabled him to pervert its meaning to the very opposite of that which its writer really expressed. In the very next sentences our contributor actually does, and does well and brilliantly, the very thing which the *Dublin Review* attacks him for not doing. We will not quote from our own pages; we will only ask the reader to turn to our Number for last November, and to read the first half of the second page as the proof of our assertion.

There is another sentence of the *Dublin Review* which we can scarcely trust ourselves to quote: "The writers (of the *Rambler*) do not attempt to throw themselves into the true position of Catholics. *They stand aloof, and do not share the real burden of Catholic labour.*" Does the reviewer mean this as an attack upon us as writers, or as private persons? If in the former sense, let him show, for instance, to what subjects the *Dublin* applies more real labour than we do to our articles on the sufferings of Catholics under the penal laws. In the second case, we beg to ask what the writer knows of our private life; and if he knows about it, what right he has to violate its secrets in the pages of a Review? If the charge is false, modesty forbids us to expose its falsehood; if it is true, surely charity ought to have prevented its being published in that form.

But even though we had been ten times more imprudent than we had shown ourselves to be, could not the grave truths which the writer of the *Dublin* descants upon be asserted without raking up forgotten controversies, investing them with fresh meanings, and recalling attention to that which is at the same time declared to be better forgotten? The stream of periodical literature is so rapid, that a controversy is carried out of sight and memory in a couple of months. If we had inflicted a wound upon Catholic society, that wound was long since healed; if it is opened afresh, it is not we that have done it, but those remarks of the *Dublin*, of which we may safely say that they are of a kind to create the very evils which they affect to deplore. Surely peace need not have been recommended in terms of war, nor love and charity preached by means of misrepresentations and cutting irony. We will not enlarge upon this painful theme, lest we should be provoked into the retaliation which we feel would be so easy, but at the same time so deplorable. We will only hope that in future we may all find it possible to argue against one another's supposed mistakes without personality or perversion of truth. And as the *Dublin Review* has quoted texts of Scripture against us and in its own

favour, we will end by requesting that the next time we are accused of committing a fault, instead of being censured in a manner to which charity forbids us to make the obvious reply, we may be treated more in accordance with the following injunction: "If thy brother shall offend against thee, go and rebuke him between thee and him alone. If he shall hear thee, thou shalt gain thy brother. And if he will not hear thee, take with thee one or two more . . . And if he will not hear them, tell the Church."

Instead of this, we wake one fine morning, and find ourselves blazoned forth to the whole Catholic world as guilty of a fault which we never dreamed of, and of which we did not know that any one accused us; and held up to the ridicule of our brethren as busybodies who never attempt to do any thing but find fault—half-Protestants, croakers, so wise in our own estimation that we fancy ourselves the destined instructors of the whole human race, and such supine Catholics that we refuse to take our places in the body among our brethren, or to bear our fair share of their burdens. And all this said with such circumstances as would make it an odious, reckless, and selfish thing in us to insist upon our right to retaliate.

#### MODERN ANGLICANISM—"THE UNION."

THAT our readers may fully comprehend the remarks we are about to offer, we beg, *in limine*, to request them to read carefully the following "correspondence" from Rome, and the paragraph of English news which we append to the Roman letter:

##### "ITALY.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Rome, Dec. 22.

During the Advent season a large number of strangers have arrived here, many of whom are English. Although the weather was remarkably cold in the early part of the month, the mountains around being partially covered with snow, yet now the air is extremely mild again, and the temperature of an ordinary degree,—a change likely to be very acceptable to those who propose sojourning here during the winter months. Cardinal Morlot, Archbishop of Tours; Dr. Errington, the English Archbishop of Trebizonde; the Bishop of Séez; Mr. Egerton, M.P., and Lady Charlotte Egerton; Mr. G. Dundas, M.P.; Lady Gibson Carmichael; the Hon. Col. Percy; and the Hon. Mrs. Bathurst, are amongst the recent arrivals.

On the Feast of St. Andrew the Holy Father bore the Blessed Sacrament from the Sistine Chapel, and placed It for the forty hours' adoration upon a jewelled throne under a brilliant canopy in the Chapel of St. Paul.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception was celebrated with much dignity and great rejoicing. The city was partially illuminated on both the evenings of the 7th and 10th. The Pope went to the Church of the Holy Apostles for the first vespers; and there were Masses, services, and sermons at all the churches here. The faithful generally observed the feast with very great devotion. The students (many of them English) of the Collegio Pio have subscribed towards the purchase of an elaborate banner in honour of Mary, now placed over the altar of their chapel. It is a very truthful copy of a beautiful Madonna by a German artist, whose name I forget.

There have been special Advent services, and quasi-retreats at many churches here. The well-known Father Pettitot has attracted many hearers by his powerful appeals and able oratorical powers. He is, it is reported, to preach a course of sermons during Lent. Dr. Fergusson, at the Church of St. Claudio, delivered a striking series of discourses on the Four Last Things. There were at times many Protestants present, who behaved, when I was there, a trifle more reverently than such are accustomed to do. Dr. Manning has arrived, not in very good health, and is to preach immediately after Christmas. He comes, I am informed, to make final arrangements with reference to the opening of a church in the north-west of London, of which he is to be the directing priest.

A very interesting order has just been issued by the cardinal-vicar in regard to the style of music and the bearing of the choir-men, &c., in the parish churches here. 'It is our wish (he enjoins) that no music should be used in churches, save and except vocal music of the style of Palestrina, with the sole accompaniment of the organ, and of that grave and severe style so meritoriously adopted in the most ancient churches.' Noisy instruments, theatrical music, useless repetition of words, and indistinct pronunciation, are all condemned.

Some of your clergy at home might benefit by a perusal of this valuable document. I will try and send it to you in my next packet.

A solemn *triduo* of thanksgiving for the recent escape of the King of Naples was celebrated on the 12th at the Cathedral of the Holy Apostles. It was very numerously attended; but the *Te Deum* at the Minerva Church on Thursday the 18th was a much more imposing solemnity. Cardinal Antonelli, with the great majority of the Sacred College, Queen Christina, the Duchess of Saxony, and a crowd of Roman *illustrissimi*, were present. The Ambrosian hymn was chanted by the choir of the Papal choir with most touching beauty, and the whole celebration was deeply affecting.

I understand that his Holiness has addressed an autograph letter to the Emperor Napoleon, imploring him to refrain from encouraging

the revolutionary party at Naples by adding to the grave complications of the Neapolitan question.

A piece of scandal is current to the effect that Cardinal Alfieri has taxed his Eminence the Vicar-General with permitting the exportation of corn from Terracina for purposes of personal gain. I only allude to it to assure you that it is an unmitigated calumny."

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"A case of most unjustifiable proselytism has recently occurred at Winchester. The circumstance of three Italians in the city gaol, waiting for execution, seems to have been turned to account by putting all possible obstacles in the way of the access of a priest of their own persuasion, whilst their cells were thrown open to the chaplain and an 'Italian Protestant gentleman,' with a view of unsettling such traces as might yet remain of the faith of their childhood. What form of religion is implied in the term, an 'Italian Protestant gentleman,' we do not know; but his efforts were so far successful, that one of the three made his confession of faith in the shape of a sufficiently parrot-like and Protestant piece of claptrap. Of the other two, one had not been confirmed; and on his desiring to receive that sacrament, Dr. Grant, the Bishop of Southwark, went down and administered it."

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"We have seen most of this before," say our readers; "not exactly in the same words, but in some Catholic paper or other, though we cannot call to mind precisely when or where. But surely it was hardly worth quoting, now that the news is stale. It is a piece of plain, straightforward Catholic intelligence; interesting enough at the time, but no more remarkable than what one reads nearly every week that passes."

The reader will, however, be not a little surprised when we add that these quotations are taken from *The Union*, a new newspaper, published within the borders of the Established Church of England. They are the writings of men who, strictly speaking, are "Protestants," though certainly the term would not popularly be applied to them; and who are denounced by their own brethren as being every thing that is odious, false, hypocritical, papistical, and jesuitical;—nay, as being perhaps actual Papists and Jesuits, clothed in subtle disguise.

That in the present condition of popular feeling it could have been supposed possible to carry on a newspaper with these latter views, we should certainly have thought quite out of the question. The proprietors of *The Union* are evidently of a different opinion, and accordingly they have made their venture. Whether they will succeed no one can tell; but we honestly say that we wish them all success. They will not be damaged by such an expression of goodwill on the

part of an avowedly Popish periodical. The purely Protestant press will be sufficiently disgusted at their own statements, without needing to be enlightened as to their detestable enormities by the approbation of "Romanist" writers. Indeed, the fact that we thus openly express ourselves about them may possibly convince some tremulous old lady, or some scared Evangelical, that *The Union* is not, after all, the production of a cunning Jesuit, employed by that old pagan the Pope to ensnare souls in this pious land of England. It would be evident bad policy in "Papists" to speak too plainly on the proceedings of their fellow-conspirators. Hence it may be argued, that however wicked, scandalous, deceitful, *et cetera*, may be the conductors of *The Union*, they are probably not *really* Jesuits, or Dominicans, or in any way personally commissioned by the Pope of Rome.

But now let us explain what we mean when we say that we wish the conductors of *The Union* all success. How, in any consistency, can we so speak of men whose avowed aim is what theirs is? Their aim appears a distinct one—to maintain those doctrines commonly called distinctively "Roman"—of course with the exception of the doctrine of the Papal Supremacy—and at the same time to remain members of the Protestant Establishment. And their method has hitherto been this: to speak of us as if they were our recognised brethren in the faith; to use our phraseology; to adopt our ideas as far as may be; to go to Rome, and write just as if they were practically in communion with the Church there; to criticise English religious affairs as nearly as possible as we should criticise them; to write of our Bishops and clergy as friends and neighbours; in a word, to adopt towards the "Church of Rome" and her children identically the same system as that practised by the extreme Evangelical section of the Establishment towards the Baptists, Independents, and other Protestant sects. In what an inimitable way they propose to do this may be gathered from the sentence which concludes the paragraph we have quoted on the proselytising case at Winchester, and runs as follows: "Had such a wish been expressed among ourselves, the answer would probably have been received from the episcopal chaplain, stating that his lordship's next triennial confirmation tour would take place in the spring of 1858."

How, then, can we wish success to such a paper as this?

We wish them success, because we hope that in time this success will lead them on to another success, of which they perhaps little dream. We rejoice to see that a sufficient hold of certain elementary Catholic truths is still maintained

by members of the Church of England to make it even a possibility to obtain adequate circulation for a journal which dares to speak its mind. Impossible as we find it to do otherwise than class in one category all persons who refuse practically to obey the Pope, we do not for a moment deny that the differences in detail among them are very great; that while many are so heretical that it is difficult to detect in their opinions a single iota of the faith of St. Peter and St. Paul, others have never let go their hold of the great doctrines which, mixed up in inextricable confusion with the extravagancies and abominations of Lutheranism, are found in the Prayer-Book of the Anglican Church. In former days, before Puseyism began, a large number of the old-fashioned clergy and their followers believed in the dogmas of the apostolical succession, in creeds as such, and in sacramental grace: in a misty, vague, illogical way, it is true; but still in a sufficiently sincere degree to make them the objects of the contemptuous attacks of Dissenters and Evangelicals. In such men as these, when their baptism was rightly administered, and their lives were pure, the Catholic had no difficulty in recognising fit subjects for the doctrine of what we term "invincible ignorance;" he trusted that their errors were involuntary, and he regarded them as "crypto-Catholics."

But now things have changed. Puseyism has placed the logical consequences of old-fashioned Church-of-Englandism before the eyes of a younger generation in a manner which renders "invincible ignorance" more difficult to a sincere man. That quiet jog-trot spirit of humdrum, which kept the sleepy old mind of respectable England in its profound acquiescence in the perfections of the Establishment, is to a great extent a thing of the past. Men have been forced to look truths and logical results in the face, with a directness that would have abruptly shortened the days of the genuine old country-parson. With this advance in thought, an increase in responsibility has necessarily come too. The sun has shone into the faces of so many thousands, that when a man does not see, it is difficult to believe that it is not simply because he chooses to close his eyes. Hence, of all people whose moral condition is at once a strange phenomenon and a source of sorrow to the Catholic, there are few like those whose ideas are represented in this new periodical. To us, accustomed to such a totally different system of action, there often seems something stupendously unreal and insincere in the language of a man who can write of the Pope as does *The Union* correspondent. We can hardly conceive how an honest man can force himself to believe that by talking as if

he were in communion with the Pope, he would actually place himself in such communion. It looks so like affectation and humbug, that it requires some little consideration to treat those who adopt these fashions with the respect which is due to all honest men, whoever they may be.

Nevertheless it is undeniable that, of all the odd, queer, heterogeneous, incomprehensible compounds which exist in nature, there is none like that mysterious entity which we call the mind of a man. It is a strange enough mixture of the petty and the noble, of the sincere and the tricky, even in those who, through happy circumstances or force of character, are the most consistent of our race. But when it comes to the man or the woman of ordinary mark, what a marvellous combination of things admirable and vile do we present to the analysis of the satirist and the critic! *A priori* theorising on what such fantastic creatures will do in any great circumstances is fruitless. We cannot judge one another except by the light of facts already past and thoroughly investigated.

We hold, therefore, that any indiscriminating censure of the "Anglo-Romanist" party—to call them by the most appropriate name we can devise—grounded on the idea that men who know so much must really know still more, would be altogether unjust. The past history of many a man, now at length comprehended, forbids the idea. Large is the list of persons who in former times have themselves been chargeable with these very affectations, shams, and unrealities,—with this very same apparently wilful blindness; and who, having now opened their eyes to the logical absurdities of their old theories, still maintain that it was all *bonâ fide*, and that, when they seemed to be mere selfish *dilettanti*, trifling with the most awful and tremendous truths, they were in fact possessed with an intense sense of responsibility, and yearning for a knowledge of their duty only that they might do it. What these have been, others may be, and doubtless are. The Anglo-Romanist phase of theological progress is, we are confident, in many instances simply the sign of a hearty, though half-informed, conviction that Protestantism is not Christianity. And whatever may be our own perceptions of the inconsistencies of men who *seem* thus wantonly to sport with heaven and hell, we would never meet them with taunts or ridicule, or deny them the expression of our sympathy in their struggles for what is good and true.

To the party, therefore, which this new newspaper represents we have only to say, *Try* whether these doctrines, which are the life and soul of that living Church which is in com-

munion with the Pope, can be wrought actually into the life of Anglicanism. Our books are open to you; our practices court the light of day; our church-functions are accessible all over the world; we ourselves, living English Catholics, speaking your tongue and knowing your circumstances, are to be encountered by every man who wishes to find us. Here is our religion, and here are we. There are many things in us which you do not understand; some doubtless which distress you, and some which shock you. You may be sometimes misunderstood, personally, by us; you may be more harshly dealt with than you consider that you deserve, perhaps even than you *do* deserve. Heed not this; follow your consciences; adopt all you can of our ideas, our practices, our books. If the world is against you, it matters nothing. If people call you hypocrites; and charge you with eating the bread of Protestantism while you are Papists at heart, pay no heed to them so long as your conscience has a different account to render to God. You have a tremendous problem to solve; you see that the united voice of mankind, whether Protestant or Catholic, is at any rate against *your* views; you are daring to do that from which millions would shrink. See, then, the frightful danger of trifling in such a case as this. Think what a pure sincerity of purpose is needed to bear you harmless through such a thicket of snares. You imagine yourselves called to a most extraordinary course; do not fly from it. If the "Church of Rome" can thus be easily made to glide into communion with the "Church of England," by all means make the trial. *We* tell you it cannot be; the great majority of your fellow-Anglicans tell you it cannot be. Heed them not, if you in your own hearts believe that it can.

Only,—we repeat once more; and no one, even of yourselves, will hesitate in this to agree with us,—recollect the inexpressibly momentous nature of the work you are attempting. The question between Rome and her opponents is not a question of æsthetics, or politics, or good taste, or nationality, or civilisation, or establishments, or literature, or personal feelings, or church-functions, or vestments, or music, or of fasting, or saints' days, or of natural morality, or of superficial historical difficulties, or of forms of prayer;—it is the question, whether a man can belong to the one Church which was founded by Jesus Christ, who refuses to recognise the indestructible *unity* of that Church as symbolised and effected by the supreme government of the Roman Pontiff.

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## Short Notices.

### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

*Reflections and Suggestions in regard to what is called the Catholic Press in the United States.* By the Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Archbishop of New York. (Dunigan and Brother.) Reprinted from *The Metropolitan* for December 1856. This pamphlet has been sent to us for review by the publisher. The author, after rebuking those pretended Catholic journals, which sacrifice their religion to their republicanism, and strive to perpetuate national jealousies of extraction in what should be the united mass of American citizenship, goes on, after a certain meed of praise, to criticise Dr. Brownson (who is said to hope rather too much from the development of a true American nationality) for the following passage in a most eloquent article which the able reviewer printed last October :

“These Catholic young men, who now feel that they have no place, and find no outlet for their activity, are the future, the men who are to take our places, and carry on the work committed to us. We must inspire them with faith in the future, and encourage them to live for it. Instead of snubbing them for their inexperience, mocking them for their greenness, quizzing them for their zeal, damping their hopes, pouring cold water on their enthusiasm, brushing the flower from their young hearts, or freezing up the well-springs of their life, we must renew our own youth and freshness in theirs, encourage them with our confidence and sympathy, raise them up if they fall, soothe them when they fail, and cheer them on always to new and nobler efforts. Oh, for the love of God and of man, do not discourage them, force them to be mute and inactive, or suffer them, in the name of Catholicity, to separate themselves from the country and her glorious mission.”

On this the archbishop says, “We confess our inability to comprehend or apprehend the meaning of this paragraph. . . . The Catholic young men in this country have had, so far as we know, every encouragement to realise the ideal of the eloquent reviewer. And it is a matter of great consolation to know that hundreds of them, even in this city, are co-operating in various ways to correspond with the programme laid down for them in the foregoing remarks. They are generally most active in promoting works of charity. Many of them belong to pious associations, Rosary-societies, the admirable association of St. Vincent de Paul, and other devout sodalities. But when or where or by whom they have been hindered from doing the work assigned them, or have had the ‘flower brushed from their young hearts,’ is quite a secret and a mystery to us.”

The pamphlet is instructive.

*An Elementary Greek Grammar, based on the latest German Edition of Kühner.* By Charles O’Leary, M.A., Professor of Greek in Mount St. Mary’s College, Maryland. (New York, Sadlier.) We cannot say that we are acquainted with all the improvements which have taken place in elementary Greek books since we learned that language from the old Eton grammar. We can only assert, therefore, that this is a wonderful advance on that manual; though we have heard that there is

an elementary work by a Mr. Geddes, a professor at Edinburgh, that is even better than this. Boys now-a-days may be taught philosophy and grammar at once, by being informed of the fundamental sense of each particle, its derivative meanings, and the causes and reasons of their derivation.

*Fundamental Philosophy.* By the Rev. James Balmez. Translated from the Spanish by Henry F. Brownson, M.A. 2 vols. (New York, Sadlier.) With an Introduction by Dr. Brownson. We have long been acquainted with this excellent work; but we received the present volumes too late to be able to give them any extended notice this month. We will therefore for the present content ourselves with saying that we know of no treatise on metaphysics that criticises and exposes the errors of modern philosophy so admirably as this. It is the greatest work of its author, and he is one of the five or six greatest writers whom the Church has produced in the present century. The translation is very well done; though there are several expressions which are either mistakes or Yankeeisms, with which we are unacquainted: these flaws, however, do not much damage the whole style.

*Aurora Leigh.* By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. (London, Chapman and Hall.) Mrs. Browning is a person who has taken up poetry not merely as an amusement, or even as a trade or profession, but as the religion of life. She has no notion that the age has gone by when the *vates* or bard was the inspired authority, the seer whom every one consulted in every difficulty, and whose rhythmical responses formed the basis of every science. In her eyes poets are "the only truth-tellers now left to God,—the only speakers of essential truth,—the only teachers who instruct mankind to find man's veritable stature out." Other men are engaged in "building pyramids, gauging railroads, reigning, reaping, dining, and dusting carpets;" while the poet is "crying to them with a voice of thunder, 'this is soul, this is life,' making them look up for an instant, and confess that carpet-dusting is, after all, not the imperative labour of life."

This we concede is the commission given to the true *vates*; but such a being makes but a rare appearance; the chair of Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Shakespeare is but rarely filled, or if filled, we are not ultramontanes enough to accept each edict and writ that comes from it, before it has received the sanction of the dispersed church of readers and listeners. The poet is not a poet because he says his own say, but because he says what we wish to say and cannot, because he expresses that which our lips have been vainly labouring to express, because he catches and fixes the fleeting vision which tantalises our souls, and flies from our peering eyes and clutching hands. The seal of the poet is popular acceptance; not the popularity of the hour, the offspring of the puffs and panegyrics of a party, but that silently growing love which leads men to quote his lines, to appropriate his phrases, and to adopt his expressions. Now to obtain this distinction he must have but one aim in view,—to speak truth, pertinent, universal truth, and not to be a mere posture-poet, a ballet-dancer of Parnassus. After all, carpet-beating is a prettier trade than attitudinising. Though it does not collect so great a crowd, nor excite so much wonder, to reap and to sow is a more respectable occupation than grin through a horse-collar. And herein lies the difficulty of poets now-a-days; as musicians feel that Handel has exhausted the simple phrases and successions that produce sublimity of effect; that Bach has for ever rendered hopeless any competition in his peculiar style of "thought-entangled descant;" that in rhythmical sequence, in

the unexpected yet perfect response, in power combined with delicacy, Beethoven has left nothing to be improved,—so poets seem to feel that all common truths, all the ordinary feelings of the heart, have been long ago expressed, and that they must either be silent, or if they are to speak, must, like Jullien and Wagner, make up by grimaces and noise what they want of true inspiration:—make up, did we say? there can be no substitute for the calmness and self-possession which characterise every great work. The fever-screams of nightingales are no substitute for their song, nor the skeletons of muses for their youthful beauty. It is in the struggle to seem greater than they are, that our poets become so preposterous. Modern life wants not its new aspects of truth, its new phases of thought, its new feelings and philosophies, which will one day be found a rich mine for a true poet, when at length a man arises who will look outside of himself with as little self-consciousness and introversion as the ballad-makers of the people, or the hymnographers of the medieval age. We see soul best, not in our own bosoms, but reflected in the face of society: copy that with artistic truth, and the true expression of soul will not be wanting. When poets desert this standard of truth, they strive to make up in exaggeration for their loss: just as in effete and depraved society expressions become less gross, and men seek to regain in words what they have lost in virtue; so when poetry has lost all its power, it seeks to regain by violence what it has lost in muscle.

What we want in the poet is, to express these new truths and feelings with unaffected propriety: not to speak like an act of parliament, with all the affectation of precision, and all the reality of confusion; but on the other hand, not to run riot in that unintelligible jargon whose clangour in most modern poets fills our ears with the din of the cymbals of Cybele. The poetical form is, as Victor Hugo says, a powerful dyke against the commonplace, which, like democracy, is always on the point of overflowing. An idea steeped in verse becomes suddenly more incisive and more brilliant—the iron becomes steel. As the voice, says Montaigne, when constrained within the narrow tube of a trumpet comes out with more force and effect, so a sentence, when compressed into poetical feet, breaks upon us more abruptly, and strikes us with more sudden shock. Hence poetry is the first language of childhood:

“What will a child learn sooner than a song?”\*

It expresses the first lisping of religion:

“Discret unde preces vatem ni musa dedisset?”†

(Whence would man learn to pray, unless the Muse had sent a bard?)

It is more powerful to teach than the sermon or the theological essay:

“The silenced preacher yields to potent strain.”‡

“Truth shines the brighter clad in verse,” says Swift. Poetry, says Cervantes, conveys love into hearts, and sense into souls. It is the charm, says Roscommon, which we use “heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse.” Even the lawyers allow it to be brought in as evidence, provided it does not contradict their enactments. “*Licetum est*,” say they, “*allegare dicta poetarum ubi juri non contradicunt*,”—the poets may be quoted when the law does not contradict them.

Now the question is, Are we to range Mrs. Browning among these true poets, or among the false ones?—among the mouth-pieces or the mouthers of this generation?

\* Pope.

† Horace.

‡ Pope.

And first, with regard to the truth she tells, she hardly comes up to her own estimate of the true poet. She appears to us like a dog that leaps at the morsel offered to him, but falls back without attaining it. Her intention seems good; she comes nearer the truth than most people; but at last she falls down to their level, and there for the present she remains. To continue our unfeminine illustrations, she has climbed the greased pole higher than her predecessors; and if she has failed to reach the prize at the top, at least the pole is *dégraissé*, and the climb rendered less slippery for the next aspirant. But for herself, she is still on the level, and speaks from the level. The "truth" that she tries to enforce on this generation is, the futility and unsatisfactory character of art, of business, of literature, of philanthropy, and even of religion; and she falls back to the assumption of the current philosophy, that the love of the sexes and matrimony is the centre and *summum bonum* of humanity. And this in an age when society seeks in vain to repress the brutality of husbands, when women are demanding independence, and when the legislature is thinking of repealing the laws of Christian wedlock in favour of a Pagan and Judaical right of divorce. Verily, as Voltaire says, "men seek to regain in words what they have lost in virtue." Wedded love, as it becomes rare upon earth, is proclaimed to be the essence of Christianity. This is the key-note of Mrs. Browning's poem; almost its opening phrase, as well as its closing cadence. Aurora's father sees a girl going in procession to her first communion, and falls in love—

"A face flashed like a cymbal on his face,  
And shook with silent clangour brain and heart,  
Transfiguring him to music. Thus, even thus,  
He too received his sacramental gift  
With eucharistic meanings; for he loved."

And Aurora at last, having tried all the mysteries of thought, finds that she must put up with her kinsman Romney, the disappointed "Christian socialist," and end all doubts and distresses in the religion of matrimony. Such is the beginning and end of the book; the middle is an impossible novel, contrived to carry Aurora and Romney through all the experiences and disappointments of modern theories, in order, by a process of exhaustion, to bring them to acknowledge at last the required truth. For the vulgar error into which Mrs. Browning relapses we have not much to say. But for the details of the poem, for the appreciation of the different phases of life and society, and for the approximate fairness with which she regards the Catholic religion, we confess that we have a real admiration. There is much in the poem that descends to the commonplace, even to twaddle and small-talk; but there is also much that shines like clusters of jewels.

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## Correspondence.

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*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

SIR,—In your December Number I notice that a correspondent, who signs himself "J. B. M.," is very severe upon theologians generally on account of their ignorance of etymology.

Four persons, however, fall under his censure by name: St. Augustine, St. Anastasius of Sinai, and Fathers Petavius and Passaglia; the last of whom has gone so far as to "affront the schoolboy knowledge" of the said correspondent.

Some of his criticisms I think are incorrect as to erudition, all as to good taste.

To begin with St. Augustine. He says something that "would have set the gravest synagogue in a roar." It is, that cherubim means "fulness of knowledge." "Whoever told him so was about as wise an etymologist as the boy who inferred that *brum* was a stick because *candela-brum* was a candlestick." Then J. B. M. proceeds to tell us how the mistake may have arisen originally. Some quiz of a Jew may have told the Christians "cherub" meant "*secundum multitudinem*," as if derived from "ca," *secundum*, and "rab," *multum*. The "bin" is easily accounted for, for "'bin' does mean knowledge in Hebrew." "The *secundum multitudinem* they spliced on to the *bin* for themselves. 'A lot of knowledge, as it were.' Why, it would have set the gravest synagogue in a roar!" But "bim is the real Hebrew," and the "plural termination." "Bin is a Chaldee one."

Here is "a lot of knowledge" in a vengeance!

The person who thus misled St. Augustine was St. Jerome, whose knowledge of Hebrew would not have "set any synagogue in a roar," and who is revered as an authority by the most celebrated Biblical scholars. We may judge of his mastery of the language from the single fact, that while his master was dictating the book of Tobias from the Chaldaic into the Hebrew tongue, St. Jerome, "*currente calamo*," rendered it into Latin from the Hebrew.

It was not likely, therefore, that this great man would have mistaken a Hebrew for a Chaldaic termination, much as he may have been tempted to translate cherubim "fulness of knowledge," because "bin" signifies "knowledge," especially as it does *not* mean knowledge, which "binah" does.

In l. 3 in Isaiam, c. vi., he thus writes: "*Seraphim plurali numero appellatur, et singulari seraph, sicut cherubim et cherub.*"

So much for plural terminations. Now for the meaning of the word.

Explaining the verse of Ezechiel, "*Et intellexi quia cherubim essent*," &c., he writes, "*Cherubim in lingua nostrâ scientiæ multitudo est*" (hence the plural number), "*notitia sacramentorum Dei, et thronus ejus.*" See l. 3. c. 10, on vv. 18, 19, 20.

St. Jerome knew not only the meaning but the *derivation* of the word, which has since been lost. Perhaps the living creatures signified "fulness of knowledge," because they were symbols of the four evangelists, and in the four gospels we have the "fulness of knowledge" which we have received "*ex plenitudine Christi*."

J. B. M., however, tells us *he* will "hazard a conjecture" as to the derivation of the word cherubim. "Cherub" comes from "rachab," it being customary, as he informs us, to invert letters in the Hebrew. According to this derivation, cherubim is the same as "hrescoobim," "chariot-seats."

I beg to remark upon this conjecture of J. B. M., that *he* runs a risk of "affronting our schoolboy knowledge" when he talks in this way, for beginners in Hebrew know that it may be found in any modern lexicon.\* We cannot, however, be surprised that etymologists are

\* For instance, Gesenius writes thus, "*Modo Semiticæ originis est hoc vocabulum, vel 'carab' litteris transpositis est pro 'racub' . . . vel,*" &c. See his *Thesaurus*. See also Winer and others.

not so dogmatical upon the point as J. B. M., when this derivation was probably suggested by the passage in Ezechiel, while the use of the word in the *third chapter of Genesis* seems to point to a very different etymon.

But J. B. M., not content with giving us this his lucid and original (as he imagines it to be) conjecture, illustrates his canon about the transposition of letters from two passages in Holy Writ. Thus "Shemuel," he says, is for "Meshual," "he who was asked for;" and "Lamech," in like manner, is for "Malech," a king, "the king both of Cainite and Sethite dynasty at the flood."

Here is another "lot of knowledge."

There are instances in Scripture of *supposed* transposition, and even change of letters; there is not one *certain* example. It is a liberty that might have been taken in a particular case for purposes of concealment, but very seldom, to avoid confusion.\*

Unfortunately for J. B. M., the two instances he points to are, to say the least, not *probable* examples of transposition of letters.

"Shemuel," as the best interpreters show, is derived from "shama," "to hear," leaving out the guttural: cf. *e.g.* "meroz" for "me'eroz," and "El," "God;" or more simply still, from "Shem," "name," and "El," "God." Thus Gesenius; though not the only derivation he suggests. In this manner we need not have recourse to transposition at all, which would have caused the most irreparable confusion. J. B. M., against Gesenius, &c., derives it from "shaal," not too happily; for if Samuel's mother had wanted to give him a name from that root, she would have called him "Shaul," as is probable not only from the common practice, but also from her own words in the context (see v. 28 in the Hebrew). Why go to the form "Pual" in order to get "Meshual;" and if we have not got "Meshual," how can "Shemuel" be the inverted form of it?

As to "Lamech" being put for "Malech," suffice it to say that Lamech was not a king, much less of two dynasties. The origin of his name might be found in the Arabic without any inversion whatever.

J. B. M. now proceeds to censure St. Anastasius of Sinai. "His chapter on etymology in the 'Viæ Dux' is as asinine as the theology is admirable." It is a good thing to read, he says, for "a little pastime."

J. B. M. corrects one or two only of the etymologies he instances from St. Anastasius; the others he contents himself with laughing at. One is this: "Ophis, a serpent, comes from  $\phi\epsilon\iota\varsigma$ , that which talked to Eve." The real origin, we are informed, is the Hebrew term signifying "foam."

It is not my intention to take up the cudgels in defence of St. Anastasius' etymologies. It would be as useless as to defend all the natural history in some spiritual writers, even as late as St. Francis of Sales. But as J. B. M. thinks "the theology admirable," can it be worth while to drag a saint from heaven to make pastime for any body, or to apply the term "asinine" to any thing in connection with his name? And as it is *possible*, not to say *probable*, that J. B. M. gives the wrong derivation himself, many may think it was still less necessary to expose this holy man to ridicule.

It seems probable that the name of serpent would have been derived from some external sign connected with the animal. All the Hebrew words for serpent allude to its shape, to the sound it makes, &c. But foam has little enough connection with a serpent. J. B. M. might

\* For a supposed instance of change of letters, see interpreters on the word Sesach (Jerem. xxv. 26; li. 41).

have thought of the Hebrew word "hepha," "viper," derived from "phaah," "to hiss."

So completely is J. B. M. at fault, as usual, that there probably is no word in the Hebrew language for "foam." If he was thinking of the "quasispumam," "chekeseeph," in Osee x. 7, he should have known that the Latin translation gives the figure, not the *meaning of the word*.

Οφίς may be the same as the Egyptian word οβιον. serpent, from οβι, to thirst, as the Greek word δειψας from δειψω. Then there is the Egyptian word ὄφ, meaning the same.

The above display of Hebraic lore may have appeared forced more or less upon J. B. M. when attempting to ridicule and refute two saintly and learned authors. Whether this be the case or no, I find he volunteers some more erudition for the benefit of men who talk "utter and irretrievable nonsense" when they speak of etymology, namely, theologians.

"Chafatz," says J. B. M., means in Hebrew "to accept," "to please." Now, he never could see how it got this meaning till he found that it meant "to wag the tail;" and then the mystery was solved. "It does not require much observation to know that this act is the animal expression of pleasure."

Theology, thank God! has not as yet deprived me, Mr. Editor, of this power of observing *nature*. I remember some time ago seeing a dog "wag its tail" when pleased. I may have been less fortunate in preserving observation as to the *point of an argument* since I finished my theological studies.

The deduction I *presume* to be the following: As animals wag their tails when pleased, we are pleased when we should wag our tails if we had any.

Until J. B. M. saw this, he was "quite at a loss how to reconcile 'chafatz' with its cognate words," that is (he continues with a most benevolent communication of information on all kinds of matter), "with words having two radicals similar."

Here, then, we have virtually or explicitly three statements; and should not expect more than three inaccuracies—the exact number he falls into.

First, granting (which I do not) that "chafatz" means "to wag" (and I might say a good deal about the other meanings he quotes as well), he would still be unable to reconcile the word with its cognates.

Secondly, cognate words are *not* necessarily such as have two radicals similar. Many cognate words come under this category; but the rule is not correct which lays down that all words having two radicals similar are cognate words.

Thirdly, it is not certain that "chafatz" means "to wag."

It occurs once in its literal sense in the Scriptures, Job, cap. xi. The behemoth is being described, v. 10. "Ecce behemoth" . . . . v. 12. "*stringit* caudam suam quasi cedrum." The LXX. has εσσησε. The ancient versions are against J. B. M.

The meaning is "inflexit," "inclinavit;" hence propension of the will, inclination, love, &c.

The whole figure seems to exclude the idea of wagging; as I think any one will admit who takes the trouble of studying the passage carefully.

To pass on to the Greek. Dr. Passaglia has "affronted" J. B. M.'s "schoolboy knowledge." Dr. Passaglia should have known that αἰωνιος cannot be derived from αἰων, because both words, αἰ and αἰωνιος, have the same Sanscrit root, namely, i, to go, the *i-re* of the Latins.

Here again we have uncertainties given for certainties. It is *not*

clear that the two words have the same root; and even if they had, his conclusion might be denied.

First, then, αἰώνιος (αἰών) may not have the same derivation as αἰ. Αἰών may have an *Egyptian* origin.\*

Whoever is curious to follow up the proofs of this assertion may consult Jablonski on the Egyptian word "phenez." The "ench" of the Egyptians is the αἰών of the Greeks; and both words mean "ætas," "sæculum," "æternitas." "Enench" corresponds to the Greek αἰώνος, "æternus." Compare Heb. i. with 1 Ep. Joan. i. 2.

Secondly. But granting, for the sake of argument, that the root of αἰώνιος be the Sanscrit "i," "to go," the conclusion J. B. M. arrives at might be called into doubt very reasonably. For the *a* in the Sanscrit word *ayus* might be "privativum;" and therefore, so far from the derivation giving us the idea of going, it might give us the very contrary idea, of remaining stationary. It is not a little remarkable, that in all languages the verbs that mean permanent duration convey the notion of *station*, not of *motion*. In the Scriptures, consequently, we have this idea constantly: "Cælum et terra transibunt, verba autem mea non transibunt," &c.

If I must make an exception to this rule, it will be for words which convey the notion of *motion in a circle*; but then the idea meant to be given is not motion so much as action in the absence of beginning or end. Conf. the Hebrew word *dor*, with its derivatives (also *ophen*), and the various symbols of eternity. In two words, time that passes (the lapse of time) is expressed by motion (passing away); time that does not pass (duration, perpetuity of time) is expressed by that which remains (that *which* does not pass away).

I may add, that αἰών may be derived from ἀω, "spirare." If αἰών and αἰ have the same root, I suspect this is the one.

Three reasons make me think this is the real derivation. I do not give them, as they would interest very few, and might not be understood unless I treated the subject at full length.

So that, Mr. Editor, as J. B. M. lives in a glass-house himself, I think he should be cautious about throwing stones.

I cannot admire the way he speaks of Petavius. "I can forgive *old* Petavius for such nonsense." The custom of alluding to authors by this appellative is condemned so unexceptionably by Lord Chesterfield in his Letters to his Son, and pronounced to be so intolerably vulgar, that I am surprised J. B. M. should have been guilty of this violation of good taste.

As to Petavius' knowledge of the Greek language, it may be judged of from the fact, that when hardly out of his teens he defended his philosophy in that tongue; a task many of the modern "illuminaui" would shrink from performing in the vernacular. His much-admired translation of the Psalms into Greek was made by him when going to and from the refectory in one of the colleges of his society.

Even if he had the misfortune to live before Bopp, it cannot be said that he was ignorant of etymology. J. B. M. should remember also that theologians giving derivations do not always pretend to give the *primal* derivation of a word they may be writing upon, but often explain the meaning of the derived and obscure term from the more known and clear etymon of the word in the *same* language. An excel-

\* Bopp, referred to by J. B. M., does *not* say they have the same root. See his dictionary, on the word *ayus*, quoted by J. B. M., with his usual inaccuracy, as *ayur*, though he should have known it is written that way only for the sake of euphony. Cf. the Gothic *aius*.

lent plan, as it does not call off the attention of students from the matter in hand. A professor would often show his wisdom much more if he contented himself in a theological lecture with stating that "tributum" comes from "tribus," than if he were to enter into a long disquisition as to the origin of the word "tribus" itself.

Let us speak when we can, Mr. Editor, in terms of respect of the Fathers of the Church, and of teachers of theology of the calibre of Petavius and Passaglia. They are our spiritual fathers, and instruct us in the most sublime of all sciences. When we cannot praise them, let us be silent; let us beware of holding up their weaknesses to ridicule. God Almighty still punishes the descendants of the ungrateful son, whose crime was not to make his parent ridiculous, but to bring others to join him in his mockery of the father who had made himself so.

I should have thought that Dr. Passaglia's late services to the Catholic cause, in defending with so much learning the privilege of the sacred Mother of God in her Immaculate Conception, would alone have entitled him to be spoken of with veneration.

Surely there is enough flippancy and irreverence in this country when speaking of holy things and persons, without J. B. M. spoiling his talent by encouraging such, however indirectly.

Why did he not give us an analysis of the little tract of Father Passaglia? he would have conferred a benefit and a pleasure upon all. Had he done no good, he could at least have done no harm.

There is a "knowledge that puffeth up." Let us beware of it. J. B. M. falls foul of every thing—the version of the Scriptures the priests quote from the pulpit, the hymns in the Breviary which they recite every day.

I am not of the number of those (if there be any such) who would wish to see the "Rambler" *fifth rate*, but I think it might be *first rate* without the boldness of some correspondents; a boldness very lately corrected in one,—and certainly not admired by any body in the writer who signs himself J. B. M.

I remain, Mr. Editor, yours, &c.

SACERDOS.

P.S. It may be only fair to state, that whatever may be J. B. M.'s opinion as to my strictures upon his letter, nothing shall induce me to be betrayed into a controversy upon Sanscrit or other roots. My object in making these few remarks has not been to state my preference for one derivation over another, but merely to call attention to the fact, that J. B. M. lays down as certain what is not always proof against doubt; and therefore censures learned and holy writers, to say the least of it, too hastily.

[We gladly print the foregoing letter; though we hardly think that justice is done in it to our correspondent J. B. M. Surely a man may laugh at what is certainly wrong, without being certainly right himself. J. B. M. does not blame the ancients for their inevitable mistakes, but only the moderns for needlessly reproducing them. Neither does he deny a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew to those fathers who made absurd derivations; Plato certainly understood Greek, yet nothing can be more foolish than the derivations of his "Cratylus." The theory of etymology was not understood in those days; and whenever it was attempted, the result to any well-informed modern is unfortunate. Not that moderns have any superiority of intellect over the ancients, but only an advanced knowledge of facts. The child now can laugh at the old sage who denied the antipodes. Further, we must beg to dissent from the dictum of "Sacerdos," that we may not ridicule what is ridi-

culous, if it happens to be found in the pages of a canonised writer. What inconveniences would result, if we had to accept all the chance sayings of Popes as given *ex cathedra*, or all the expressed opinions of constituted authorities as laws! "Every man," says an old author, "a little beyond himself is a fool." Whatever a man's wisdom, sanctity, or authority may be, they have limits; if he ventures beyond these limits, his wisdom and sanctity no longer protect him; he speaks unwisely, and we have as much right to laugh at *what he says* as if he were a nobody. To forbid it is a prim prudery which Christianity does not require of us. The wisdom of our fathers allowed the rule of the abbot of unreason, and saw no sacrilege in treating the most sacred things in a jocular way. No sensible Catholic is scandalised at the abuse of St. Januarius by the Neapolitan mob. We could tell stories of holy nuns turning the picture of a saint with its face to the wall, and even hanging it out of window, upon occasion. When the boy-priest in the child's Mass at the Roman college comes to his mock-elevation, cardinals and prelates burst into laughter; not to insult the image of holy things, but to prevent others from fancying the shadow to be the substance, and reverencing it accordingly. We must say we like this freedom, and can see no irreverence in it; it is far better than to force us to bottle up our feelings, and to play the hypocrite with ourselves.

The practice is even more requisite now than formerly; the son now no longer stands in his father's presence, kneels for his blessing every morning, or addresses him as "sir;" but we suppose the fourth commandment is kept as well now as in those stiff days. Even diplomacy is washing the starch from its ruffles, and unlacing the tightness of its corset. Sir Robert Peel's late speech at Birmingham—not that we wish to praise it—shows to what a length this change has already extended. It is better both for teachers and taught, for rulers and ruled, not to expect kings always to write with their sceptre, nor philosophers to have a recondite meaning when they wish you good morning. We see no harm in J. B. M.'s "showing up the utter and irretrievable nonsense which theologians talk when they get quite out of their sphere." We suppose that few persons would now assert that theology is the mother of other sciences in such a sense that a theologian's sphere embraces every other sphere of knowledge. Such a person would have a hard task; he must be prepared to defend all the assertions of all standard theologians on all subjects, and that not only in their writings, but in those of every body else who copies from them; for truth is one—once true always true. St. Augustine was right in denying antipodes, and the modern would be right who defended the same position! Bellarmine was right in contradicting Galileo, and the modern also is right in following the theologian rather than the astronomer! But seriously, if St. Augustine was within his sphere when asserting that the earth was a flat disk, or Bellarmine when teaching the immobility of the earth—*then it follows that these great theologians talked much untruth in their own spheres.* And what next? If all subjects of knowledge are within the theologian's sphere, when men find him talking nonsense about things they can see and touch, how will they believe him when he speaks about things which transcend sense? No, they will say; you profess to know all things, whether in earth or heaven; we see and know that you are wrong in your account of earthly things; how can we believe you when you speak to us of heavenly things?

Therefore we *must* admit the dictum of St. Thomas,\* that "in mat-

\* In lib. ii. sent. dis. 14 q. 1 art. 2 in corp. et in resp. ad 1.

ters of philosophy, which have nothing to do with faith, the teaching of the saints is of no more authority than the teaching of the philosophers whom they follow." The sphere of theologians is distinct from that of philosophers; it is not their province to make original excursions into the realms of philosophical speculation, but to follow the received systems, and to adapt them as they best may to their theology. This is why old theologians talked nonsense on matters of science. Not because theology taught them this nonsense, but because the philosophers whom they were obliged to follow led the way to it. J. B. M. expressly declared that he did not blame the old theologians for this, however much he might be amused with the whims of the philosophers which they embalm in their pages like dirt in amber. What he blames is, that modern theologians, when they draw illustrations from philosophy or science, instead of having recourse to the received modern authorities on these matters, should go back to the same exploded systems from which the old theologians drew their stores, and should treat us to the natural history of Pliny, instead of that of Professors Owen and Faraday. J. B. M. does not abuse the old theologians for not doing what they could not do; he abuses modern writers for not taking care to use the best authorities on all subjects which they have to introduce; and he calls their theology, thus disfigured, "*male ferrata*," finding fault not with its substance, but with its separable accidents; calling it "*ill-armed*," clad in mail which is not of proof, brandishing weapons which will not cut.

With every respect for our correspondent Sacerdos, we cannot help thinking that his objecting to a man's ridiculing that which is essentially ridiculous, the chapter on etymology in St. Anastasius' *Vitæ Dux*, proceeds from an incomplete mastery of the principle of St. Thomas, and a consequent unwillingness to carry it out to its legitimate results. Take away the right of laughing at the scientific errors of a theologian on account of his sacred character, and you fall into the danger pointed out by St. Augustine in a passage which we have quoted before in this Journal, but which is quite important enough to be quoted again:

"It often happens that a person not a Christian has a most certain and profound knowledge of the earth and heaven; it is extremely degrading and pernicious, and most anxiously to be deprecated, that an unbeliever should ever hear a Christian laying down what he pretends to be the theological tradition on these subjects, but in reality such nonsense that his hearers cannot contain their laughter. *Not that we care for the mistaken man being derided*; but the misery is, that the sacred writers are supposed by those without to have held such opinions, and are rejected as ignorant."\* Once protect the absurdities of the theologian from ridicule by the sanctity of his character, and you make his sanctity responsible for his absurdities; that is, you make sanctity itself ridiculous.]

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## THE LAMP.

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

SIR,—Permit me to place before your readers some remarks, neither long nor angry, respecting a review in the *Rambler* of a contribution which appeared in the *Lamp* last autumn. That article formed part of a series of papers which had reached me in the previous winter, all of

\* Aug. de Gen. ad lit. ii. 18.

which had been much admired. The manuscript came to me through my esteemed friend (and at that time fellow-labourer) Mr. Bradley, the former editor of the *Lamp*; and as I in mistake concluded that he had, as with other articles, read and approved of it all, it went without examination before the public. It seems that Mr. Bradley had not read it, but was deceived. As soon as my attention was drawn to the tone, I published a repudiation of the contribution; and in the same Number a full account of the steps taken by St. Vincent de Paul which led to the condemnation of the Jansenist heresy, taking care also to prevent the publication of the continuation of the series. I was happy to find that this promptness was satisfactory; for at no period so much as within the last three months have the clergy so actively supported the *Lamp*, both by writing for it and by circulating it. If your reviewer had examined with more care the very part he reviewed, that gentleman would have seen that I took in October the exact course he now advises, viz. to publish an explanation, and to give St. Vincent's attack on Jansenism. Being resolved not to let the *Lamp* be drawn into discord, I carefully abstain from any irritating rejoinder; but wishing more harmony to English Catholics, and more kindness in dealing with each other's faults, real or supposed, I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

JAMES BURKE, *Editor of the Lamp.*

[The facts of the case are these: a Catholic journal, by some oversight, admits an heretical article, written by a Protestant, into its pages; the editor does not perceive his mistake, even in correcting the proofs; but in an early Number he puts a notice among his "answers and observations," apologising for "some sentences not in accordance with what he feels due to the Jesuits," and stating that, to prevent readers from taking a wrong view of Jansenism, he gives an account of that dangerous heresy. We, who thought that these "answers" were addressed to special correspondents, and not to the general public, did not look for the apology there; we expected to find it, if any had been made, in at least as conspicuous a place as the article requiring it had occupied, and conceived in terms as energetic as the gravity of the occasion demanded. Not finding what we expected where we looked for it, we spoke as we did, in a manner that we suppose any Catholic ought to speak of those who carelessly disseminate condemned heresies among the people. We can hardly recognise the very mild apology made as "the exact course which we had advised," or an adequate reparation of the evil. The *Lamp* is advertised for permanent use, in lending-libraries, &c. Readers, like ourselves, may find the poison without finding the antidote. If we had made such a mistake, we should have cancelled and reprinted the Number containing it. However, we have no wish to have any dispute with the Editor, and gladly own that if we had seen the apology we should not have written our review.]

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#### THE EDITORSHIP OF THE RAMBLER.

We beg to inform our readers that the Editorship of the *Rambler* has returned to the hands of the gentleman who has edited it from its commencement; but who has been more than once incapacitated by serious indisposition from fulfilling its duties.

# THE RAMBLER.

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PART XXXIX.

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## LITERARY COOKERY.

THE definition of man as a "cooking animal" applies in more ways than one. It touches us as regards the food of the brain as well as that of the stomach. The noble art of preparing delicacies for the palate disdains to be confined to such coarser material as beef, vegetables, and grain; it extends its sway into the more ethereal regions of history, philosophy, and politics. The multitudinous dishes of a grand banquet might be rivalled in fertility of title, as they are in variety and ingenuity, by the *rotis*, the *petits plats*, and the *entre-mets* of the printing-house; and in place of the bald matter-of-fact headings which salute the eye on the library-shelves, we might read the more appetising designations of *Ericassées d'Histoire à la Macaulay*, *Ragoûts de Philosophie à la Whately*, and *Bouillon de Prophétie à la Cumming*.

The dissection of these dishes of fictitious history and philosophy has been at all times an agreeable pastime to the critic and controversialist; and when the subject is interesting, the critic tolerably lively, and the victim sufficiently guilty, the perusal of such criticisms forms very pretty reading. The wonder is, that with so much that is done in the way of "showing-up," the noble art of literary cooking still thrives with such undiminished vigour. Considering what has been written in the way of exposure, simple-minded people marvel to think that Luther is still thought a saint by thousands; that Catholicism should be counted idolatry, and the Jesuits a band of hypocritical assassins. The reason, however, is obvious; these irrefragable refutations are little read; and, when read, they are only half believed. Even in matters not theological few persons thoroughly trust the statements of a writer who takes the opposite view from themselves. Wonderful is our conviction of the truthfulness of

those who agree with us; and equally surprising is our suspiciousness of those who disagree. But when it comes to questions about religion, it positively requires a very serious effort of mind to acquiesce in the belief that an opponent is not more or less tricking us. It is hard to imagine that he tells the world what he really thinks; it is hard to conceive that he should be so profoundly ignorant as his published statement would seem to imply. *We* see that he is blundering violently; that he is overlooking the plainest facts, and misinterpreting the simplest actions. Is it possible, then, we say to ourselves, that there should be no dishonesty in all this? Is it credible that an educated man can live in this age of books, newspapers, and public lectures, and be so destitute of all knowledge of the true state of the case in the topics of which he treats? If he does not know it, he *ought* to know it; and he must *know* that he ought to know it; and as he clearly does not *do* what he knows he ought to do, *ergo*,—is not the syllogism perfect?—he is a scoundrel.

And but for the little qualification we have already hinted at, perhaps it would be perfect. Unfortunately, that qualification does exist. It is too true that all the wisdom, learning, wit, acuteness, and zeal of Catholic writers is thrown away on the vast bulk of anti-Catholics. They save themselves the trouble of thought by not reading what we have to say for ourselves. They hold it a sort of impudence in us to put in the plea of not guilty. They fancy they would be contaminated by reading our vindications. It is an eternal law of nature with them, that they are right in all things, and we are always wrong. Accordingly, for three hundred years have we been pursuing the same thankless task, scarcely laughed at for our pains, but quietly silenced by having our books either thrown into the fire, or classed with abominations that no reputable person would admit on his table.

Not that our labours go entirely for nothing, or that the fruit is so excessively small as to be hardly worth continuing. It is undeniable, that three centuries of learning and reasoning on the part of Catholic writers have told distinctly upon the mind of the civilised world. We are not now accounted the spiritual black-legs which we appeared in older times, in the eyes of a large number of Protestants. A good deal of the declamation poured out against us is all rant, not half believed by those who utter it, but used as a convenient means for conciliating the approval of the noodle multitude. Here in England we may rest assured that we hear the worst part of our fellow-countrymen's opinion of us. Nobody runs a risk of losing any thing he values by blackguarding a Ca-

tholic priest, or printing a volume of twaddle about the Scarlet Lady of Babylon. Courage is only required when a man wishes to praise the Crimean nuns, or to do justice to the labours of our priesthood at home.

Within the last few weeks, indeed, the English press has furnished a notable illustration of the truth of a remark we made ourselves not very long ago, to the effect that, with all their pretended belief in our superstition and laxity of morals, the world really *expects* us to be fully up to a very high mark in the way of devotion and honour. Thinking men do not believe a word of the popular rubbish about the idolatry of papists and the immoralities of the confessional; and when we do not happen to come personally across their path, their sense of justice is disgusted when we are made the victims of our adherence to principles, which they pretend to believe we never regard. This illustration is to be found in the tone in which the assassination of the Archbishop of Paris has been received by the English press. Allowing for a certain amount of nonsense about the Immaculate Conception, and so forth, as a whole, the popular expression of indignation at the crime has been that which would naturally arise in minds which regarded the Archbishop as a devout Christian bishop, and the French clergy generally as the laborious and pure-minded pastors of the flock of Jesus Christ. If the thinking part of the English nation *really* regarded Catholicism as such a degrading superstition as the popular controversial books of the day would prove it, is it possible that the murder of the Archbishop should have elicited such an honest and general horror? The crime would have sunk to the level of a common every-day murder, naturally to be expected in a communion whose casuistry habitually taught lying, theft, and impurity. The peculiar blackness of the atrocity is at once recognised in the fact that its victim was a *Christian priest*.

To return, however, to our immediate subject. There is one circumstance in the mode in which our vindications of Catholicism are received, which can hardly be too often recurring to, as suggesting matter for serious thought. The popular mind, with all its want of perfect belief in our wickedness, *is* impressed with a doubt of our controversial sincerity which tells lamentably against a fair reception of our arguments. What blunders, what faults, what falsehoods have combined to create this common idea among our adversaries, we are not now inquiring. That it exists, and that it operates most injuriously, is unhappily only too manifest. We labour under the terrible disadvantage of coming into

court with a stain upon our character as honest men. "That it is wholly undeserved—nay, that our judges are far more liable than we are to the charge brought against us—matters nothing. When Protestants read our books, they are not employed in judging themselves; they are criticising us; they want to know what we can say for ourselves, not what we can say against them. If need be, they will give up a great deal of their own positive claims, on the ground that they make no such pretensions to exclusive orthodoxy and divinely-taught morals as we do. We may damage them as much as we like, and yet not advance our own cause a step. The only result is, an increase in their universal indifference to all religious doctrines, and a comfortable acquiescence in the theory that one sect is as good as another, because, in truth, all are equally bad.

We gain nothing, therefore, except in a few instances, by our brilliant sarcasms against the absurdities and inconsistencies of Protestants. The exposure of the trash palmed upon the public as theology and history does not substitute any thing better in the convictions of the day. When we are witty at the expense of "Apocalyptic sketchers," and the "pious" tea-tables of Clapham, men of solid character join with us in the joke, and conclude—what?—that Catholicism is perhaps true?—no; but that Exeter Hall is a sort of low ecclesiastical playhouse, and that we Papists have a quick eye for the fooleries of our opponents. They are very much amused at seeing the humbug of Protestants exposed, even by us; but as for getting at the truth about Popery from Popish polemics, they are not *quite* so simple as that, we may believe them.

It is plain, then, that one of our first efforts in the present position of Catholicism in this country ought to be directed towards disabusing the minds of reflecting and honest people from this fatal persuasion. By some means or other we *must* overcome this deep-seated belief in our want of perfect openness. It is of no use to stand upon our rights, to wrap ourselves in our own virtue and defy the shafts of calumny. It is of no use to retaliate, even with the most destructive weapons. We don't want to prove Protestants rogues, so much as to force them to see that we Catholics are neither cowards nor tricksters. We have to compel them to admit that we possess our full share of those two virtues, which are peculiarly estimable in the Englishman's judgment, namely, courage and truth-telling. Whatever be the special faults of the British nation, whether connected with its Protestantism or not, it is impossible to deny it as large a claim to these two merits

as can be conceded to any people in the world. We call them virtues, or merits, without at all pretending to invest them with any religious excellence. They may be mere natural virtues; but they are virtues still. And the candid observer, however strong his hatred of Protestantism, cannot count over the rest of the nations of the world without admitting that *nowhere* do we find the middle and upper classes more disposed to tell the truth, and to fear no adversary, than they are in England. "O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil," is the motto of every man who aspires to be not only a gentleman, but a reputable person, in this kingdom. These were our characteristics long before the "Reformation" swept over the face of the country; and they have remained so, notwithstanding all the blighting influences of that miserable disaster. Go where you will, nowhere are those opprobrious terms, a "liar" and a "coward," accounted more damning to a man's name than amongst us; and there are not many nations where they are *so* fatal to all influence and position in society.

Now, most unhappily, the national mind has become saturated with a feeling, varying from a positive conviction to a vague suspicion, that we Catholics are, in matters of religion, neither honest nor courageous. Persons who would never think of imputing to us personal cowardice in the field of battle, and who trust our word in society and in business without a doubt, believe us capable of the most culpable disingenuousness and the most slavish timidity the moment we enter on the subject of religious belief. Of course they do not generally pretend to harmonise this view of our theological delinquencies with their confidence in our social virtues. That, they would say, is not their business; or if they do attempt it, they have a ready solution of the anomaly, by maintaining that our private morals are upright *in spite of* the tortuousness of our casuistry. They affect to believe that when we talk or write on religion we are one and all under the influence of a certain mysterious abstraction, called priestcraft, or jesuitry, or Papal dictation, or some one of those shadowy monsters so easily invoked, and so hard to catch and destroy.

Such being the case, is it not well worth our while to re-examine the tone and statements of such portions of our Catholic controversial literature as are of an historical or scientific character? As the times change, and the circle of our readers and critics enlarges, does not common prudence and our duty to our faith command us to go through our armory, and see what weapons are obsolete, what are rusty, and what require adaptations and modifications suitable to

the exigencies of the day? Is it not very possible that these old-fashioned pieces of artillery are more likely to burst and injure ourselves than to do good execution upon the foe? and that here and there we may find defences constructed after the true Chinese model, and made to look as if bristling with guns of tremendous calibre, while, after all, they are nothing more formidable than wood and canvas and paint?

This prudent foresight is rendered still more necessary by the extraordinary advances which have been now for some time in progress both in physical science and in the study of history. These advances, in some instances, have told wonderfully in our favour, more especially in the destruction of vulgar prejudices in matters of history and biography. In other cases the present position of modern investigation is unfavourable to us rather than otherwise; fresh difficulties have been urged, or pretended, to which replies have to be found for which our forefathers were little prepared. Still, whatever the tendencies of modern research, the broad important fact remains, that the mind of the nation is calling for *truth*, historic and scientific, more loudly—and, we hope, more sincerely—than at any period during the last three centuries. For us, therefore, to hang back, timidly, ignorantly, or craftily, and to refuse to respond to this universal cry, would be a conduct absolutely suicidal. It would be madness to attempt to silence this startling voice by any replies which will not bear the most searching examination. Not only will mere plausible theories be worthless, but half-truths will be worthless. We have to encounter a belief that we are not only crafty and false, but actually afraid of the truth's being known. And this belief is to be vanquished, not by a mere denial of its justice, not by taunts, not by braggadocio, but by proving our courage by our acts. The world does not want to hear us proclaiming the honesty of our conviction that the course of history and the deductions of science are in harmony with our religion. It says, If your creed is not contradicted by the events of the past, show us that you think so, by being yourselves foremost in telling *the whole* truth about yourselves and about your enemies. If, it adds, your creed is true, it cannot be otherwise than confirmed by a knowledge of the past as it really was. When, then, you let us see by your fearless statements of the whole truth that these assertions are not mere rhetorical bravado, we will believe in your sincerity, and pay a more serious attention to your reasonings.

An additional consideration, again, suggests itself at this point of our argument. We Catholic writers do not always,

at least apparently, bear in mind that we come into court, not as advocates, but as judges. The question between the Church and the world is not one of plaintiff and defendant, in which mutual recrimination and self-laudation is the order of the day, when each party retains his counsel to cover over his weak points and to damage his opponent, while a judge sits supreme to decide between the contradictory statements. No doubt in many instances the great controversy assumes the dimensions of a mere war between adversaries. The controversialist has often nothing to do but expose the falsehoods of his adversaries, and to make up the best practicable case for himself, leaving his antagonist to discover his vulnerable points if he can. But, taken as a whole, our claim is to be heard as a judge; as one who can sum up the arguments on each side, separate reasonings from fallacies, and simple facts from *ad-captandum* exaggerations; and then, laying down what is the eternal law of truth and justice, decide without appeal. In our contest with heresy and unbelief we admit the rights of no tribunal. We profess to claim the obedience of mankind; and, making such a claim, we cannot escape the duty of the judge, or unite in ourselves the privileges of the advocate with the authority of the judgment-seat.

And Protestantism knows this truth too well to allow us to escape from its application. It hears our claims, and it understands their nature sufficiently to see that they involve a responsibility on our part, which can be fastened upon no single detached division of Protestantism. It comprehends, too, that it is in the absence of this responsibility on the side of Protestantism that its great controversial strength is to be found. The tactics of the old Parthian horsemen are the natural tactics of Protestants. They discharge their darts as they fly. Crush the pretences of any sect by the records of history, the language of Scripture, or the dictates of common sense, and what have you gained that is positive and lasting? Nothing. The clever Protestant can at an hour's notice produce some fresh modification of his theory which at first sight will elude all these difficulties. Expose him again and again; when at last he has come to the end of his ingenuities, he boldly avows that his creed does not profess to solve such problems; that they are no difficulties to him; that it is for us, who claim for our Church an exact, absolute identity with the Apostolic foundation, an unbroken historic life from the first ages of the Gospel, and an infallible truth for our doctrines as coming from the same God who made that universe which science delights to study,—it is for us, he says, to meet every fact, to grasp every difficulty, and to explain

every phenomenon in the moral, the metaphysical, and the material worlds.

Nor is it any valid *answer* to the criticisms we are venturing to offer on certain deficiencies in the conduct of our troops, to allege that the unfairness and grossness of our adversaries' attacks are such, that no man who is less than a saint can avoid retaliating in kind. This unfairness and grossness is certainly often absolutely monstrous; and we know quite enough of the proverbial susceptibility of controversialists to sympathise with those who are stung to the quick by such imputations. Still the question is not, what may be said in our excuse, but what are the obligations laid upon us by our vast and exclusive claims. The violence and insolence of a counsel in a court of justice can never exonerate the presiding judge from the duty of stating the whole facts of the evidence as brought before him. It may be hard, indeed, to retain his judicial impartiality and equanimity, but it is his bounden duty to do it; and unless he does it, the weight of his summing-up, his charge to the jury, goes for absolutely nothing in the eyes of a discriminating man.

We need, of course, hardly remind the reader, that in offering these suggestions we are speaking only of defects which are *sometimes* to be observed. We admit no such accusation as attaching to universal Catholic controversy. Not only would any such accusation be extravagant and untrue, but it would be silly to urge it as in any way applying to a considerable portion of our polemics. In much that we write and say, our professed and distinct object is only to state the case against our adversaries. We are often attempting nothing more than to pick to pieces the claims of a pretender; to strip the daw of its borrowed plumes, and point out the rightful owner of its stolen beauties; or to show the inevitable tendencies of theories, plausible before they are investigated, but as frightful in their results as they are shallow in their reasonings. Our only complaint is, that in instances in which we actually profess to state the real facts of the case, and to furnish such ample solution of a difficulty as ought to satisfy every candid mind, we *sometimes* see the Catholic cause seriously compromised by a timid, time-serving, rhetorical treatment of questions of deep interest. Agitated and eager as is the mind of the age, it is with no little disquietude that we observe the occasional shirking of difficulties, the cooking of figures, and the adoption in general of that system of coddling history, philosophy, and science, which is at all times useless enough, and in the present condition of England is fraught with peril to the holiest of causes. When a man

is forced to speak or write against his will, whether he has mastered his subject or not, of course no blame attaches to him if he puts the best face he can on the matter, and glosses over an ugly spot, in the hope that when thus hastily white-washed it will escape detection by his tormentors. But in the professed historian or philosopher, in the controversialist who voluntarily steps forward to calm the distress of his friends by a thorough and unanswerable reply to their enemies, the case is totally different. Here we cannot but think that wisdom dictates one of two courses only; either silence, or a perfect refutation. A defective solution of a difficulty leaves that difficulty practically more mischievous than before. If nothing at all is said, perhaps some are distressed, and the cause of wrong gains a step; but if a sham reply is put forward, the shallow and the ignorant may applaud, and gossips chatter with eager delight; but no thinking man is satisfied; and in the almost inevitable exposure of our advocate's personal weakness, the looker-on is finally convinced that he perceives the weakness of the cause he attempts to defend.

Before proceeding to give instances of this unsatisfactory treatment of important subjects, we must, in justice to our own side, call attention to one remarkable difference which exists between Catholic and Protestant controversialists, taken as a body. Whatever be our occasional defects, it cannot, we think, be fairly doubted that we are free from that astounding recklessness of misstatement of the opinions and arguments of our adversaries which is so grievous a blot on the polemics of Protestantism. We do not pretend that every Catholic controversialist thoroughly understands the position of individual Protestants; that he invariably treats them with the largest charity; or that he never makes over-statements against them and in his own favour. We would allow even the existence of a few cases of extreme severity and rashness of statement on our own side. But we do maintain, that when contrasted with the marvellous Protestant misrepresentations of Catholic dogma and practice, the savage and irreverent onslaughts on all we hold most dear, the obstinate refusal to allow us to be heard in our own defence, coupled with the almost universal practice of assailing us without any conscientious examination of our books,—contrasted, we say, with these glaring misdemeanours, of some one of which nearly all Protestant controversialists are guilty, the body of Catholic controversy is honesty, candour, learning, and charity itself. Anti-Catholic writings abound in misstatements of the commonest matters of fact; and that

on subjects which the writers were bound to study thoroughly before commencing their work. They display an ignorance of history and of religious doctrine which cannot be paralleled amongst us by the most extreme exaggeration of our actual faults. We, on the other hand, err by omissions far more than by false representations; we seldom attack any thing among Protestants without making some honest efforts to comprehend them, and to allow them to explain themselves to the utmost. Where we fail, it is more by an injudicious management of our own case than by scandalous attacks upon them. We may not always hit upon the wisest plan for converting them to our own views, but it is seldom that our conduct fails to give proof of our deep sense of our responsibility. If we are liable to correction from a human point of view, we are not often liable to that far heavier censure which proceeds from a higher judgment-seat than that of man.

We have now to give a few specimens of the deficiencies we have occasionally noticed in our own writers. The most learned, extensive, and popular of recent histories of the Church is that of Rohrbacher. Its merits are great; to deny them would be simply ridiculous. But it has a fatal tendency to shirk the discussion of any historical event which may be supposed to be a difficulty in the way of thoughtful Catholics. Rohrbacher's idea of historical accuracy is, to lay so thick a coat of whitewash on the personal characters of *all* Popes, that their actual characters disappear, and the simple-minded student begins to wonder where on earth the records of the evil lives of some few of them could have sprung from. Go to his pages for a complete treatment of the actual difficulties of any question, and you will run a chance of coming away as hungry as you went. Take, for instance, the story of Savonarola, a man whom some, nay many, even now venerate as a saint; and whose history is unquestionably a "difficulty" to the Catholic thinker. The whole thing is dismissed by Rohrbacher with the most off-hand coolness imaginable. Savonarola is quietly tossed overboard as an evident scoundrel, hardly worth treating of; and Alexander Borgia comes out freshened up with such a coat of paint that scarcely a trace of his old physiognomy can be detected. Yet if ever there was a case in history which demanded a thorough and sifting treatment in a history of such high pretensions as Rohrbacher's, it is this history of the Dominican of Florence. The inaugurator of an astonishing reform in his own city; regarded during his lifetime with the profoundest veneration and the bitterest hatred; put to death by one Pope on the ground of disobedience to the Holy See, to mention no other

imputations; soon afterwards admitted by another Pope in a picture in the Vatican among the doctors of the Church; and venerated as a saint by such persons as St. Philip Neri and St. Catharine of Ricci,—Savonarola has always been, and is to this day, the object of the most contradictory feelings on the part of Catholics, and a ready source for invectives against the Church on the part of her opponents. The Catholic reader, puzzled with these singular apparent anomalies, turns to the most celebrated of modern church-histories, in hopes of finding such an explanation of the story as shall satisfy him, as a good Catholic, and enable him to answer the taunts of Protestants. And all he finds is a hasty huddling up of the real difficulties, concealed under violent exaggerations; while no attempt is made to give that real solution which can be supplied, both in this and all similar instances. This is what we call “cooking” the history of the Church.

We find some striking specimens of these feeble methods of meeting objections in a defence of the social and political condition of Italy lately published in this country. We do not mention its exact title and authorship, as our object is to illustrate our own meaning rather than to censure the works of individual writers. It is enough to say that the author of the defence we allude to is evidently a person of great skill as a controversialist, and perfectly familiar with the subject on which he treats. And it is this very evident mastery, both of the weapons of warfare and the topics in hand, which makes his mode of defence so injurious to the cause which he espouses. Were he a dull or an ignorant scribbler, nobody would suspect that the weakness of his reasonings arose from the weakness of his cause. But recognising his capacity, and perceiving how closely he has studied his thesis, the reader, if a Catholic, is proportionately disappointed at the extraordinary character of his statements; and if a Protestant, is more convinced than ever that a case thus defended is utterly unsusceptible of any valid defence whatsoever.

From this clever essay, then, we select two specimens of self-destructive fallacies: The first is, the fallacy of overstatement and exaggeration; a fallacy into which the adoption of the *tu-quoque* argument often leads. The writer in question is annoyed—and what Catholic is not?—at the greediness and gusto with which the Protestant press seize upon the delinquencies of a Catholic sovereign, while they wink hard at the equally odious offences of Protestant rulers. Accordingly, he takes in hand the King of Naples, whom he defends by pretending that the treatment of Smith O'Brien by the British Government is a parallel to the atrocities perpe-

trated under the authority of that weak, however well-meaning, Bourbon. But what a ludicrous exaggeration and perversion of the truth is involved in such a retort! Of all instances of severity and cruelty, to select the history of Mr. Smith O'Brien as a proof that England is as bad as Naples! Why there is not a nation on the whole earth, save England, which would not have hung him up within one week of his capture;—a man who had the incredible audacity to go openly to the revolutionary government of France, and offer to raise a rebellion in Ireland, for the benefit of France, against his own sovereign. And yet this man was simply sent out of the country, treated almost as a gentleman, and is now let loose again in the heart of Ireland itself. Pius IX. is the most lenient and forgiving of monarchs; but we doubt whether even he could have ventured to save the neck of any Roman Smith O'Brien from the gallows. The unreality and hollowness of such a *tu quoque* does serious harm. People simply laugh at what we say; and reply that we not only are talking nonsense, but, what is worse, that we know that we are talking nonsense, and trying to palm off the rhetoric of the hustings for the sober deductions of historical investigation.

Another, and a far more serious fault in this defence of Italy, is its manner of meeting the common attacks upon her population on the ground of two of the worst of sins; namely, murder and unchastity. A more unhappy proof of the dangers of what we may call the fallacy of omission we cannot call to mind. We all know how eager are Protestant Englishmen to charge the social life of Italy with being deeply stained by these two enormities. It is one of the most telling and most frequently repeated accusations made against the Italian nations, while the whole blame of their supposed guilt is laid at the door of the Catholic Church. We who are Catholics know well how wicked and monstrous is the imputation; we know that our morals are far more stringent on these two crimes than are those of Protestantism. But we are none the more satisfied to see a frightful charge against Italian society met—how?—by taking no notice whatsoever of it! In the midst of a professed and elaborate vindication of its character, strengthened by careful and exact statistics on many points, and accompanied by an admission of the prevalence of the lower crime of brigandage, and a clever explanation of its popularity,—in all this we find, on *the* terrible charge, a profound silence. We cannot express the grief we feel at witnessing such a treatment of so momentous a subject. Yet, not three years ago, these very topics were made one of the chief *chevaux-de-bataille* of an elaborate book on the compa-

rative condition of Catholic and Protestant countries, by the most influential and clever representative of French Protestantism; we mean M. Napolcon Roussel. M. Roussel's work is, indeed, a scandalous misrepresentation of statistical tables, and a crafty selection of authorities, all on one side. Take, for instance, his contrast between Ireland and Scotland. He urges powerfully the details which tell in favour of Scotch morals; but on those which tell in favour of Irish,—for instance, on the subject of the purity of the female sex,—he is as profoundly silent as is the Catholic writer before us on the subject of Italian assassinations. His book is, in truth, a model to show us what, as conscientious men who aim at the whole truth, we ought not to do. We only allude to it as showing the imperative necessity under which Catholics lie, when they treat the subject at all, to treat it in all its bearings; lest by sham answers and a shirking selection of one-sided figures, they scandalise their brethren in the faith and sharpen the weapons of their foes. Here are popular writers like M. Roussel, culling from the reports of crimes all those figures which go against us, and omitting what go for us; and the only reply that the anxious Catholic can find is a total silence. We entreat our Catholic historians and statesmen to ponder well on the peril of allowing such figures as the following to remain without a *bond-fide* complete explanation. Either let them be shown to be erroneous, or let them be accounted for by arguments which do not create a suspicion of our own truthfulness and courage; or let us hold our tongues altogether. What other course can be prudent when we read these statistics, taken from the work of M. Moreau de Jonnès?

Assassinations, including attempts at assassination, in eight principal nations of Europe :

Scotland	gives	1	to every	270,000	of the	population.
England	„	1	„	178,000	„	„
Low-Countries	1	„	„	163,000	„	„
Prussia	„	1	„	100,000	„	„
Austria	„	1	„	57,000	„	„
Spain	„	1	„	4,113	„	„
Naples	„	1	„	2,750	„	„
Roman States	1	„	„	750	„	„

On these figures M. Roussel remarks that the four first are Protestant nations, which is not strictly true, the Low-Countries being half Catholic; and the four last Catholic: and striking an average, he declares that there is eleven times as much of the crime of assassination, allowing for the differences of population, in the Catholic countries as there is in the Protestant.

In reproducing these figures, though we are not expressly engaged in treating the subject, we feel it our duty briefly to suggest their explanation, which we believe to be as follows: In the first place, the crime of assassination is confessedly a crime to which the people of hot countries are far more prone than the people of the colder north. Now all the four Protestant countries placed at the top of the list are cold; in fact, their own variations in the crime exactly follow their range on the thermometer. In the second place, assassination is a crime which is as inevitably excited by a despotic form of government as it is by the burning rays of the sun. Not only is it frequently the direct result of a harsh treatment of the individual subject, but it is a natural consequence of that habitual shutting-up of the opinions and emotions of the soul which a despotic government enforces on its people. Even supposing M. Roussel has not to some extent "cooked" his figures, we hold these explanations sufficient fully to account for the greater prevalence of bloody assaults in the four nations he has cunningly selected as types of Catholicism. The prevalence of this or that special vice in different nations proves, we are convinced, far less than is commonly supposed on either side in the Catholic and Protestant controversy. The average morals of different kingdoms, taken as a whole, do not vary to any thing like the extent which it is the fashion to pretend; nor, in the many varieties which vice assumes, is the blame to be laid upon the dominant creed nearly so exclusively as it is sometimes convenient to allege. But however this may be, we recognise in the tendency of certain nations to crimes of violence and revenge only the effects of climate and political circumstances. The Church has no power absolutely to eradicate sin; and even when armed with temporal authority, as in the Papal States, she is no more responsible for a popular taste for assassination than is the Protestantism of England for Irish agrarian crime. In both cases the crime is fostered by social and political causes; and in neither do we believe that religion has any thing to do with the matter. Whether, however, our explanation is sufficient or no, we submit that it is the worst possible policy to profess to meet the popular outcry against Italian morals as resulting from the influence of Catholicism, without even a hint that the most serious portions of the accusation can be disproved.

We turn, however, to another case in which one of these unfortunate specimens of suicidal defence has been recently presented, on a kindred subject, to the House of Commons itself. It is a very common habit with Protestants to lay all the faults, real or imaginary, of the Pontifical government, to

the incapacity of ecclesiastics for managing secular affairs. Having no great esteem for the practical wisdom of their own clergy, it is but natural that they should view the capacities of the Catholic clergy with still more ineffable contempt. By way of meeting this attack, a short time ago a Catholic member of Parliament, whom, as our object is illustration rather than criticism, we do not name, delivered a speech, in which he gave the comparative numbers of laymen and clerks employed in the different departments of the Papal States, with the whole amount of the salaries paid to the two classes. He stated that whereas there are 289 ecclesiastics employed, there are as many as 6836 laymen; and that the united salaries of the former amount to 124,256 dollars, of the latter to 1,491,389 dollars.

Nevertheless it is evident that, as an argument, these figures are worth just nothing at all. So far as they prove any thing, they prove the very charge which they are meant to disprove, and furnish a pregnant illustration of the dangerous character of that sham treatment of historical truths which we are deploring. Who ever imagined that the *numerical* difference between the lay and clerical *employés* in the Papal States was not in favour of the laymen? Who ever suggested the comical notion that cardinals, bishops, and priests did all the inferior work of the underlings in the public offices? Who would look for ecclesiastics in custom-house and police officers, among tide-waiters and petty tax-gatherers? The question is, who are the *governing* body in the States? Who hold the high, the influential, the lucrative posts? Are these, as a class, held by churchmen or laymen? Undoubtedly, as a whole, they are held by churchmen. Of course they are far fewer in number than the inferior offices; but they are those which constitute their holders the real rulers and administrators of the nation. The very figures before us show that the average salary of the ecclesiastical officials is at least double that of the laymen; and when we consider that the ecclesiastics, being unmarried, have far less need of good incomes than the laity, the difference between the character of the places held by the two classes becomes still more striking. Here is the fact to be admitted, and defended by speakers like the hon. member to whom we refer. As to his array of figures, they are nothing worth. You might as reasonably allege that England is not practically administered by the gentry and aristocracy, because dukes do not sort letters at the General Post-Office, the Custom-House floors are not scrubbed by countesses, and princes of the blood are not employed as copying-clerks at the Horse

Guards. The fact is, the Papal States are administered almost exclusively by ecclesiastics. What then? If you do not think this is a good thing, say nothing. If you do, then stand up like a man, and defend it.

Surely there is something to be said for the administrative and statesmanlike qualities of an order of men that counts in its ranks a Ximenes, a Richelieu, a Mazarin, a Wolsey, and a Consalvi. Take the present Pope; as a mere king, surely he is not a nobody, a Bourbon, a German duke, with a soul devoted to court uniforms and theatricals. Or the present conclave and the Roman prelacy; are they all such helpless red-tapists, that the only way to defend their acts is to shove them into a corner, and then thrust forward a crowd of anonymous laymen to bear the blame of the blunders of the witless ecclesiastics? Or if the subject requires proofs from quarters nearer home, surely the one English cardinal of the present day possesses qualifications which sundry individuals of our secular government might well envy. We do not see in the oratorical powers and the versatility of acquirement of our lay statesmen in general, when compared with the proofs of what he can do which Cardinal Wiseman has given to the world, any token that the cardinalate is inconsistent with those very faculties and that very training on which a large section of secular statesmen rely for their popularity.\* At any rate, whatever be the merits of the case, let us not fill our pages with heaps of statistics, or bewilder the reader with interminable details on all points except those which really answer an opponent's accusations. The only result of such a proceeding will be, that on reflection he will perceive that while his memory has been loaded with a quantity of superfluous, even though interesting, statements, his understanding has been made the sport of a rhetorical legerdemain.

The necessity which exists for extreme wariness in treating on scientific subjects without being master of the latest discoveries of scientific men, may be illustrated by a remarkable instance from one of the very ablest of modern Catholic writers. Few books stand so high on the list of great works as the *Etudes Philosophiques* of M. Nicolas, the French jurist; and, what is more, few writers of renown have so just a title

\* As we have mentioned Card. Wiseman's name, we cannot help asking whether the present condition of the book-market would not justify a new and revised edition of his able *Lectures on Science and Revealed Religion*. It is now very many years since these lectures were written, during which period science has advanced with strides as daring as they have been rapid; and we cannot but think that if his Eminence could find leisure to prepare a new edition, including a thorough investigation into the bearings of recent scientific studies, not only would the labour be repaid speaking commercially, but a very valuable book would be the result.

to their fame as this accomplished and profound writer. Yet this very treatise handles the deductions of the science of geology in a way that makes the real geologist smile; not at M. Nicolas's reasonings, and not at his opinions, but at his ignorance of what geological discoveries actually are. In his chapter on Moses, M. Nicolas argues, by superannuated quotations from Cuvier, that the order in which organic remains appear in the strata of the earth corresponds exactly with the order of creation as described in the book of Genesis; that the lowest stratum in which fossils are found contains vegetable remains only, showing that there was a great day or epoch in which vegetables were the only organised substances; that to this stratum succeeds another, in which only fishes and reptiles are found with the vegetables; thirdly, a new series of strata, containing the remains of mammals; and lastly, only in quite recent beds, the bones of men. Now unfortunately much of this has for some time been proved to be hopelessly erroneous. Many fossil-bearing strata have been discovered beneath the pretended lowest stratum of Cuvier, *in all of which animal remains are found*; the lower forms of marine animals affording the earliest fossils with which we are acquainted.

Another of these defective proofs is that of the truth of the deluge from the erratic blocks or boulders of immense size, so often found at great distances from the rocks whence they were detached. Now nothing is better proved in all geology than that these blocks were carried and deposited in their present position by the agency of ice, which in one geological epoch seems to have occupied a vast area of Europe. It is therefore perfectly futile to offer them to the adept in the science of the nineteenth century as a proof of the Noachic deluge. We do not of course blame M. Nicolas's intentions; he undertook a mighty task, no less than the examination of the connection of revelation with all philosophy and science; and wonderfully well has he performed it. But he does not pretend to any personal authority in matters of science: he follows certain writers, whom he quotes honestly enough; and refers, for the truth of his positions, to M. Nérée Boubée, and the rest whom he names in his notes. The practical result is, however, unfortunate. As scientific errors, his reproduction of obsolete opinions would have been morally harmless; but as emanating from a writer who is assumed by the general reader to have access to the very best sources of information, they tend to produce those feelings of suspiciousness and general want of confidence which it is the grand aim of his book to destroy.

We refer to this particular case, partly because M. Nicolas's statements on the attitude of modern science towards revelation have been pointedly endorsed by an accomplished English Catholic writer within a very few years; and partly also because we have witnessed an instance of the mischief which has been wrought by this very chapter on the Mosaic history. We have seen a person who had read it, and who had become quite elated with the *demonstratio evangelica* which it appeared to give, plunge with a bland confidence into the study of modern science, and recoil with most bitter disappointment from the reality that was exposed to his horrified intelligence. We cannot conceive any trial of faith more sore than this; that a young man should be sent out into the world of science, not forearmed by being forewarned of its difficulties, but stupefied with the opiate persuasion that no such difficulties exist. Imagine, we say, such a course to be pursued in dogmatic religious studies. Fancy a Catholic youth introduced into the Protestant world with the notion that all its sects had but one end in view, to prove the truth of the Catholic Church; that Whately, and Cumming, and Sumner, and Carlyle, and Maurice, were all of them in their measure helping to build up the proofs of the Pope's authority; and that the objections against Catholic doctrines which he might hear would be such transparent absurdities that they would never distress him for a moment. What an easy prey would that youth probably become to the first sophist who encountered him! But no Catholic teacher has ever acted on this principle in matters of religion. Why, then, should we adopt a principle in the outworks and ornaments of religion, which for its substance we repudiate? We dare not try to build up faith by false miracles or by false prophecies. Why, then, attempt to do so by false concordances of science and revelation? The truth will come out in God's good time; patience is better than a premature attempt to reconcile apparent contradictions.

Doubtless every Christian must believe that at last, after it has run through its appointed changes, science will confirm revelation; he may also hope that this good time is approaching, and may find a high enjoyment in labouring to reconcile the apparent contradictions of the two. No Christian can believe that any doctrine is absolutely and scientifically true, which really contradicts a truth; consequently he will retain his conviction that in the end what now seems scientific but anti-Christian truth will be proved by advancing science herself to be nothing but the error of immature knowledge. But for all that, he wounds religion herself with a grievous

wound when he broadly alleges that the aspect of the science of this day tends strikingly to coincide with this his own firm conviction. To do this argues on his part either untruthfulness or ignorance, or a certain vehemence of enthusiasm which unfits him for dispassionate inquiry.

With one more consideration we close our present remarks. In what we have been saying, we have specially referred to the obstacles to the progress of Catholicism which result from this maimed and short-sighted discussion of supposed difficulties. It would, however, be a far from complete view of the evils of the course objected to, if we supposed them to take effect only on those who are not Catholics. The harm that is done to Catholics themselves, especially the youthful, by the shirking and cooking system, is, we are persuaded, of the most formidable description. It is a grievous error to suppose that an honest man's opinions are practically shaken by the admission that something can be said against them. It argues an ignorance of human nature, to imagine that Catholics in general believe that Protestants have nothing in the world to say for themselves, and that no apparent difficulties exist on their own side. It is a superficial theory of metaphysics, which denies that uncultivated or dull minds do not feel and comprehend many things which they are totally unable to analyse, or to explain in clear language to others. Catholics of all ages and ranks, with few exceptions, are conscious that the proof of the truth of their religion is a "moral" proof, and not a "mathematical;" though they are as ignorant of the technical meaning of these two adjectives as an unborn child. They know, too, that a "moral" proof implies that something *can* be said on the opposite side; they understand in their own indistinct but decided fashion that a difficulty, though only an apparent difficulty, is a practical difficulty until satisfactorily explained. And being thus aware that the truth of Catholicism rests on moral proof, their faith is not shaken by the admission that this or that historical or scientific question *is* a difficulty, or even by perceiving that they themselves have personally no access to its complete solution. People in general are not so confident in their own abilities, or those of their immediate superiors, as to expect an instant answer to every objection which an enemy can urge. They are aware that the knowledge and capacity of the most learned and accomplished men are but limited. The proverb, that any fool can ask questions which it will require a very wise man to answer, finds a response in the judgment of all persons of moderate intelligence.

A Catholic's faith, accordingly, is not injured by the mere

circumstance of his coming across some plausible anti-Catholic theory, and still less by his recognising any amount of moral goodness and learning in those who are not Catholics. He is prepared for the existence of apparent enigmas, and his faith has never taught him that all men who are not Catholics are rogues or noodles. But he is scandalised when he sees his fellow-Catholics afraid of facts, afraid of science, afraid of history. His whole moral nature receives a shock when he learns that those who profess to understand a subject content themselves with silencing an opponent when they were bound to answer him; when he finds himself put off with phrases, plausibilities, or rhetorical exaggerations; when the anxious desires of his soul for an increase of light and strength are rudely snubbed, and in place of a reasonable argument he is treated to an angry rebuke. More especially at that time of life when the passions are strong, and the whole nature is eager for action and susceptible of impressions, is the downward course towards infidelity accelerated by any symptoms of cowardice or logical duplicity on the part of those to whom he has been wont to look for information or guidance. Wherever the evil shows itself, whether in conversation or publicly-spoken words, whether in books or newspapers, whether in layman or ecclesiastic, the mischief tells upon him with fearful power. A dreadful suspiciousness lodges itself in his mind, which henceforth clouds his perceptions, warps his reasonings, and leads him, it may be, to the most cruel injustice towards those who may have erred, but who erred with the best motives, and through a mistaken idea that an inquiring mind can be permanently satisfied by an apparent solution of an ugly difficulty. If the history of individual apostasies could be unveiled to the world, in many a one we should see that, however lamentable may have been the influence of previous moral deterioration, it has been frightfully strengthened, not so much by the arguments of unbelief, as by the unwillingness shown by individual Catholics to meet them face to face.

We are all of us, let it never be forgotten, influenced by the character and conduct of our contemporaries and personal acquaintances infinitely more than by the example or writing of those who have now passed away. The little daily acts of life, the casual observations of private conversation, tell upon us practically more than all the reasonings and all the virtues of those who are known to us only as people of another age. We must not, therefore, expect the world to argue the questions of the day on abstract theories, or by a grand view of the whole history of mankind in general. When Protestantism raises a difficulty, the ordinary Catholic is not

practically moved by the recollection of what *can be* said in reply, but by what *is* said. And the degree in which his opinion is determined by what is said, mainly rests upon his perception of the fearless honesty of the advocates on the Catholic side. So long as he can detect no sign of fear or shrinking from the whole truth in the persons to whom he looks for defence, so long does he feel his feet firm upon a rock from which no sophistry on the part of his adversaries can displace him. He wants no exhibitions of bravado; he wants no rhetorical retorts; he wants no displays of gladiatorial skill in the substitution of personalities for reasonings. So long as he perceives that those who ought to understand such questions, not only do not fear the whole truth, but rather court investigations and prosecute inquiries, so long is his mind at rest and his faith undisturbed, whatever be the excitement of his feelings, or the unpleasantness of the facts he is compelled to admit. Then only is his judgment agitated and his conscience distressed, when he sees us try to trample out the sparks of scientific light, through fear lest they should make the blaze of the sun of Revelation grow pale; or dress up the muse of history with paint, patches, and hair-powder, till she looks like a demirep of the court of Charles II. instead of a providentially-appointed instructress of mankind.

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## THE CAPTURE AND DEATH OF DR. JOHN STOREY.

WE proceed this month to give an account of another martyr; one concerning whom Bishop Challoner is silent, perhaps through unwillingness to open the subject of the persecutions in Queen Mary's time. Disliking them as we do, we must yet remember that there was a great difference between upholding the ancient religion by the then established laws of Europe, and establishing a new religion, professing to be built on individual freedom of conscience, by the most ruthless persecution of all consciences that adhered to the old system; and moreover, that there is a vast interval between Storey's orderly administration of the law, and the vindictive and illegal treachery of Cecil, which we are about to expose. If the Donatists had revenged themselves on St. Augustine as Elizabeth's ministers revenged themselves on Storey, we doubt not that Protestants would have unanimously added the honours of a martyr to the confessorship and doctorate of the

Bishop of Hippo. Dr. John Storey, one of the most noted civilians and canonists of his age, first acquired the rudiments of his future profession in Henxey Hall, in St. Aldgate's, Oxford. He was admitted B.C.L. in 1531; in 1535 Henry VIII. appointed him to his new lectureship of civil law; in 1537 he became principal of Broadgates Hall, and moderator of one of the civil-law schools. In 1538 he proceeded in his faculty, and administered civil law under the Lord Marshal at the siege of Boulogne; in consideration whereof, the king renewed his former grant of the aforesaid lectureship for his life; and in 1546 joined Mr. Robert Weston—who afterwards married his daughter—with him. He was a member of the House of Commons in the first parliament of Edward VI.; and was imprisoned for saying in a speech there, "Woe unto thee, England, whose king is a child!" Having freed himself from prison by purging himself from his contempt on his knees in the House, he went abroad, and became a member of the new university of Louvain, where he remained till the king's death. On the accession of Mary he returned to England, and resumed his lectureship; but soon resigned it, in consequence of his being appointed chancellor of the diocese of London, an office which he was permitted to hold as a layman on account of the difficulty of the times. He had previously married a lady named Jane Watts. He was again returned to parliament; and shortly after, viz. in January 1555, appointed ecclesiastical commissioner, in conjunction with Sir Roger Cholmley and William Roper. Charges of unnecessary cruelty in discharge of the duties of this office have been brought against him, but without good grounds; for he was continually exclaiming against the impolicy as well as cruelty of putting to death a set of fanatical tinkers, tailors, and old women, while the nobility of that faction were allowed to go scot-free; and on one occasion he and Dr. Feckenham, Abbot of Westminster, went to the queen, against the wish of Bonner, and begged off the lives of twenty-eight poor wretches condemned to the flames. There can be no doubt, however, that his advice for the punishment of seven or eight of the principal of the puritanical faction, instead of the dozens of lesser note that suffered death, rendered him a peculiar subject of hatred and revenge to Elizabeth, Cecil, the Earl of Bedford; and the rest.

There is one letter of his preserved in the State-Paper Office, to the Earl of Devonshire; and as it is the only one we are able to find written in Mary's reign, and short withal, and contains matter interesting in itself, as showing the good prospect opened to this country, had not Almighty God, in

His inscrutable providence, shortened Mary's days, we present it to our readers.

"EMANUEL.

Although, my singular good lord, it be long sithence I have visited your honour with this my scraping hand, yet hath not my heart forgotten my bounden duty to pray for the preservation and prosperous estate of your good lordship, whom God hitherto hath proved with manifold travails, to the end that hereafter His mercy may use you to His glory and no small comfort of all Christian religion in this our native country; wherein although many things concerning spiritual and civil government be yet to be desired, yet is the same through the virtuous contemplation of the queen's majesty and of my lord cardinal\* his grace so much repaired, and by the prudent activity of my now lord chancellor† in the execution of justice so reduced into order, that if your lordship were present to behold how right ruling doth daily succeed in place of ruffling raging, your honour would conceive no less good hope of the extirpation of vice, and planting again of virtue, than we do here of your lordship to be no small instrument to that purpose when it shall please God to send you to us again; whereof I have thought it my duty to certify your honour, although it be notorious, knowing that your honour having ever denied the same, will now the more rejoice the more you do hear thereof. How other things doth stand, this bearer your diligent servant declare unto your honour, which God will increase to His glory. From London, this 23d February (1556). Your lordship's most bounden servant,  
JOHN STOREY."‡

On the death of Mary, the worst apprehensions of Dr. Storey were realised. The people, just beginning to settle down into order and obedience, were excited to such a degree by the fanatical preachers, commissioned for that purpose by the court, that even the mild and gentle Feckenham could not contain his indignation:§

"I shall desire your honours," said he, in a speech in the House of Lords, "to consider the sudden mutation of the subjects of this realm since the death of good Queen Mary, only caused in them by the preachers of this new religion; where in Queen Mary's days your honours do know right well how the people of this realm did live in an order, and would not run before laws; . . . there was no spoiling of churches, pulling down of altars, and most blasphemous treading down the sacrament under their feet, and hanging up the knave of clubs in the place thereof; there [was] no scrinching and cutting off the face and legs of the crucifix, there was no open flesh-eating nor shambles keeping in the Lent and days prohibited. The subjects of this realm, and especially the nobility and such as were of the honourable council, did in Queen Mary's days know their way into

\* Card. Pole. † Heath, Archbp. of York. ‡ Domestic, Mary, vol. vii. art. 9.

§ Cottonian Vesp. D. 18, page 87; it was also printed, and may be found reprinted, in the first vol. of Lord Somers' Tracts, page 81.

churches and chapels, there begin their day's work with calling for help and grace by humble prayer and serving of God. But now since the coming reign of our sovereign lady Queen Elizabeth, by the only preachers and scaffold-players of this new religion, all things are changed and turned upside down; . . . obedience is gone, humility and meekness clean abolished, virtuous, chaste, and strait living abandoned, and all degrees and kinds desirous of fleshly and carnal liberty."

Storey was much more bold; for when he was reproached for having been an ecclesiastical commissioner in the first, or beardless,\* parliament of Elizabeth, "I see," said he, "nothing to be sorry for; but am rather sorry that I have done no more, and that I had not more earnestly given my advice to spare the little twigs and shoots, but to strike more boldly at the roots and great branches."† Such was the offence given by this courageous speech, that he was obliged to fly and hide himself; but was soon taken in the west country, disguised in a frieze coat like a serving-man; and being brought before the council, was by them committed to the Queen's Bench; from whence he was transferred to the Tower in 1560, together with Feckenham Abbot of Westminster, Watson Bishop of Lincoln, Cole Dean of St. Paul's, and Chedley Archdeacon of Middlesex.‡

Whilst his enemies were devising some legal way to put him to death, he contrived to make his escape; and after lying hid for some time in the houses of divers of his friends, landed again in safety in Belgium, and took up his quarters at Louvain. He was here tormented with many doubts whether he had done well to escape from a martyrdom to which he thought God had called him. He often talked this over with his wife and friends; and Father Saunders tells us he once consulted him, whether he ought not to go back and put himself in the power of his enemies. He told him not, for he was freed by the design of God; and could not count upon the grace of God, if without His evident wish he returned to England. He then wished to pass the remainder of his life in doing penance among the Carthusians of Louvain, but his wife would not agree to the proposition; he however spent as much time among them as he could. But his enemies at home were not idle; and the martyrdom which he so ardently desired,

\* It was composed principally of licentious young men. Sir Thos. White, in a speech in the House of Commons on the change of religion, said, "It was unjust that a religion begun in such a miraculous way, and established by most grave men, should be abolished by a set of beardless boys."

† This speech may be found in Holinshed, edition 1587, vol. ii. page 1180; and is alluded to in a short life of Dr. Storey by Father Saunders, in the seventh book of his work *De Visibili Monarchiâ*, fol. edit. 1571.

‡ Strype, Ann. Eliz. 149.

he was by the grace of God at length enabled to attain to. Elizabeth, Leicester, and Cecil, laid the following plot to entrap him. The King of Spain, and Duke of Alva, having appointed an office at Antwerp for the search of all English ships going into or coming out of that port, one William Parker,\* brother of the Archbishop, a wool-draper, a man well skilled in mercantile affairs, was largely bribed by the council to go to the Low Countries to the Duke of Alva, and professing himself a fugitive from England, and a convert to the Catholic faith, to solicit the office in question. The Duke, rejoicing beyond measure in having such a near relation to the chief spiritual heretic in England for a convert and refugee, and withal a man so skilled in mercantile affairs, gladly conferred on him the office he asked for. As soon as he was installed, he named as his assistant Dr. Storey, who was in great poverty, and had a wife and four young children to support, besides nephews and nieces—for two families of Storey were then living at Louvain. He considered it his duty to his family to accept the office, against the wish of his friends, who told him it was an odious one, and unworthy of him. Thus the first part of the plot was successful; the second we shall describe very briefly, as we shall lay letters from the principal performers of it before our readers which will more fully explain it. It seems that a certain John Mershe, one John Lee, and a man named Saltanstall, were agents for Cecil in the Low Countries. They, with Parker, and a certain Pigotte, laid a plan that a ship, sufficiently manned and armed for the purpose, should enter the port of Antwerp; and that Dr. Storey should be induced to visit it for prohibited goods, which were to be placed in her. This plan nearly failed, owing to the indiscretion of Pigotte, and the information of one of the sailors, who suspected the plot, and ran away, and afterwards told Parker to take care of himself, thinking he was the victim of, and not a partaker in, the conspiracy. However, three merchants trading to the Low Countries, viz. Roger Ramsden, Martin Bragge, and Simon Jewkes, allured by the bribes of the lords of the council, were found ready to undertake the dangerous enterprise which Pigotte had mismanaged. The plan was, that as soon as Dr. Storey and Parker should go under the hatches to search the cargo, the hatches were to be shut down, and the two conveyed to Eng-

\* So at least it is affirmed in a marginal note attached to one of William Parker's letters to Cecil, in the State-Paper Office, although Strype does not mention William as one of his brothers, probably as being a Popish lost sheep, as he (not knowing the plot) must have considered him. Many of the Archbishop's near relations were connected with the wool trade, according to Strype, and his father's name was William; it was therefore a family name and family trade.

land, all sail being set as quickly as possible; nobody knowing at the time the complicity of Parker but Mershe, who, under the English government, was chief conspirator. This was accordingly acted upon, and was perfectly successful. Dr. Storey was landed at Yarmouth (not Harwich, as Wood tells us) on the evening of August 14, 1570. The next day he sent the following letter to Cecil, dated 15th August 1570:

"In first proof that I am personally present in this the queen's majesty's town of Yarmouth, I am bold to scribble unto your honour these presents. The circumstances of my apprehension on water by Zealand, this bearer and his company, diligent and yet merciful, can better declare than myself, deceived by my simple and yet foxy skipper, can but by conjecture declare. If it shall stand to your pleasure to have me restored to my keeper, from whom like a very wreckling I did escape, then it is my humble suit unto her majesty and your honour so to temper the yet continued heat of my said keeper, that he content himself with laying on irons on that of my legs which is only able to bear the same, until your leisure may serve to call the corpus before you, or so with charity to dispose the same, now much decaying and decayed, by competent lodging, that it perish not *ante tempus a Deo præfixum*.

If any preoccupation have been used with your honour of me by Mr. John Mershe, late at Brussels, or Mr. Thomas Palie, now turned a \*Je . . . , it may yet like you *audire alteram partem*, in which your doing, *sicut non pænitebit; ita opposita juxta seposita magis elucescent*. *Decimo quinto Aug. Tui honoris orator,*

JOHANNES STOREY."†

This letter was sent to Cecil by Parker and Simon Jewkes, as the following items of the bill of expenses sent to him, which we shall afterwards comment upon, will testify; Parker being a nominal prisoner, and Jewkes his keeper:

Paid at Yarmouth, for three horses and a post, sent up	£	s.	d.
with Parker and Simon Jewkes . . . . .	2	1	4
Paid them in their purses, to bear their charge to London			
and to the court‡ . . . . .	3	0	0

Parker, however, broke down on his journey when he got to St. Alban's; and sent Cecil the following letter from thence:

"RIGHT HONOURABLE,—Not long since your honour was advertised from Yarmouth of the arrival of Dr. Storey, brought from beyond the seas by me and my supports, or assistants, the 14th of this instant, about eight of the clock in the afternoon; since which time I have been travelling towards your honour, with whom my

\* Illegible.

† State-Paper, Domestic, Eliz., vol. lxxiii. art. 18.

‡ Domestic, Eliz., vol. lxxiii. art. 64.

heartly desire is to have conference of these things which in these affairs doth appertain; but being a man not used much to travel, I have over-travelled myself, so as yet I could not attain to the presence of your honour, and also not having any determinate time to have any access to your honour, do as yet remain attending the appointment of your honour, which I require, if it may stand with your honour to signify the same by the bearer hereof, and then shall I give my diligent attendance at all times, according to my bounden duty herewith. The Almighty have your honour in His blessed tuition. From St. Alban's, this present night, 18th August 1570. By your honour's obedient during life,  
WILLIAM PARKER.\*

Roger Ramsden, Martin Bragge, and the rest, set off with their prisoner after a three days' abode in Yarmouth, having received a strict injunction to let him speak to no one; and so strictly was this order observed, that one Gosling, a bailiff, got into trouble for supplying him with kersey to make hose of. The bill here also supplies us with considerable information:

Paid for our charges at Yarmouth, the space of three days, with the Dr., Parker, and the rest, so long as they were in our company, as also that which was spent on the men and mariners . . . . .	£	s.	d.
		3	15 0
Paid for all our charges from Yarmouth to London . . . . .		5	10 0
Paid for all our charges here in London, to this 26th August, with our horse-meat the first night . . . . .		0	13 2

The lords of the council ordered Dr. Watts, Archdeacon of London, to take care of Dr. Storey till the Lollards' Tower could be got ready for his reception; for no common prison would do for such a man. "In my poor opinion," writes Lord Cobham to Cecil, "no common prison is fit for him, for he shall find too many friends."† No, the man who might have put Cecil and Leicester, and Elizabeth herself, to death, and had only put them in fear, was not to be allowed the use of friends. He was to have no common prison; the vindictiveness of the court faction was to ape the vengeance of God, and Dr. Storey was to be punished by that wherein he had sinned. The Lollards' Tower, in which he had shut up the heretics whom the ancient laws then punished, was to be new-locked and bolted to shut him up. The following letter of Watts to Cecil, dated August 26, 1570, acknowledges the receipt of the illustrious prisoner:

"With remembrance of my bounden duty to your honour, it may please the same to be advertised, that upon Friday last in the even-

\* Domestic, Eliz., vol. lxxiii. art. 21.

† State-Paper Office, Domestic, 18th Aug. 1570, vol. lxxiii. art. 24.

ing, Dr. Storey was brought unto my house to London by certain men of Yarmouth, with a letter from the queen's majesty's council to receive him into my charge; which thing I did according to their commandment, albeit I am very unmeet and unprovided for such a charge. . . . The Lollards' Tower shall be made ready for him about Tuesday next. The locks and bolts of the doors were broken off at the death of Queen Mary, and never repaired since, and therefore require a time to be made new again. My house is so weak that I am forced to get men to watch every night, which is a great trouble to me; and the care that I have of his safe keeping (being a person of whom such an account is made) doth much impair my health. I will commit him to Lollards' Tower as soon as it is ready, and will appoint a couple of keepers to keep him there, which, as I understand, is your honour's meaning. God preserve your honour in long life and health. Your honour's to command,

THOMAS WATTS.'\*†

The Lollards' Tower was soon ready for him, as the following extract of a letter from Thomas Watts to Cecil, dated September 4th, 1570, will show:

"With humble remembrance of my bounden duty unto your honour, it may please the same to be advertised, that according to your order Storey is committed to Lollards' Tower, where he hath been since Friday in the morning last. He seemeth to take little thought for any matters, and is as perverse in mind concerning religion as heretofore he hath been; and plainly saith that what he did in Queen Mary's time he did it lawfully, because he was but a minister of the law; and if the like law were again, he might do the like. I have appointed two of my neighbours, being honest men and favourers of the truth, to be his keepers jointly, and have divided the keys of the prison between them, so as the one cannot come at him without the other; and I have given them strait charge to keep him secret and safe, and not to suffer any to have conference with him. . . ."

We shall now leave Dr. Storey for a while, to show our readers how all the rogues engaged in this conspiracy, from Cecil to the sailors, quarrelled over the payment and division of the spoil. William Parker was the luckiest of all; for as Cecil did not desire the share he had in it to be known, and as, for appearance-sake, he was to be kept in prison and tried with Dr. Storey, as an accomplice with him, under the pretence that both of them were entrapped and brought over as traitors, it was necessary to pay him very handsomely not to divulge the plot, and to submit quietly to his imprisonment in the Tower, to which very shortly both he and Storey were transferred, as will appear by the following extract:

\* Domestic, Eliz., vol. lxxiii. art. 30.

† Ibid. art. 53.

*Demands of Sir Owen Hopton, Lieutenant of the Tower, for prisoners' charges from 1st Feb. to 7th April 1571.*

Among other items :

Item, for the diet and charges of Wm. Parker for nine weeks, at 13s. 4d. a week, one keeper at 5s. a week, and fuel and candles 4s.	£	s.	d.
		10	12 0
Item, for Dr. Storey, ditto, ditto*		10	12 0

The three merchants, however, sent in their bill for money paid out of pocket, not including their own reward, amounting to 177*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*; among the items of which the following suspicious ones are found :

Paid more that we were fain to give to be released of a hoye we bought at Barrow, that was not so able to serve our turn as we took her to be	£	s.	d.
		16	13 4
Paid more to be released of ten sacks of tow and other things, which at the first were determined to be laid on the said hoye, but after we determined to the contrary		3	2 8

They then charge 50*l.* for the hire of a hoye, and 30*l.* for the hire of three mariners, one of whom ran away *after* he had been paid, being in all 80*l.*; whereas Cecil, by making inquiries, found they had paid but 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* for both ship and men; so their bill was taxed, and they were paid but 68*l.* 11*s.* 4*d.*, notwithstanding many strenuous letters of Mershe to Cecil, that it were better to give way and pay the bill, for if they were made discontented, the affair might acquire an awkward publicity,—Cecil, in one of his last letters to Mershe (after the affair had gone on some time, and Dr. Storey was executed), jocosely saying that if the young men were not satisfied, they might have Dr. Storey's carcass among them to sell as relics. The young men at last invented a new tale, namely, that they had left 2300*l.* of debt behind them in the Low Countries, which the Duke of Alva had confiscated; for that the seizure of Dr. Storey, who was on terms of friendship with him (the Duke), had very much embittered both the King of Spain and him against Elizabeth and her government. However, if there had been any truth about the 2300*l.* of debt, we doubt whether they would have been a whole twelve-month in finding it out as an argument for the payment of their bill; and we have still greater doubts whether they would have undertaken the affair with the almost certain prospect of losing every thing they had in the Low Countries.

We give one of their whining letters to Cecil, dated June 1571, a few days after Storey's execution :

\* State-Paper, Domestic, Elizabeth, vol. lxxiii. art. 46.

"TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MY VERY GOOD LORD THE LORD OF BURGHLEY,—The cold answer, right honourable, which of late we received of Mr. Mershe to his motion, made, as he saith, of our cause unto your lordship, had wholly dismayed us, had not both the right honourable Earl of Leicester sundry times declared unto us the contrary; and you yourself of your great goodness very lately confirmed the same, which yieldeth us indeed great hope that notwithstanding the said Mershe's discouragement, we are shortly to have some good end of that which so long we had sued for, wherein undoubtedly your great bounty shall so much the more appear and shine, as our present necessity doth urgently crave the same; and our hope is likewise the better assured, in that you have used, as of late we understand, so great liberality\* towards Parker, whose good happ in that behalf, as we do not in any wise malign, so doubt we not but our travail and losses, without whom he had never prevailed, will also be somewhat considered accordingly. Yet forasmuch as those, perhaps, to whom we had partly trusted, have not so effectually declared our cause as both by promise and in conscience they are bound to do, and to the intent (whatsoever report be made to the contrary) it may plainly appear unto your lordship, that of all prudence touching those affairs ours hath been and still is the greatest, may it please your lordship to understand the whole order how we came first to deal in this matter. The thing being pretended and planned by others long before, charge was committed unto one Pigotte to furnish a ship with men and mariners sufficient for such a purpose. He proceeded therein so far, that the very place, time, and tide was appointed, where the Doctor should be shipped with the whole train almost in all points as we now lastly used, for none other to that end could aptly have served; but in effect those matters were so slenderly handled, that when it came to the very point, all was dashed and like to be discovered; for beside that the men and mariners forsook the enterprise, and refused to deal any more therein, certain of them letted not to make exclamation at Parker's house, where Storey and all other rebels resorted; and not knowing that Parker was privy thereunto, warned him, as he said unto us himself, to take heed, for there were that pretended to carry him and another into England. Until the matter was brought into this exigent, we never dealt therein, nor once understood of any such pretence; and in this extremity did one John Lee, gentleman, break the news unto us, declaring how lewdly Pigotte had ordered the matters, greatly complaining the danger he stood in himself, being in fear their enterprise would be bewrayed, that in very deed he once determined with the rest to have fled and absented themselves, for fear of the peril which was like to ensue; and so far discoursed upon the matter with us, that plainly we perceived him to be the principal dealer therein by order from hence, and the only man that

\* There is a sign-manual of Queen Elizabeth in the Chapter-House, granting him an annuity of 100 marks, till better advanced by pension or office, besides 20*l.* down. July 11th, 1571.

by promises of great rewards and other things had allured Parker to consent thereunto :<sup>\*</sup> craving instantly (for so much as he brought the matter so far) our aid and assistance in that distress towards the accomplishing of the rest ; whereunto, although in heart we were very well inclined, yet could we not upon such a sudden be persuaded to hazard all that we had and our lives withal, until such time as, upon sight of certain letters which he showed us from Mr. Saltan-stall and Mr. Mershe, wherein your lordship was also mentioned, he showed in the end your lordship's own letter for confirmation of the rest, without which indeed we had not so far endangered ourselves at that sudden. But perceiving thereby that our service should be great and very acceptable to the State, we judged no time to be omitted, nor any danger refused, which might further so good an enterprise. So that it was neither Lee, Saltan-stall, or Mershe, but the credit of your lordship's letters, my lord, that moved us, all other things set apart, presently to employ ourselves that way, and without further deliberation to hazard our lives, and all that ever we had, rather than so good a piece of service should be overthrown. It was a dangerous attempt, and very well handled of Lee, the winning of Parker to consent thereunto ; for without him the Doctor could never have been blinded in such sort as he was. But all the rest was our deed only, and no man's else, as we trust Lee hath long sithence writ unto your lordship ; and we have also his letters to testify the same, if need require, whereby it shall plainly appear, if Mr. Mershe have not likewise reported accordingly, that he hath greatly abused us. As for Parker, be it spoken under correction, my lord, it was the opinion which Storey had of his simplicity, and not his own policy, that so deceived and allured him into those dangers ; which thing Storey by this one point sufficiently declared, in that he thought him not able to deal in any matter touching his office without his presence to guide and direct him ; and sure I am your lordship doth well perceive him to be very incapable of any such affairs as these were. For our parts, more assistance than of a very child or infant we never had of him, and accordingly were forced from time to time to instruct him what he should say or do in every respect ; and for his office, if your lordship make account what he hath lost thereby, surely as it was his only substance, it is well known, although he bore the name, that it was a matter of trust, and that Storey notwithstanding would have reaped the greatest fruit thereof. For our parts, right honourable, besides that we lack a great part of our disbursed money, and the great charge which we have been at in following her majesty's court these ten months continually, what we have lost and are likely to lose, if we should so amply declare as our cause requireth, your lordship may think it very much ; for over and above the 2300*l.* heretofore mentioned, our liberty and traffic in those places hath hitherto maintained the estate of mean merchants, whereof we are now wholly destitute. And for mine own part, those

<sup>\*</sup> They were all ignorant of the original plot between the lords of the council and Parker, which was kept as a great State secret.

hopes which on the behalf of my wife I am like to lose, I would not willingly have given for 1000 marks. Thus humbly beseeching your lordship to weigh our cause with compassion, for that Mr. Mershe declaring unto us so heavy a message from you, the same is a double grief that your lordship should wish us Dr. Storey's carcass among us, as Mr. Mershe saith, or otherwise to make some more reasonable suit, wherein, my good lord, as we have lost all that ever we had in doing this service; so for that matter that we require tends to the queen's majesty's profit, and the commonweal, and is but a casualty to what it may be worth to countervail our damages before mentioned; yet we humbly content ourselves therewith, desirous no further to enjoy it than as the same be not prejudicial to the intercourse and good policy of the State. And now, if we be driven to change our suit again, as we were once before for the matter of leather, we must be driven withal to beg our bread, and so leave to trouble your lordship any more. But behold your lordship as our good patron, whose goodness it is to consider how extremely we be forced, whilst that we must trouble you with so many words. But we beseech you of pardon and some end, whatsoever it be. For these five months the Earl of Leicester hath promised us good despatch; and so we be put off to our greater destruction, fed only with hopes, and lastly are furthest now from any relief at all. Praying God to move his heart, and to preserve your good lordship in all felicity, your honour's most humble orator,

ROGER RAMSDEN.\*

We are unable to inform our readers whether they ever got their money; but as for Parker, there are several letters from him to Cecil, in after years, by which it appears that the lord-treasurer employed him as an agent and a spy. In one of them he tells Cecil that it was a lucky thing he bore the same family name as Lord Morley (a noted Catholic fugitive); for he was often taken for a member of his family, and so acquired considerable information. In another he says: "Having experimented as well beyond the seas, as also here in my own country, the trade of merchandises, and frequenting the company of merchants daily beyond the seas more than here in these parts, by reason of my calling and advancement by the Duke of Alva to office."† He then relates a conversation he had with a merchant at Antwerp; who was free before him, "trusting that it would never be his luck to come again into England."

But we must now go back to Dr. Storey. We left him in the Tower of London, where he had been placed after a short residence in Lollards' Tower. The difficulty Cecil and Leicester had, was to trump up some charge of treason against him, by which he might be legally put to death; for

\* State-Paper, Domestic, Elizabeth, vol. lxxviii. art. 50.

† Lansdowne Mss., 41, art. 22.

it was clear they could not make his having been ecclesiastical commissioner under Queen Mary, or his speech in the House of Commons, treason, although they were the real cause of his execution. It was not till Easter 1571 that they concocted an indictment against him. It seems that he had been on friendly terms with the Nortons and other refugees, actors in the northern rebellion, who had been indicted for treason. He was therefore indicted for comforting traitors; and one of the particular charges against him was, that "he came one day to Parker's house at Antwerp; where, sitting at dinner, the elder Norton and some other of his company came in from the church; and one said, this is Norton; and thereupon Storey rose and gave him place and bid him welcome, and so the elder Norton sat down in Storey's place."\*

The indictment against him is still extant in the State-Paper Office,† and shows how false were the virulent and spiteful attacks of the authors of two tracts against him; the one called *The Copy of a Letter lately sent by a Gentleman Student in the Laws of the Realm to a Friend of his, concerning Dr. Storey*;‡ and the other, *Declaration of the Life and Death of John Storey*, 1571.§

After reciting the indictment against Richard Norton, Thomas Markenfield, Christopher Neville, Francis Norton, and Thomas Jenny, for their share in the rebellion in the north; also that the said Richard Norton and the rest traitorously fled to Antwerp; it goes on to present:

"That John Storey, of London, doctor of laws; William Parker, of London, draper; and John Prestall, of London, gentleman, feloniously and traitorously conspired, compassed, and imagined the death of the queen, and her deprivation; and well knowing that Richard Norton and the rest had committed, done, and perpetrated divers treasons and rebellions in England, did feloniously and traitorously, at Antwerp and divers other places, comfort, receive, entertain, and assist the said Richard Norton and the rest, against their allegiance, &c., and against the peace, &c., and against the statute in that case made and provided."

He was brought to Westminster Hall on the 26th May, before the judges of the Queen's Bench, and arraigned. He refused to plead, saying "that he was not an English subject; that men were not born slaves, but freemen; that kings were made for the people, and not the people for their kings; that the doctrine of natural allegiance was tyrannical and unjust,

\* Extracted from Dr. Storey's confessions.

† Domestic, Eliz. vol. lxxvii. art. 64.

‡ Reprinted in the Harleian Miscellany, vol. vii. p. 608.

§ Ibid. vol. iii. p. 100; and in Lord Somers' Tracts, vol. i. p. 480.

for that as men were born free, they had a right to choose their own country, and could owe no allegiance before they had sworn allegiance." He acknowledged, however, that he was born in England. "Then," said they, "it follows you are a subject to the queen and laws of the realm." He replied: "God commanded Abraham to go forth from the land and country where he was born, from his friends and kinsfolk, into another country; and so he, following his example, for conscience-sake in religion, did forsake his country and the laws of the realm and the prince, and had given himself up to the service of another Governor."

Perceiving they were about to give judgment against him, he said they had no law so to do; then turning to the people, he said: "Good people, I trust ye see how violently I am used, and how unjustly and contrary to all equity they use me." He added: "He had good hope he was not destitute of some friends there that would inform King Philip how cruelly they dealt with him." One of them said to him: "Master Storey, because you think it violence that is shown to you instead of law and justice, you shall know that we do nothing but what we may do by law and equity." Then one of the judges said: "This is Scarborough's case." "Nay," said Storey, "my case is not Scarborough's case; but indeed I had Scarborough's warning\* to come to this arraign, for I knew nothing of it till seven o'clock this morning." Then a book was given him, to see what they might do by law; and when he had read it, the judge asked him "how he liked it?" Storey answered: "God have mercy upon me;" and so he was sentenced in the usual way.

Quite right too, Dr. Storey; you Elizabethan Catholics are much too advanced in your notions of the rights of man. We have already seen one accomplished gentleman, Sir Thomas Tresham, fined and imprisoned for refusing to take an oath that would probably have cost him his ears, and for insisting on the right of an accused party not to be forced to criminate himself; and now we have to defend you for the abominable doctrine that a man is not delivered over bound hand and foot, or rather body and soul, into the hands of any ogre who may happen to be sitting on the throne, simply because the poor man was born within the fortunate dominions of the ogre aforesaid. You really do hold that a civilised man who has the misfortune to be born of civilised parents within the territories of Mumbo-Jumbo or Nangaro, may if he chooses migrate to another realm, and transfer his

\* First knocking a man down, and then bidding him stand; an old proverb, called by the common people in those days "Scarborough's warning."

allegiance to a more sympathetic sovereign! Fatal error, which we can only stigmatise as it deserves, in the words of an indignant contemporary, the same law-student to whom we have already referred. "It appears," quoth he, "that Dr. Storey said at his arraignment, 'that kings were chosen first by the people for their necessities, and not the people for their kings; and therefore the people might leave their kings when they had no more need of them.'" (Indeed! no need of the "light of their eyes" and the "breath of their nostrils"?) "And so," continues the student, "the conclusion, in his opinion, served for him that he might refuse his natural liege lady and queen: *a traitorous and monstrous error, worthy of some monstrous death, according to the monstrousness of the treason.*" You perceive, Mr. Thackeray, that if the people of England would but have listened to their Popish instructors three centuries ago, they would have been spared the necessity of being physicked into the same frame of mind by the infliction of the four Georges.

Having thus been seized in a foreign land by craft and violence, and condemned in a country that he never wished to enter again, and to which he had openly repudiated all allegiance, he was taken back to the Tower. On his way there he was insulted by the rabble, who shouted after him such doggrel as the following:

"Master Doctor Storey,  
For you they are right sorry,  
The courts of Louvain and Rome.  
Your holy father the Pope  
Cannot save you from the rope;  
The hangman shall have your gown."

Two days after his condemnation he wrote a letter to his wife at Louvain. He said he might easily have refuted the charge of treason, had he wished, had he called those as witnesses with whom he was said to have plotted at Antwerp; but that his conscience would not allow him to plead otherwise than he had done; for he could not plead as if he acknowledged an excommunicated queen, and especially could not according to his conscience acknowledge the jurisdiction of any judge appointed by one so excommunicated, for fear of being himself involved in the same condemnation. In order, therefore, to save his own conscience, and that he might die in the communion of Holy Church, he did not hesitate to shed his blood. He therefore not only returned thanks to God that he was thought worthy to die for so good a cause, but thought that his wife and all his friends would congratulate him, if they really knew with what eagerness he prepared himself for

that death by which in so short a time he would expiate the faults of a life of nearly seventy years.

The fanatical preachers who had hitherto annoyed him with their importunities now left him; and on the evening before his execution the lieutenant of the Tower asked him if he would like any minister of God to attend him. He replied that he should, provided he were no heretic or schismatic. The lieutenant upon this allowed Dr. Feckenham, Abbot of Westminster, who happened to be imprisoned in the Tower at the same time, to remain all night in his chamber: nearly the last time that such a favour was granted. On the next morning, the 1st of June, he was placed on a hurdle and drawn to Tyburn; and when the rope was placed round his neck, he made a long speech to the people, which will be found in the tract before mentioned, reprinted in the third volume of the Harleian Miscellany. He said he had come there to die; and were the death ten times more fierce, that he had deserved it. He thanked God he had been comforted the night past by good and godly men, who had taken away from him the fear of death. He appealed to God the Father, trusting in the passion of His Son Christ Jesus, and hoping by the shedding of His blood only to be saved. That as David had sinned and had to suffer a temporal punishment, so had he. Then he gave the history of his seizure and indictment. He said he was sure God had wrought it, and that it was by His grace he was brought there to die. He then defended himself from the charge of cruelty with which he was accused when acting as ecclesiastical commissioner. "Wherefore I pray you," said he, "name me not cruel. I would be loth to have any such slander to run on me. But sith I die in charity, I pray you all of charity to pray for me, that God may strengthen me with patience to suffer my death, to the which I yield most willingly. And here I make a petition to you, my friends, that would have bestowed any thing on me,—I beseech you, for charity's sake, bestow it yearly on my wife, who hath four small children; and God hath now taken me away, that was her staff and stay; and now my daughter Weston and her three children have gone over to her, and I know not how they shall do for food, unless they go begging for it from door to door. I have good hope that you will be good to her; for she is the faithfulest wife, the lovingest, the constantest, that ever man had; and twice we have lost all that ever we had; and now she hath lost me, to her great grief, I know."\* He then spoke about his reli-

\* She received a pension from the King of Spain of sixteen and a half dollars a-month after his death.

gion. He said he would die in the faith he was born in, namely, the Catholic Church; out of which, as in the time of the deluge out of the ark of Noah, there is no salvation. He said that he, to his sorrow, fell out of the ark once;\* but by the grace of God he found a boat with three oars—to wit, contrition, confession, and absolution—by which he was saved; and he never left the ship again. Lord Hunsdon said to him: “Are you not the queen’s subject?” Storey said: “Every man is born free, and he hath the whole face of the earth before him, to dwell and abide in where he liketh best; and if he cannot live here, he may go elsewhere.” One of the ministers present told him not to make so light of our noble queen and country, and told him to confess she was supreme head of the Church of England and Ireland; to which he answered, he came not there to dispute, but to die.

His execution was conducted with more atrocious cruelty than was usual even in those most barbarous times. Lords Burghley and Hunsdon, the Earl of Bedford, and another earl, whom we may not uncharitably suppose to have been Leicester, came to gloat over the dying moments of the man they both hated and feared in Queen Mary’s days, and detested still. Dr. Fulke, a celebrated Protestant controversialist, and many others of the leading Puritans, were present. He was cut down the instant he was hanged, in order that he might have all his senses about him. He was then stripped; and as soon as the executioner began his obscene and disgusting function, the modest martyr rose up and gave him a box on the ear. He was, however, held down by three or four men while the rest of the cruel butchery was performed.

By the Franciscans and Carthusians he was held in particular veneration as a saint, and his relics were honoured and placed over the altars in certain of their churches. His martyrdom was represented on the church-walls of the English college in Rome. He, as well as Felton, who was hanged the previous year for posting the excommunication of Elizabeth on the Bishop of London’s gates, both died in defence of the supremacy of the Holy See. We hope the time is coming when the cases of some of the martyrs who fell in England in the cause of religion will be considered, from the time

\* He alludes to having taken the oath of supremacy in Henry VIIIth’s time, which he ever after mentioned with tears, giving God thanks for restoring him to the unity of the Church. He alludes to it in his will, in these words: “For breaking any command set forth by the authority of the Church, and for the non-observing of any of her decrees, and especially for my offence in forsaking the unity of it by acknowledging any other supreme head than Christ’s deputy here on earth, St. Peter and his successors, I do most humbly and penitently cry God mercy.”

of Henry VIII. downwards; and that it will soon be discovered that great saints and martyrs, who would not disgrace the calendar, have existed, even in our fallen land.

The malice of Dr. Storey's enemies did not cease with his death: most violent attacks were made on his memory.\* Every thing which he did as a young man which could in any way tell invidiously was brought up against him to blacken his character;—nay, the very cries he uttered at the time of his execution, urged by the sharpness of the pain, were brought against him by way of reproach. Both Strype and Bishop Kennet† tell us that Dr. Fulke, in one of his numerous works, we forget which, thus wrote against him: "Such as were manifestly void of patience can be no true martyrs, as were most of those rebels and traitors; and Storey by name, who, for all his glorious tale, in the time of his deserved execution by quartering was so impatient, that he did not only cry and roar like a hell-hound, but also struck the executioner doing his office, and resisted as long as strength did serve him, being kept down by three or four men till he was dead; and he uttered no voice of prayer in all that time of his crying, as I heard of the very executioner himself, beside them that stood by, but only roared and cried as one overcome by the sharpness of the pain." Thus wrote Fulke. We have a different opinion, namely, that the term 'hell-hound' is rather applicable to those who could complacently write such atrocious language, and to those who could come and gloat their vengeance over the sufferings of a poor dying man,—to Elizabeth and her infamous ministers, and to the Protestant bishops and clergy who were continually urging them on to still further atrocities.

The capture and execution of Dr. Storey excited great indignation among the Catholics of that time, although the exact history of it was but little known. Strype himself gives two accounts of the matter. In his *Life of Archbishop Parker*,‡ we have very nearly the true history: "Parker

\* Especially in the two tracts, reprinted in the Harleian Miscellany above mentioned. Strype and Holinshed, too, are very foul-mouthed against him. The street-ballads of the time attacked him furiously. We give a short specimen:

"DIABOLUS loquitur.

Stand to it, Stapleton, Dorman, and Harding,  
And Rastell, that rakehell, to maintain my order;  
Bonner and Gardiner are worth the regarding,  
For keeping articles so long in this border.  
O Storey, Storey, thou art worthy of recording:  
Thou stood'st to it stoutly against God and the king,  
And at Tyburn desperately gave me an offering."

† Bishop Kennet's Biographical Collections, in the Lansdowne Mss. 931, fol. 108.

‡ vol. ii. p. 366.

was procured by certain persons, to which they say Cecil was privy, to go to Antwerp and decoy Storey;" but then he adds, that "the Roman Catholics did not forget Parker; for this year, for some pretence, he was cast into prison by the craft and malice of Storey's private friends as a pirate." As if Catholics had any influence in those days: the real history being, as we said before, that Storey and Parker were both placed under the hatches as equally prisoners; both conveyed to England apparently against their will; both imprisoned in the Tower and arraigned on the same indictment, in order that the complicity between Cecil and Parker might not leak out; and Parker was well paid for submitting to it with good grace. Strype tells us in another place\* that Parker was a merchant, trading to Antwerp; and when Storey came to search his vessel unnecessarily, he was so angry, that he set sail and brought him to England on his own responsibility; a version evidently untrue, but one which we dare say Cecil wished to be believed.

Catholics, however, must have known a great deal of the truth about it in those days; and in some instances spoke out, in spite of their almost certain imprisonment and persecution in consequence. Thus Edward Neville† was informed against, for saying that "he that brought over Dr. Storey was a traitorous villain; and that whoever durst say the contrary was a villain, and lied in the throat;" and John Sentledge, for saying "he would maintain all his cousin Neville had said, though it were in presence of my lord treasurer." This Edward Neville was transferred from the Tower to the Fleet, January 3, 1598, "after a long imprisonment," probably on this account.

We do not profess to give this short account of Dr. Storey as a full history of his life and martyrdom, for which there are materials extant sufficient to make a small volume; but rather as an additional instance of the cruelty of the Elizabethan period, and to bring into more notice as illustrious, though not so well-known a martyr, as Fathers Campian, Southwell, Walpole, and others are.

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\* In his *Life of Sir J. Cheek*. † *Lansdowne Mss.* 97, art. 23.

## CHRISTIANITY IN THE PACIFIC.

SCARCELY a generation has passed away since Cook steered his adventurous course among the coral-reefs and palm-tree islets of the Pacific archipelago; first set foot on the continent of Australia, or, anchoring to refresh under the wooded shores of New Zealand, predicted that it might one day become the Britain of the south. The great Pacific, so lately desolate, in less than a generation has become a highway of nations. Stately cities are even now arising with a rapidity unexampled in the history of mankind; and races, destined no doubt to play an important part in the future of the globe, are already peopling the antipodes of Europe. In the midst of this vigorous young life stand the native Australian and Pacific-islander races in sad contrast,—worn out, and gradually decaying.

Of all the phases of the life of nations, there are few more interesting, and generally none more sad, than that which presents barbarism suddenly placed face to face with superior civilisation and mental energy. Ordinarily the savage, proud in his wild independence, or too brutalised by ages of barbarism to perceive his inferiority, resists the superior race, having no points of sympathy with it, and many of antagonism and repugnance. He is driven back, and ultimately disappears. Such a case is that of the unfortunate aborigines of Australia. But the Pacific islanders, chiefly of Malay origin,—such as the New Zealander, the Tahitian, and the Sandwich islander,—belong to another category. They afford perhaps the only instance in the world of a people in many respects purely savage, and even sometimes cannibal, yet manifesting a desire to receive and partially amalgamate with a superior race; and in a certain degree to avail itself of a material civilisation above its own.

It is to the Pacific islanders of this class that we now propose to devote a small space; and the subject is one that not only possesses an intrinsic interest of its own, but is deserving of the especial notice of Catholics, from the fact that the Pacific islanders are the only people to whom Protestant missionaries have been able to point with any appearance of plausibility as an instance of the success of their evangelising efforts.

We shall refer more especially in this notice to the New Zealander, as perhaps the most perfect type of the race, both physically and morally; as being the native inhabitant of

one of our youngest but most promising colonies; and lastly, as the New Zealander is so frequently exalted as the model neophyte, nay, the perfect Christian, of Exeter Hall. Our attention, too, has been of late attracted to this subject by the following passage in a recent work by Mr. Hardwick, the "Christian advocate" of Cambridge University, entitled *Christ and other Masters*:

"In New Zealand, where but thirty years ago the natives were ferocious cannibals, the scourge of neighbouring islands, and the terror of the British seaman who was driven to their shores, we now behold a population almost as generally Christian as our own. The chiefs and people vie together in their zeal for the advancement of religion, and exhibit all that catalogue of virtues which distinguish the regenerate nature,—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

The writer of these pages, who has traversed the interior of New Zealand in several directions, and who dwelt for years in constant intercourse with the natives, must confess that he fails to recognise his old friends in the foregoing highly-coloured picture. The Pacific islander, with the Bible in his hands, is, on the contrary, a remarkable instance of the essential absurdity of the doctrine of private judgment—"the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible" system. He learns to read and write; he takes up the Bible; he is shrewd, quick-witted, and puffed up with a sudden sense of his importance. Our friend, perhaps, was not a chief; but now becomes a man of consequence as a teacher of the fashionable European doctrines. He is at once a doctor of divinity, and expounds the Scriptures in a way that might well astonish less ambitious theologians. The writer himself remembers undergoing a long lecture from a native of this class, who, insisting upon the superior godliness of his tribe, and of himself in particular, laid down the broad principle that the Gospel was never meant for Europeans. Some of their deductions are ingenious, if not moral. A well-known chief at Wellington, when remonstrated with for indulging in a plurality of wives, was ready with the example of Solomon, who was even more extravagant in that particular; and another, who had sold the same piece of land three times over, being reproached by the then governor for conduct so inconsistent with his religious professions, at once justified himself by pleading scriptural authority. "I read," said he, "When thou hast sold thy land, doth it not again return unto thee?"\*—a reference to the Judaical sabbath-year which un-

\* The Maori theologian was probably quoting the text Lev. xxvii. 24, *memoriter*. It is correct in substance, though not in words.

doubtedly proved deep research, and a happy talent of applying his knowledge to his own cases of conscience. It may well be imagined that instances of this kind might be multiplied *ad infinitum*.

And if in expounding the Scriptures the natives are thus singularly felicitous, in their collateral comments they have at least the merit of originality. The writer has been assured that he, as a "Roman"-ist, worshipped Jupiter. Denial was quite unavailing,—on the good old principle, probably, that Catholics are not the best evidence on what they themselves believe. On another occasion, a whole assembly of natives quoted missionary authority for their statement that it was the Catholics who cast the three children of Israel into the fiery furnace; and in the heat of the discussion an old Wesleyan native stoutly advocated another clause in the indictment:—it was the Catholics who crucified our Saviour. On the last count, however, we were acquitted by a majority of voices, though unanimously condemned on the former. Similar stories were disseminated in Tahiti before the arrival of the Catholic bishop; veracious legends of child-eating prelates, and scraps of equally authentic history unknown to European annalists. Such is the foundation of most of the Protestantism of the Pacific islanders,—the Bible in the hands of semi-savages, and a strong infusion of anti-Catholic prejudice. It is, however, very doubtful how far these two elements of a popular creed have any deep hold on the majority of those calling themselves Christians. The Holy Scriptures are read, and outwardly revered; but often privately become the object of blasphemous irreverence. And as to the anti-Catholic legends, they have in most cases ended by defeating their object by their own extravagance, and have left the natives in a state of complete disbelief and religious indifference. But we shall be referred to the admirably religious letters so frequently quoted in proof of the high moral tone of the evangelical New Zealander; and that we may not be suspected of any desire to throw a veil over this strong point of our opponents, we must trouble our readers with some extracts from a parliamentary blue-book, containing, amongst other documents relating to the colony of New Zealand, an account of the death of Honi Heke, a renowned warrior-chief, and a disciple of the missionaries. Governor Grey, in a despatch to the Colonial Office, notifies the illness of the chief Heke, and encloses two copies of letters, one from Heke himself, and one from "Harriett John W. Heke Pokai," his wife. Heke informs the governor that his "disease is great; but do not you grieve about that. This is not the

everlasting abode of the body." The lady, it is true, is less lucid in her correspondence, and has evidently forgotten to add a postscript to say that her husband is dying; but her letter is nevertheless worthy of insertion :

"TO THE GOVERNOR,—My dear friend the Governor, greeting you. I send this expression of my love to the Governor and his wife Lady Grey. Friend Lady Grey, are you well, both you and your husband? I am well. Give my love to your wife.

From your affectionate sister,

To Lady Grey.

HARRIETT JOHN W. HEKE POKAI."

Amiable couple! can we apply to them the quotation of the "Christian advocate,"—"love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance"? Perhaps before we do so, we had better turn over a few pages, and read another letter from a certain chief named Pene Tani, which throws yet further light on the "long-suffering," if not on the "peace, meekness," &c. of poor Heke's domestic hearth :

"O FRIEND THE GOVERNOR,—Salutation to you. This is my speech to you, that you may hear and thoroughly understand that your loving friend John Heke is dead. On the 7th day of this month, at the third hour of the morning, he died; and was buried on the 11th at midnight. The cause of his death was a quarrel which he had with his wife, because John Heke had been with another woman, and on this account his wife was angry. Thus it was: Heke was sleeping in the forenoon,—he was sound asleep; then came Harriett with haui (a kind of club) and struck him on the ribs. When she had beaten him, she threw him down upon the bed; and when he was down she showered blows and kicks upon him. That is all. John Heke's death was near; he first disclosed this to me, and said, 'My death is in my right side.' He fixed his eyes upon me and pointed to Harriett, and placed his hands on his ribs. I laughed at him. Well, after his death, when he had lain two days, his body was washed, and it was seen that the injury on his ribs was very great,—matter had come from the place. On this account the assemblage of the Ngapuhi (a tribe) was very angry with Harriett; and all the property of John Heke was given up to them, nothing being left for Harriett, because Heke's relations were extremely angry. That is all of these words from me.

To Governor Grey.

FROM PENE TANI."

In Mr. Fox's *Six Colonies of New Zealand* an anecdote of well-known authenticity is related of the great chief Rauparaha. Renowned for his warlike achievements, but still more for his cruelty, his treachery to friends and enemies, and his talents for intrigue, Rauparaha, after the massacre of

the Wairau, "placed himself," says Mr. Fox, "under missionary protection; and by pretending conversion and likening himself to St. Paul, succeeded in hoodwinking his protectors." Unfortunately we have not at hand the blue-book which contains the letters by which he for a time blinded the generally acute governor, Sir George Grey, at the very moment he was supplying arms and ammunition to be used against the government. Detected and held in detention, he was ultimately allowed to return to Otaki, his native place.

"There (we quote again from Mr. Fox) he resumed his pretensions to sanctity. 'I saw,' says an intelligent but newly-arrived clergyman who visited him at this time, 'amongst the other men of note, the old and once-powerful chief Rauparaha, who, notwithstanding his great age of more than eighty years, is seldom missed from his class; and who, after a long life of perpetual turmoil, spent in all the savage excitement of cruel and bloody wars, is now to be seen every morning in his accustomed place, repeating those blessed truths which teach him to love the Lord with all his heart and mind and soul and strength, and his neighbour as himself.' . . . A few days before his death, when suffering under the malady which carried him off, two settlers called to see him. While there, a neighbouring missionary came in, and offered him the consolations of religion. Rauparaha demeaned himself in a manner highly becoming such an occasion; but the moment the missionary was gone, he turned to his other visitors, and said: 'What is the use of all that nonsense? that will do my belly no good!' He then turned the conversation to the Wanganni races, where one of his guests had been running a horse. Such were the last days of Rauparaha."

And such, in the opinion of those who know the natives best, and whom the natives have no object in deceiving, is the real measure of much of that outward piety they so readily assume. Regular as many of them constantly are in singing hymns and repeating prayers, it is not possible until one has been a good deal amongst them to judge how little reality such practices have for them beyond a mere form and a sign of respectability. The almost superstitious observance of the Sunday is another singular feature in their "Christianity." The writer has known every New Zealander in a village refuse to assist some Europeans in seeking for a native of their own tribe who had been lost in the bush, and was supposed to have been hurt or taken ill,—which proved to be the case,—because it was a Sunday. The native had been missed on Saturday, and it was represented to them that he might be dead by Monday; in which they fully concurred, but persisted in their refusal to "desecrate the Sabbath;"—they would

wait till Monday, and then find him, dead or alive. The unfortunate man was a native of very inferior rank; had he been a chief, the case would no doubt have been different. And yet, as if to illustrate the mass of inconsistencies that make up the savage character, in nine cases out of ten the refusal to act as guide, as ferryman, to supply food to a traveller, on a Sunday,—all of which are of common occurrence,—is generally simply a ruse to obtain extra payment. One payment for the service, and another “for breaking the holy day,” is a demand well known to New-Zealand travellers, accompanied sometimes by a request from the more conscientious that the payment may be placed under a stone, to be taken up on Monday. An officer of a United-States frigate which touched at Hawaio in the Sandwich Islands related to the writer an incident which is unfortunately characteristic. He had landed at Hilo, the seat of a flourishing American mission, and had taken a walk one Sunday evening into the adjoining country. Tired and hot, he requested a young native to sell him a few of the oranges which grew on the spot; but was met by an indignant refusal, on the ground of profanation of the Sabbath. Somewhat annoyed at what he considered a refinement of scrupulosity, he was turning away, when the virtuous sabbatarian followed him, and, passing a glowing eulogium on the beauty of his own sister, made him a proposition that, whilst it argued but little for the morality of the young lady in question, proved at the same time how easy it is to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

But we have given enough instances to show the character of that “Christianity” which swells the reports of Exeter Hall and the coffers of the Bible-societies. We are aware that a few isolated instances are not sufficient in themselves to prove a case; but we have adduced them as illustrations,—as types of character rather than as proofs. Personal knowledge of the New Zealanders, and, in a lesser degree, of some of the other Pacific islands; intercourse with men of all classes who have voyaged and dwelt amongst them; added to a considerable interest in the subject, and a desire to arrive at the real truth,—have all led the writer to the same conclusion. And to a Catholic at least it does not seem wonderful. Common sense, when it is not blinded by prejudices of education, would show that when the Bible is placed as the sole rule of faith in the hands of the “ignorant and the unwary” savage, he is only likely “to wrest it to his own destruction.” We can understand how the principle of the Divine authority and mission of the Catholic Church, once imprinted in the savage mind, may gradually train him up in

the way of virtue and religion ; how he may gain the supernatural idea of chastity, from the example of the nun that devotes herself to teach his daughters ; of self-devotion, from the priest who gives up every domestic tie to lead a lonely life of hardship and toil, and dies perhaps in the forest hardly known of man. With such examples, and with the aid of the Sacraments, a savage race may be elevated ;—but elevated by beginning in humility, not in pride and self-sufficiency. So it is with the individual fallen man ; so it is with races long fallen from depth to depth of barbarism. It is very fine to talk of savage virtues like the followers of Rousseau, or to depict a paradise like Herman Melville. There are, indeed, savage virtues ; but they are generally very different, and founded on very different principles, from the virtues of religion, and often under a pleasing exterior hide vices worse even than those of the most corrupt civilisation ; for civilisation even the most corrupt has always an under-current of religious and moral feeling, if not actual at least traditional, without which, indeed, it could not long exist ; whereas in the pure state of barbarism the individual man is amenable to no tribunal of fixed ideal right and wrong, but is wholly swayed by his own passions and feelings for good or evil. As to the Tahitian and Marquesan paradises of the novelist, his paradise is one of sensuous gratification, seen through a medium of *couleur de rose*. Tahiti is to this day as licentious as in the days of Captain Cook ; and yet the Tahitians, almost to a man, call themselves Protestants, sing hymns, and read the Bible ; and the introduction by the missionaries of a law of divorce unknown to their native customs (and a law of divorce, too, which permits the man to marry again, and condemns the woman to perpetual widowhood) has caused them to retrograde, by removing a check which previously existed. In this respect the Sandwich islanders are on a par with the Tahitians, and the New Zealanders hardly, if at all, superior. There is one more point in the extract which we have given from the "Christian advocate's" work which demands our attention. The writer, to give force to his picture of the virtues of the New Zealander of the present day, recalls their cannibalism and their other savage propensities of thirty years ago. Unfortunately, the last authentic instance of cannibalism is of much more recent date. It is beyond all doubt that cannibalism was committed on the body of at least one British officer slain in Colonel Despard's attack on Heke's stockade ; and yet so "religious" were the natives, that when they next morning evacuated the place, the fact was known to

the besiegers by the silence that reigned within it at the hour of morning prayer. Unfortunately, again, for the writer's contrast, two native tribes are at this moment engaged in war at Taranaki, in spite of the efforts of the Government and of Bishop Selwyn to put a stop to their hostilities; and we read only the other day in a New-Zealand paper of a threatened difficulty in the north having been happily adjusted by Bishop Pompallier, after all other efforts had failed. The fact is, that the natives are *not* perfectly civilised, even in a material point of view; still less perfectly Christianised. That there is some change for the better in them in certain respects we will admit, as compared with thirty years ago; but the question is, What has brought that change to pass?

We have already observed, that the Pacific islanders differ from almost all other savage races in their desire to receive Europeans amongst them, and to benefit by their superior knowledge. Even before the first missionaries landed in New Zealand, it was an object of ambition amongst the native chiefs to have Europeans resident in their tribes; and in the Sandwich Islands the friend and councillor of the warrior-king Kamehamea I. was an English sailor, a man himself of remarkable ability. It was in virtue of this principle that the missionaries were first received. In New Zealand, at least, the native thought little of any religious observance; he possessed a traditional knowledge of one universal God, but it was much obscured by mythical legends of spirits and demigods. His religious observances were few, chiefly consisting of old forms of incantation, with the remarkable exception of the custom of elevating the first slain man in battle on a spear, and leaving the body there as an offering to the god of war. The New Zealander, then, had little to which he was attached in the way of belief to give up; and even in those other islands where there was a more complete form of religious observances, the natives do not appear to have felt that difficulty in abandoning their old ways and adopting new ones that has been experienced by races less intelligent, perhaps, but at the same time more earnest and less versatile in character; consequently they professed themselves Christian as part and parcel of the European habits and customs, but more as a fashion than as an affair of faith. You may travel as safely amongst the New Zealanders, or Tahitians, or Sandwich islanders, as you may in England or France,—perhaps, if you have valuables about you, more safely; and it is a question whether you could have done this thirty years ago. But you may travel as safely among a pagan tribe as among a “Christianised” one; it is undeniable that such is

the case in New Zealand. No one disputes that tribes that have had their chief intercourse with outlying settlers, or even with the rough whaler population, are in many respects as advanced, in some more advanced, and in little but outward forms less advanced, than those tribes amongst whom the "Church Missionary" and similar societies have made their greatest efforts. We might here again quote Mr. Fox, who, in his chapter on "Missionary Influence," draws a parallel between natives of the model missionary settlement of Otaki and those of the Motueka district living amongst some settlers (at the time Mr. Fox wrote, chiefly of the humbler class). The result of the comparison is decidedly in favour of the latter. The fact is, that such civilisation, or rather such improvement in habits, as has been attained by the New Zealanders, is mainly attributable to their own intelligence; to their desire of obtaining riches; to the influence of intercourse with Europeans generally; and even the effect of these influences has been greatly exaggerated. It is quite a question amongst those who have devoted the most thought to the subject, how far the Pacific islanders generally, and the New Zealanders in particular, have *really* progressed within the last thirty years. We have already admitted that they have progressed in some respects; they have given up several of their most savage customs, such as cannibalism in New Zealand, and human sacrifices in the Sandwich Islands. Native wars are less frequent; infanticide is at least less openly practised. These are great gains, no doubt; but when we begin to consider whether they have made any advance in social organisation, it would appear that in that respect they have rather retrograded. The authority of the chiefs has been weakened, and nothing has been substituted in its place. The influence of the government in New Zealand at least cannot be effectively felt in the more remote and thickly-populated native districts; and though latterly the colonists in New Zealand (who have as a body generally maintained the most amicable relations with the natives, and shown an excellent feeling towards them) have, since self-government has been conferred upon the colony, taken some important steps to induce the natives to obtain individual property in land, and in other respects to benefit them, yet it appears very improbable that the New Zealanders will ever be sufficiently elevated to form any appreciable element in the future of the colony. Their rapid extinction has no doubt been retarded by colonisation. They are better fed and better clothed; though, especially in the matter of lodging, their old savage domestic habits cling about them still.

Wars and feuds, too, are less common and less bloody; but in spite of this they are rapidly dying out. There are fewer women than men amongst them; and the proportion of children is exceedingly small. In Tahiti, and in the Sandwich islands, the same process of depopulation is going on; and it appears but too probable that, from natural causes alone, another hundred years will see the last of a race of men that must in Cook's time have numbered several millions throughout the islands of the Pacific.

We have referred especially, in the preceding paragraphs, to the present social state of the New Zealanders. In Tahiti and its dependencies the French exercise "a protectorate,"—in reality a very arbitrary rule. Their efforts to implant habits of industry amongst the natives appear a total failure; and the unbounded immorality which is the chief cause of the physical decline of the South-Sea islanders is no where more remarkable than among the Tahitians. Very few of them have become Catholics, on this account; and, indeed, the French government has, in its usual spirit of deferring every thing to political expediency, actually at times thrown obstacles in the way of the Catholic missionaries, to the extent, at one time, of forbidding their preaching to the natives for fear of irritating the more powerful Protestant party in the island. This may seem incredible, but the writer had it on the spot, from the very highest authority; and, indeed, the position of the Catholic Church in the Pacific, in relation to the French civil authorities, forms a disgraceful contrast to the generally fair treatment it has experienced in the English possessions in that part of the world. The Sandwich islands, an important naval position, forming the key to the North Pacific, have their independence guaranteed by England, France, and the United States of America. The simulacrum of a constitutional government has been established there, with a native king, and a cabinet virtually composed of Europeans, at its head. Till within the last few years this was, in fact, a despotism of American missionaries; but in 1853 it had become so intolerable, that a petition, signed by 260 foreign residents and 12,220 natives, was presented to the king for the dismissal of the more obnoxious of his missionary advisers; and the demand was so imperative that they were forced to yield. In many points the government has improved since then, owing chiefly to the advice tendered by the English and French consul-generals. The Catholic religion, formerly prohibited, is now allowed, and has made great advances amongst the natives.

In speaking of the Pacific islands, we must not omit to

allude to the Gambian islanders. Though the writer has no personal knowledge of them, he has high authority for believing them to be an instance of highly successful Catholic missionary efforts. They are described as singularly moral and devout, with an organised system of industry which has won the admiration of the most unprejudiced visitors.

To finish, as we began, with New Zealand, we will add a very few words on the position of the natives as regards Catholicity. The New Zealander will as readily embrace Catholicity as Protestantism, as far at least as the first step goes,—calling himself a Catholic; the great difficulty is to prove his sincerity. Many, however, are sufficiently advanced to be admitted to the Sacraments. But amongst the tribes that profess Catholicity the great want of priests is a serious drawback. The nuns' schools at Auckland and Wellington for the education of native girls, both of which receive government support, are likely to tend more than any thing else to elevate the moral character of the natives; but they are unfortunately necessarily on too small a scale to exercise any material influence on the natives generally. We will only further remark, that the general character of Catholic tribes is comparatively favourably spoken of, and that the only occasion on which we remember to have heard of any one of them engaging in any war, was when Rewa called out his tribe to aid the government to re-establish law and order during Heke's insurrection.

We regret that in the preceding pages we have not been able to take a more favourable view of the Pacific-islander races,—races whose many amiable qualities, whose quick wit and native gentleness of manner, cannot but be often recalled by those who remember pleasant evenings by New-Zealand camp-fires, or wander back in imagination to the palm-tree and orange-groves of the more tropical islands. But if, as we fear, the last chapter in the history of these races is even now quietly, gradually, but surely, approaching its fulfilment, we do not doubt that the future historian, looking back on their present state and character, will estimate it no higher than we have done.

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## Reviews.

### CHALDEA AND PERSIA.

*Travels and Researches in Chaldea and Susiana.* By  
William Kennett Loftus, F.G.S.

THE pages of the *Rambler* are, fortunately, perhaps, not a proper place for critical disquisitions on the true interpretation of cuneiform inscriptions. If they were, we might possibly be driven to employ some such scheme as the learned *mollah* did, when dining with our friend Hajji Baba at the hospitable board of the moon-faced Bessy's father. The reader will remember, that on the professor of languages finding his Persian suddenly and hopelessly at fault in presence of Prince Hajji, he, in the words of the chronicle of that veracious son of a barber, "grew confused and evidently much dissatisfied with himself; when, looking at the back of his plate, to his joy he there discovered some Chinese characters, and in triumph volunteered to give the meaning of them. Having previously ascertained my ignorance of that language, he gave a long explanation, which seemed to satisfy every body of his profound learning, and restored to himself the equilibrium which he had lost." If very hard pressed, we too must examine the back of the plate; and, admitting that we have not kept our "arrowhead" quite up to the mark, display our skill in doing into vernacular British the most crooked and perverse Lunarian. The truth is, that the gift of ability to decipher the sculptured or impressed language of the crumbled cities of the Euphrates is confined at present to so few individuals, that the ranks of *literati* stand in little better position than the mob of outsiders. If any such authority as Sir Henry Rawlinson chooses to tell us that a Babylonian cylinder contains a correct formula for the brewing of pale ale, we can only fold the hands of acquiescence over the bosom of faith, and enlarge our ideas of the empire of Nergal-shar-ezur, as having rejoiced in the possession of some curly-bearded Bass or Alsopp.

But though we cannot enter critically into the philological researches of the accomplished workman in this field of interpretation, we can, and do, take a very decided interest in the valuable additions which have been made by them and by their means to the history of mankind. We care but little, save in a certain malicious sense, about the "Prophetical

Society,"—which, after a tedious parturition, has just, we find, given birth to a volume, clad in ominous black and scarlet (the colours which foolish jesters term thunder and lightning when occurring in fancy waistcoats),—seeing that the course of the future may not be altogether laid bare to the apprehension of the Mrs. Gamps and Mrs. Harrises, lay and cleric, who constitute that singular association. He, however, must be dull and heavy indeed who cares nothing for the past; who is not stirred by curiosity into some feeling of interest and excitement as he reads of the disinterment of records which open again to sight and touch, as it were, the ancient world and its thousand mysteries; the mighty empires which were, but are not; whose mouldering gigantic skeletons alone remain deep buried in the dust, to be uncovered piecemeal, now and then, like scattered bones of the monsters of geology; in evidence that boundless wealth and power wait but the word of Him with whom a thousand years is as one day, to vanish into nothingness, even as the summer cloud before the sun. There is something almost overpowering in being carried back thus sensibly to a time when as yet Abraham had not traversed the plains of Mesopotamia; and in tracing a course of events always parallel to and often closely intermingled with the narrative of Holy Writ, by visible and tangible records, in the very spots where the patriarchs pastured their flocks; where the prophet Ezechiel lies buried; where the pride of Nabuchodonosor bit the ground; and where the tomb of Daniel is a place of pilgrimage to the wandering Arab to this day.

Mr. William Kennett Loftus, whose researches in Chaldea and Susiana are the subject of our notice, was attached as geologist to the Turco-Persian Frontier Commission, in 1849-52, under the orders of Colonel, now Major-General, Sir W. F. Williams, Bart. of Kars. In 1853 he again visited the East, in conduct of the expedition sent out by the Assyrian Excavation Fund. The present volume is the result of his labours; and although in presence of Layard and others he must, we presume, be considered one of the *dii minores*, we have found his narrative, in spite of his literary inexperience and a certain want of method, extremely interesting. Many qualities must be found combined in a man, to render him fit to undertake the task of excavation in the plains of Assyria and Chaldea. He must add to ample courage a sufficient knowledge of Eastern dialects to out-clamour his opponents in their own Billingsgate; he must endure the extremes of heat and cold, as well as the depressing influence of frequent labour in vain; and above all, he must have

tact, to enable him to deal with the fanatical Turk, the crafty Persian, and the frantic Arab. It is a redeeming point of the Eastern diplomatic *disservice*, as the *Examiner* calls it, that persons possessed of these qualifications have rarely been wanting when circumstances have called for their presence. Mr. Loftus appears to be by no means deficient in them; and the sketches which he gives of his relations with the multifarious dwellers and rovers in the Desert form very agreeable episodes in the history of his antiquarian researches. Bághdád being appointed as the rendezvous of the commission, the English party, as might be expected, was the first to arrive at that dirty remnant of the glories of the khálífát; and doing so in May 1849, was exposed to the malaria arising from the subsidence of a vast inundation. In a short time the fever swept off 12,000 out of a population of 70,000; the febrifuge most in vogue being a heavy dose of unripe grape-juice. The thermometer in the shade rises to 117° Fahr. in Bághdád; and as the heat is still more unendurable at the head of the Persian Gulf, the idea of proceeding to the frontier till the summer should be past was abandoned. As soon, however, as the intensity of the heat permitted, Colonel Williams organised a trip to the ruins of Babylon and the Persian shrines, by way of breaking the monotony and lassitude of a long detention, which could not but be felt, notwithstanding the abundant hospitality of Colonel Rawlinson, then consul-general.

The site of Babylon and the Birs Nimrúd have now been so often described and discussed, that we shall not follow the travellers in this portion of their journey, save to glance at the strange edifice which crowns the celebrated mound, and which, in former and less accurate days, was supposed to be the ruins of the Tower of Babel. The excavations made under Sir Henry Rawlinson, and the sagacity and skill with which he has unravelled the recovered cylinders, have enabled him to describe this vast historical monument with astonishing accuracy. It was "the Stages of the Seven Spheres of Borsippa," an oblique pyramid of six terraces, crowned by (in all probability) a temple. Each terrace was about twenty feet high, dedicated to a planet, and stained with the colour attributed to it by the Sabæan astrologers: the lowest black, for Saturn; the second orange, for Jupiter; the third red, for Mars; the fourth yellow, for the Sun; the fifth green, for Venus; the sixth blue, for Mercury; and the temple at the top, now a vitrified mass, was probably white, for the Moon. We cannot resist adding at length Sir H. Rawlinson's translation of the cuneiform inscription which commemorates the

restoration of this edifice by Nabuchodonosor, some 600 years B.C. :

"I am Nabu-kuduri-uzur (Nabuchodonosor), king of Babylon, the established governor ; he who pays homage to Merodach, adorer of the gods, glorifier of Nabu the supreme chief ; he who cultivates worship in honour of the great gods, the subduer of the disobedient man, repairer of the temples of Bit-Shaggeth and Bit-Tzida, the eldest son of Nabu-pal-uzur, king of Babylon. Behold now Merodach, my great lord, has established men of strength, and has urged me to repair his buildings. Nabu, the guardian over the heavens and the earth, has committed to my hands the sceptre of royalty therefore. Bit-Shaggeth, the palace of the heavens and the earth for Merodach, the supreme chief of the gods, and Bit-kua, the shrine of his divinity, and adorned with shining gold, I have appointed them. Bit-Tzida also have I firmly built ; with silver and gold and a facing of stone, with wood of fir and plane and pine, I have completed it. The building named the Planisphere, which was the wonder of Babylon, I have made and finished ; with bricks enriched with lapis-lazuli I have exalted its head. Behold now the building named the Stages of the Seven Spheres, which was the wonder of Borsippa, had been built by a former king. He had completed forty-two cubits, but he did not finish its head. From the lapse of time it had become ruined ; they had not taken care of the exits of the waters, so the rain and wet had penetrated into the brickwork. The casing of burnt brick had bulged out, and the terraces of crude brick lay scattered in heaps ; then Merodach, my great lord, inclined my heart to repair the building. I did not change its site, nor did I destroy its foundation-platform ; but in a fortunate month, and upon an auspicious day, I undertook the building of the crude-brick terraces, and the burnt-brick casing of the temple. I strengthened its foundation, and I placed a titular record on the part I had rebuilt. I set my hand to build it up and to exalt its summit. As it had been in ancient times, so I built up its structure ; as it had been in former days, thus I exalted its head. Nabu, the strengthener of his children, he who ministers to the gods, and Merodach the supporter of sovereignty,—may they cause this my work to be established for ever ; may it last through the seven ages ; and may the stability of my throne and the antiquity of my empire, secure against strangers, and triumphant over many foes, continue to the end of time. Under the guardianship of the regent who presides over the heaven and the earth, may the length of my days pass on in due course. I invoke Merodach, the king of the heavens and the earth, that this my work may be preserved for me under thy care, in honour and respect. May Nabu-kuduri-uzur, the royal architect, remain under thy protection."

Let us now turn for a moment to other than cuneiform records, to a Book where we read :

"At the end of twelve months he was walking in the palace of

Babylon. And the king answered and said: Is not this the great Babylon, which I have built to be the seat of the kingdom, by the strength of my power, and in the glory of my excellence? And while the word was yet in the king's mouth, a voice came down from heaven: To thee, O king Nabuchodonosor, it is said: Thy kingdom shall pass from thee; and they shall cast thee out from among men, and thy dwelling shall be with cattle and wild-beasts; and thou shalt eat grass like an ox, and seven times shall pass over thee till thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will. The same hour the word was fulfilled upon Nabuchodonosor."

The traveller stands on the ruined tower of Nimrúd, and on every side his eye rests on marsh and pool and crumbled mound—a wide panorama of utter desolation. The boast of the king remains on a broken tablet; the word of God is ineffaceably written on the length and breadth of the land.

Continuing their journey to the termination of the first of the great *Paludes Babylonice*, which are only navigable when supplied with the waters of the Euphrates by opening the Hindieh canal, the party arrived at Nedjef, a town founded on the site of the ancient Hira, which is held sacred by the Sheah Mahommedans as the burial-place of 'Ali, the son-in-law and successor of Mahommed, who was assassinated at Kufa, a place near at hand, in the fifth year of his khálifát. No less than 80,000 pilgrims are said, at a low average, to flock annually to pay their vows at the magnificent mosque which forms the shrine of the Moslem saint; and from 5000 to 8000 corpses are brought every year from all parts of Persia and elsewhere, to earn heaven and its houris by turning to dust in contact with the dead khálif. The bodies are carried in boxes covered with coarse felt, slung one or two on each side of a mule, with a ragged conductor smoking and singing cheerily on the top. The consequence of this progress, which lasts frequently weeks and months, under a broiling sun, is of course the necessity of filling more boxes and employing more mules; but life is held cheap in the East, and it brings grist to the mill of the reverend proprietors of the cemetery. The fees they charge are worthy of the dean and chapter at Westminster, being not less than from 5*l.* to 100*l.* per burial. Under the protection of Táhir Bey, the military governor of the district, and his Turkish troops, the party were permitted to enter the court of the mosque, which is a mass of rich and brilliant polychromatic decoration. The tomb itself the infidels were not permitted to defile with their eyes. Their admission at all into the sacred place nearly excited a tumult in the Persian crowd;

but the bey, like a pious follower of Omar, was only too happy to make the Sheahs "eat dirt" at the hands of the Giaour, or Ghyáwr, as Mr. Loftus writes it, after a Welsh, but no doubt more correct, manner. The Ghyáwr, notwithstanding, did not get off scot-free; for while the tents were being struck, they were suddenly assailed by the most foul and unbearable stench; "several persons retched violently, all being more or less affected." A pile of the Nedjef merchandise, coffins, and their contents, had been sweltering in the sun while the accustomed bargain was being driven with the authorities; and though hidden from sight by an enclosure, the morning breeze had wafted intelligence to the noses and stomachs of the Firenghé, who rushed to their horses, and amid a salute from the garrison galloped with all haste into the pure atmosphere of the desert.

On their return, the travellers touched at Kerbella, another Sheah place of pilgrimage, and a shade more aristocratic as a burial-place than Nedjef. Here Husséyn, also a sháhíd, or martyr, was enshrined; but popular feeling was so excited by news which outran the arrival of the visitors, that it was deemed imprudent to attempt entering the mosque. They proceeded, however, to a small oratory called the tent of 'Ali, outside the gates, where two Persian mullas (mollahs) objected to their entering with boots. To avoid insulting the priests, the Europeans abstained from going beyond the veranda; but the opportunity was too tempting to the Sunné Turkish officer who accompanied them, so he walked boldly in, boots and all. "By 'Ali's beard, why do you enter this clean and holy place to pollute it with your unclean feet?" said one of the guardians in angry expostulation. "My boots are quite as clean as your filthy floor. Look, see the dirt upon it! When you clean your floor, I'll take off my boots; but I am not going to soil my feet to please you." We hope the moral inculcated by the contemptuous Osmanli will not be lost upon certain Transatlantic cousins, who scrape their shoes, but spit on their carpets. From Kerbella the party returned direct to Bághdád, picking up by the way some Persian ladies with their attendants, who were anxious to have the advantage of such escort. To the oriental lady our author is decidedly not complimentary; and we confess his graphic description savours of the inelegant:—astride on a mule, enveloped in a huge blue cotton cloak, her face covered with a white or black mask, her feet in wide yellow boots, these last thrust into yellow slippers, her knees up to her chin, and holding on by the animal's scanty mane! Shade of Diana Vernon, what an object! On foot, the boots and slip-

pers compel Zuleika or Fatimeh to slide and roll like "a duck in a pond, or a bundle of clothes on short thick stilts." For the rest of the picture, the mind and manners that belong to these fair forms, Mr. Loftus refers us to such European ladies as have penetrated the privacy of the harem. The native Christian ladies he can say something about himself: "I remember on one occasion seeing an Armenian beauty at a fête presented with a choice bouquet. On receiving it, she languidly rose from the embroidered ottoman; and then, to the utmost surprise and indignation of the giver, deliberately sat upon it." Ah, Mr. Loftus, Mr. Loftus, were not *you*, sir, the indignant swain whose hopes and roses were simultaneously crushed at one unhappy sitting? But we spare your blushes, and hasten to graver matter.

In December, when the commission was at last in a position to move, it was arranged that the diplomatic party should be conveyed to Mohammerah, the southern point of the disputed boundary-line, by the Hon. East India Company's armed steamer *Nitocris*. The mules, horses, and servants, were to proceed by land, under the escort of the troop of cavalry appointed by the Turkish government. As the route chosen lay through Lower Mesopotamia, a district little visited by Europeans, Mr. Loftus proposed to join the overland party, and obtained a willing consent from Colonel Williams. The troops, however, to our author's great disappointment, received counter orders to take the ordinary route by the west of the Euphrates; but by the assistance of an amiable 'Agha, he was supplied with eight Bashí Bázúks, and a couple of kettle-drummers, and with this procession left the bazaars of Hillah in due oriental state to pursue his own course. Having drummed him outside the suburban date-groves, the musicians, to his great joy, took their leave on receipt of a small bakhshish, and returned to the bosoms of their families. It was not without considerable difficulty that the journey was accomplished; but the perils of unruly Arabs and tyrannical pashas were overcome by the perseverance and courage of the Englízi, and he arrived in safety at Zobeir; whence, crossing the noble Shat-el-Aráb, the combined stream of the Tigris and Euphrates, he joined the commissioners at Mohammerah in Persia. Owing to the usual neglect and ignorance of the Turkish authorities, all commerce has nearly ceased; the only vessels that anchor in these deep waters are a couple of English merchantmen, with a frigate now and then from the East India Company's squadron in the Persian Gulf.

The space enclosed between the waters of the Euphrates and the Yusufièh Canal is wonderfully rich in ancient remains,

—those of Hammám, Tel Ede, Warka, and Sinkara, being nearly within sight at the same time; and some miles below the last, on the opposite side of the river, are the ruins of Múgeyer, which have yielded most important records. It was here that in 1854 Mr. Taylor, after having in vain pierced to the very heart of the great tower, found at last in a niche formed by the omission of one brick in the layer six feet below the surface a perfect inscribed cylinder. This led him to try the other corners; and from each, in precisely the same position, he secured a like commemorative record. Guided by this hint, Colonel Rawlinson in the following autumn disinterred without difficulty four cylinders from the corners of a platform at the Birs Nimrúd, to the surprise of his Arab workmen, who no doubt attributed the Ghýáwr's success to his acquaintance with the magical arts. It may be interesting to add, that the Múgeyer cylinders have enabled Colonel Rawlinson to reconcile the scriptural account of the taking of Babylon under Baltassar (Bel-shar-ezer), the last Chaldean king, with the account of Berosus, who makes Nabonidus, in that capacity, surrender himself to Cyrus in the city of Borsippa. The cylinders, as read by Sir H. Rawlinson, distinctly state that Bel-shar-ezer was the eldest son of Nabonidus, and was admitted to a share of the government, thus being regent over Babylonia, and to all intents king of the Chaldees. All these ruins were visited in his hasty journey, and not unprofitably, by Mr. Loftus and his companion Mr. Churchill; and at Warka, till then unknown to European visitors, they spent two days, making a careful map, with notes and drawings; its immense size, and the enormous accumulations of strange sepulchral remains, satisfying them that it was only second in rank to Babylon and Nineveh.

The report made to Colonel Williams caused him readily to accede to a suggestion that excavations should be tried on a small scale, and he liberally supplied the funds necessary for the purpose. At Busrah, therefore, Mr. Loftus purchased implements, and such trifles as might aid in his intercourse with the Arabs; and having convinced himself by experience that he was safer among them unaccompanied by the hated Turkish troops, he set out with a party of nine, including his servant Ovannes, an Armenian Christian, who spoke seven of the native languages fluently. On reaching Súk-esh-Sheioukh, he sought an interview with the sheik of the Muntefik tribes, in whose district Warka and Sinkara are situated; and was graciously received by him. Sheik Fahád appears to have been a very magnificent personage, tall, handsome, well-dressed, and of dignified and courteous manners,—a model

chief for a warlike and powerful race. Soft-sawder notwithstanding is not without effect in the desert itself; a well-applied outpour of thanks for previous hospitality, and a hint that a favour shown to the speaker was in fact an exhibition of friendship and esteem to the sultan of the stranger's country, did his business. "I am your slave," responded the sheik; "some Arabs are dogs; but the tribes of the Muntefik are my servants; you and your property are as safe with them as in the shelter of my own tent." A letter of instructions to a subordinate officer was written by the great man's secretary, and duly sealed; and this done, a few compliments brought this very satisfactory interview to a close.

It was now winter in the Arab plains, the thermometer standing below the freezing-point; and it was absolutely necessary for the horsemen frequently to dismount and walk, in order to keep up the circulation. The wind, passing over a soil strongly impregnated with nitrous salts, becomes so intensely chilling, that the Arabs, with their bare feet resting in large iron stirrups, were completely benumbed, "frequently falling from their faithful mares, and requiring to be again lifted into their saddles;" the same coarse abba which shades them in summer being their only protection against the cold of winter. After a couple of days' journey, Mr. Loftus delivered his credentials to Sheik Dehbí, Fahád's deputy, at Dúráj, and organised a party of excavators for his proceedings at Warka. These were continued incessantly for three weeks, and resumed on a subsequent visit to some little extent; but although much has been thus brought to light of value and interest, a great deal more remains to be done; and the disinterment of this wonderful city of the dead must only be looked upon as commenced.

The four cities founded by Nemroud are enumerated in the book of Genesis (c. x.) as Babylon, Arach, Achad, and Chalanne in the land of Sennaar (Shinar). About 120 miles south-east of Babylon are the enormous piles of mounds called Warka. Sir H. Rawlinson states his belief that Warka is Arach, though he has been unable to read its cuneiform name with precision; but it is generally designated as "the city" *par excellence*. "The name Warka," says Mr. Loftus, "is derivable from Erech (Arach) without unnecessary contortion. The original Hebrew word, 'Erk,' or 'Ark,' is transformed into 'Warka,' either by changing the *aleph* into *vau*, or by simply prefixing the *vau* for the sake of euphony, as is customary in the conversion of Hebrew names to Arabic." Of the high antiquity of the ruins there cannot be a shadow of doubt; and the best authorities appear to agree in ad-

mitting the strong probability that they constitute the remains of the Arach of Nemroud. On a slightly raised tract of desert soil, ten miles in breadth, stand Warka, Sinkara, Tel Ede, and Hammám, all unapproachable except from November to March, when the Euphrates assumes its lowest level. The desolation and solitude of Warka are even greater than of Babylon: no tree gives shade; no blade of grass yields pasture; the shrivelled lichen alone clings to the weathered surface of the broken bricks; the eagle, the jackal, and the hyæna shun its spectral tombs. Amidst the waste, the boundaries of the city proper are marked out by an irregular circle of earthy rampart nearly six miles in circumference, and in some places forty feet high. Three miles beyond may be traced what were once suburbs; but the principal buildings are situated on an extensive platform of undulating mounds, occupying the greater part of the area enclosed within the walls. The most central, lofty, and ancient of these buildings is a tower 200 feet square, built entirely of sun-dried bricks, there being no external facing of kiln-baked brickwork, as is usual in Babylonian structures; but the necessary support was afforded by four great buttresses of flat bricks cemented in bitumen, each being inscribed with eight lines of early cuneiform characters. These record the dedication of the edifice to "Sin," the moon, by Uruk king of Chaldea, probably 2230 B.C.

For the singular "Wuswas" building, and other vast monuments of Babylonian or Sassanian architects, we must refer the reader to Mr. Loftus himself, who certainly made good use of his time and his unmanageable corps of "navvies." But we must not pass over Warka, as being by far the most important of the sepulchral cities which abound in Lower Chaldea. From the absence of tombs in the Assyrian mounds, Mr. Loftus infers that the Assyrians carried their dead to the sacred places in the Chaldean marshes down the Tigris and Euphrates, from the same motives which induce the Persians at the present day to seek the shrines of Kerbella and Meshed, as the only fitting abodes for the ashes of the orthodox disciples of 'Ali. The accumulation at Warka is enormous: "It is difficult to convey any thing like a correct notion of the piles upon piles of human relics which there utterly astound the beholder. Excepting only the triangular space between the three principal ruins, the whole remainder of the platform, the whole space between the walls, and an unknown extent of desert beyond them, are every where filled with the bones and sepulchres of the dead." When a depth of thirty feet in the loose soil rendered it dangerous to continue the exca-

vations, the funereal remains were as plentiful as ever. The earliest form of sepulchral vase or sarcophagus is the large vase known as the "Babylonian urn," lined inside with bitumen, and having the mouth covered with bricks. Another early form resembles a dish-cover resting on a projecting rim. On carefully removing the cover, the skeleton is found generally reclining on the left side; but trussed like a fowl, in order to fit the shape of the lid. But the most singular is the glazed-earthenware coffin, which, in fragments and entire, occurs in countless numbers, and appears to have superseded the ruder descriptions of burial-vases. These coffins are exactly slipper-shaped, the upper end having an oval aperture some two feet in its largest diameter for the admission of the body, furnished with a depressed ledge for the reception of a lid, which was cemented with lime-mortar. The upper surface of both coffin and lid is generally covered with plain or ornamental ridges, forming many square panels, in each of which is a small embossed figure of a warrior. The exterior is covered with a green enamel, the interior with blue; the former probably being changed by long exposure. The material is yellow clay mixed with straw, and half baked. The Arabs have long been attracted by the gold ornaments which these coffins contain, and break and destroy numbers every year for the purpose of rifling them. Mr. Loftus had extreme difficulty in obtaining perfect specimens for the British Museum; those near the surface of the ground being considerably weathered, and those below saturated with moisture, so that both fell to pieces in the attempt to stir them, in spite of every endeavour to secure them by poles and pieces of carpet or abbas tied round them. A hundred or so were demolished, when by a lucky thought a coating of several layers of paper was pasted on one selected for experiment; and a few hours proved that success had been attained, to the unbounded delight of all parties concerned. The coffin could be moved with safety, and was carried off in triumph by a shouting, dancing, and yelling crowd, spear in hand, and reached the tents in safety; though the frantic capers of the excited Arabs exposed it to infinite dangers in its transit. Many interesting objects occur in and around the coffins; personal ornaments of gold, glass bottles and dishes, lamps, Parthian coins, jars, and jugs of extremely elegant forms, steel and flint of the shape now in use, terracotta figures, and tablets. Eight of the latter contained, in a broad border round a central inscription, the impressions of very many small but well-executed seals, heads, animals, deities, and such-like. The inscriptions Sir H. Rawlinson

states to be matter relating entirely to the domestic economy of the temples; but he recognises Greek names in Babylonian characters beneath many of the seals, and dates of Seleucus and Antiochus the Great; so that cuneiform writing was still in use 200 years B.C.

From Warka Mr. Loftus proceeded to Sinkara and Tel Sifr; and in both excavations were conducted with good result. At the latter clay tablets were found, about six inches by three in dimensions, inscribed in minute cuneiform characters, and placed in an envelope, also of clay, completely enclosing them, and itself inscribed in like manner. Impressions of cylindrical seals are found along the margin and four edges of the envelope. A cursory examination only has been made of these strange records; but they appear to be documents of private persons about 1600 years B.C., in the first Chaldean empire. Having rejoined the commissioners at Mohammerah, and despatched his collection of antiquities to England, Mr. Loftus was next desired by Colonel Williams to visit Susa with his friend Mr. Churchill, and try what could be done in the way of digging at the great mounds of Shúsh. Being furnished with letters from the British and Persian commissioners to the authorities at Shúster and Dizfúl, the two great Persian cities in the plain of Arábistán, he took his departure accordingly. The travellers arrived at Shúster in due course, and were feasted by the great men of the place; though the jealousy of the green-turbaned descendants of the prophet was excited by the very mention of the name Shúsh. An entertainment, however, was at times somewhat trying: kaliyúnes, or water-pipes, tea sweetened to syrup, more pipes, much talk, and then, in this land of cholera, green cucumbers and sour apricots, more pipes, a cup of coffee, and good-by. "We both fortunately survived that day," adds our author feelingly, "and rode to our tents to get 'something to eat.'" Sometimes they had enough, and more than enough, of chilau, pilau, and lamb stuffed with rice, almonds, and raisins. Tea and sherbet are the sole drink at these fêtes; but for all that the taste of strong waters is not unknown. On one occasion, after a journey in the rain, a bottle of sherry and one of brandy was placed on the Ghyáwr's table. "The governor's brother entered in his usual sedate manner, and took a seat. He desired to know the contents of the bottles; a glass of sherry was poured out, which he drank and pronounced *khúb*, 'good.' A second was *khilé khúb*, *bisár khúb*, 'extremely good.' But he asked to taste the other bottle;—that was *béh ! béh ! béh !* Then he tried a glass of sherry; then a glass of brandy. Finally he seized

both bottles, and mixed the liquors in the same glass; nor did he desist until the whole contents had disappeared. Not content with this, he asked for more; but this was of course refused him. He was ultimately supported from the room by an old domestic, who exhibited great concern that Ghýáwrs should see his master in his cups. We afterwards learned that previously to joining our party he had imbibed eleven glasses of raw 'arak!"

Owing to the distrust with which Mr. Loftus and his companion were watched at Shúsh, they were unable to open a single trench before the arrival of Colonel Williams and his party, who, after an extended stay at Mohammerah, visited Dizfúl, the rock-sculptures of Bisútún, the ruins of Persepolis, and other places. On their return to Dizfúl a firman was obtained, and excavations commenced at Shúsh on a large scale under favourable auspices. Of the primitive history of Shushan, Susa, Sús, or Shúsh, by all of which names it appears, little is known beyond the fact that here was the original capital of the descendants of Elam, the son of Sem. About 650 B.C. the conquest of Susiana, under the name of "Ma-daktu," and the taking of the city "Shushan," is recorded in the bas-reliefs of Ashur-bani-pal king of Assyria, discovered at Nineveh. It is clear that during the sway of the Persian kings, from the time of Cyrus, Susa rivalled the former glories of Nineveh and Babylon. Herodotus makes Aristagoras tempt Cleomenes king of Sparta to join the Ionians in attacking Darius, by describing "Susa, where the Persian monarch occasionally resides, and where his treasures are deposited: make yourself master of this city, and you may vie in influence with Jupiter himself." But perhaps the most interesting portion of the history of Susa is its connection with the story of Esther. There appears to be every reason for believing in the identity of Xerxes with the Assuerus of the Bible, by whom the Jewish maiden was raised to the throne, and through whom so signal a vengeance was wrought on the enemies of her people; seven hundred being slain in Susan the city, and seventy-five thousand in the provinces. The labours of Colonel Williams and our author resulted in the discovery of the ruins of a vast and magnificent palace, in which the positions of sixty-six columns were determined with accuracy, and sufficient fragments exhumed to restore the various details of one capital and shaft, which was identical, save in a few small particulars, with the external groups at Persepolis, examples of which may be studied in Mr. Fergusson's restoration at the Crystal Palace. On the square pedestals are trilingual inscriptions—the Scythic being

on the western side, the Persian on the southern, the Babylonian eastward; the north side remaining blank. These records are much defaced; but enough remains to enable Mr. Norris to give a translation which he says is "not very far from the truth," and which asserts that Artaxerxes, the son of Darius, by the aid of Ormazd, placed the effigies of Tanaitis and Mithra in the temple. Mr. Loftus dwells on the great probability that it was here, among the pillars of marble in the court of the garden of Shushan the palace, when the king "was merry, and after very much drinking was well warmed with wine," that the disobedience of Vashti raised Esther to the queenly dignity; and he certainly makes out a strong case. But for the rest we must now refer to the book itself, as our space is exhausted; assuring the general reader that he need not be deterred by the look of a few hard words and queer-looking characters from the perusal of an interesting narrative, which will not only rub up his history, but add to his knowledge of the manners and customs of the true believers. Alas for the lands that are scourged by hateful Moslem rulers! Sick men or sound, allies or enemies, speedy destruction to them all! and may the Cross once again sanctify the polluted country of the patriarchs and the prophets; and a bishop, as of old time, take his seat in the city of Esther!

*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.* The Egyptians and Assyrians, the Babylonians and Persians, wrote their history, both public and domestic, on stones, and burnt it into clay; and it survives to us. But we,—for it may be that the stream of ages will leave us in our turn stranded behind the historic period,—how will it be with our *paper*-records, when the worldly wisdom of the *Times*, the folly of the *Herald*, Hansard, blue-books, novels, plays, sermons, the "Duke's" despatches, and Mr. M. F. Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*, shall alike have mouldered into dust? Let us hope such a time may never come; or Macaulay's romantic New Zealander, who is to sit on a broken bridge and contemplate the ruins of St. Paul's, may lecture to a Maorie antiquarian society of the peculiarities of the strange race who confined their lapidary inscriptions to the enumeration of the virtues of the dead in places of mortuary deposit, while they decorated the highways with brazen tablets, which, cleansed by careful manipulation from the *æru*go of centuries, yield the following important results: "Tomkins, tailor; John Wiggins, dairy-fed pork."

## WHATELY ON BACON.

*Bacon's Essays with Annotations:* by R. Whately, D.D.  
London: J. W. Parker.

DR. WHATELY is in many respects a remarkable man; but from the first he was spoiled by an affectation of eccentricity and singularity, and at last his gray hairs, instead of being a crown of glory, have become a very Medusa's wig of hissing snakes, as hostile to Popery as the old serpent himself. Such is the end of the false liberalism with which he commenced. He was a man who could never argue like other people: his peculiar historic doubts concerning the existence of Napoleon Bonaparte are a type of the serious paradoxical thoughts natural to his organisation. While still a fellow of Oriel College, he used, as the tradition runs, to apologise for the indulgence of a somewhat remarkable appetite, on the ground that such a course was the very best preservative against scarcity. If all men, said he, only eat just so much as they needed, farmers would sow and fatten only enough to provide that quantity; in such a case, a bad season would leave mankind in a state of starvation; whereas if every person made it a rule to eat twice as much as he wanted, a half crop or a murrain would, instead of leaving him in a state of famine, merely put him for a season on his natural allowance. This quizzical humour was, we believe, carried out in his conduct. Admiring youngsters have described to us how, even after his accession to his dignities, the comical Archbishop would make his after-dinner entrance to the drawing-room by a sudden vault over an ottoman, to the scandal of the aged female sitting thereon; how at an inaugural dinner at Dublin, given by the corporation to celebrate the double solemnity of the accession of a new viceroy and a new archbishop, the latter functionary would entertain the vice-queen during the whole dinner with an elaborate dissertation on prize-fighting; and how in the first years of his residence in Dublin,—bizarre and outré in his amusements as in his arguments,—he would astonish the gaping crowd with his athletic activity and attempt to rival the Australian savage in his use of the boomerang. Whether he could ever attain the excellence of his models, and bring down birds with the weapon, we cannot say; we have, however, heard that he has at least been known to frighten the phoenix with the erratic and eccentric course of the skimming missile.

Of course we cannot vouch for the accuracy of any of these reports; we give them as they come to us, as a representation if not of the true nature of the man, at least of the impression and stamp which he has left on the minds of persons not at all indisposed to sympathise with him.

Neither do we mention these things in disparagement of Dr. Whately, but in illustration of his peculiar mind and method of argument. Eccentricity, and shooting round the corner, are the characteristics of his course and of his aims. He never went direct to the mark in his life. For this cause his admirers do well to cull sentences and pages from his works, and to publish them as the "beauties of Whately." His individual bricks are well squared, well burnt, some of them have even the stamp of genius. But his buildings are as singular as Sir Charles Barry's kitchen-clock for the million, with its Chinese pagoda roof, and its bunch of buttercups tied under the wee ball that crowns its height, to nod to the vibrations of Big Ben. Who, for instance, would imagine in perusing his *Logic* that he was gradually working up towards the enforcing of an heretical position regarding the use of the word "person" in theology? Or who would be prepared to find "Bacon's Essays" made the text for an almost continuous tirade against "Romanists" and "Romanism"?—*Stat duplex, nullo completus corpore Chiron*. His works are centaurs, with two bodies, neither complete.

In arguing about Popery, he is careful to follow a maxim which he inculcates, and which is certainly, if rightly conceived, the key to his controversial method. "Romanism," he says, "in order to be understood, should be read backwards." Certainly, in order to understand it as Dr. Whately understands it, and tries to make others understand it also, it must be read backwards. But then this *Credo al rovescio* is no more our profession of faith than the *Pater-noster* said backwards is our prayer. It may be convenient to Dr. Whately thus to represent our system; but after all, facts are facts, and are not wont to be changed because obstinate theorists choose to distort and misrepresent them.

His book opens with a specimen of this inversion. Catholics, he says, first seek unity, and then truth. Now this is either a truism or an absurdity. Most people first accomplish the means, and then seek to enjoy the end: Dr. Whately himself probably has his meat cooked before he eats it; but it would scarcely be fair to say, that his first aim is cookery, and then feeding. We are convinced that God has committed a gift to the Church, and that to enjoy this gift, we must be

united to the Church : we are united to the Church for the one object of the enjoyment of the gift. Unity, then, certainly comes first, and the gift afterwards. But in our intention, the gift is the great object which we seek, unity the means by which alone we can attain it ; the gift is primary, unity secondary. Dr. Whately would have more reason, if he said that Protestants first seek private judgment, and then truth ; for we believe that many of them would not accept a truth miraculously revealed to them, if it implied a permanent sacrifice of their liberty of thinking as they chose.

But in spite of his willingness to upset and invert all our doctrines, such is the singularity of the man's mind, that in one or two instances he absolutely paints us as we are, even when, if he is consistent to his principle, he intends the reverse. Accidents are so extravagant, that a prophetic spirit may even visit a Caiaphas, and the false high-priest, intending to lie, may for once tell the truth. Such, we take it, is his admission of the principle, that the doctrines of the Church were not first deduced from Scripture, but that the Scripture-deductions were employed as *à posteriori* arguments for the doctrines. The Doctor, of course, puts this as offensively as possible. To expect to convert a papist by showing him the *true* (Whatelean) interpretation of the texts which assert the doctrine of the real presence is, he says, "a very reasonable expectation where the doctrine has sprung from the misinterpretation, but quite otherwise where, as in this case, the misinterpretation has sprung from the doctrine." Dr. Whately, of course, would have the contradictory of this to be the right thing, and would wish all doctrine to spring directly from the interpretation of Scripture. Now see to what a funny opinion this would lead as to the apostolic preaching. St. Peter and St. Paul, according to the Whatelean theory, must have gone about for years preaching somewhat as follows : "We have nothing to tell you, no doctrines to inculcate,—that were to encourage a pernicious tenet that shall hereafter arise about tradition ; we have only to prepare your minds for what you shall have as soon as our amanuenses are ready to deliver the copy. We have at present nothing to give you, nothing to tell you, but a great promise to make, a true Evangelium to predict for you. Be ready, be prepared, and you shall see what you shall see. Behold we give you glad tidings of great joy ; for unto you shall be given a *Book* ! Yes, a book, which you shall read and believe, and live. We will not say that you shall be able to learn any thing definite or incontrovertible from this book beyond a few plain facts, such as the existence of God, and the like. Rather, wicked wags in later

days, seeing the quarrels to which its interpretation shall give rise, shall inscribe this motto on its covers,—

‘Hic liber est in quo quærit sua dogmata quisque,  
Invenit et pariter dogmata quisque sua.’

Such is our mission. In order to introduce truth and peace on earth, we have to promise you this Book, which you shall read without note or comment, and which alone shall be your religion. Into this faith we are ready to baptise you—into the faith of the coming Book.”

Then try to fancy the commotion among the wise men when the Book at last arrived. They had to wait long; all the Apostles but one had gone off the scene before it was completed, and ages elapsed before the survivor's finishing stroke was owned to be a constituent part of the expected volume. However, at last it was complete; and doubtless the Church, whose only faith till now was in the coming Bible, sat down with great unanimity, and with no prejudice, to make its dogmas out of that book. How one sage cries, *εὑρηκα*, I have found it, while another demolishes the incipient structure with a rival text! With what blessed ease, without any tradition to guide them, do they gloss over the verbal contradiction between St. Paul and St. James! With what facility, in that age of the universal belief of the transformation of substances by magical formulæ, do they determine that the words, “This is My body,” cannot imply transubstantiation, because such an idea involves an impossibility!

But here, Dr. Whately would tell us, you bring in the corruptions of human nature. I maintain, he says, that the doctrine just mentioned is not derived from the text, but that it is derived from the innate superstition of man, twisting the Word of God to his own fancies.

But let us inquire: if you cut away tradition on one side, and human nature on the other—(Query, does human nature include Whatelean logic, or are we allowed to use that very pretty instrument in the manufacture of religion?),—if you cut away these two, how and by what rules are you to interpret the Bible? The Apostles are dead; no hearsay tradition is to be allowed; human nature and reason are corrupt; and yet here is the long-promised book newly arrived. How is it to be interpreted? By what process did you get your Protestantism out of it? Not by tradition, nor by the corruption of nature. How then? By Whatelean logic?—but is not this natural, yea, and a corruption of nature? It is all very fine to allow Protestants to be continually arguing with their snappish objections and contradictions to every

thing we say ; but let them show us how on their principles Christianity began ;—how it came to pass that Christianity, which once was without the Bible, became afterwards the mere emanation of the Bible ? We should like to see the process historically traced. We do not see how else it could have been than thus : that as Judaism was faith in the promises of a coming Messias, so præ-printing-press Christianity was faith in a coming book ; while its Pentecostal gift is a machine whereby the white pulp of old rags, being put in at one end of it, is transformed, and comes out at the other end Religion. Such is the Protestant transubstantiation—of rags into Religion.

We maintain, in opposition to Whately, that the whole cycle of Christian doctrine was taught and embodied in verbal and material formulæ,—that is, in symbols and ceremonies,—before the Bible was published to Christians ; and therefore that there first came oral tradition, embodied in daily commemorations, and then came letters and treatises explanatory of it. These writings were intended to be explained by the established belief, or by the tradition ; and in the nature of things could not avoid being so treated. Tradition first brings me the doctrines of the Church, and then she brings me the Bible, which she herself received subsequently to the doctrines, and which she explains by and in accordance with those doctrines. Dr. Whately would probably find it difficult to gainsay this plain fact ; so he goes on his acknowledged principle of “reading Romanism backwards,” and puts the cart before the horse, pretending that we only prove tradition by her second act, namely, her testimony to the Scriptures.

“Many,” says the arch-bonze, “defend oral tradition on the ground, that we have the Scriptures themselves by tradition. Would they think that, because they could trust most servants to deliver a letter, however long or important, therefore they could trust them to deliver its contents in a message by word of mouth ? Take a familiar case. A footman brings you a letter from a friend, upon whose word you can perfectly rely, giving an account of something that has happened to himself, and the exact truth of which you are greatly concerned to know. While you are reading and answering the letter, the footman goes into the kitchen, and there gives your cook an account of the same thing, which he says he overheard the upper servants at home talking over, as related to them by the valet, who said he had it from your friend’s son’s own lips. The cook relates the story to the groom, and he in turn tells you. Would you judge of that *story* by the letter, or the *letter* by the story ?”

This is very smart and very witty ; but it partakes of the

general fault of Dr. Whately's arguments; it is *nihil ad rem*, nothing to the purpose, and not true. Just consider what it supposes. There is the individual soul, to which God wishes to make a communication; He therefore sends to it a letter by a footman. Now who or what is this footman? It is no other than the Church, a corporate body, of which the soul in question may perhaps aspire to be a member,—say the billionth part. Yet this soul—this unit against millions—is forsooth the master, and the millions are the footman. This soul has direct communication with God, and the other millions have simply received from Him a sealed letter, and have only learned its contents from the kitchen-conversation of the valet and the cook! These millions obsequiously bring to the single soul enthroned in its solitary pride (it must be a Protestant soul, or it would never have got into such isolation) the sealed book, and say: "O happy soul! to whom it is reserved to look on that which is forbidden to our eyes, to receive a communication never made to us, receive this book. To you only is it given to peruse the contents; we know nothing about them but what we have learned through indirect channels. Open it and read, and judge for yourself about the meaning thereof."

And then the best of the joke is, that the soul, after it has received and studied and understood and believed the book, and become a member of the Church, and in union with God, a scholar of the Holy Spirit, and a partaker of the unction whereby wisdom is given, must dissemble all this knowledge; must become an infinitesimal fraction of a footman; and must, as one of the deputation, carry the same book to the next soul, pretending to know nothing of it, never to have seen the inside, and to have only indirect evidence of the contents. For the Church is a footman, a menial in the house of God; whereas the individual soul, the mere fragment, the single component atom of the mighty mass, is the lord,—the proud potentate, whose humble servant the whole Church is to become. This is certainly a new application of the *Servus servorum Dei*.

But to pass by this absurdity of the eccentric dignitary, we shall find his unfairness as remarkable as his foolishness. "Would you judge," he says, "of the story by the letter, or of the letter by the story?" Why that would depend upon the language of the letter. Suppose the writer said: "I have not time to write you a fuller account, but the bearer will fill up the gaps, supply details, and explain difficulties;" then you would be a fool to refuse to apply to the bearer. Now, as a matter of fact, the New Testament does speak of the

Church in this way: it speaks of *vivâ voce* explanations and traditions, and tells us to listen to the Church. No, says Dr. Whately; the Church has only a second-hand story; it can tell us nothing. On the contrary, our Lord says, "I am with you all days, even to the end of the world." "He that heareth you heareth Me." And yet her voice is only the voice of a footman, retailing the gossip of the upper servants. Verily, Dr. Whately, you are a flippant blasphemmer!

And the reasoning is as contemptible as the matter. In spite of his being the author of a shallow book on logic, and of verbose dissertations on the fallacies, he commits every moment the enormous fallacy of mistaking a happy illustration for an argument, and of fancying that he has proved Popery a fabrication, because leaves are green, or because footmen tell cock-and-bull stories of their masters' affairs. But when logic is systematically applied to prop up a bad cause, it is sure gradually to get bad. No wonder, then, that the only rule of Aldrich in vogue with Oxford divines should be, *Sectetur partem conclusio deteriore*,—Let the conclusion be on the worse side. No wonder that they should be sworn enemies of the four figures and twenty-four modes,—impugners of Barbara, Celarent, Cesare, and Bramantip, and patient of nothing but Baroko. No wonder that their favourite figures should be the *nihil ad rem*, *æquivocatio*, *amphibologia*, *ignoratio elenchi*, *non causa pro causa*, *petitio principii*, and the like. No wonder that the sciences which they chiefly affect for illustrations should be the peculiar Protestant ologies, pseudology, battology, mattology, and cacology,—specimens of each of which might with small pains be easily culled from the work before us.

We have only room for a delicious example of mattology, or foolish-speaking, which may be found at p. 72. "Even supposing," says the learned pundit, "there were some spiritual advantage in celibacy, it ought to be completely voluntary from day to day, and not to be enforced by a life-long vow. For in this case, even though a person should not repent of such a vow, no one can be sure that there is not such repentance. Supposing that even a large majority of priests and monks and nuns have no desire to marry, every one of them may not unreasonably be suspected of such a desire; and no one of them, consequently, can be secure against the most odious suspicions." We recommend this argument to all Christian socialists, and enemies of the inviolability of the marriage-contract. Surely matrimony too ought to be completely voluntary from day to day, and not

enforced by a life-long vow. For though possibly Dr. Whately may not be tired of Mrs. W., no one can be sure that he is not sick of her. And even though he has no desire to change his wife, he may not unreasonably be suspected of such a desire, and consequently can never be secure against the most odious suspicions. We recommend this twaddler to take care, lest in opposing Popery he finds himself unawares sapping the foundations, not only of all society and all faith, but also of what is of more importance to him—of his own family comfort—into the bargain.

## Short Notices.

### THEOLOGY.

*Theophania; or a Scriptural View of the Manifestation of the Logos, or pre-existent Messiah.* By Twinrock Elmlicht, Esq. (Richardson.) Notwithstanding the oddity of the *nom-de-guerre* assumed by the author of this solid volume, his work is a remarkable production. Every biblical critic is aware that different opinions have always been held, not only among Catholic but among Protestant critics, as to the right interpretation of the many passages in the Old Testament describing some special manifestation of the Divine Presence through a visible agency. The questions involved have nothing to do with the nature of the prophetic gift, commonly so called; but are concerned with those cases in which the term "angel," or some kindred phraseology, is usually employed; the point in discussion being, how far those supernatural events are to be regarded as manifestations of the presence of Almighty God in the person of the Eternal Son. Many scenes are recorded in Scripture in which forms were shown, or voices addressed to the outward senses, or their ideas impressed upon the mind. The author's object is to discuss all these instances, and determine in what cases the attributes described are inseparable from our ideas of an immediate manifestation of the Divinity, and in what the forms and voices are to be attributed to angelic ministers. We cannot pretend to pass any definite judgment on a book requiring, both in reader and writer, so much study; but we may safely say, that it shows an unusually attentive and anxious study of the Holy Scriptures, with no little learning and critical acumen. It is, in fact, taken altogether, a very striking and suggestive publication. Like many critics, the author, who is a Catholic, is pretty positive that he is right; but if a man were not so firmly convinced, he would have little heart to undertake the labour requisite for such a work.

*Shadows of the Rood; or, Types of our suffering Redeemer Jesus Christ occurring in the Book of Genesis.* By the Rev. John Bonus, B.D. (Louvain). (London, Richardson). This is a charming book; thoughtful, and in many respects original, because it re-opens treasures which have been long closed to the ordinary Catholic reader. The

author takes the lessons of Genesis, which are read by the Church during Lent; and by the light of the fathers, the medieval theologians, and the hymns and antiphons of the Breviary, shows how they are prophetic types of the sufferings of our Lord. We venture to say, that the most meditative of our readers will be quite startled with the multitude of new but obvious applications of the inspired text which the author's extensive acquaintance with the medieval writers has enabled him to produce. His style is compressed and somewhat quaint; and his habit of quoting the Vulgate, and appending a translation adapted to his present purpose, gives him great freedom of exposition. We cordially recommend this little volume for Lent reading.

*Catechism of the Diocese of Paris.* Translated by M. J. Percy. Fifth Thousand. (London, Richardson.) This is an admirable catechism, which has been long and extensively known; we could wish its use were universal. The very popularity of the book seems to have thrown a difficulty into the way of remedying what is now an inadequate expression: we presume that the plates are stereotyped, otherwise in this edition we should scarcely read at page 290, concerning the immaculate conception, "such is the common opinion, an opinion authorised by the Church."

*An Abridgment of the Catechism of Perseverance.* Translated by Lucy Ward. (London, Dolman.) This book has gained the approbation of the most illustrious prelates of the Church, as well as that of the most experienced educators. Inspector Stokes, in whose good judgment we have the greatest confidence, recommends all pupil-teachers to master either this or Keenan's *Catechism of the Christian Religion*, or some similar work. We know that no criticisms of ours can injure its sale, otherwise we should be silent as to a defect in it which we lament. It is this: the lessons on the Creation (Nos. 4 to 11) are so *rococo*, that, considering the circumstances of the present day, we cannot help thinking them dangerous to faith. If children are to be brought up with M. Gaume's notions of science, the simplest elementary treatise on geology or astronomy will be a hard trial to them, and ought to be placed on the Index. Surely it is worse than useless to teach a child what the man must either unlearn, or, if he perseveres in believing, must be content to be a stranger to the intellectual movement of the present day. Cannot the profound simplicity of Moses either be religiously preserved, or, if expanded, developed into a less antiquated system than the following? "When God made the world what it is, it was altogether bare, without ornament, without inhabitants, surrounded on all sides with deep waters, and these waters were enveloped in a dense mist. Then He caused a portion of those waters to rise upwards, and left the others below on the earth. Then He placed the sea in its bed, and commanded the earth to appear, and clothed it with herbs. It was then nothing more than a meadow; but it suddenly became an immense orchard, planted with all sorts of trees, loaded with fruits of a thousand different kinds;" and so forth. Or, to take the science: need we be referred to "Desdouts, *Livre de la Nature*, tom. iii. p. 309," for the novel fact, that "in seven or eight minutes light travels many millions of leagues"? as if Macaulay were to quote Pinnock's *Catechism* as authority for the fact that Paris is the capital of France. We are told, too, that we each of us bear on our heads (!) a column of air of twenty-one thousand pounds weight, which only does not crush us because the air in our bodies maintains an equilibrium with that which is above us." Surely, if a child can understand this, he can understand the Copernican theory too, and need not be

taught that "the sun rises every day, and makes its revolution with great rapidity." Worse still are the reflections on the uses of the parts of the universe. The universe is made for man; but the parts of the universe are made for the whole. How absurd is it to teach that the reason why God created the light, the great constituent agent of the material world, was "to enable us to enjoy the magnificent spectacle of the universe, to give colour to objects, to give beauty to our garments and the decorations of our houses; or that the uses of the air are, 1st, to enable us to smell, and to distinguish good food from bad; 2dly, to convey sound, and enable us speak and hear, then to be a pump; and 3dly (?) and lastly, to enable us to live by respiration!" As if any one could assign the final causes, the reasons and uses of things; as if the universe would be the universe at all without light and air. In like manner we are told, "God made the grass green *because* green is most agreeable to the eye; had it been red, white, or black, it would have been painful to the sight." Why may it not be agreeable to the sight because the sight was adapted to the green grass? But these faults are confined to a very small portion of the volume; and the great excellence of the rest quite makes up for these shortcomings. As a theological catechism we are happy to add our humble subscription to the testimonials of its utility.

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#### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

*Arnold; a Dramatic History.* By Cradock Newton. (Hope and Co.) There is so much that is good in this dramatic history, that Mr. Newton would do well to take pen in hand and rigidly strike out every phrase which he considers eminently original. We do not mean every idea that he thinks original; far from it. It is his queer words and questionable grammar which want the pruning-knife. For instance, why invent such an adjective as "sun-toiled," or forget that to "pine" is not an active verb? The poem, moreover, is overdone with imagery, indicating, with the defects already mentioned, that its author wants experience, and that culture of the faculty of taste which natural genius rarely supplies. With all this, *Arnold* is a dramatic poem abounding with tokens of acuteness, thought, and imagination. If the imagination is too exuberant, and the thought indicates a mind not yet at rest, the whole is a work of promise, conveying a favourable impression both of the author and his abilities.

*Notes on the Education Question.* By the Right Rev. Bishop Ullathorne. (London, Richardson.) Education is recognised by all thinking persons as the great question of the day, and whoever has any remarks to offer upon it ought to be able to count upon a patient and equitable hearing; much more so, if he speaks with the wide experience, the clear judgment, and the official authority, of the author of these notes; who, however, does not write *ex cathedra*, but, on the contrary, says that "these chapters are written in the spirit of inquiry, and to promote inquiry. They have no authority beyond their argument; they are simply notes."

The question discussed is clearly stated. Whereas aid implies control, —and our schools accept aid from three sources: local subscribers, the Poor-School Committee, and the government,—the inquiry is, whether it is worth while to accept the aid of government at the cost of the controlling influences which we must in return concede to it?

The two chapters on inspection and on building-grants contain the direct reflections on this subject. The author, while accepting government inspection, as long as it is completely optional, declines the building-grant, which gives the government the permanent right.\* But we cannot help thinking that he clogs the simple inspection with a condition the possibility of which would prove the practicability of the Manchester scheme, of a total separation of religious instruction from education. He calls the attention of the inspectors to the order that they are to report on the secular instruction only, and then appears to complain that this order has been in some degree violated by both Mr. Marshall and Mr. Stokes, who have certainly alluded to the religious training given in some schools in their reports. But these allusions are so excessively innocent, that to disallow them seems to us equivalent to requiring the inspector to cast religion entirely out of his thoughts during his examination and his composition of the report. Now, if this feat is possible for the examiner, why not for the teacher? and if for the teacher, why not for the scholar? and if for the teacher and scholar, why set your face against mixed schools, with exclusively secular education and with adventitious religious instruction interpolated between the gymnastics and the music-lesson? Why insist on the inspectors being Catholics, if their religion is to be entirely forgotten during the inspection? Surely nothing can so tend to increase the impulse given to the secular element of education by the inspector, and to diminish the interest of both teachers and pupils in the religious element, as the literal enforcing of this condition. The infringements adduced by the author are perhaps transgressions of the letter, scarcely of the spirit of the inspector's commission. And the government report,—a document, by the way, addressed far more to those school-managers whom it may concern than to the officials of the government,—does not seem an unfitting place to commend certain religious books, or the practice of reciting hymns, and the epistle and gospel of the Sunday, or the precision, knowledge, and delicacy with which certain questions of moral philosophy and Scripture history were answered; unless you wish the whole machinery of government inspection to be applied to the exclusive development of the secular element, and the discouragement of the religious element, in our schools. The concluding sentence of this valuable pamphlet, which embodies the two main conclusions of the arguments, is as follows: "The clue to guide us through the labyrinth is, the independent tenure of the school. And the surest guarantee of Catholic teaching will be, the use of our own books."

*The Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles J. Napier, G.C.B.* By Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Napier. Four vols. (London, Murray.) Though there is a violence about all the Napiers, which, pushed only a little further, would almost justify a suspicion of lurking insanity, it must be conceded that Sir Charles Napier (not the one who did not take Cronstadt) was a great man, both in his actions, as the world already allows, and in a lesser degree in his writings, as appears by his most interesting letters and journals in these volumes. He was nurtured amidst a maddening excitement and scenes of horror, which made a profound impression upon him. It was in Ireland, where, previous to the outbreak of 1798, the soldiers were let loose to live at free quarters; the yeomanry, animated by a sectarian fanaticism, were exceedingly ferocious; and magistrates, for the most part partisans, acted with great

\* Surely not a permanent right of inspecting the studies, but only of ascertaining from time to time that the building is *bonâ fide* used as a school.

violence and cruelty. Poor men were frequently brought into Celbridge (where the Napiers lived) dead, or dying of their wounds, having been wantonly shot while labouring in the fields by passing soldiers or yeomen, and there was no redress. These scenes implanted in him a lasting hatred of the oligarchic and selfish government of England, which was always openly expressed, and did not conduce to his advance in life. His letters are full of passages where this feeling comes out. "Some regiments," he writes in 1807, "are not permitted to take Irish volunteers, which appears as if they were specially appropriated for half-hanging and flogging, and cutting of throats, for burnings and robberies, and other little government details. What an intolerable system of ruling!" Among his other opinions, his rabid hatred of popery comes out at times into strong relief, though apparently it is but a reflection and concentration of his heathenish disdain for religion in general, and the Church of England in particular. He talks of the "Pope surrounded by his bloated parsons," just as if the sting was not meant for Rome so much as for Canterbury. This hatred of "priests" is just as strong in the case of Anglican bishops as of cardinals; and after all, his insane words were more than compensated by his just actions when he had the power of acting. Thus he wrote from Scinde in 1843 to the Bombay government: "The troops in Scinde are in want of pastors. . . . The Mussulman and the Hindoo have their teachers; the Christian has none! The Catholic clergyman is more required than the Protestant, because the Catholics are more dependent on their clergy for religious consolation than the Protestants are; and the Catholic soldier dies in great distress if he has not a clergyman to administer to him. Moreover, I have not the least doubt that a Catholic clergyman would have great influence in preventing drunkenness. But, exclusive of all other reasons, I can hardly believe that a Christian government will refuse his pastor to the soldier serving in a climate where death is so rife, and the buoyant spirit of man crushed by the debilitating effects of disease and heat. I cannot believe such a government will allow Mammon to cross the path of our Saviour,—to stand between the soldier and his God, and let his drooping mind thirst in vain for the support which his Church ought to afford." The volumes abound with views which have lately made the fortunes of writers on military subjects. Sir Charles Napier, we are afraid, will be a great extinguisher of originalities which have lately claimed the rights of a patent in matters of war. Take, as a specimen, part of an essay on officers written in 1813. It might be a paragraph of the *Times* correspondence from the seat of war. Speaking of the staff, he says:

"A French general sends officers of trust, aware of the importance of accuracy as to time and facts, to bear orders for combined movements; and their staff is selected for talents and experience united; not for their youth, ignorance, and imbecility, as in our army, displayed in vanity, impertinence, and blunders on all occasions. A French quartermaster-general is not distinguished by his dangling sabre-tache, High-Wycombe drawing-book, and fine ass's-skin, and ass's-head, with which he makes rapid sketches equally deficient in clearness and accuracy. Nor do French soldiers stand for hours unsheltered in a town, while the quartermasters-general are—taking care of themselves. That a proper staff is the hinge on which a general must turn his army, seems never to have been attended to by us."

The only thing we object to in these volumes is Sir William Napier's importunate and impertinent pleading for his brother's matchless superiority to all the world in all possible subjects. He was a master in

two arts—war and administration. Such high qualities do not require to be enforced by the blustering extravagance of a partisan.

*The Rules, Office, and Devotions of the Carmelite Confraternity, established in the Diocese of Salford.* By the Very Rev. Provost Crookell. Second Edition. (London, Richardson.) This is a comprehensive and beautiful book of devotions, and appears already to have attained a popularity which we think will last. If we must criticise, we think some of the translations of the hymns at the end the least excellent things in the book.

*Read me a Story; or, Stories for reading aloud to Little Children.* (London, Mozley.) This is, we suppose, a Protestant book; though, on a cursory examination, we have failed to discover any thing that we can blame. The stories seem to be both pretty and in their way interesting.

## Correspondence.

### “SACERDOS” AND “J. B. M.”

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—St. Thomas says, if I remember right, that a man is called *benignus, quia bono igne charitatis inflammatur*. I hope, as the day is a cold one, Sacerdos will not think me very flippant, irreverent, &c. &c. &c. if I poke this ‘good fire,’ and warm my fingers at it a bit before I take up my pen to answer him.

I have not the books at command which would be requisite in order to answer him fully; but I may as well tell him honestly at once, that he has not convinced me, and that I don’t expect that I shall convince him. It is quite plain that we look at certain things from points of view so extremely opposite, that I have not much chance of doing more than defending my own position in a manner to satisfy those who agree with me. However, as the object of his letter is to show that I am to that degree ignorant of the whole subject that I have no right to any opinion upon it, I might damage the good cause if I said nothing; so I shall venture to make such reply as I can to the charges either of ignorance or irreverence.

In the first place, I am not in the habit of writing things which I don’t mean; and at the close of my letter to you I expressed my opinion that you had better consult some etymologist to see if what I said was true. If Sacerdos is so full of diffidence as to salvo himself by saying he won’t be led into a controversy on the Sanscrit or other roots (and I most fully believe him), why should he not give me credit for a little diffidence too? Why represent me as so positive, when I said I was not? If he says to me, You are an irreverent ignoramus, why may I not say something just as saucy in reply?

In the next place, Sacerdos has evidently great faith in the Hebrew scholarship of St. Jerome, and some faith in that of the Septuagint. I have neither the one nor the other, and never had that I can remember. But then I think Almighty God can put before His Church that phase of revealed truth which He judges fit, without being obliged to lean upon grammatical accuracies and details of scholarship. Our Lord used probably the Chaldee Paraphrast in the synagogue; the Apos-

tles quote the Septuagint, and so did the ancient Church for three whole centuries; and we use St. Jerome's version. I don't believe that any one of them at all deserves the name of a literal version; but if the Church to my mind never has encouraged a literal version,—and I am under the impression that the Church, and not the Bible, is the pillar and ground of the truth,—why may not I think as meanly as I like of the Hebrew scholarship of Paraphrast, Septuagint, or St. Jerome? Sacerdos may have his Bible only if he likes, if he will be so good as to leave me entire faith in the Church.

Sacerdos must see, however, that with this radical difference of view between us, he has been shooting paste instead of shot at me; I am dirtied but not hurt,—no, not even frightened. Moreover he must be aware that it would be impossible in a Review to state and explain and defend so radical a difference as this. If *he* can say he believes St. Jerome was a great Hebrew scholar, let him do so; if he can show me that the Church requires me to believe it, I am perfectly ready at the shortest notice entirely to give up my private opinion on the matter; but till he does, I should belie my whole literary existence if I said I held an opinion which I believe to be utterly untenable. St. Jerome is in heaven, and sees what I am writing: he maintained the *Hebraica veritas* in his day *contra mundum*. I am not a bit afraid that he will quarrel with a man for announcing his belief in an unpopular truth, the result of years of study. If Sacerdos can swallow St. Jerome's etymologies (for instance in the Ep. de Alphabeto Hebraico) without a laugh, it is more than I can do. He thinks I am flippant and irreverent; I think him stiff and old-fashioned. He quotes the unbelieving Gesenius (for whose literary merits I have the highest respect) against me. I will quote M. Renan against him: "Ni Origène ni St. Jérôme ne dépassèrent les Rabbins leurs maîtres; et ce premier essai de philologie hébraïque chez les Chrétiens *ne fut qu'un reflet de celles des Juifs.*" *Histoire des Langues Sémitiques*, p. 159, Paris, 1855. This opinion I have held for years; and I think Gesenius, in his *Gesch. der Heb. Sprache*, was of the same mind. However, it is many years since I read him; but Renan, at all events, would think a quiz of a Jew might have taken in even St. Jerome. In fact, the accurate scholarship I am speaking of could not be gotten, without a miracle, by one man in one century, when he was the sole student of Hebrew in that century. A moment's reflection will show that such a thing has never been obtained except as the result of the lengthened labour of many and conflicting minds. It is better, therefore, to suppose St. Jerome overruled for God's purpose, than to suppose such a miracle as this. Surely one may believe the miracle of Pentecost, and yet be sceptical about St. Peter's Pamphilian scholarship; and, *mutatis mutandis*, one may believe the trustworthiness of the Vulgate, and yet entirely discredit the possibility of St. Jerome's being an accurate Hebrew scholar.

But, to grapple with one or two particulars: I don't give up my view of Lamech; but I cannot prove it, any more than Sacerdos can his. As for Samuel, I will say this much: If a woman called her son Axen, because she had *asked* him of the Lord, I don't think it would be of much use saying that there is no such participle as 'Axen.' Yet if the worthy Sacerdos will look at 1 Kings i. 20, he will find this is just what was done in Samuel's case. Samuel's mother knows he is *out* there, any way, bad taste as it may be to say so.

With the Cherubim argument I have dealt already by anticipation. Not having Gesenius at hand, and thinking he derived it from *carab*, 'to plow,' and supposed it originally meant an ox, I forgot that he had

mentioned the derivation which I invented. The word 'hrescoob' only occurs once, I believe, and that in Ps. civ. 3, Heb. (ciii. Vulgate), in a connection to favour my etymology.

As for the etymology of ὄφης, I got it from a Hebrew word, which word I said was connected with the idea of foaming. The etymology is that of the late Professor Lee, who was an excellent Arabic scholar. I did not say, I think, at the root as well as the word was Hebrew; and that in such a case I should have had no faith whatever in the Latin version of Osee x. 7, which never occurred to my mind, is, I trust, now unequivocally plain. But my object was to show that the root was a Semitic, not a Greek root,—whether Hebrew or Arabic was quite immaterial to that object; and in this Sacerdos has given me a helping hand, as I think many scholars now-a-days hold the opinion that Coptic (which I suppose Sacerdos means by Egyptian) was itself a Semitic language. I think this opinion is expressed by Professor Max Müller in his admirable book on the *Languages of the Seat of the War*, and can say positively that I have had a letter from a distinguished linguist stating that opinion a few weeks back. Renan, I am aware, is against this view.

Whether inflexion and inclination have more to do with wagging than with standing (ζῳτῳς), Sacerdos may decide otherwise than I should. Welte, a Catholic commentator on the place (Job xl. 17, not xi. 10), and a well-known orientalist, says that "the crooking of his thick hard tail at will is regarded here as a sign of great power,"—*Das beliebige Krummen des dicken harten Schweifes wird als Zeichen grosser Kraft angesehen*. Tübingen, 1849. But I am one of those who think that all words in Semitic languages stick to a gross physical sense to the last, i. e. never thoroughly get rid of it, as other languages do. On which point I may refer to M. Renan as above, pp. 21-4; yet I think the crooking of a tail at will approaches pretty near to wagging it, after all,—nearer than the Vulgate "stringit," or the Septuagint ζῳτῳς.

As for αῶν, I think my point quite proved if I have shown the existence of a similar Sanscrit word (whose termination, or crude form either, does not signify one atom to the question in point, by the way,) which means 'time.' The derivation from i, 'to go,' may be wrong; but I think it is the one Professor Wilson gives in his lexicon. Benfey (Gr. Wurzellexicon) puts it under another i. Sacerdos in one breath says it ought to mean *station*, and in the next suspects it comes from αῶ, 'spirare.' This is blowing hot and cold, methinks. Surely the glass I live in must be some of his own blowing! Can he be wroth with me for interfering with the stationariness of the stones?

I should not, then, be at all afraid of being tried by a jury of philologists as to the question, but not of course by one packed by Sacerdos. But he has failed as yet in convincing me that I am to that extent ignorant of the matter, that I have no right to an opinion upon it. And I have always found it answer to *own* my ignorance when I once can be got to see it; for I have learnt so much by never being ashamed of my ignorance, that I don't mind at all having it pointed out, if Sacerdos can do it. Perhaps, however, as he suggests, my knowledge puffeth me up. I will confess to him, that in writing to a learned friend the other day I was wicked enough to observe, that if St. Paul had only said ignorance puffeth up, I could have believed that without an act of faith. I am willing to be put on either horn of the sad dilemma into which it seems I have fallen.

And now for a word about my irreverence. I daresay Sacerdos has spent many, many more hours in laborious homage to the holy Fathers than ever I have done. My strength is not great; but I have devoted the

best, perhaps, of my days to them, and, so far as I can judge, love them ardently. If Sacerdos knew who I was, I think he would acknowledge my devotion to them. But I mention it only to show that I am not in the least daunted personally with the charge of irreverence, flippancy, bad taste, &c. &c. I am used to all that kind of thing, when people have little else to say. But, as the world goes, one cannot get it to attend to the existence even of cherished absurdities without good strong stirring epithets; so I forgive the epithets he bestows on me. Sacerdos may, for all I know, be more entitled to reprove *persons* than I am to jibe at *things*; which, as you have kindly pointed out, is all that I have done. I do not see how that which in the Fathers was only materially false is else than formally false now; and as Sacerdos has not convinced me that these are not falsities, I maintain that the saints in heaven are not to be worshipped by upholding them.

For St. Augustine I have as great a veneration as for any of the Fathers. Of St. Anastasius (*in arte sud*) I have expressed my opinion already. Of Petavius, though personally much indebted to his great work, I must say he could give the Fathers harder cuffs than I ever did, when occasion offered. With Father Passaglia I quarrelled simply for perpetuating a now antiquated piece of nonsense; for so I still hold it to be. I will apologise for past irreverence, then, only by giving Sacerdos a little bit more. I will suppose him old enough to be my parent, and that some wicked boys had stuck on to his coat a great long ridiculous pigtail, wherewith he was marching with all the grace Lord Chesterfield could have taught him down some public street. Seeing my 'parent' made thus 'ridiculous' before the world, my flippant and irreverent spirit would prompt me to jerk the ornament out. The operation might unsettle his stateliness for a moment; but my filial intention would have been to enable him to proceed upon his way with greater decorum afterwards. But if, when he got home, he gave me a beating for my pains, Martin's Act against cruelty to animals would rise before my indignant soul. *Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur.*

Rather, O beloved parent, let us poke once more the *bonus ignis charitatis*; and when it has blazed up, endeavour to see each other's faces in a more pleasant light. Then, as you say I fall foul of every thing, if Mr. Rambler came in and interrupted our inchoate friendship, I would turn snappishly round on him, and complain of him for clapping my *theologia* into irons. I, ungracious being, had represented her as *male feriata*, dancing and taking her ease like the Trojans in one of Horace's Odes while the fatal horse was being introduced into the city. Then, turning to you, my dear old Trojan, I would say, "*Equo ne credite Teucris*;" and I would resume our chat. Then begging your pardon, Mr. Rambler, for all the I's I have been guilty of, I would with a formal bow modestly profess myself, your obedient servant,

J. B. M.

# THE RAMBLER.

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PART XL.

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## THE CIVIL RIGHTS OF RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

AT a time when the rights of the state to confiscate at will the goods of the religious orders is a recognised principle of half Europe; when the Catholics of Sardinia and Spain have to lament a nefarious spoliation, which has been defended not only by the organs of Socialism and of Revolution, but even by men who flatter themselves that they occupy the foremost rank in the army of order and conservatism; when among ourselves a profligate party would pauperise our seminaries, put our convents under inspection, and take into its own hands the management of our charitable funds,—it is surely opportune to consider somewhat at length the foundation of the natural and civil rights of religious orders.

In the first place, then, we claim for religious the rights of the citizen; and above and beyond these, the rights of the benefactor of citizens, the rights of genius, of devotion, and of love.

The rights of man are notoriously violated, when he is forbidden to live such a life as he judges most conducive to his well-being and reasonable happiness. "*An quisquam est alius liber,*" asks Persius, "*nisi ducere vitam cui licet, ut voluit?*" Any difficulty thrown by the government in the way of clerical and conventual life, is more or less such a violation of the rights of the citizen. How can the government forbid its subjects to feel the domination of caprice and chance, to desire their liberation from this tyranny, and to submit to any rule that promises them such a blessing? When a man longs to supply, by external authority, his own want of constancy and resolution, and to court the government of others, when long experience has convinced him of his inability to govern himself, what right has any person to interfere with his plans? If only in favour of these weak

souls, the right of religious association is a right of human nature. But there is another class for whose happiness, and whose perfect development, it is the best interest of mankind to provide; there are souls endued with power—call it genius, or inspiration, or vocation—to do incalculable good to their fellow-creatures; peculiar souls that require a peculiar life, and peculiar institutions for their proper and healthy development. Plunge them into the only life which our political quacks would recognise, and you make them miserable. There is, as an infidel writer confesses, a latent antagonism between genius and the humdrum domesticity of common life, which must often cause much misery. Affections are strong, but ideas are stronger. Through them Howard left his only child in a madhouse, while he carried out his benevolent reforms in the prisons of distant countries. They steeled Bernard Palissy to see unmoved his wife and children perishing, while he tore up the very boards of his cottage to feed the furnace for his experiments. They possessed the painter who stabbed his brother, that he might truly paint the throes of the death-agony. They made Rousseau, who could take such pains to give the rules for his idea of education in *Emile*, leave his own children to be brought up in a foundling hospital. They could lead Sterne to neglect a dying mother, while he indulged in pathos over a dead donkey. They make the domestic and conjugal life of the great poets the blots in their biography, the most painful portion of their history. Yes, ideas are stronger than affections, not only in individuals, whose intellect raises them above their fellows, but in whole populations; who have before now been driven into the wildest excesses, or exalted to the most heroic sacrifices, by an idea, as our modern philosophers call it, by their convictions and superstitions, or, in the language of the Church, by their faith, their hope, and their charity.

We do not pretend that ideas are as large a constituent of common life as affections: the affections are its substratum and groundwork, universal and continuous; ideas, on the contrary, are isolated and concentrated flashes of power, not always in action, but bearing all things before them when they do act. Now, no civil government does its duty to human nature, when it makes, or even permits, no provision for the ideal life. It is a suicidal policy in the statesman to refuse to make use of the power of ideas; but it is worse than this, it is a murderous policy, when their development is repressed either positively by penal enactment, or negatively, by depriving them of all means of existence. The same ideal genius that, in the midst of the most unfavourable

circumstances, pushes forward a Howard or a Nightingale (to take the popular, not the best, examples), is found in smaller quantity perhaps, or weaker concentration, but still is found in numerous men and women; these all have it strongly enough within them to render the usual life disgusting and miserable; but not strongly enough to enable them to break the trammels of custom, to defy public opinion, to leave house and family for the hospital or the prison, and to consummate that sacrifice which they yearn to make. Others, too, of a temperament analogous to that of poets, persons who, like Byron, or Shelley, or Keats, or Tennyson, are always raving like maniacs, or mourning like doves, over life and its miseries, over their isolation, and want of sympathy with the dry round of domestic existence, are more numerous than the mere statistician would ever suspect. Confine these persons to our recognised life, they become what may be truly called one of our dangerous classes; some may find vent for their ideality in the back-woods of America, in the dangers of African exploration, in the excitement of travel or of commerce; but most will pine in solitude, making themselves, and those who have the misfortune to be near them, wretched; or distilling the virus of their discontent into novels, or poems, or articles, with which they poison the very springs of social life.

The classes, then, in whom ideality predominates over affection, though scanty in comparison to the whole, are yet absolutely large enough to form a considerable element in the census of a population; and important enough, from the fund of power which they possess, to enter into the calculations of every prudent politician. Even in this view only, the Church has proved herself wiser than all the statesmen. They have been completely paralysed in the presence of the ideal element of humanity; they have mocked at it, have sought to repress it, or to divert it, and have been throttled in its grasp. But the Church understood it from the first. From this class of persons she has chosen her ministers; and her peculiar education and institutions have always sought to foster and to develop it. That same element which makes a rare manifestation of itself in our common civil life, in isolated cases of Howards or Nightingales, is in the Church of every-day occurrence. Not that human nature is different among us, but because the Church knows how to kindle the smouldering fire and to vivify the expiring spark which the foot of Protestantism so ruthlessly stamps out. The active orders are founded on the spirit of Howard; the contemplative develop the finer and more purely ideal spirit of the

poetical enthusiast. Persons of such organisation cannot be happy in common life; therefore it is mere tyranny to compel them to endure it: they can be both happy and useful in monastic life, and therefore they have a right to it by the very law of nature. A policy which represses, directly or indirectly, this right, is both murderous and suicidal: murderous, because it prevents a large class of persons from finding the end to which their peculiar nature is adapted; suicidal, because it converts this class into an element dangerous, often fatal, to the internal peace of a nation.

Yet this policy has been that of the "philosophers" who have more or less directed the destinies of Europe since the Reformation. The rights of the individual, which are both logically and naturally prior to those of society, have found no favour in their schemes; which, in exalting the state above the persons who compose it, have resuscitated the ancient absolutism of paganism, and in their maxim, that "every thing is permitted for the interests of the state," have in the name of liberty invented a maxim, whose object appears to be that of legitimatising all possible tyrannies and despotisms. The ultimate and primal right of every person to choose that state of life which, in itself innocuous, he judges to be most conducive to his own enjoyment, virtue, and usefulness, has been in modern times openly and solemnly violated by the forcible suppression of religious orders.

But, says the statesman, what is the use of them?

Now, in the first place, what right have you, MM. Kaunitz and Cavour, Henry VIII., and Joseph II., to ask any individual, who refuses to perform no contract to which he is obliged, who consents to bear his share of the burdens imposed on the state by the government; what business have you to ask him of what use he is? You did not create him; he was not created for you. He owes you, as Cæsar, certain dues; and these he renders, or is willing to render: what right have you to interfere further, and to ask him about the utility of the rest of his life to the state? If he chooses to spend all his time in playing dominoes, how does it concern you? You tolerate with the greatest indifference the "golden youth" who lounge away their lives in theatres, in taverns, in hells, and dens of vice; you bear with the genus of dandies, fellows who for whole hours employ all the thought withinside their noddles to becurl and bedeck the outside; the only persons you will not bear with are those whom you can reproach with no vice, no frivolity; are those who can only be said to be useless to society,—if it is useless for mankind that some among them should give them-

selves up entirely to the exercise of their highest faculties, to the pursuit of that end for which man was originally created. They are mystics, you will say. Well, but so are your poets, and so are their readers. Is the *Imitation of Christ* less a benefaction to humanity than *Childe Harold*? Are the enthusiastic disciples of the former more pernicious to society than the sentimental, sensuomental readers and admirers of the latter? Utility is *not* the measure or the principle of popular admiration. A singer, a fiddler, a dancer, can command an ovation which would be refused to the maker of steam-engines, or the builder of a hospital. The true nobility of our nature lies in its ideal element; and men feel instinctively that the artist, the philosopher, the contemplative sage, and the saint, all stand on higher platforms than the economist or the utilitarian. These things may in your eyes be useless to the state; but it is no concern of yours to interfere with them; nay, it is the most disgusting tyranny to put difficulties into the way of a vocation which human nature instinctively reverences as the fulfilment of her most noble ends.

But, you will say, these monastic bodies had managed to acquire, and to clutch in the cold grip of their "dead-hand,"\* a great share of the property of the state, which thus became unproductive capital, tied up from other uses; and what was worse, an incentive that made persons with no vocation enter the order, not for the purpose of leading that mystical life, that ideal existence they are supposed to follow, but for the more practical purpose of eating the loaves and fishes annexed to the foundation. Hence have arisen scandals which have brought the religious life into contempt; and the state has suffered not only from the injury done to the religious sentiment, but from the undue multiplication of a set of drones, *fruges consumere nati*, whose interest it has always been to obstruct all progress in the material prosperity of the commonwealth. Vested interests indeed are sacred things; what a man has legally acquired, the state has no right to deprive him of; but it has a right to regulate the laws of succession, and the rights of tenure, in such a way as to prevent any considerable portion of its wealth being locked up for ever in hands which are precluded from making any commercial use of the property they hold.

But it is exactly these "vested interests," which in the case of religious, the state does not respect: it respects neither the right of the present possessors, nor the contingent rights of all those persons whose nature, or temperament, or

\* Mort-main.

organisation, or vocation,—call it what you will,—will not allow them to be happy in common life, but urges them to forsake the world, and to retire into these religious foundations. Such a temperament is a common thing in nature; you may say that it is a weakness; but so is sickness, so is poverty, so is ignorance: and if munificent persons choose to found princely establishments for the sick, or the poor, or the ignorant, will any theory of right be a justification for your confiscating these foundations for your own benefit? Will any orator be found to defend the plunderer and leveller of hospitals and almshouses, of schools and colleges? Reckon, if you please, the mystical element of our nature to be allied to insanity,—there is a sense in which we may allow it; genius, whether in the natural or the supernatural order, looks very like folly—

“Great wits are, sure, to madness near allied,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.”

Saints have prayed to become fools for the love of God, as He became, as it were, a fool for love of man. For all that takes us out of the dead level of ordinary life, that which raises us above, as well as that which sinks us below it, unfits us for living as ordinary people, and makes us appear eccentric and insane. Reckon, therefore, the convent to be a species of lunatic asylum; even then we claim for it the rights of the weak, the rights of the miserable and the poor.

Yes, you will say, we do reckon them to be lunatic asylums, but asylums, not for the cure, but for the propagation of lunacy. Take them away, and there is no temptation to your moonstruck youths and damsels to indulge their mystical fancies, and to render themselves useless to society. Destroy convents, and that peculiar form of madness which urges persons to become monks and nuns disappears. No, it does not disappear; it simply changes its form; it becomes the dangerous ideal element of society; that element of exaltation and exaggeration, which plunges nations into the most fantastic absurdities, fierce fanaticism, cynical immorality, cold-blooded cruelty, and wild revolution. The Church is the only power which has ever arisen in the world which has showed itself equal to the task of satisfying the aspirations and disciplining the minds of this kind of persons; she alone has used them for edification instead of destruction; has applied their energies, instead of allowing them to run to waste. Of one class of such minds she makes her sisters of charity and mercy, her brothers of the hospitals, and her attendants on the infirm in body or mind; to this class belong her religious of both sexes, who occupy themselves in

superintending the education of the young, the reformation of criminals, or the instruction of the deaf and dumb and blind; others occupy themselves in manual labour, and might still be found, as in the middle ages, to be the pioneers of civilisation in a savage country. Then we come to that other great order of minds whose attributes are more purely ideal, who are more analogous to poets and philosophers than to active philanthropists and benevolent reformers. These all choose a life of retirement and contemplation; and in their cloister do they inflict any more damage on society than if they were left to moon and mope at home, unable to enjoy themselves, and spoiling the enjoyment and happiness of their whole families by the eccentricities of their character and conduct? There is now a universal demand that the right man should be put into the right place; that the round man should no longer be fitted into the square hole, nor the square man into the round hole. We defend our convents on this very principle: there are triangular persons, male and female, in the world; but, except in convents, there are no triangular holes in which they can find a berth. You will never have the right persons in the right places, if you refuse to allow us to provide right places for a whole division of humanity, or if you claim your right to destroy or modify our foundations at your own pleasure. We do not deny that these pigeon-holes may become too luxurious, and may attract a cuckoo-brood to usurp the place of the doves. But let your remedies be proportioned to the disease: do not destroy the organ to cure a superficial injury; do not cut off the foot to cure the corns, or the head to cure the toothache; do not uproot the whole conventual system to remedy isolated cases of abuse. Such conduct is the murderous quackery of the cheating charlatan, not the wholesome, even if severe, practice of the wise physician.

We maintain, then, the rights of convents, even on the impertinent assumption of the unsoundness of mind of their inmates;—we need not say that, except for argument's sake, we heartily repudiate any such insinuation;—the voluntary resignation of family ties we take to be one of the greatest signs of true nobility of nature. The great intellectual and practical benefactors of our race have all been childless men. The memory of heroes who have left children to represent them has almost always suffered in consequence. *Ἀνδρῶν ἡρώων τέκνα πῆματα*. What an anomalous appendage to the ideal Socrates is Xanthippe with her babies! Lord Bacon, who lived just long enough after the change of religion to be able to compare the results of the two systems, observes: “A

man shall see the noblest works and foundations have proceeded from childless men, who have sought to express the images of their minds where those of their bodies have failed ; so the care of posterity is most in them who have no posterity." Yes, those who are "according to the order of Melchisedech," without father, mother, or descent, are the great public benefactors of our race ; and any institution which can organise and develop the powers of those persons who feel within them the call to this great legion of honour, confers a benefit on humanity which the statesman is a fool to ignore.

But, after all, it is useless to insist on the utility of the conventual life ; utility and expediency ought scarcely to be named where the question is one of right. Yet it is not amiss to remind persons that the untaught enthusiasm of the lady-volunteers for our Eastern hospitals was obliged to seek instruction from the organised and scientific benevolence of the Sisters of Charity, and that the fruits of the expensive establishments of English missionaries among the heathen are but as nothing compared to the harvest gathered by the half-starving priest. But this is not the question : what we maintain is, that we have a right to live in convents if we please ; that our mode of life there is not one of robbery, leads to no violation of the rights of others, and is one with which the state has absolutely no right to interfere. And yet these persons, in spite of their unquestionable right, in spite of the claims to your gratitude which many of their body had established, are the only ones whom you would systematically exclude from the protection of the law, whom you consider as aliens to society, whom you despoil not only of their civil rights, but also of the rights which belong to them as men ; for every man has the right of being left at liberty to choose and to carry out the mode of life he thinks best, and of not being robbed of the property he legally holds.

Public utility is not the ultimate rule of government. The expression is one of the vaguest, unfitted to commit the governing authority to any definite aim and course of conduct. If you understand it as meaning the utility of the majority, then the minority is always sacrificed, society is gradually split up into mutually exterminating factions, and must finish with the catastrophe of the cats of Kilkenny. If you understand it as the utility of each individual, then it is but an inexact phrase for public right : in this case you re-establish the equality of every one in the sight of the law, the rights of the individual are re-asserted, rights anterior to those of the majority, and which it is the primary duty of government

to respect. These rights are the real and inviolable elements of public utility, so that the government which injures the private man essentially injures the public; not a party, not a majority, but the public, the whole complex body of citizens.

The rights of government over individuals are excessively limited: it can exact a fair share of contribution to its expenses; it can require that the citizens abstain from all personal violence, from all robbery, from all fraud, and invasion of the sphere of other persons' rights. But who pretends that the inmates of convents are more liable to break these broad laws than other persons? But perhaps the government can require of them a greater amount of charity and active benevolence towards their fellow-creatures? Absurd! Who would maintain that the government has the right of fixing for each citizen the measure of charity which he ought to practise? and if not for each, how for any? God commands us to be charitable and merciful; but so does He also command us to say our prayers, and to abstain from coveting other men's goods. But how can the state take cognisance of the performance or the breach of these commands? Neither individuals nor the government can exact a mere bounty as a right; a mere bounty is that which each individual has perfect right to give or to withhold; and the duty of the state is to protect these individual rights; the principal object of its institution was to defend and maintain them. You do any one an injury when you try to compel him to do you a kindness; and the government is bound to punish you for violating his right. If the government sides with the aggressor, it only puts itself at the head of the unjust and violent party, in forcing a man to do that which he has full right to do or not to do as he chooses. The obligations of charity are altogether distinct from those of justice; nor can all society together exact from one individual on the title of justice that which he is only obliged to give them by the dictates of charity.

Government, then, can impose an obligation of mutual abstinence from wrong, but cannot bind its subjects to confer mutual kindnesses without disturbing the order, and violating the intention of society. For how could such a law be sanctioned, or its limits defined? How much kindness should it force each man to do his neighbour, and how could it find out whether these duties were fulfilled? With what penalties could such a law be sanctioned? Could it force a man to provide for others before he had made ample provision for himself? or could it define the exact time, labour, diligence,

and substance which each may expend on himself before he turns his attention to his neighbour? No; the duty of beneficence is vague, till determined by the individual conscience for each separate case; it reveals itself only to the heart, and submits only to the interior tribunal of the reason.

The final end of society is not the progress of the race, not the sacrifice of all persons now alive to the material interests of posterity, but the material and mental interest and satisfaction of each person who is a constituent part of the association. When, therefore, the statesman wishes to compute the amount of public happiness, he ought not to pass over a single item of individual enjoyment, the sum of which makes up the amount of happiness among the persons whom he governs. And in making this calculation is he only to look to merchants and bankers, farmers and labourers, manufacturers and mechanics, peers, gentry, and men of pleasure, and keep no column for these men, who live for themselves certainly, but whose study is not to increase the store of material riches, but the store of moral goodness in their own hearts? They are contented and happy; is it no gain to the government to have such subjects? Is not the sum of public happiness increased by this amount? Perhaps the statisticians do not consider themselves bound to take this kind of happiness into consideration because it grows in secret, it is not noisy and obtrusive, and is easily overlooked. But is secret happiness impossible? When will men cease going about with their dark lantern in search of happiness through the parliament and the theatre, on change, over barracks and battle-fields, rather than seek it where only it is to be found,—in the secret recesses of the heart? What is the public but a collection of individuals? And if each individual was conscious of perfect happiness in his own heart, though no one knew any thing of his neighbour's state of mind, would not the result be a body of happy men? In that case, the individual happiness would not be multiplied by reflection and sympathy; but still the amount of public happiness would be increased; there would be fresh centres from which the radiance of felicity emanated, however confined the radius to which it extended. It is absurd to take no account of happiness and contentment in itself, except so far as it can be seen and admired by others.

To object to persons leading the conventual life, that they have no influence on the public happiness, is, in the first place, impertinent, because you have no right to demand that they should contribute any thing to that stock: in the second place it is false, for they not only influence the total

of public enjoyment, but they contribute the items which compose it. It is more to be a constituent part of a thing than simply to exert an influence over it. But the religious were too happy for the world to bear with; society did not thank these men for proving that all misery might be driven from the world by each person taking as great pains to make himself happy as they did. They made an inconvenient revelation to society. They showed that the end which society relinquished as unattainable could really be reached; they revealed both the end and the way. And society pulled its hat over its eyes, and declared it to be the height of impertinence that a parcel of ignorant monks should presume to prove that to be attainable which it had decreed to be unattainable, and forthwith renewed the old law of the Ephesians, "*Nemo de nobis unus excellat: sin quis extiterit, alio in loco et apud alios sit.*"\* "Let no one man of us be better than the rest; if any becomes so, let him go elsewhere, and live among other people."

We do not wish to be insulting; but we are afraid that envy, jealousy, and cupidity are the motive causes that induce you to be so hostile to religious orders. Else how is it that, while professing the utmost solicitude for public happiness, you regard with stern eyes those who really labour at their own moral improvement and the salvation of their own souls; while you patronise and caress the persons who profess no moral aims, and are often too corrupted and too distracted by passion to be capable of any real enjoyment? Even respectable men seem determined to prove the truth of La Rochefoucault's maxim, that it is safer to be a rascal than to be a saint. We once knew a head of a house at Oxford who patronised all the fast men of his college, and only pried suspiciously into the conduct of the steady students, who thought it a better preparation for a clerical life to attend morning prayers, than to spend the night in emptying champagne-bottles, and throwing them through quiet men's windows. So it is with society. It would be thought the most grievous injustice to interfere with the licentiousness of the rake, so long as he kept within the law; but let the rake reform and turn Trappist, and then he will find that the world has changed too, and has learnt to pry into his failings with the eyes of an Epidaurian serpent. It is true the government never thinks of requiring the idle and dissolute classes to show charity, and make themselves useful to society; much less does it make their vice a pretext for confiscating the property which they abuse; provided they do not violate the law, they

\* Cicero, Tusc. Disp. v. 36.

are left in peace. It would be tyranny to try to put a stop to their vices; to pry within the threshold of their house would be a violation of the domestic sanctuary. And we do not complain of this; only let the government apply the same measure to our monks and nuns. Why is its power to be unlimited only against them? Why are they alone to be excluded from the rights of the rest? Why are they to be subject, not to law, but to caprice? Why can these only be driven from their homes, robbed of their property, deprived of the right that all men have by nature of associating themselves for their own good, for the purpose of rendering themselves happy? Why, too, add insult to injury, and tell these monks and nuns, whose "vested rights" you thus violate, that they are a pack of lazy drones, and useless to society? Unless you mean that you are society, as Louis XIV. was the state, and that those whom you wish to rob are excluded from society, thrust out of the pale of humanity, and numbered with the dead, simply because they hold property which would be very useful to you.

But you will say that the religious orders are part of the clergy, and the clergy are only public functionaries, and as such under the rule of the state. In the first place, the religious orders are not clergy, except accidentally. The functions which they have undertaken—whether clerical, educational, or simply benevolent—are so many accidental additions to the original idea of the religious life, the one object of which is the attainment of the person's own perfection; is simply an affair of the private conscience, more inviolable than the privacy of the domestic hearth.

Next, though they were necessarily clerics,—which monks are not always, and nuns never,—they would not therefore come under your supervision; you do not inspect them and abolish them as clerics, but as religious orders; you do not pretend to prevent John Smith or Adam Noakes from becoming a clergyman, if he wishes to do so; but you question his right to live in community, to seek in association a state of private life which he judges most conducive to virtue and the good of his soul.

Thirdly, even if they were clergy, they would not necessarily be public functionaries in such a sense as to be functionaries of the government, and liable to its regulation. They are public functionaries because they perform functions in behalf of the public; they are not public functionaries, if you understand by that title that they are elected and called by the public, and that from the public they receive the charge and commission to exercise their functions. They are

sent to minister to the public, not by the government, not by the state, not by any civil authority, but by the supreme spiritual authority, and ultimately by God Himself. Even if the state proscribed them, and interdicted their ministry, as they have received their commission from a higher than Cæsar, they would have to proceed on their course, in spite of his edicts, as till lately has been the case in this kingdom. They are functionaries, but not of the state. The state may and ought to recognise their utility, and might provide for their support, as it grants pensions to public benefactors in the civil order; but still in the presence of the state they are not officers of its own, but simple citizens, with the full rights of simple citizens to do that which they consider best for their souls.

But, you will say, the government for its own security must have the right of taking cognisance of all associations, whether for civil or religious purposes. They cannot have a legal existence without the recognition of the government; and the legality of their existence ceases *ipso facto* with the withdrawal of the license of the state.

As if man had no rights till the state had recognised them! As if there were not natural rights of the individual, of the family, of the association, prior to those of the government! That which the law does not sanction is not therefore illegal. A man needs the support of no human law to give him the right to eat and drink, to marry and bring up his children, to associate himself with other men for acts of worship to God, or for mutual improvement. The pretence that nothing can exist in human society but what is legalised, is a principle which sets the pettifogging of the lawyer above the wisdom of God, and which establishes the most universal and the most absolute despotism: it elevates a busy barrister or a prying policeman into a providence, and brings mankind under a yoke that can only be borne by the dullest drudges and most supple slaves.

But, you will say, whatever the religious orders are in the abstract, yet as the occupiers of their establishments, as possessors and stewards of funds left for certain objects, they are to all intents and purposes public functionaries, bound to carry out the intentions of the persons who gave them their property. Moreover, if we are to look at them as private citizens, how can you expect that we should change our whole law of the succession of property in their favour? A man cannot tie up an estate for ever in his own family; why should he be allowed to do so for a religious association?

To the first part of this objection we observe, that in

order to carry out the intentions of the original donors of conventual property, you first divide the orders into two classes—the active and the contemplative; the latter you assume to be utterly useless to the public, and you conclude that no sane person could ever have intended to have given his property for the maintenance of so absurd a system. This property, derived perhaps from persons of fortune, who joined the order, increased by the manual or intellectual labour of the religious, given at all events by persons who were intimately acquainted with the life of those to whom they made their benefactions, has, you assume, been put to uses never contemplated by the original donors, and ought therefore to be confiscated to the use of the state. The property of the active orders you place under the supervision of the state, partly for its own use, partly to carry out some remnant of its original destination.

But are you so sure of the infallible truth of your assumption that no one could have intended to endow contemplative orders? that the only utility which the donors of property contemplated was that, not of the religious themselves, but of the sick, or poor, or ignorant, whom they undertook to tend? For, after all, the intention of the donors should be inferred from the then existing spirit of the associations to which they left their goods. Some of these existed only for contemplation, others superadded the exercise of charity. These aims were perfectly known to the benefactors; when they left their property to contemplative bodies, their intention evidently was to maintain them in this contemplative life; and you, to carry out this intention, abolish them! Persons who endowed active orders evidently intended them to exercise charity freely, as all true charity must be exercised; and you, to carry out these intentions, make these men mere relieving officers, simple mercenaries in the pay of the state, in whose name you sometimes confiscate their goods, in order the better to enable them to fulfil their office! You who are placed by God and by society at the head of the state, for the express purpose of defending the right, and maintaining the laws, and the legal status of individuals!

But, after all, your true motive, which some of you have been open enough to own, has been your desire of helping yourselves to other men's property. Their land and houses was the "*damnosa hereditas*" which undid them. To appropriate this you have invented all your legal quibbles about mortmain, and the dead hands of living religious. You made the law sing its *De profundis* over the monk, and then you thought it no robbery to steal his property. We do not

deny the right of the state to frame its own laws to regulate the manner of transmitting property; it may of course, if it pleases, abolish all the present law of trusts and successions; but it has no right to apply one measure to one class of citizens, and another to another class; it has no right to neglect the vested rights of the interested parties. It is one thing to prevent Smith or Jones from leaving his property to convents, another to let him make his will and die, and then confiscate his property to yourself, with as little regard for the civil heirs as for the religious legatees. And, moreover, it is one thing to confiscate the property of a religious order, and another to destroy the order, by taking care that it shall have no means of acquiring fresh property, or of otherwise supporting its existence. The highway-robber takes the traveller's money, perhaps strips him of his clothes, but usually spares his life. So let your guilt stop at confiscation; do not add to your crimes that of interfering with our natural right of forming associations for the practice of virtue, and for the good of our own souls.

It would require a separate article to show, as we intended, that the natural course of things punishes this iniquity with a slow but inevitable retribution:—to trace how the English Reformation was punished by the Revolution, the North German by the excesses of the peasants, and by the Thirty Years' War: to show how Joseph's liberalism—the liberality of the man in the proverb, who stole the hog, and gave the feet for alms—ended in the destruction of his own feudal order, which he sought to enrich: to record how the dying emperor, pining with the diseases that he had contracted by his profligacy, and embittered in his last moments by the rebellion of Belgium, honestly confessed, that the revolutionary movements in Europe were in a great measure owing to that philosophy of philanthropism (as misomonachism was then and now facetiously nicknamed) of which he himself was a disciple: to show how in France and Spain the fundamental ideas of property have been overturned; and how the very classes which enriched themselves half-a-century ago with the spoils of the Church, are now in their despair ready to submit to any dictator who will ensure them at any price the tenure of their holdings. It was said at the commencement of the French Revolution, "In robbing the Church, you throw the first stone at the rights of property: this attack will not stop of itself; in half-a-century it will be a general assault." And though Thiers made himself merry over this oracle, and over the "queer reasonings and forced deductions by which the imperturbable spouter tried to alarm the landed

classes with the dread of an invasion," yet the scoffing statesman lived to see events which forced him to recant, and to write a book in defence of property, in the very commencement of which he declares, that now we must—unless we wish society to perish—prove those rights which the conscience of mankind has ever hitherto admitted without proof. "Gentlemen," said Chateaubriand before the Chamber of Peers, in 1817, when a measure was proposed for selling the forests of the Church,—“gentlemen, I venture to prophesy to you, that if, under a government which represents the principles of order, you do not put a stop to the sale of these goods, not one of you will be able to reckon on his children peaceably succeeding to his estate. I know that in this century men are very little moved by reasons drawn from things beyond the term of our lives; our daily difficulties have taught us to live from hand to mouth. We sell the forests of the Church; we see the immediate consequence in the replenishing of the coffers of the state; as for the distant consequence, as it will not touch us, we care nothing about it. Gentlemen, let us not have such confidence in the grave. Time flies rapidly in this country; in France the future is always close; it often comes sooner than death.” Two revolutions—the last more social than political, and the terror of the wealthy classes at the progress of socialism—have justified the wisdom of the orator.

Man is a reasonable being. If your great-grandfather gave an annuity to a convent, and your grandfather lent a sum of money to the state, he will be with difficulty persuaded that it is a greater crime to rob you of the interest of the loan than to rob the present inmates of the convent of their annuity. Your grandfather's intentions can be scarcely made out to be more sacred and inviolable than those of his father. Mankind does not see why the Spanish Government is more bound to pay the British bondholder than the monk or the nun or the priest, whose property it was cheered on by its British creditor to confiscate. We do not pretend to the gift of prophecy, nor to the interpretation thereof; but we should neither be surprised nor sorry if those spendthrift politicians of Sardinia who have been obliged to eke out their unhallowed and slippery pelf, which they have “conveyed” from the Church to the uses of the state, with money borrowed from capitalists of this country, were to treat their English creditors with the same measure which they have used with the clergy.

Our people have approved of this robbery; the *Journal des Debats* has defended it. Henceforward the latter should never complain of the confiscation of the property of the Or-

leans family, nor the former of the non-payment of their bonds. If you *will* enforce the constitutional heresy which submits the Church and her property to the civil magistrate, you must not be surprised if men carry out the principle, and submit all other property to the party which happens at the time to be strongest in the state.\*

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### THE SCANDAL OF GOODNESS.

PROTESTANTISM is a fact, not a theology. It is to be mastered by the Baconian induction, and not by any Aristotelian or scholastic logic. We cannot comprehend it by first ascertaining its fundamental axioms and granting its postulates, and then arguing to its conclusions, as if they followed consistently on its premises. It is bootless to say to a Protestant, If you believe this, you must believe that. He replies, That he does not see the necessary connexion of the two opinions. We get nothing by telling him he *must* think or act in a certain manner. His answer is short, and to the point; he declares that he *does not* think or act as we protest that he must. And the more we argue and reason and deduce, the more he is convinced that we are unfair and uncharitable and bigoted; the more confidently he hugs himself in the conviction, that we Papists are as malicious as we are stupid, to be blind to the merits and claims of persons like himself.

No one, in truth, can have any thing to do with Protestants, especially English Protestants, without admitting that they are no more to be understood by any means but personal study, than the magnitude of antediluvian saurians is to be estimated by the antics of the pretty little green lizards that haunt the old walls of Italy. It is not, perhaps, pleasant to our own logical self-complacency to allow that such is the case; but we fear that our polemical vanity must put up with the slight. To a Catholic controversialist, rejoicing in the scientific completeness of Catholic dogmatics, and the careful casuistry of Catholic morals, and issuing forth to the fight armed to the teeth with logic, Scripture, and history, it is not a little mortifying to find himself at fault the moment the battle has fairly begun, and he finds himself face to face with an antagonist talking a new language, disputing nine-tenths of his facts, and smiling complacently when he ought to be prostrate with a mortal wound.

\* Much of the argument of the above article has been taken from a masterly chapter in the admirable *Filosofia della Politica* of the late Abbate Rosmini.

And this sort of surprise and vexation is felt alike both by "old Catholic" theologians and by fresh converts. It is felt by nearly all who are new to the work of actual or private controversy with individuals, whether they have spent the best hours of their life in a conventual cloister or an Oxford-college library. We are all of us apt to overrate the love for a logical consistency of the average run of mankind. The digestion of the ostrich is a fair type of the intellectual capacities of the majority of the world, so far as reasoning goes. Doctors talk much about what they call the "assimilating" powers of the human frame and stomach when healthy and vigorous. What a man can eat and drink at one good dinner, considering not only the variety of dishes put upon the table, but the multiplicity of ingredients of which those dishes have been compounded by the cook, is perfectly astonishing. But an ordinary man's brain leaves his stomach far behind in the defiance of dyspepsia. A thorough, stout, bold English Protestant will imbibe and digest contradictory opinions, inconsistent facts, metaphysical and dogmatical impossibilities, without a pang or a twinge. If any thing, he thinks it rather beneath him than otherwise to be a slave to exact syllogisms. That may do, he fancies, for Frenchmen who go wild on scientific form, just as profound thought may suit a dreaming mystical German. But for himself, he adds, he is a practical man; he values things, facts, realities; he wants to see, touch, taste every thing; he judges things by their practical results; and if syllogisms and logic and systems, and all that, are against him, he can't help it; he is content with common sense, and so ends the matter.

Even in the school which aims most definitely at a sort of dogmatic completeness of opinion, these anomalies are abundantly rife. Considering how high are the pretensions of Puseyism, and how learnedly and ably it labours to establish itself on a scriptural and historical basis, it is often surprising to see how impervious its disciples appear to all demonstrations of their inconsistencies. With so much undeniable sincerity and self-sacrifice as they make, one is puzzled to account for an extent of intellectual obtuseness, or of apparent moral perversity, hardly reconcilable either with their acquirements or their personal character. When a man has once grasped the doctrine, that our blessed Lord established one visible Church, it is startling to observe him maintaining that *one* church means two churches, or half-a-dozen churches, all independent of and in practical antagonism to each other. When a man of average capacity has mastered the fundamental idea of a governing authority, it is hard to believe

that he literally cannot see that the idea of jurisdiction is necessarily implied therein. What, we ask, can be that person's conceptions of the duty of faith in a distinct revelation of doctrine, when he maintains that no practical means is left existing upon earth for ascertaining what is, and what is not, a portion of that revelation?

A ready solution of the problem is sometimes offered by those who have not studied the actual religious phenomena of the day, which is, however, no solution at all. The well-known and undoubted maxim is repeated, that conviction is a very different thing from conversion; and it is assumed, that it supplies a perfect explanation of the strange anomalies presented by the followers of Dr. Pusey. They must be convinced,—so runs the rationale of their case,—they are not converted; therefore the deduction is clear, they are held back by selfish and worldly motives; and their conduct is only a fresh illustration of the ridiculous affectations and shameless pretensions of all who are not Catholics. No good can come of such men; pride, pride alone, holds them where they are; they will not follow up their convictions. Argument and rhetoric is wasted upon them; the *only* thing to be done is, to pray for them, to beg of God the grace of their conversion, along with that of the common herd of the ungodly world.

Such would be a natural deduction from the singularities of the Puseyite phase of religious opinion, were we to decide on their merits solely from formal scholastic treatises on controversial or dogmatic theology. It is clear, however, that such would be a view of their case as erroneous as it is superficial. Many a man, we cannot help seeing, is not convinced in reality, when *we* see as clearly as the day that he *must* be. We mistake the distinctness of our own perceptions for the distinctness of his. The course of argument, which is as plain and irrefragable in our eyes as a geometrical demonstration in Euclid's *Elements*, is to his mind a mazy, cloudy, half-invisible series of statements, half deduction, half mere baseless assertion. The proceedings in a recent and still-continued controversy about the moon are an exact type of the Catholico-Puseyite controversy. We beg our Puseyite friends' pardon for comparing them in any way to such a personage as Mr. Jelinger Symons; but we cannot help noting the differences between mathematicians and the disciples of that singular gentleman, as an exact parallel to the different modes in which certain lines of argument strike Catholics and the High-Church school of Anglicans. It is really difficult to conceive by what species of mental distur-

tion a man of sense and common powers of perception can fail to comprehend the simple proofs which establish the impossibility of Mr. Symons's theory. We expect next to hear people maintain that a zigzag is a shorter way from one point to another than a straight line. And just such is the difference between the clearness of our perceptions of certain theological arguments, as compared with the distorted images which they present to the understandings of those who are not Catholics; objects which stand out to our eyes clear in outline and brilliant in colour are to them like the floating visions of the mirage. They see there is something in them; but what it is, and what it means,—whether it is intended as a guide or a warning,—with all the straining of their anxious eyes they fail to determine. Separate and distinct propositions in morals or dogmatics they can comprehend and admit; but the connecting links between premises and conclusion are often to them so fine as to escape their detection; or so apparently subtle and wire-drawn, as to create distrust and suspicion when they ought only to engender confidence.

Still further, they are in practice weighed by positive reasons, which, on the contrary, to us appear simply fictitious, or even nonsensical. Either they assert and believe in the existence of facts on which we are profoundly sceptical, or they attribute to them an argumentative weight, when in our judgment they have nothing on earth to do with the matter in hand; nay perhaps, they even tell against their conclusions, and not for them. Of this special kind of difficulty, which prevents the Puseyite school from carrying out their principles to a consistent completeness, we believe by far the most generally influential is that which we have indicated by the heading of this present article. Of all the stumbling-blocks which prevent good and sincere Anglicans from seeing their way into the Catholic Church, we suspect there is none like their conviction of the personal qualifications and piety of their friends and acquaintances, and of the recognised leaders of their own school or party. Many of the phrases introduced from time to time, and passed from mouth to mouth, as "reasons" for adhering to the Church of England, exercise little real influence. They are more or less cant, if not in the beginning, yet after a very little wear and tear. They are convenient polemical cries; sham answers to positive difficulties; forms of speech for silencing people who will persist in making themselves troublesome. Such unmeaning cries as we have heard for the last ten years about the "church of our baptism," duty to "our mother,

the Church of England," and such like party technicalities, have small power on a man's conscience when really pricked or agitated. They offer no refuge for the troubled soul, longing for satisfaction and peace, but harassed by the conflicting statements of opposing writers. The conscience wants something that may seem to come directly from Almighty God; some beacon-light, which, however feeble and distant, may appear to burn with that steady brilliancy which proves that it was lighted at a heavenly flame. Those who from their infancy have reposed in the certainty of an undoubting faith in a self-consistent creed have little idea of what the conscientious soul *suffers* when driven hither and thither by the storms of modern theological controversy. Even to those who have escaped from the atmosphere of tempest into a higher region, where the sun shines in all his brightness, but where the winds are lulled, and into which the clouds never rise,—even to those it is sometimes difficult to sympathise fully with the agitations produced by the controversies of parties, all of them apparently in earnest. So hard is it to throw oneself into a state of mind unlike one's present mood, even though at no distant period our own condition was identically the same.

There can, however, be no question that the pains of religious doubt are felt in their acutest keenness by a large number of our fellow-countrymen at this present period. And we may rest assured that, whatever be the multiplicity and foolishness of the various excuses which may be put forward by sensible persons in justification of conduct apparently inconsistent with their principles, their decisions are actually determined by grounds which they regard as possessing *some* tokens of Divine origin. An honest heart finds it almost impossible to persuade itself that a God of mercy and justice has left it without some practical guidance which may be recognised as proceeding from Him. When it finds such a guidance, or, what is the same thing, believes that it has found it, all reasonings which do not include this supposed guidance, which do not render it ample justice, which do not account for it and explain it, fall unheeded on the ear. The listener intentionally sets them aside as deceptive. He treats them as the words of man, of man's subtlety and man's learning, and prefers to follow what he regards as the finger of God pointing out to him his own personal line of duty.

Now this guidance, in the present condition of the religious portion of English society, is usually supposed to be found in the personal piety and devotedness of individual Protes-

tants. Torn, distracted, bewildered, by contradictory assertions, and by reasonings which, though all seemingly unanswerable, lead to directly opposite conclusions, the ordinary thinker falls back on the domain of simple morality. Here, he thinks, if any where, he will be able to discern the marks of the work of the Spirit of God. Here, at any rate, is a foundation on which all are agreed. Catholic and Protestant, High Church and Low Church, every one holds to a certain extent the same opinions as to what constitutes the essence of a Christian's life. Love to God and love to man; self-sacrifice, labour for the poor, generosity with one's money, steady perseverance in private and public devotion, determined control of the lower appetites, honesty, truth-telling, the humble study of the Holy Scriptures,—who doubts that these things are the marks of the Christian; and, moreover, who supposes that they can be attained without the help of Divine grace?

Looking round on personal friends, and on such public personages as are in high repute for virtue, the observer discerns, or considers that he discerns, all these graces flourishing undeniably, and sometimes in striking beauty, in very many people who are perfectly satisfied with their religious creed; or—to use a modern term, rapidly degenerating into a cant phrase—their religious “position.” Are not these men and women living the lives of good Christians? he asks himself. And if they are, how can they be what they are, except by the grace of God? And if they thus enjoy His strengthening and illuminating grace, how can they be otherwise than in His favour? How, then, can they be wrong? And if they cannot be wrong, how can I be wrong when I follow in their footsteps, and am content with their views? The course of argument seems faultless; not a step in its deductions can be denied. Its conclusions can only be negated by denying the reality of the moral goodness of the persons in question; a thing simply ridiculous, and not to be thought of by those who know them intimately, and have seen their virtues tried by the most searching of tests. If you Catholics, continues the observer, insist upon denying this sincerity, and imputing to base motives conduct so evidently springing from love to God and love to man, you only confirm me in my previous ill opinion of you and your creed. I see that you are influenced and blinded by party-spirit; I can place no confidence in your statements and interpretations. How can I trust what you say about the sanctity in your own communion, when I remark your inability to understand sanctity where I myself know that it exists? How can you expect me to believe that all *your* religion is not formalism, when

you so cruelly and obstinately maintain that the holy lives of the adherents of *my* religion are no better than pharisaism and self-deception?

What, then, do we reply to reasoning such as this? Do we deny the virtues of the individuals in question, on whose reality the whole argument rests? Not for a moment. But we dissent from the conclusion, notwithstanding the correctness of the syllogisms which lead to it, on the ground that they do not include the whole truth of the case.

First of all, the conclusion cannot be sound, because it proves too much. If it proves any thing in the way of practical guidance in the choice of a religion, it proves that Christianity is a fable. It no more establishes the abstract lawfulness of a man's remaining a Protestant than the moral goodness of some of the old Jews proved that it was not their duty to become Christians. The entire question is this: Has Almighty God made a distinct revelation of His will, called Christianity, or has He not done so? If He has done this, can it possibly be imagined that it is a thing left for the private choice of individuals, whether they will submit to that revelation unreservedly under any conceivable pretence or any conceivable hypothesis whatever? And is it possible that it is immaterial whether we comprehend and believe the exact nature of that revelation in the precise sense in which it was given by God? Has Christianity a meaning, or has it not? Is a revelation of truth to the soul the same thing as so many pages of printed or written matter called a book? Can a man be said to accept the Christian revelation who is indifferent as to the nature of the things revealed; or who considers that, because it is difficult to ascertain what they are, or because his friends and neighbours are pious people, it is lawful for him to sit down contentedly ignorant?

Again, the Christian religion, we are all agreed, is the only true religion. Nevertheless, of all the false religions existing among men, there is hardly one which is absolutely in all things false. There are moral and doctrinal truths contained in almost every philosophy or superstition which ever attracted human allegiance. Brahminism abounds with shadows of the Incarnation and Atonement; Mahometanism is a sort of orientalised Judaism; the paganism of Greece and Rome retained vestiges of patriarchal traditions, and elementary ideas of worship and morals, in the midst of all its baseness. Yet can it be maintained, that it is a matter left for a man's private choice, whether he will be a Christian, or a pagan, or a Mahometan, or a worshipper of Brahma, or even a Jew? The idea is purely extravagant; its condemnation is contained in

the proposition, that the Gospel is a revelation from God, and that it is professedly sent to every human being.

As, then, the fragments—nay, if we will, the large portions—of truth which are found imbedded in the huge masses of error in pagan and unchristian creeds are no proof that it is not the bounden duty of *every* man who has the means of studying the question to embrace Christianity; so no existence of moral virtues, or overflowings of Divine grace, in the hearts and lives of those who are not Catholics, is a proof that it is not the bounden duty of *every* man who has the means of studying the question to embrace Catholicism. There is, indeed, a school of Protestants,—if men to whom thinking is a thing almost unknown can be called a “school,”—who systematically describe all pagan and nonchristian religions as simply and homogeneously diabolical; imagining that they thus add to the unapproachable lustre of Christianity, and increase men's sense of the obligation under which they lie to accept it and it alone. Every real theologian, however, as well as historian, is aware that this Calvinistic style of settling the subject is below criticism. As a matter of fact, false religions abound with the relics of patriarchal truths; and it is every way probable that these minglings of truth with error were providentially designed definitely to *lead* to the acceptance of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. As, however, we do not pay our Anglican friends the ill compliment of supposing them to be influenced by these foolish theories, we say no more on this point; merely calling their attention to its bearings on our general argument.

Whatever, then, be the amount of moral and spiritual worth among individual Protestants, we absolutely deny that it is any proof that it is lawful for any person to remain a Protestant when he has once been made acquainted with the logical untenableness of the Protestant, that is, the anti-Roman, theory in any one of its modifications. As we have said, we do not for one instant deny the claims of many Protestants to our love, our respect, our honour; nay, we will go even the length of saying, that they may sometimes be well worthy of imitation by inconsistent or lukewarm Catholics. No doubt we might very decidedly demur to the exalted praise which is bestowed upon this or that person. Moreover we cannot forget that on two or three points Protestantism, including High-Church Anglicanism, is ill informed on the extent of the demands of Christian morals and the spiritual life. But granting, for argument's sake, nearly every thing; granting it too most cordially, we maintain that, so far from the possession of these graces being meant to prove

Protestantism lawful, they are meant to serve the special purpose of proving Catholicism only to be true. Instead of lulling the inquiring soul into slumbers in the Church of England, they are designed to be its guiding-star to the feet of the Successor of Peter. If a man bestows a gift on a stranger or a wanderer outside his own house, is that a proof that he has no better gifts for the children of his own flesh and blood, who cluster round his own hearth and sit at his table with him?

There is a singular expression current among many Anglicans, which puts into shape the error against which we are arguing. They ask, How can I become a Roman Catholic, and so *deny my past life*? meaning that they must thus cast a slur upon the Divine goodness which they are confident is now watching over and blessing them. The phrase, and the idea it embodies, are based on a total misconception of the facts of the case. A man in becoming a Catholic never denies his past life in any such sense as is implied by the expression we speak of. He gives up his old opinion, that the Anglican Establishment is a branch of the true Church of Christ; but he never admits that he personally committed a sin in remaining in her boundaries, unless he is conscious that he did so against his convictions. He may be as much amazed as he pleases at his own past simplicity in accepting such prodigious claims as Anglicanism puts forward with scarcely a pretence at proof of their validity; but in all this he never doubts that the hand of Almighty God was with him, or that the Divine voice reached his ears, or Divine grace affected his mind and controlled his life, or that he received and delighted in a large amount of the true doctrines of the Gospel, that is, of the one Church. What he has to do when he makes his general confession is, to confess his own sins against the lights he possessed, not to assert that he had no lights and no grace, or that he was living always in mortal sin, and knew it too. His profession of faith, again, what is it? It is an act of submission to the Roman Pontiff as the head of the whole Church, and an acceptance of all the doctrines taught by that Church. But it is no expression of opinion as to the degrees of truth and error mixed up in the various religions, nominally Christian and otherwise, all through the world; nor yet as to the measure of grace which may be bestowed on those who are not yet Catholics, or who have never had the means of knowing the exclusive claims of Rome to their obedience.

With respect to the positive feelings of individual persons who do become Catholics, undoubtedly the case varies extremely, in some respects at least. The antecedents of

converts are so very dissimilar, that it is but natural that one man should look back on his past history with feelings perhaps the very reverse of those which are cherished by another. In some there is to be found a sort of indignation against Protestantism or Anglicanism, as against a sort of incarnation of the spirit of deception, which colours the retrospect of the past with a hue peculiarly its own. Others, again, possess that happy faculty of ever dwelling on the better elements which are rarely to be found altogether wanting in any of the varieties of human life. With such the memories of the past are little else but sweet; and if they have regrets, it is chiefly because where so much was pleasant and satisfying, the one crowning charm of a clear knowledge of the faith, and a full possession of sacramental graces, was still wanting. These varying moods of feeling and habits of thought are, however, but the results of variations in temperament and experience. They have nothing to do with a man's profession of the Catholic faith, nor with any dogma or principle of Catholicism.

For our own opinion, we think it a better and more profitable habit, so far as a man's personal condition is concerned, to dwell in memory on what was good in the past, rather than on what was fictitious or pernicious. As a matter of study or controversy or amusement, it is often as useful as it is entertaining to look back on the strange phantasmagoria which the mind passes through ere it reaches the land where there is neither *ignis fatuus* nor mirage, where a man not only sees real objects in their actual shapes, but sees real objects only. And considering the "excellent sport" which one school of Anglicanism continually finds in another, it would be hard to deny *us* a share in the fun, or to claim for Protestantism a monopoly of all the good stories against itself. But all this is perfectly consistent with a healthy, cheerful, grateful, and humble habit of conning over the innumerable indications which memory can supply to so many minds of the constant presence of that Hand whose beckoning was at last discerned pointing the way to a "better country." Such a practice we believe to be singularly conducive, not only to an increase in charitable and considerate feelings towards those who are not Catholics, but to a keener sense of the magnitude and the excellence of the blessings to be found only in communion with the See of Peter. Ingratitude towards the past is not a thing to produce gratitude towards the present. On the contrary, those who are most successful in tracing the goodness of God to them from their earliest years are the most profoundly sensible of its unspeakable greatness and its untiring patience in their maturity and in their age.

## THE MARTYRS OF CHICHESTER.

AMONG the martyrs whom Bishop Challoner enumerates in his *Missionary Priests*, there are several of whom he knows nothing more than their birthplace, the seminary where they were educated, and the date of their deaths. Of these he remarks in his preface :

“ We cannot but lament our being left so much in the dark with regard to several ; but shall not pretend to determine whether this has happened by the iniquity of the times, or the negligence of our forefathers, in not committing to writing the particulars of those gentlemen's lives and deaths ; or perhaps the memoirs then written have since been lost, as we know some have, at least so far as not to have come as yet to our hands. Where we think it proper to advertise our reader, that if he knows of any such memoirs, and will be so good as to furnish us with them, or with any other materials relating to the sufferings of Catholics, we shall thankfully acknowledge the favour, and insert them by way of a supplement to our second volume.”

Doubtless the iniquity of the times has destroyed much ; the carelessness and the apostasies of later ages, and the dangers of the earlier days ; the vexatious searches and perusals of papers by pursuivants and magistrates ; the carrying off of all “ seditious ” books, letters, and manuscripts to the Lords of the Council ; and the wanton destruction by them of much that was felt to be damaging ; the carelessness with which these records have been thrown about after they thus came into the possession of Government,—all these causes have contributed to make these papers as rare and as valuable as the leaves of the Sibyl.

As to the “ negligence of our forefathers,” we do not think that the imputation is just ; when, in the quaint language of a Catholic of those days, they knew “ how avidous men's affections were to see other men's letters,” they very naturally took good care not to be in possession of writings “ containing a three-halfpenny matter ;” for if they were not kept or conveyed “ as privy as the cranes over Mount Taurus, they were taken to one of the council like a treasure (yea, though they were not worth a blue-point), as young Hancock's letters were, when he wrote to his father that the pound of cherries was sold for two liards in Paris.” Doubtless the grave councillors were often disappointed in this manner ; but sometimes they found matter much more serious. Any writings in which Campion, or any other of the

murdered priests, were said to have been martyrs, put to death for religion, and not for treason, seriously compromised both those who had written and those who read them. Any thing like a memoir, such as that which Dr. Challoner desires, was considered a seditious book, and subjected its owner to grievous fine and imprisonment. It was not negligence, then, but a just instinct of self-preservation, which prevented such books being published. The relics of the martyrs were honoured, and eagerly sought after by Catholics. In later times books were published relating the miracles wrought by them; and doubtless their lives were long remembered, while it was unsafe to commit to writing what was known of them.

Challoner's third supposition, "perhaps the memoirs that were written have since been lost," might have come to be true, if it had not been for this anxiety of the Privy Council to pry into all the secrets of the Catholic families, and to possess themselves of all their papers. Whatever was brought was either placed in the Privy Council chests and lost, or preserved in the Secretary of State's office, whence it has come to the State-Paper Office; or was taken home by one of the lords, and put up among his private papers. In this way many a letter and memoir, or other interesting fragment, may be found among the series of Mss. in our great public libraries; as, for instance, in the papers of Lord Burghley among the Lansdown Mss. in the British Museum, in those of Sir Julius Cæsar in the same place, in those of Puckering among the Harleian Mss., among the fragments of the Cecil papers at Lambeth, and probably wherever any considerable collection of official documents of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. has been preserved.

The access to these and other sources of information introduces us to that which the venerable Challoner so ardently desired, to a mass of materials relating to the sufferings of Catholics which it will take years to copy and arrange; but which, after such arrangement, must be the foundation of any connected history of the change of religion in this country, and of the persecutions of the professors of the old faith almost ever since that event. The contributions from family-archives will then find their proper place and value; and we shall have a perfect series of documents which will once for all demolish the impudent lies and forgeries of the historians who have hitherto instructed the people of England on these matters.

As a specimen of the important information which is furnished by the records in the State-Paper Office and elsewhere, we present our readers this month with a pretty full account

of two martyrs, concerning whom Challoner knew almost nothing, and who are very good types of a whole class of these noble men,—of that considerable number who were never able to do any missionary work in this country, beyond confessing their faith in bonds and imprisonments, and sealing it with their blood. The most critical moment in the life of an English missionary was his landing in England; though he was never safe, yet he was less likely to be taken after he had once got into the interior of the country, and had been able to establish himself in some regularity of life. But in all ports, in all creeks, and usual landing-places, there was a continual watch kept; the crews of all vessels were overhauled before they were allowed to land; the authorities arrested all persons whom they suspected, and subjected them to a searching examination. Many priests were thus captured before they had set their foot on shore. They found that they had only come over either to rot in prison, or to die on the gallows; an event unsatisfactory enough to the statistician, who wishes to enumerate their gains, as it was to the ecclesiastical superior, who had to lament the untimely overthrow of the tree from which he promised himself a goodly harvest of fruit, and the destruction of a valuable instrument which had cost him much time and labour to form; but an event which perhaps encircles the martyr with a greater halo of celestial glory, for the very reason that he is stripped of all earthly success. It is no slight aggravation to die with the thought that all one's preparation has been in vain; that his studies, his learning, his arguments have been useless; that he has done nothing, and is an unprofitable servant. How different to the satisfaction of another, who might have been captured after years of successful labour in his Lord's vineyard, with the proud consciousness of having dealt many a shrewd blow at the religion of his tormentors, and dying almost in the excitement of actual battle! The fame of these latter persons has been great; their lives are known, and their names are yet familiar amongst us. We think of them as our generals in the great struggle of the sixteenth century, who died gloriously on the battle-field in the midst of victory. But the others have been forgotten, like the private soldier, whose nameless death may, after all, have cost him braver struggles than that of his more renowned leader. In our eyes, there is the same difference between the end of these two classes as between the death of the mature man, whose work is done, and that of the boy, whose beautiful promise is yet in the bud. This we pity, that we congratulate; but, in the eyes of faith, the case is altered—*Visitas eum diluculo*,

we may say, *et subito probas eum*. His trial is short, and soon ended; and his uselessness on earth only enhances the value of the sacrifice he offers. The harvest is ripe before his eyes, the banquet is laid in his presence; hungry and thirsty for justice, he would fain begin his work; but at God's call he turns his back on all, and marches bravely to death; while the other has a goodly stock of deeds to show, is one

“—qui se vixisse beatum  
Dicat, et exacto contentus tempore vitæ  
Cedat, uti conviva satur,”—

who can feel that he has done his work, that he has lived to some purpose, that he has eaten of the banquet, and is satisfied.

Ralph Crockett, one of the martyrs of whom we intend to give an account, was born at Barton-on-the-Hill, in Cheshire; and brought up in Christ's College, Cambridge, where a Mr. Nicholson was his tutor. Here he continued for three years, and then established himself as a schoolmaster in Tibnam Longrow, in Norfolk, where he remained upwards of a year. From thence he went to Gloucester Hall, in Oxford; where he remained a year to study under Mr. Reade, of St. John's College. After finishing his studies, probably without taking any degree, he went as a schoolmaster to Ipswich, in Suffolk, and remained there about five years. He left that part of the country about the year 1581, when the persecution was great on account of the pretended conspiracy of Campion; and when all Catholics or suspected Romanisers were doubtless hunted out from the scholastic profession, which they were forbidden by law (under great penalties) to exercise. From Ipswich he retired to his native county (Cheshire), and continued there about two years. What he did the next year he does not tell us; but, in 1584, he found means to leave England in a French ship, which put him on shore at La Rochelle; whence he at once proceeded through Paris to Rheims, and introduced himself as a neighbour and countryman to Dr. Allen, and was received by him “without any other means made:” for afterwards, when Burghley and Walsingham had organised their horrible system of spies, and had instructed their agents to feign themselves Catholics in order to gain admission into the seminaries, and report the names of all the students and priests, to forward descriptions of their persons, and information as to when they might be expected in England, and at what port they would land, the superiors of the colleges had to be more careful, and to refuse admission to any one who did not bring very satisfactory testimo-

nials. Ralph Crockett, however, either because Dr. Allen remembered him, or because he bore all the marks and lineaments of honesty on his big body and north-country face, was received into the college at Rheims without any of these precautions, about Midsummer 1584. There is no evidence to show us the *status* of Crockett's family, and whether he had means of his own, or was supported by the charity of Catholics. "The manner at Rheims," says John Hambley (himself a martyr), "is, that when any person comes thither to be instructed, he bring sufficient with him to relieve him; then is he relieved with his own goods; if not, then they are relieved by contribution and benevolence of the Pope and the King of Spain, and divers others of France."

At this time there were about two hundred English men and boys in the college. Dr. Allen was president; Mr. Bayley, vice-president; Dr. Webb instructed the students in cases of conscience; Dr. Barrett, in controversial theology; Dr. Stephens, Dr. Elye, Dr. Gifford, and Dr. Stillington, lectured on St. Thomas; Mr. Parkins read and expounded the New Testament every day after dinner; and Mr. Morris, the Old Testament after supper; Lewkner and Gerrard were over the boys; and two young men, Gifford and Hudson, were professors of logic and philosophy. These details (taken from Hambley's confession) will give some idea of the comprehensive character of the course of studies at Rheims; a course which those who had experience in both always loudly preferred to that of the English Universities as at that time in use.

The students in the foreign seminaries, after Burghley's spy-system had come into full operation, found it necessary to adopt a fictitious name, and to conceal diligently their real name from all their companions, any one of whom might be, for all they knew, a spy; or, if not a spy, might be captured in England, and forced by the rack, or induced by promises, to confess all he knew about his companions. Hence the priests in those days appeared under as many aliases as an old offender at Bow Street does now. Either this practice was not so absolutely necessary in 1586 as it became shortly afterwards, or the bluff John-Bullism of our north-country hero despised such shifts; for "neither before his going into France, nor at his being there, nor since his coming over, was he called by any other name than Ralph Crockett."

About Christmas 1584, Crockett was ordained sub-deacon, deacon in Lent 1585, and in the same Lent was made priest at Rheims, by the Cardinal de Guise. To the question which was put to him, how many were ordained with him, and what were their names, he firmly refused to give any answer

whatever, for fear of being instrumental to their capture and condemnation.

Soon after the beginning of Lent 1586, the fare and the mode of life of a foreign seminary began to take their usual effect on the body of the burly Englishman, and he found his health failing. On this, he begged the vice-president, Mr. Bayley, to allow him to leave France. Permission was given him, and a sum of money (the amount of which, for some reason, he refused to tell) was allowed him for the expenses of his journey. He set out from Rheims with another priest, named Potter (long confined afterwards in Wisbeach), and with him stayed a few days at Paris and Rouen, and then proceeded to Dieppe.

At Dieppe they met with two other priests, James and Bramston, who had left Rheims a little before Crockett, and proceeded singly to Dieppe. As this man Edward James is the other martyr of whom we are to speak, we will here give some account of his former life.

Edward James, or Jeames, was born at Beston, Derbyshire (Dr. Challoner calls it Braiston); and was brought up in the grammar-school at Derby, of which Mr. Garnett was then master. From thence he went for four years to St. John's College, Oxford (at that time a nursery of future converts and martyrs), and studied under Mr. Keble White. He left the university without taking any degree; for though he conformed himself outwardly to the state religion so far as to go to the church, he could not make up his mind to take the oath of supremacy. He left Oxford about the year 1578 or 1579, and came to London; where he fell in with a Catholic named Bradley, who persuaded him to conduct himself more consistently, and no longer to halt between two rival systems. This man's words had such an effect on James, that he determined to become a priest; whereupon Bradley introduced him to Mr. Filbie (probably John Filbie, alias Byforest, a priest who laboured much in Oxfordshire and Berkshire, where he was very active in 1589),\* with whom he went down to Dover, and, in October 1579, embarked in an English ship, and landed at Calais. From Calais the two went to Douay, whence the college had been removed the year before, and from thence to Rheims, its then locality. James does not appear to have entered the college here, but to have lived for three-quarters of a year with an English resident named Transome, to whom he had been introduced by Bradley. After this, he was sent to Rome, still by the same friend and benefactor, Mr. Bradley, who gave him sixteen crowns to

\* State-Paper Office, Domestic, undated, 1589, no. 640.

defray the expenses of his journey. He does not seem to have spent much of his own money. He landed at Calais with the respectable sum of 6*l.* in his pocket; and, on his arrival in Rome, he handed over about 4*l.* to Father Alphonsus, the superior of the English college there. At Rome he received the minor orders in the early part of 1581, at the hands of Dr. Goldwell, the exiled bishop of St. Asaph; and within two years afterwards was ordained priest by the same prelate, when he took the usual oath "to come into England to help his countrymen in his function and calling of priesthood." This oath, he says, was the one only inducement that made him come into England. He was a man evidently far inferior to Crockett in his physical capacity; a little person; naturally somewhat timorous, and disposed to reflect with some impatience on those who, he thought, had brought him into such a scrape,—namely Bradley, who converted him and sent him to Rome, and the authorities who administered the oath; yet, after all, his noble will overcame the infirmities of his organisation, and he firmly refused to purchase his life by the sacrifice of his faith. But he was not so brave nor so circumspect as Crockett, who would not mention a single name, nor compromise any Catholic by his confession; for he divulged the name of a Mr. Fortescue, living about Holborn, to whom he had been directed as a "comforter of priests." But to return to his life: he was known in Rome by the name of Mason, and remained there two years after his ordination. He left that city in September 1585, in company with Mr. Coverley, now (April 1586) in prison in the Marshalsea, and three others, Basterd, Harte, and Bellamy, none of whom had yet arrived in England. In December, he arrived at Rheims, where he remained till a little before Lent; and then proceeded, in company with one Stephen, an English priest, who concealed his surname, to Dieppe. Here he met with Bramston, Crockett, and Potter, and three other priests, Hudson, Dobson, and Askew, who advised our four missionaries how to get over into England. Hudson happened to know an English shipowner of Newhaven, named Daniell, who was then with his vessel at Dieppe; after much deliberation, this man undertook to put the four priests on shore, each paying to him the sum of five crowns, due as soon as land was in sight. Through stupidity, or treachery, or mischance, the harbour at which he arrived was Arundel, or rather Little Hampton, near Shoreham in Sussex, a place which was especially watched. From these parts the well-known Philip Earl of Arundel had attempted to escape to France; to this place Charles Paget, the exile, who was equally hateful and an ob-

ject of fear to the English government, had come for a week's visit to the countess; and the spies of Burghley and Walsingham had been unable to find out the purport of his coming. Arundel, therefore, had become a suspected place, filled with spies, and with the whole population kept on the alert by the absurd terror of priests and Jesuits with which the government sought to inspire it with its proclamations, and by the rewards promised to those who would assist in the capture of such parties. They were told that "these priests and Jesuits come into the realm by secret creeks and landing-places, disguised both in names and persons; pretending that they have heretofore been taken prisoners, and put into galleys, and delivered"—(they often came into England in the character of returned galley-slaves);—"some come in as gentlemen, with contrary names, in comely apparel, as though they had travelled into foreign countries for knowledge. And generally all, for the most part, as soon as they are crept in, are clothed like gentlemen, and many as gallants, yea, in all colours, and with feathers, and such-like, disguising themselves; and many of them in their behaviour as ruffians, far off to be thought or suspected to be friars, priests, Jesuits, or Popish scholars." With such instructions, we can imagine how suspiciously the Puritan mayors and justices examined all the crews of vessels arriving from abroad, and how difficult it must have been to land in safety.

At the mouth of the harbour Daniell managed to run his ship aground; he then went to his four passengers, and told them to lie quiet, for it would be very difficult for them to escape, as the country was so watched. They therefore remained on board for two days, during which time Daniell went on shore; and on his return told them that the country was watched much more strictly than it had been before, so that it was not possible for them to escape; so he "kept them aboard whiles the justices came and took them," who sent them to London, where they were lodged in the Marshalsea, and examined.

As their conduct scarcely brought them within the law, which made it treason for a priest to *land* in England, whereas they had been taken out of the ship by Mr. Shelley the justice, and brought on shore by force, they were examined as to their intentions in coming over. They all confessed that they meant to land. Bramston said "that he came over to execute the office of a priest;" and "being taken in the boat before he took land, he saith he came with intent to have landed in England." Crockett said that "he came into England for want of health; but yet he meant to use his function, if occa-

sion should serve, after the manner of the Catholic Church of Rome." Potter declared that "he came over to see his country and to live here, intending to live in the calling of a priest;" while James confessed that he came to fulfil his oath. They arrived in the roads of Hampton on Saturday the 16th April 1586, and were taken prisoners on the Tuesday following; on Saturday, the 30th of the same month, they were examined in London. By the lists of prisoners, we find that from this time till September 1588, they were kept in confinement—Bramston, Potter, and Crockett in the Marshalsea, and James in the Clink. They were committed by Walsingham, who, having the satisfaction of being in possession of matter against them sufficient "to touch their lives," kept them in stock, with between forty and fifty more priests, as Polyphemus kept Ulysses and his men, to be brought to the gallows as occasion demanded. From time to time his agents reported to him the characters of the prisoners, and the punishment which they judged suitable to each. Thus Bramston and Crockett are "meet to be banished," or "to be sent to Wisbeach" (which, by the by, proves that they had some means of support; those who had nothing were sent out of the country, or hanged to avoid expense); Potter is reported to be "a shrewd fellow and obstinate," "thought meet for the gallows;" whereas James is a poor fellow "of no account," and therefore "to be banished."

Doubtless, during the time of this long imprisonment, they had some few opportunities of speaking to persons about religion, and of saying Mass in their chambers. The only evidence we have found about it is the confession of one Edward Dixon, a scholar, that he spoke to James in the Clink about an introduction to some person at Rheims; but he asserted that he had no conference with him on religious topics.

In the mean time, the eventful year 1588 arrived. During the spring and summer the English court was in a delirium of terror at the threatened invasion of the Spaniards; but after the Armada had been dispersed by the storms, and by the superior seamanship of our hardy sailors, it began to recover its self-possession. At Tilbury the queen was paraded by Leicester to the army; which, luckily for his reputation, he had not to lead against the enemy, or probably even British courage would have failed to compensate for the conceit and folly of the general. This was in August; and in the mean time the home department was engaged in plans of revenge on all those who might be supposed to have wished success to the Spaniard. Burghley and Walsingham had lists prepared of all the prisoners who were mewed up in their preserves;

and they sat in anxious consultation how they might offer the greatest number to the rope and knife of the executioner. Numerous were the lists sent in to them: these are still extant in various collections, with Burghley's notes appended, giving in few words why each individual is not to be spared, and where he is to be condemned and hanged. As to trial, it was a mere mockery. They were known to be priests, and they were in England,—that was all the law required to make them traitors; but some had been taken out of the ship by force, and brought to land by the officers of justice. No matter, they intended to come, as they confessed, and they must be hanged for their intention! There was a priest named John Oven, or Owen, who was ordained in 1585; he had come over to England, and had been captured and banished about Michaelmas 1587. Some short time after he entered a French coasting vessel to sail between Dieppe and Boulogne, and was driven by storms to the coast of Sussex; terror of the sea, or the prostration of sea-sickness, overcame his fear of the laws; and he landed, and was apprehended. We find this note to his name: "because he was not violently put out of the ship, but might have returned with the rest—excepted from pardon." Another, named Francis Edwardes, had come into England in July 1586; he landed in Sussex, but was apprehended and committed to the Marshalsea by Walsingham; he also was "excepted from pardon."

Next came the question, where these men should be hanged, in order to strike most terror, and to inflict most pain on the minds of the Catholics. No less than thirty-two priests and laymen were brought to the gallows in various places; but this number did not represent the thirst of the government for blood; more would have been hanged, if they had not been frightened into compromising themselves and their religion by the threats of a horrible death. The coast of Sussex was judged to be a disaffected district; and accordingly four priests—Crockett, James, Oven, and Edwardes—were sent to be tried at Chichester. The person who was commissioned to conduct this trial was one Thomas Bowyer, a fussy individual, with a boundless idea of his own importance, who was in no small degree proud of the honour conferred upon him, and of the success with which he conducted so intricate a case. He wrote out fairly with his own hand a full report of the trial and execution; preserving (like snakes in bottles) the names of the miserable creatures of the grand jury who found the true bill, and of the petty jury who condemned the martyrs. This he sent up to the Lords of the Council; and it found its way into one of their chests, and so into the bundles

of "Domestic papers," whence we now extract it to fill up a *hiatus* that was *valde deflendus* in Challoner's memoirs.

"The whole order of the arraignment, judgment, and execution of Raffe Crockett and Edward James, at the Sessions of Oyer and Determiner, holden at Chichester, in Sussex, on the last day of September, anno 30<sup>o</sup> Dominæ Elizabethæ Reg. And of the like condemnation of John Oven and Francis Edwardes at the same time, whose execution notwithstanding respited.

The Right Hon. the Lord Buckhurst having received direction from the other the right hon. the lords of her majesty's privy council, with the commission of oyer and determiner, and their examinations and forms of indictment of a priest, for his being within the realm after the statute made anno 27th of the queen's reign, and of indictment for the receiving of such a priest for the proceeding in their arraignments, sent carefully with all speed for Thomas Bowyer, to be with him at Lewes on Monday the 23d of September at night, signifying that he had to impart unto him matter of importance touching her majesty's service. At which time the said Thomas Bowyer attending on his lordship; and finding Mr. Richard Lewknor there also about the same cause, he was willed by them to provide to give evidence against the persons aforementioned, and appointed the Monday last of September for the indictment, and Tuesday 1st of October for the arraignment of them. The said Thomas Bowyer, although before that time he had received great discouragement for the executing of his duty in some cases against recusants, yet, in respect of his special duty to her majesty, he willingly took on him the charge, and on Monday the last of September, before Sir Thomas Palmer, Knight, Richard Lewknor, Esq., Walter Covert, Esq., Henry Goring, Esq., George Goring, Esq., and John Shyrley, Esq., in commission of oyer and determiner, a special jury of substantial freeholders being charged for the inquiry, viz. Henry Hodgeson, Thomas Murford, William Magewyke, John Pytt, William Westbrooke, Richard Bettesworth, Edward Grene, John Scarvill, William Aylesse, Thomas Gunwyn, John Blackman, Thomas Bennett, John Slater, John Lancaster, Thomas Mychell, George Grene, John Osburne, William Rumbridger, Nicholas Osburne, John Clarck, John Sawnder, John Watson, and Robert Farneden, the said Thomas Bowyer preferred four several bills of indictment: (1) Against Edward James, that he, being born at Beston in the county of Derby, and since the feast of St. John Baptist, in the first year of the queen, and before the 28th of April in the 28th year, was made priest at Rome beyond sea, by authority derived from the see of Rome, the same 28th of April was and remained at Little Hampton in Sussex, traitorously and as a traitor to our sovereign lady the queen, and contrary to the form of the statute in that case provided.

(2) Against Raffe Crockett, born at Barton-on-the-Hill, in the county of Chester, before the 28th day of April anno 28<sup>o</sup>; made

priest at Rheims; was the said 28th of April at Little Hampton in Sussex, &c.

(3) Against John Oven, born at Oxford, in the county of Oxford, before the 1st of April anno 39<sup>o</sup>; made priest at Rheims; was the said 1st of April at Battle in Sussex.

(4) Against Francis Edwardes, born within the realm of England, viz. at Ryxham, in the county of Denbigh, in Wales, before the last of July in the 27th year; made priest at Rheims; was the same last of July at Chichester in Sussex. (Here is to be noted, that the words of the statute are, 'born within the realm of England, or any other her highness's dominions;' and that the statute 27th Henry VIII. c. 26, uniteth Wales to England. So the indictment well, *infra regnum Angliæ*.)

The long forenoon being spent about the appearance and charge of the jury, the quarter-sessions being also then kept too, in the short afternoon the said Thomas Bowyer attended on the inquest to inform them on the evidence; and having each of the said prisoners' several examinations taken at the prisons where they were, upon the effect of the statute and common law opened to the inquest, and the perusing of the examinations, the inquest, after a little conference, found the bills, and presented them to the justices; and then forthwith were the said four prisoners brought to the bar, and severally arraigned; each of them pleaded not guilty, and put themselves to trial of the country; and although the day were very far spent, and the time of trial, by the Lord Buckhurst's order, appointed to be the Tuesday, to the intent that greater resort from the further parts of the shire might be present at it, yet the justices forthwith that evening proceeded to trial; the jury charged for the trial were these, —John Mutton, Thomas Betsworth, John Stradlinge, John Bonner, John Duppa, Richard Hobson, Richard Cooke, Thomas East, William Ruffyn, John Turner, Thomas Grene, and Richard Haler.

The order of the evidence was first the opening; the effect of the statute of 22<sup>o</sup>, which was, that if any born within the queen's realm of England or her dominions, and made priest since the Nativity of St. John Baptist, in the first year of her reign, should after forty days after the end of the parliament of 27<sup>o</sup> be and remain within the realm, that the same should be adjudged treason, and they to be condemned as traitors. Then was opened to the jury that the treasons whereof they were to be convicted were indeed treasons by the common laws of the realm, and that the very same treasons were mentioned in the statute of 25<sup>o</sup> Edward III., as the adhering to her majesty's enemies, compassing and imagining the deprivation of the queen from her regal authority and life was not to be doubted to be their intent and purpose, which intent in treasons were sufficient to prove the party guilty, though the act were not executed, because it would be too late to punish the offence after the act executed. This intent of theirs by the common law is to be proved by the overt fact, and only for the ease and satisfaction of the country at trial to prove the overt fact this statute was made;

for no man will doubt but that the Pope is the queen's capital enemy, as one that hath gone about by his sentence to deprive the queen of her estate, and to absolve her subjects of their fidelity and allegiance; the authority whereof he hath claimed and established by the Council of Lateran, holden A.D. 1213, wherein he showeth himself to be very Antichrist at Rome; and therefore each of them being natural born subjects to her majesty, and going out of the realm, and there adhering to the Pope, and by or under his authority taking an order of priesthood, and returning to win the queen's subjects to their faction, were without any question even by the common law to be adjudged traitors. All which by their own several examinations appeared to be true; each of which examinations were to each of them and the jury upon each of their trials read, and could not be denied by them; which proved sufficiently the matters contained in their several indictments, concurring with the effect of the statute. The examiners under whose hands the examinations were showed were John Puckering, sergeant-at-law, Peter Osburne, James Dalton, William Danyell, Nicholas Fuller, Richard Branthwayt, Richard Topclyff, and Richard Young, some to the one, some to the other: their answer was, that they came only to do their function, which was to win people to the Catholic faith; and that it was a cruel law to make their religion and the taking of priesthood to be treason, and that the time hath been that priesthood had been revered in England. To which it was said, they were far deceived to think that they were in question of any matter of religion; but their offence was apparent treason, to go about to draw the queen's subjects from their obedience, and thereby to deprive the queen of her estate, with adhering also to the Pope, known to be the queen's mortal enemy. And the statute did no more but make certain the overt fact, for the ease of the jury that should try the treason by their overt fact. And that they had even at the making of the act some of their own faction that defended their cause and spake against the bill, even Apharry, that came purposely over to take the queen's life away; and therefore they had no cause to find fault with the law, or to allege any cruelty therein. And Mr. Lewknor showed them that in the late time of Queen Mary it was made treason to pray for the queen, as by the statute is set down, which could not be any overt fact to declare any intent of treason. The Bishop of Chichester, then also present by reason of the quarter-sessions, did both show how they were deceived and abused in such points of religion as they professed, and that their religion was made but a cloak to cover their treasons; and dealt most with John Oven, who in his youth was known to the bishop, and had received exhibition of him. The jury thereupon departed; and after a while, returned and gave their verdict, finding each of them severally guilty: first, John Oven; second, Raffe Crockett; third, Francis Edwardes; and Edward James last. At the giving of the verdict, Guilty, only Raffe Crockett said, *Non timebo quid mihi faciat homo*; the rest said little or nothing; whereupon they had, after their judgment, pronounced by Mr. Richard Lewknor

according to their deserts, to be drawn, hanged, and quartered. After that, divers ministers offered to confer with them; but of all other Crockett was most obstinate, both himself in refusing of conference and in persuading the others to continue in their obstinacy and lewdness. But yet Oven first yielded to acknowledge the queen to be their and our sovereign, and to take the oath appointed by the statute of anno primo. Whereupon the justices and under-sheriff, knowing the queen's majesty's mercy to surpass all her other virtues, did relieve him upon hope to obtain his pardon; notwithstanding Thomas Bowyer moved the justices that he should take the oath publicly in the open sessions, and also freely and from his heart declare openly these articles following, devised then by him for that purpose, and subscribe the same; which was done at the quarter-sessions the Tuesday morning:

I, John Oven, do utterly renounce and forsake that point of doctrine holden by the Pope and his adherents, as a doctrine traitorous;\* whereby he claimeth, as by the Council of Lateran is expressed, to absolve the subjects of that prince that he shall denounce to be a heretic of their fidelity to that prince, and to give the realm or lands of that prince to Catholics (as he calleth them), who should without controversy possess the same.

I do also utterly detest and abhor all such (if any such be) as do imagine themselves dispensed withal for feignedly submitting themselves to the obedience of our sovereign lady Queen Elizabeth, until such time as the Pope shall otherwise appoint, or time serve their turn.

I do also promise to be aiding and assisting to all doings whatsoever that shall tend to the safety of her most royal person; and shall, to the uttermost of my power, during my life, make known all such parties and practices as shall any way tend to the endangering of her most royal person; whom I pray God long and long to preserve to reign over us. And so was John Oven relieved, and is with my Lord of Chichester.

On the same Tuesday, about noon, the other three, Edward James, Raffe Crockett, and Francis Edwardes, were drawn all on one hurdle towards the place of execution, at Broyle Heath, little more than a quarter of a mile without the north gate of Chichester, divers ministers attending on them. But both James and Crockett, but especially Crockett, refused all conference; and so Crockett was first taken to execution. And before his going up the ladder, he kneeled down to James to have absolution; and as a minister standing by reported to me, required it in these words, *Pater, absolve mihi*; and so had absolution; and so had James the like of Crockett. At his first coming up and turning himself on the ladder, he blessed the people with this term, 'As many as were capable of his blessing;' then all, for the most part, crying aloud, that they refused his blessing, and would not be capable of it. Then he spake some-

\* It was devised antichristian and traitorous; but that was put out by one of the justices present.

what in excuse of himself; and that he died for religion, and coming to execute his function of priesthood. But Mr. Walter Covert and Mr. Richard Lewknor, justices present, caused him to stay his proceeding in that speech, saying that it was treason, and not a matter of religion, that he was condemned for. Then he offered to pray in Latin; the people crying out to him, 'Pray in English, and they would pray with him.' And so, after a few prayers in Latin to himself, he was executed according to his desert; Edward James all that while kneeling alone in his prayers. And then taking to execution, at his first coming and turning himself on the ladder, he said in English, lifting up his eyes, 'Into Thy hands I commit my soul, O Lord; Thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth:' which prayer the people liked well, and commended. But suddenly he turned to his Latin speeches, the people crying out him to pray in English; and was very shortly executed, also according to his deserts.

All this while of their execution, the ministers there were very busy in conference with Francis Edwardes, who, until Edward James was off from the ladder, would never relent; but then forthwith he began to yield, to be conformable, and to acknowledge the queen's authority; and so was by the sheriff, with the allowance of Mr. Lewknor and Mr. Covert, stayed from execution: and so now remaineth in the house of Mr. Henry Blackstone, one of the residentiaries of the church of Chichester, and, as I understand, did in the afternoon take the oath of anno primo publicly at the sessions, and declare and subscribe the same articles that John Owen did."\*

Reader, be not too hard on the poor men whose hearts failed them when they were called to wade up to the neck in blood through that terrible red sea of martyrdom. Such falls were not rare in those dreadful days; and we have met with some instances of men, after a similar lapse, having a second trial, and gaining the victory. We have not been able to trace the subsequent career of Owen and Edwardes. Probably they were kept in prison for some years (for the government knew too well the effect of its sanguinary policy, to trust the sincerity of its terrified converts); and after regaining their liberty, escaped over the seas, and there abjured the lie which they had professed. We may hope that this was their case; at any rate, whether it was so or not, Providence seems to have defended the Church then as now against the scandals which might have arisen from the apostasy of priests: either the Protestants found their converts to be men of the Achilli stamp, affording no great grounds of triumph; or their sincerity was suspected; or the jealousy of the ministers dreaded their rivalry, and prevented their rise;—at any rate, they never made much mark; in losing their faith, they lost also their power, and were soon cast aside as salt that had lost its savour.

\* State-Paper Office, 1588, September 30, no. 701.

The argumentative use that the government made of such cases is interesting, as illustrative of the well-known rule in rhetoric, that you can always draw contradictory conclusions from one and the same fact. The early apologists of Christianity, who had to defend themselves from the charge of treason to the state, urged on their persecutors, that even they by their acts confessed their victims to be no traitors; because, if they would but burn a little incense to the statue of the emperor, they were at once received into favour. Emperors, they said, are not wont to pardon real treason on such easy conditions. Burghley, however, and the council, determined as far as they could to forestall this argument. They were extravagant in their adulation of that boundless clemency of the queen, which spared even known and notorious traitors, on their conformity to her religion, and their promise of future obedience to her laws. Her savage hanging and embowelling of men whose only crime was avowedly that, being priests, they were found in England, was called justice; and that far more abominable torture of the racked conscience, forced by its weakness and by its fears to deny that which was its inmost conviction, to worship that which it loathed as diabolical, and to fawn beneath the tyrant's shoe, was called mercy! Mercy indeed! Well might an author of that age say, "It is a gross flattering of tired cruelty, to honest it with the title of clemency." Yet this was the task which the counsellors of Elizabeth set themselves to perform; and they succeeded so well, that they originated a traditional belief which is only now beginning to be weakened.

Bishop Challoner supplies a piece of information about these martyrs not found in the records which we have been examining. "These quarters," he tells us, "were set upon poles over the gates of the city; through one of which a Catholic man passing early in the morning, found one of these quarters, which had fallen down, which by the size was judged to be Mr. Crockett's (he having been a tall man, whereas Mr. James was of low stature). This quarter was carried off and sent to Douay, where I have seen it."

It would be interesting to know whether this relic has survived the storms of the French Revolution; and also whether any authentic portraits of the martyrs have been preserved. In default of any other memorial, it is to be hoped that when the Catholics of Chichester want another chapel, they will not forget the claims of "the place of execution at Broyle Heath, little more than a quarter of a mile without the north gate" of their city.

## Review.

### GUIZOT'S MEMOIRS OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

*Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel.* By M. Guizot. Bentley.

IN one of the opening paragraphs of these memoirs, M. Guizot speaks of Sir Robert Peel as a man on whom Providence bestowed such favours as are rarely accorded to any single person. Warmed, possibly, by the consciousness of the singular contrast presented by his own destiny, he speaks of the life of Peel, of his gifts, and his almost premature death, as giving him a place among those who are specially honoured by their Maker. He has himself added another element to the combination of the goods of fortune which crowned the subject of his eulogy. It is a rare, indeed, if not an unparalleled thing, that the first minister of one great country should find his biographer in the first minister of another great country; a biographer, too, who—if he must be keenly sensitive to the difference of his own career—permits himself to be swayed by no feelings of envy or mortification; and who abstains for a time from writing the life of his brother-minister, not in order to attain a freedom from jealousy, but in order to allow the warmth of personal friendship to subside into the less blinding temperature of cordial historical approbation.

“At the period of the death of Sir Robert Peel,” says M. Guizot, “now more than six years ago, I felt an earnest desire to pay him my public homage, and to indicate what, in my opinion, would be his characteristic physiognomy and position among men who have governed their country. But it is difficult to speak of the dead, even of the best, in presence of the feelings which burst forth around their grave, and when it seems that they themselves are still present, and hear the words which are spoken about them. A sincere homage can be fittingly paid only at some distance from the tomb, when friendly and hostile passions have alike grown calm, but indifference has not yet commenced. I had, moreover, a personal motive for reserve. On the last occasion on which he addressed the House of Commons, on the 28th of June 1850, the day before the accident occurred which caused his death, Sir Robert Peel, alluding to the miserable quarrel which had arisen, seven years before, between France and England in reference to the affairs of Tahiti, did me the honour to speak of me in terms by which I could not but be, and was, too much affected for my sympathy to appear altogether disinterested. I therefore postponed the accomplishment of my desire. I revert to it now without scruple.”

The result of M. Guizot's labours is one of the most interesting pieces of political biography with which we are acquainted. It is not, indeed, exactly profound; it is scarcely brilliant; it is not stored with telling sarcasms or gossiping anecdotes. Nor—though the work of a Frenchman—is it a repertory of scientific truths, sometimes important, sometimes eminently trivial, yet ever stated with that epigrammatic and antithetical point which enables the veritable Gaul to be as philosophic on the folds of a lady's dress as he is on the metaphysical analysis of her heart within. On the contrary, in many respects these memoirs are remarkably unpretending and straightforward, and might almost have been written by an Englishman. They do not even present us with any elaborate portrait of their subject by way of eloquent conclusion. They are literally the political memoirs of the statesman, and nothing else. Their merit lies in their clear perception of English affairs; in their calm and historic treatment of events yet recent; in the tokens they display of literary skill and practised power; and in their author's cordial admiration for the subject of his biography, as distinguished from that rampant style of puffery with which political heroes are too often lauded by their admirers.

The chief deficiency in the book lies in its earlier portions. It begins almost as a sketch, and gradually expands to a biography; consequently one or two of the most important events in Sir Robert Peel's career are hurried over far too cursorily. On his part in the reform of the criminal code, M. Guizot tells his readers little more than nothing; and on the whole history of the Catholic emancipation he is particularly meagre and unsatisfactory. Yet the share of Sir Robert Peel in the latter work was as important, and was accompanied with as full a measure of struggle and courage on his own part, and of vehement and bitter partisanship on that of his opponents, as his conduct on the Reform Bill, or his abolition of the Corn Laws.

The fact is, that, with all the pains he has taken in these memoirs, M. Guizot has not thoroughly studied his *whole* subject. He writes at length and fully on the events in Sir Robert's life with which he became familiar as they passed in succession year after year before his eyes; but he has not bestowed on the early parts of his career such attention as it deserves. Consequently the volume bears marks of its origin, which is in reality twofold. Parts of it were read by M. Guizot before the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques; and, as a whole, it first appeared in a French periodical. A harsh judgment might accordingly describe it as being M.

Guizot's personal reminiscences of the times of Sir Robert Peel, rather than a complete memoir of his life. The title of the volume is further defective; for the book is concerned almost exclusively with the life of the politician, and only slightly glances at the life and character of the man. Such as it is, however, it is a valuable and interesting performance; and will be welcome to every reader who wishes to refresh his memory of the events of the last half-century under the guidance of one of its most accomplished and thoughtful statesmen.

That the world in general will soon be agreed in their estimate of the motives and personal character of Sir Robert Peel, is extremely improbable. Perhaps no statesman of mark has ever furnished such ample materials for the formation of contradictory opinions as to the rank he is entitled to hold among honest and great politicians. To this day he is held to have been a rogue by not a few, and a still larger number are indisposed to allow him the title of a great statesman. While success is in most cases accounted a sufficient proof of the eminent capacity of politicians and soldiers, in Peel's case it is remarkable that the very fact that he so rarely failed in what he attempted is used as a sort of argument to prove that he was no better than a time-server and a politician of the second class. It would have added, therefore, materially to the interest of M. Guizot's book, if he had embodied, even briefly, his own ideas on both these insinuations against his fellow-statesman. That he holds Peel in the highest esteem in both points, is clear enough; but we miss some distinct statements of his views, and some exposition of his reasons for the veneration with which he regards his friend. We cannot pretend to supply in a few pages the omissions of M. Guizot's volume, even were we in other respects fitted for the task of following in the steps of so accomplished a writer; but we think that a slight sketch of Sir Robert's character under these two chief aspects may not be an inappropriate addition to our remarks on the essay before us.

Before attempting this, however, the reader may be glad to see a few specimens of the incidental subjects which M. Guizot has introduced into his biography. It is not a book rich in passages fit for extraction; but there are a few, from which we select the following. We give them as specimens of M. Guizot's powers, without expressing any opinion as to the correctness of his views. Even if we dissent decidedly from his conclusions, it is well worth while to notice how English affairs strike the mind of a person like the ex-premier of France.

Here is Lord Eldon, in a more lively character than he was wont to assume :

"Lord Eldon had presented to the House of Lords a petition from the tailors of Glasgow against emancipation. 'What!' said Lord Lyndhurst, 'do the tailors trouble themselves about such measures?' 'No wonder,' answered Lord Eldon; 'you can't suppose that tailors like turncoats.'"

And here is the English nation, presented in colours sufficiently flattering to her self-love :

"It is a commonplace, which was long repeated, and is probably still believed by many persons, that in her zeal for the introduction and extension of the right of search, for the repression of the slave-trade, England attached much more importance to the right of search than to the repression of the slave-trade, and had it in view much rather to secure her own maritime preponderance than to exhaust the supplies of the slave-market. Such an opinion betrays a strange ignorance of the history, and a very superficial appreciation of the character, of the English people. National egotism, it is true, occupies a large place in their character; they are more often swayed by interest than carried away by enthusiasm; they discern and pursue with a cold and unbending sagacity any thing that can be of service to their prosperity or their power; but when a general idea, a moral conviction, has once taken possession of their soul, they unhesitatingly accept its consequences, however onerous, seek its success with persevering passionateness, and are capable of the greatest sacrifices in order to obtain it. This characteristic trait of England is strikingly exhibited in the history of her religious belief, of her political institutions, and even of her philosophical speculations. There is no people more attached to its interests, when its interests are at stake; no people more devoted to its faith, when it has a faith."

And here an instance of the sort of replies which are brought upon us Catholics by our own writers, when we think that the best way to describe our affairs is to lay on the brightest rose-colour, and never spare :

"It is an assertion, admitted as a fact, and constantly repeated by most Catholic journals, that Protestantism is altogether on the decline; that it no longer numbers among its professors any but persons who are either utterly indifferent to religious matters, or eager to return into the bosom of the Catholic Church; and that, in a word, it is every where growing cold and decomposed like a dead body. A curious instance of the frivolous ignorance into which men may be led by passion! I might invite those who take pleasure in this idea to go into England, and to see with their own eyes how living, how widely-spread, and how constant are the faith and practice of Protestant Christianity in that country; I might take them into Holland, into Germany, into Sweden, into the United States of

America, into France even, and show them how every where among Protestants religious faith and fervour are reviving and spreading by the side of the learned or vulgar, the fanatical or apathetic, incredulity of the day,—a malady with which, assuredly, in the Christian world, Protestant States are not alone afflicted: but I pass by this controversy on religious statistics, and wish merely to direct attention to one fact, with which the affair of Tahiti is intimately connected, and which can alone explain the importance it assumed."

With these specimens of M. Guizot's acuteness we must content ourselves, and proceed to our proposed estimate of the character and abilities of the subject of his essay.

First, then, as to Sir Robert Peel's sincerity and general purity of motive in his political life. On this point, our own opinion is that, compared with politicians in general, he was the very model of single-mindedness and honour. Compared with men whose views are more distinctly religious, of course he takes a lower level. To call Peel a saint is simply ludicrous; to pretend that he himself, his reputation, and his position in life, were not perpetually before his thoughts, is out of the question; to imagine him carried away by a noble enthusiasm for a noble end, and forgetting self in his pursuit of a glorious work, though acted on solely by natural motives, is impossible. There are men to be found in all countries, both Protestants and Catholics, who, without being directly under the influence of a pure love of God in their public and private life, are yet entitled to a far higher place among the self-devoted benefactors of their kind than we can possibly concede to Sir Robert Peel. In this respect his own memoirs, now partly published in a maimed and not quite satisfactory shape by his literary executors, prove him to have been too painfully alive to what the world thought of him. A man morally greater would have been less careful to right himself with posterity by his own defence. He would have left his acts to speak for themselves; he would either have been content with the good he had done, and thought little of the world's censure; or he would have trusted to the calming influences of time, and the researches of future historians, to do him that justice which the passions and ignorance of his own day denied him. We cannot, therefore, think Sir Robert Peel a great man, speaking morally. But at the same time, comparing his conduct and motives with those of other statesmen, whether of our own or of other times, we believe that he stands immeasurably above the ordinary class of those who are commonly counted as men of honour and integrity; while few indeed can claim any really higher rank in the annals of patriots and philanthropic legislators.

The exact reverse of the well-known censure passed by Goldsmith upon Burke is, in fact, applicable to Peel to a most remarkable extent. The poet's condemnation of his brilliant and philosophic fellow-Irishman was, indeed, as foolish as a *bond-fide* criticism as it was neatly and pointedly expressed. Whatever Burke's defects, to charge him with "giving up to party" the gifts which were "meant for mankind," was an utterly undeserved accusation. But in the case of Peel, the well-known line exactly expresses the fault which, above almost all statesman, he did *not* commit. That the most powerful statesmen of his day should twice break from his party, for the purpose of carrying measures which they abhorred, without a chance or a wish of finding in a new set of supporters any consolatory healing of the wounds caused by the separation, is a thing, so far as we remember, without precedent in English history. No man in Peel's position ever gave up what he gave up to carry Catholic Emancipation and the Repeal of the Corn-laws. These two acts, striking enough if taken one by one, but more than doubly striking when combined, prove him to have been guided by a sincerity of conviction little short of the absolutely intense. Every thing that men hold most dear in the way of political friendship and private position he either risked, or deliberately foresaw would be torn from him. Any thing more mortifying, more humiliating, more bitter, to a man of his character and his circumstances, it is difficult to conceive. The wounding and the cutting to which he laid himself open, extended far beyond the ordinary limits of political animosity. There were people of the highest rank and personal respectability, formerly his warm supporters, who actually for many years after the Emancipation Act would not speak to Peel in private society. Those who do not personally remember the times, have no conception of the pure ferocity of the partisanship of the party from which Peel then broke away. To judge of him aright, it is not sufficient to remember that he yielded most unwillingly to rightful claims, and that he occasionally wrote and talked something very like supreme nonsense. His honesty is to be estimated by his conduct towards his own friends, by the tremendous price he paid in order to be able to carry out Emancipation, even though his reasons for wishing to carry it out were neither the most logically consistent nor the most philosophically enlightened. A man may think very like a fool in deciding on what he ought to do, and yet act like a hero when it comes to carrying out his convictions. While, then, we smile at the rubbish which passed between the

various correspondents in Ireland and England about O'Connell's wickedness, and the upsetting of all that was best and most venerable in the land; and all the rest of the trash which passed for wisdom among the Tories of five-and-twenty years ago,—we can do justice to the courage and self-sacrificing purity of motive which ultimately led Peel to accomplish that which he thought right and necessary, however distasteful and odious to all his previous habits and feelings.

Moreover, he was exactly in that social position which usually renders a man peculiarly reluctant to break with those aristocratic supporters whom he thus made his deadliest enemies. Born of plebeian ancestry, and not yet allied by marriage to the patrician class, he was—by his vast fortune, his abilities, and his political power—already so placed in the midst of the aristocracy as to have the fairest prospects open to him, if his ambition should lie in the foundation of a noble family. Of those social splendours which have so fascinating an attraction for most men, it is difficult to point out any which were not within Sir Robert's grasp. Now it is just when a *novus homo* finds himself thus gradually recognised as one of that world which rules in England, that most persons are especially alive to the dangers of any conduct which may affront the haughty caste among whom they are beginning to take root. The men who, though sprung from the people, have lately left the people, are those to whose sympathies and self-denying patriotism the people usually appeal in vain. None so proud, none so despotic, none so slavish a worshipper of stars and garters, as your *parvenu*.

Judging Peel, accordingly, by the common test, he was exactly the man to have bound the English aristocracy to him for ever as one of themselves, if he had heart and soul adhered to his party, and proclaimed himself the willing—though the very safe—martyr to the cause of property and the peerage. Protestantism, property, and the peerage. Can there be a more alluring alliteration of party-cries wherewith a man of Peel's capacities and wealth might have established himself as the leader of the aristocracy of his country? Happily for his country, he had a soul above stars and garters; and however low his reasons may stand in the scale of those who forget that "expediency" is the "right" guide in ninety-nine out of a hundred political measures, he threw overboard all that man's selfish heart holds dear, and did his duty, if not with the motives of a saint, yet almost with the courage of a hero.

As illustrating both this social position and also the personal character of Sir Robert Peel, we may refer to one or

two paragraphs from M. Guizot's memoir. In the following he describes the statesman in his own home :

"I have lived twice in England, first as the ambassador of a powerful monarch, afterwards when proscribed by a terrible revolution ; I received on both occasions the same welcome, except that it was more earnest and friendly in the days of my adversity than in the days of my high fortune. It is a noble country ; full of men of upright minds and generous hearts, who know how to honour, even when they oppose, and who are always brought back by generosity to justice ! In Sir Robert Peel, both with regard to general politics, and to myself personally, I found the same sentiments as before ; mingled, however, with some reserve upon questions which we were both of us but little inclined to approach. He was particularly, and with reason, anxious regarding the position of England with respect to France, and desirous that the two countries might continue, not only at peace, but on good terms with one another. Our impressions, moreover, with regard to the Revolution of February, though very near akin, did not fully coincide ; he was more struck than offended by the event, and saw its proximate and apparent causes rather than those which lay deeper and further off. My feeling could not be, and was not, the same ; but these were diversities rather than disagreements between us, and did not interfere with the general conformity of our views. In the autumn of 1848, he invited me to spend some days at his residence, Drayton Manor ; and I retain the most pleasurable recollections of this visit, which I enjoyed with two of my friends, M. Dumon and the Duke de Montebello. I there saw Sir Robert Peel in the bosom of his family, and in the midst of the population of his estates ; Lady Peel, still beautiful, passionately and modestly devoted to her husband ; a charming daughter, since married to a son of Lord Camoys ; three sons, one a captain in the navy, already renowned for the most brilliant courage, the second, who had just made a successful *début* in the House of Commons, the third still engaged in his studies ; on the estate, numerous and prosperous farmers, among whom was one of Sir Robert's brothers, who had preferred an agricultural life to any other career ; great works of rural improvement, and more particularly of drainage, in progress, which Sir Robert Peel watched closely and explained to us with an accurate knowledge of details. Altogether, a beautiful domestic existence, grand and simple, and broadly active ; in the interior of the house, an affectionate gravity, less animated, less expansive, and less easy than our manners desire or permit ; political recollections perpetuated in a gallery of portraits, most of them of contemporaries, some Sir Robert Peel's colleagues in government, others distinguished men with whom he had been brought in contact. Out of doors, between the landlord and the surrounding population, a great distance, strongly marked in manners, but filled up by frequent relations, full of equity and benevolence on the part of the

superior, without any appearance of envy or servility on the part of the inferiors. I there beheld one of the happiest examples of the legitimate hierarchy of positions and persons, without any aristocratic recollections or pretensions, and amid a general and mutual feeling of right and respect."

Two other short extracts touch upon the sources of his political weakness and his political strength. They are full of suggestions to every man who is in a position to sway the opinions of his contemporaries. We see the truths they embody reproduced in every society, great and small; and they cannot be too closely laid to heart by those who are impelled by a sense of duty to attempt to act upon their age, especially in a time like the present, and in a country like England. The first of the two points out the injurious effects of that coldness and reserve of outward manner which was a well-known characteristic of Peel, and which made people give him little credit for that susceptibility and steady warmth which lay hid beneath an almost unimpassioned and haughty demeanour:

"This judicious politician, this skilful tactician, this consummate financier, this reasoner who had so marvellous a knowledge of facts, this orator who was often so eloquent and always so powerful, did not know how to live on intimate terms with his party, to imbue them beforehand with his ideas, to animate them with his spirit, to associate them with his designs as well as with his successes, with the workings of his mind as well as with the chances of his fortune. He was cold, taciturn, and solitary in the midst of his army, and almost equally so in the midst of his staff. It was his maxim, that it was better to make concessions to his adversaries than to his friends. The day came when he had to demand great concessions from his friends; not for himself, for he sought none, but for the public interest, which he had warmly at heart. He found them cold in their turn, not prepared to yield, and strangers to the transformations which he had himself undergone. He was not in a position to make them share his views, and to bring them to a necessary compromise. He had fought at the head of the Conservative party for ten years as leader of the Opposition, and for five years as leader of the Government. Out of three hundred and sixty members who had ranged themselves around him in 1841, at the opening of Parliament, he with great difficulty persuaded a hundred and twelve to vote with him in 1846, on the question with which he had bound up his fate."

The other records the Duke of Wellington's opinion of his virtues:

"Beneath a cold and stiff exterior, without brilliancy of imagination, and without expansive abundance of disposition, Sir Robert Peel possessed and had displayed the qualities, I should rather say

the virtues, which excite and justify the affectionate admiration of peoples. He was sincere and devoted, and invincibly courageous in his sincerity and devotedness. 'In all the course of my acquaintance with Sir Robert Peel,' said the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, 'I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had a more lively confidence, or in whom I saw a more invariable desire to promote the public service. In the whole course of my communication with him, I never knew an instance in which he did not show the strongest attachment to truth; and I never saw in the whole course of my life the smallest reason for suspecting that he stated any thing which he did not firmly believe to be the fact. I could not, my lords, let this conversation come to a close, without stating that which I believe to have been the strongest characteristic feature of his character.'"

We may add, with reference to the Duke himself, that it was mainly to the reputation which he obtained for those very same virtues which he saw in his friend, that he owed his own powerful influence with his fellow-countrymen. As a statesman, so far as abilities and information were concerned, the Duke of Wellington cannot for a moment be compared with Sir Robert Peel; nor were his patriotism and disinterestedness—whatever they really might have been—ever tested as Peel's were tested. His position as a statesman was very much a kind of corollary to his genius and success as a soldier. But all would have gone for little, but for the confidence with which he inspired his age in his indomitable courage and his unswerving honesty. Nobody suspects him of caring for the people—that is, for his fellow-creatures—with the same warmth which animated his friend and colleague; though it would be most unjust to speak of him as a hard-hearted man. Nor have we any proof that he would have had the self-devotion to face the frowns of his friends with the same courage with which he faced the hatred of his enemies; for the bitterness of exasperated Toryism wreaked its vengeance on the master Peel, and soon melted into sweetness towards the disciple Wellington. Yet the world discerned in him the heart of a lion, and a lion's openness too; and it yielded to him that place in its affections which it never gives to the most skilful craft or the most obedient servility.

But we must pass on to the question as to whether Peel is entitled to rank among the greatest of statesmen from the merely intellectual point of view. With his enemies it is a favourite pastime to depreciate his capacities, and to compare him disadvantageously with men of the stamp of his sometime colleague, Canning. Even his admirers are at times at a loss in what niche to place his statue in the gallery of

distinguished politicians. A sort of suspicion haunts their judgment, that he was, after all, a second-rate lawgiver; a man of expedients, a creature of the hour. The speculation is an interesting one, not merely because it is always agreeable to analyse any specimen of that most intensely interesting of subjects for investigation, the mind of a man gifted above the common herd; but because of the interest which the present age must necessarily feel in the character of one who has left a mark behind him which generations will not efface.

There are, then, two classes of great minds, very unlike each other, and each possessing attributes rarely found united in the same individual; and any decision as to the intellectual rank of Sir Robert Peel will depend upon a critic's previous opinion as to the comparative claims to greatness of these two distinct varieties of the human mind. Of these two classes, the one consists of men who see the force or practical importance of certain truths or principles of action before the ordinary run of their contemporaries, and who are gifted with those powers of reasoning and exposition which enable them gradually to propagate their views. The other consists of those who, unable to detect the weight of ideas until they are more or less popular, yet possess a peculiar instinct for discerning the right moment for recognising them as unquestionably true and of immediate urgency, together with that tact and administrative skill which enables them to embody the truths they have thus recently grasped in some permanent form, whether of law, institution, or custom.

If, then, originality, genius, courage of thought, profoundness of speculation, and keenness of logical and metaphysical perception, be the marks of the highest order of intellect, those who silently begin the work of influencing their fellows are the greatest of men. If, on the other hand, an intellectual sympathy with one's age as a whole, rather than with a few isolated individuals; a capacity for commanding, moderating, and stimulating one's contemporaries in action; a ready perception of what is practicable, as distinguished from what is theoretically desirable; a facility of exposition neither too high nor too low for the class of minds one desires to influence; a steady, energetic, self-controlled industry of thought; a largeness of view over the world of facts; and a power of combining men of various dispositions and habits in united action;—if these qualifications denote the man of first-rate capacity, then it is among those who embody the originality of others that we must seek for the possessors of the truest greatness.

Almost every age and section of the civilised world supplies us with examples of both classes of intelligence. In the Catholic Church, indeed, there is not much scope for the action of the latter kind. It is rarely, indeed, that the principles of Catholicism allow any single person to come forward as the representative of ideas which have long been working in the minds of individual Catholics, and embody them in any thing that can be called a law, an institution, or a custom, at least on a grand scale. When ideas, long fermenting in theory, finally obtain a practical acquiescence in any large section of the Church, it is usually by the same silent and apparently natural process by which they have acquired their abstract power in private. Many people, and chiefly men in authority, without concert and with scarcely an effort, unite in acting on ideas which their forefathers would have viewed with amazement, and almost with suspicion and condemnation.

And this is one of the ways in which the Church adapts herself in action to the changing varieties in the world about her. Her doctrines do not change, her morals do not change, her discipline does not change; but, of two courses open to Catholics as equally lawful, at one time she instinctively adopts one, and at another time another. Opinions, always permissible, and to be found in the writings of her doctors and theologians,—stated more perhaps as barren propositions, interesting to the student, but scarcely important to the man of action,—by degrees acquire a living prominence, and are discovered to be of the most invaluable efficiency towards solving the problems which a restless and eager age presents for analysis and reply.

A striking instance of this practical embodiment of old ideas in new forms, is to be found in the attitude of the French Church towards the State during the past and present generation. It is a fundamental axiom of Catholicism, that the Church is a self-relying, independent body, whose office is distinct from that of secular government, though in no wise opposing it. She has nothing to do with dynasties or human laws; she knows nothing of monarchy, aristocracy, or republicanism. Yet, through the events of many centuries, as a matter of fact, a sort of family alliance had habitually arisen in Catholic countries between hereditary monarchy and the local branches of the Church, which led the world to imagine that the interests of Catholicism required the maintenance of the dominant European state-policy of the last three centuries. Suddenly the Church in France finds herself in totally unexpected circumstances. At first her children are as-

tounded, horror-struck, and bewildered. Almost a generation has to go by before they can fully comprehend the situation and embrace their true policy. Meanwhile ideas germinate and fructify in private. Questions are considered in their fundamental nature, apart from their accidental connections. And now, that very national Church which consented to do the bidding of Louis XIV., almost as if kings were the spiritual equals, if not the superiors, of Popes, is distinguished by its attitude of absolute independence of all forms of government and all dynastic prejudices.

And similar, no doubt, will be the progress, or rather re-vivification, of old ideas, in every part of the world, as the transition state in which we live gradually assumes its ultimate and permanent forms. In many countries there are minds at work, perhaps unconscious of their office, which have grasped the full significance of the times, and laid their fingers on the precise truths which alone can solve the practical problems of the day, and are in their various places silently impressing these truths on their contemporaries. The mission of men of this stamp is often hardly recognised for many years; they even go to their grave regarded possibly as visionaries or daring speculators. Yet their work bears fruit in its appointed time. After a while the men of another class take it up. Suddenly millions find themselves of one accord, and wonder that a past generation ever thought otherwise. An instinct, at once acute, confident, and Catholic, assures them that they are right, in their own generation at least; and in these new modes of action the thoughtful observer sees fresh proofs of the indestructibility of the Church, and of her power of adapting herself to the boundless variations of the social, political, and philosophic life of man.

Now, to return to our immediate subject, in the first of these two classes of intellect Sir Robert Peel can find no place. He was eminently a man to lead people to act rather than to teach people to think. He saw nothing till it was seen by a large number of persons. He could not look forward ten, fifteen, twenty years, and say, "The course of events is undoubtedly tending in such a direction; when they have reached such and such a point, something must be done of this or that special nature: for that I will provide; for that I will gradually prepare those whom I can influence; and when the practical moment has come, I will point out the inevitable results which follow from the conclusions in which they have already accompanied me." Nevertheless Sir Robert Peel was undeniably possessed of an instinct that warned him of the certain approach of events before they were thought pos-

sible by most men of his own party. His candour, good sense, calmness of judgment and extent of view, led him to forecast the advent of irresistible combinations of events when the ordinary observer perceived nothing. Hence, in recalling his speeches previous to the Emancipation Act and the repeal of the Corn-laws, one is struck with the caution with which he kept clear of any needless pledges against change. Wherever Peel seemed to change suddenly, and the world reproached him bitterly for tergiversation, it is clear that the blame lay with the world for its want of penetration, and not with him for his previous double-dealing. We do not remember an instance in which he voluntarily misled his friends or his opponents. If holding one's tongue, and expressing oneself vaguely, be misleading, no doubt he misled them. But every man who has to act with others, and yet sees further than they do, must mislead them in *this* way, if this is to be called misleading them. No man is bound to utter all his thoughts to the world, or to pledge himself to changes of opinion before they are finally formed in his own mind. We consider, therefore, that Peel was neither hasty nor rash in altering his views, nor was he dishonest in concealing from his party the modifications his views were undergoing.

That he was unwise in concealing them to the extent he did, is very probable; but it was his nature; and it was an infirmity from which few really wise and prudent men are free. The gradual and cordial communication of one's alterations of opinion to one's friends and partisans, is a thing most difficult to accomplish. It requires a combination of prudence and geniality, of enthusiasm and self-control, which is rarely met with even in the least imperfect of characters. Peel's was eminently a prudent and self-controlling nature, but he lacked geniality and enthusiasm. When it came to final positive action, his sincerity and his courage came in to his help, and partially supplied the place of the more attractive, if less enduring virtues. But if to his honesty and his boldness he could have added a cordial hearty manner, and an occasional display of that enthusiastic ardour which is of such great practical value, there can be little doubt that his victories would have been won at far less cost to himself, and probably with greater advantage to his fellow-countrymen at large.

In thus denying Sir Robert Peel all claim to the rank of those who form men's opinions, and thus lay the foundations of all human action, we are far from implying that he takes an inferior position to that occupied by those English statesmen who are placed highest in the temple of fame.

There is not one great and successful administrator of modern England who has been more than a statesman and lawgiver of the hour. None of them ever foresaw in their early manhood the great reforms or works which they were to accomplish in their maturity or old age. Many of those with whom it is the fashion to contrast Peel to his disadvantage, were not prophets, but talkers; they were not philosophers, but the rhetoricians of their party; their genius lay in brilliant eloquence, not in profound, original, and practical thought. The most brilliant, philosophical, and original of them all—Edmund Burke—was as unpractical a man as ever lived; not only unpractical as an official administrator and a professional law-maker, but as a permanent teacher of the mind of his generation. He left the world with scarcely an impress upon it of his own thoughts. As for the orators of the stamp of Canning, they are of a lower grade still. Canning *did* little or nothing in the way of moulding the institutions of his country; and as for being a prophet in his day, a master who taught his disciples to think, he has not the shadow of a claim to such an eminence.

Comparing him, then, with the most illustrious of our statesmen, we confess that we see no greater administrator, no wiser or more successful lawgiver, than Sir Robert Peel. Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Castlereagh, Canning,—what have they done more than he did; and save Pitt, who has accomplished works which can ever be compared with his, who reformed the criminal law, passed Emancipation, gave a police to a nation, abolished the Corn-laws, and established Free Trade? What are the works of Pitt himself in comparison?

Peel was an inferior orator, replies the critical reader. Certainly he was an inferior rhetorician; we grant it. But let the question be tried by the test, as to what speeches tended most practically to bring about the result at which they aimed, and none will appear superior to Peel's. No doubt Chatham's oratory accomplished its own special end, in a degree in which Peel's would have failed; but Chatham's would have failed where Peel's succeeded. No English debater but Pitt could have successfully attempted what Peel did in the way of exposition and rational sincere argument in the House of Commons. Recurring, indeed, to his speeches, after the lapse of years, we are struck with their clearness and force, their propriety of expression, their manly dignity, their practical skill, and the evident sincerity which so remarkably distinguishes them from the immense majority of Parliamentary orations. Add to them the elements of enthu-

siasm and epigrammatic point, and they would rank among the masterpieces of the oratory of the world. As it is, they are first-rate in the second class. They represent, not only the spirit of the age to which they were addressed, but also the man who spoke them. And taken in conjunction with his acts and his writings, as now given to the world, they justify us in the conclusion, that if not one of those far-seeing and enthusiastic men who in fact rule their species, Sir Robert Peel was one of the most upright, wise, and successful statesmen and lawgivers whom modern times have seen.

### PROSPECTS OF CATHOLIC PHILOSOPHY.

*Fundamental Philosophy.* By the Rev. James Balmez. Translated from the Spanish, by H. F. Brownson, M.A. Dolman.

WE often think that a Catholic professor of philosophy in these days must lead a perplexed and anxious existence, considering the confusion which presents itself on the surface of moral philosophy: unless he has got up his science, and expounds it to his pupils, from some miserable little compendium, which contains certain cut-and-dried formulæ most uninviting to the student; a handful of arguments so clear, decisive, and shallow; so cunning in answering objections, where the real difficulty is kept studiously out of sight; so dogmatic, and decided, and self-sufficient,—that they deceive both professor and pupils. Happy that professor who, wrapped up in his own blissful dreams, knows nothing about Locke or Reid, or Hume or Kant, or Rosmini and Gioberti, or Victor Cousin; or knows just enough to make up his mind for good and all that they are surely the most stupid, reckless, extravagant, and eccentric individuals in the universe, or the most wicked, malicious, and crafty men that ever conspired against truth or virtue. But suppose he aspires to teach philosophy after a higher standard, and to put before his hearers such a system as will command their admiration and rivet their attention by rich stores of metaphysical research, by the coherency of its parts, by the charm of system, and by the crowning grace of simplicity:—suppose he sets to work with the idea that it is impossible all the great writers of philosophy in all ages should have lived in vain; that he may expect his work to be already done for him in great measure; that even the very errors of such men as Kant, and Fichte, and Cousin must bear witness to the truth; and that his work is to read largely, to contrast the opposing systems,

sum up the grounds of evidence in favour of each, show, in doubtful cases, what each school respectively must yield in favour of the other; then, after all, beware lest, after having half-killed himself with his labours, he should in the end have built up, not a system of philosophy, but a mere amalgamation of opinions: his is, indeed, a herculean labour!

But some one will say: Why not confine himself to the Scholastics? There, at least, is Catholic philosophy. Granted; but even then his work is not at an end. He has to throw himself back amongst the dusty tomes of a past age, where every thing bursts upon him as utterly new, strange, and perplexing: first an uninviting terminology; then explanations and illustrations, which serve only to darken the subject, because they are based upon old theories which he is ignorant of, or simply because they are inspired by the *ethos* of an age which is wholly foreign to his modern education. We are not attempting any comparison between the Scholastics and the moderns as to superiority in matters of pure philosophy. In France a great revival of scholastic learning has been begun; and it has long been the opinion of the greatest thinkers, such as Leibnitz, that underneath that obscure terminology, those abstruse arguments, and those curious and almost forgotten theories, lie buried the deep veins of truth which will amply reward our labour. Yet all this does not lessen the difficulty. Again, our student finds himself amid the clamour of contention amongst the Scholastics as amongst the moderns. Even supposing that no false theory has been or ever will be originated, which will not find its sufficient answer in the *Summa* of St. Thomas, yet nothing is more common than to find the angelic doctor quoted most pertinaciously for opposite opinions by contending schools. Then, when, after long and persevering study, he has mastered, in some sort, the different positions of the contending parties, he must, after all, become acquainted with the modern systems, and know in what relation he stands to the writers of England, France, and Germany, that he may meet the living thought of the time, and make himself and his pupils not mere men of a bygone age, but men of the nineteenth century; for we cannot live in the past, and the Church must enable its instruments to live, struggle, and identify themselves with the present. These things considered, we think there is work enough for a Catholic professor of philosophy.

Now it will be urged, "What remedy do you propose? Have you any light or hope to offer for speculative science, when the very tone of its great masters is disappointing? Did not Kant declare that metaphysics had yet to be created?"

And now that many years have since elapsed, are we nearer the proposed goal? Has not Vincenzo Gioberti asserted in our own times, most truly, that philosophy is a ruin? And although he proposed a remedy for the disorder, yet has he scarcely a handful of disciples who believe in his *Ideal Formula*. Which of the systems, in short, would you recommend all Catholics to take up, expound, and stand by to the last breath? Some modification of Reid perhaps, or of Kant, or Rosmini? Your cause is hopeless. Leave metaphysics to its fate; and exchange for these dreamy phantoms of philosophers some solid practical work, which may substantially benefit the Church." We admit how grave is the difficulty. We will not attempt to evade the objection, or abate one *iota* of its natural force. Nevertheless we do not despair of speculative science; and we will show our reasons for a hopeful frame of mind on the subject.

First of all, let us say a few words about the condition of metaphysics in England at the present time. Since the writings of Victor Cousin have become famous in this country, eclecticism has become the reigning method amongst us. Reid is modified by comparison with Kant and Cousin, and even with the Scholastics; whilst Kant, in his turn, must receive a severe scrutiny from the hands of critics, who aim at nothing less than bringing the whole history of speculative science to bear upon the *Critique of Pure Reason*. No age has been so fertile in the critical history of philosophy as our own; and we are far from supposing that all this labour will eventually prove fruitless; and although it is impossible, from the very nature of the case, that eclecticism should ever become the basis of metaphysics, yet that it is a good way (rightly understood) towards building up the science, we can form no doubt. But it was the misfortune of eclecticism, that, being taken up originally by the enemies of the Church, and elevated to the rank of a system, whereas it can never be more than a method, and a treacherous one in unskilful hands, its adversaries combated it without discrimination, instead of appreciating its truthful side, appropriating its force, and fighting the adversary on his own ground. We freely admit that eclecticism is no system of philosophy, and that the axiom, *Error is partial truth*, is just as false, taken in a rigid sense, as that darkness is partial light; while, on the other hand, eclecticism, as a method, is as old almost as science itself. It was no invention of the French school; rather whosoever in any branch of science examines principles through their history, and tests them by their consequences; whosoever appeals to the harmony of many witnesses, and deems that

there is strength in a list of great names,—is by the very fact an eclectic. Finally, if error is not partial truth, yet it is equally true that error bears witness to the truth. Just as the very progress of heresy was an occasion of the Church's definitions, and had its share in the erection of Catholic truth into a system, so we anticipate that, in the long-run, in spite of ill-natured carping and sceptical misgivings, the struggles of conflicting systems will build up the greatness of metaphysics. Locke and his disciples gave the occasion and direction to the more sober efforts of Reid; while Rosmini and Gioberti received from the disciples of Kant, anti-Christian and anti-Catholic as they were, the direction of their efforts; which, as far as their general principle is concerned, whatsoever we may think of their doctrines in detail, have been crowned with success. Let the Catholic philosopher enrich himself with the spoils of the enemies of the Church. No man sits down to write absolute falsehoods. Bishop Berkeley establishes the subjectiveness of our sensations, notwithstanding the astounding error which he tacked on to this universally-admitted truth. He succeeds, too, in spite of the same error, in the main point he proposed, of establishing the existence of God and the human soul, and confounding sceptics and atheists, though a sceptic himself! Who will deny that Reid and Kant have benefited speculative science; or that many of their doctrines have received the stamp of approval even from men whose method and general view of philosophy is absolutely the reverse? We are not saying, of course, that all the infidel and sceptical books of the past and present should be put into the student's hands. God forbid! But we are speaking of the hopes of speculative science; and we believe that the materials for perfecting the system of Catholic philosophy are being prepared, even by the labours of men without the communion of the Church.

The consideration of the value of eclecticism as a method leads us to mention the *Fundamental Philosophy of Balmez*, which has been so ably rendered into English by Mr. Brownson; for Balmez is an eclectic in the sober sense of the word. We do not mean that he has no system of his own, for the very scope of his work is to build up a system by establishing certain fundamental truths as the basis of the science; but his method is chiefly eclectic. He follows false principles through their history, and raises his signal of warning by exhibiting the miserable straits in which the excessive subjective tendencies of the disciples of Kant have involved them. He values speculative lore, and harmonises it, wheresoever he can, by seeking out the ground agreed upon by opposing schools,

He never fights without instinctively possessing himself of the truthful side of his adversary's position. He has a reverence for great names; and, where human reason is weak in its individual force, he is fond of arguments from authority. In short, the professor of philosophy will find done for him to hand the very work he wants, and which he could scarcely achieve himself without immense labour and anxiety. But let us give an instance of the Spanish author's eclecticism, where he points out the analogy between the Scholastics and Kant upon the relation of conceptions and sensations:

"Kant says: 'To enable us to acquire knowledge, the action of the senses, or sensible experience, is necessary.' The Scholastics said: 'There is nothing in the understanding which has not previously been in the senses: *Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu.*'"

Kant says: 'Sensible intuitions of themselves are blind.' The Scholastics said: 'Sensible species, or those of the imagination, also called *phantasmata*, are not intelligible.'

Kant says: 'It is necessary to make conceptions sensible by giving them an object in intuition.' The Scholastics said: 'It is impossible to understand, either by acquiring science, or by using that acquired, unless the understanding directs itself to sensible species—*sine conversione ad phantasmata.*'"

"Kant says: 'It is indispensable to render intuitions intelligible by subjecting them to conceptions.' The Scholastics: 'It is necessary to make sensible species intelligible, that they may be the object of the understanding.'"

Our limited space forbids our quoting the analogy at greater length. In short, we find Kant in harmony with the Scholastics regarding the relations of sensation and knowledge; and the illustrious Rosmini perceived the same analogy. Sensation is not thought, nor the origin, strictly speaking, of any ideas whatsoever; whilst it is the condition, or the *matter*, in school phrase, of our knowledge; and the intelligence (the *intellectus agens* of the Scholastics) furnishes the *form*. The principles of our knowledge are *à priori*, they lie in germ within the womb of intelligence; whilst it is the province of sensation at once to solicit and furnish the materials for their application. This leads us to another question—whence the *form* of the idea by which the mind illumines the sensations is originally derived (for we wish to see whether philosophy, after all, be so hopeless and desperate a case as is frequently represented). This is the great field of discussion between the ontological and psychological schools; for the relation of sensation and knowledge is now agreed upon

• Brownson's translation, vol. ii. ch. viii.

amongst them as regards the general bearings of the question. What hopes have we of the existing controversy? We answer, Great hopes; for whatever we may think of the systems of ontology in detail, we feel no suspicion of the soundness of their general principle. Truth is not merely subjective, or a human creation. Whilst the sensations are mere feelings, utterly blind of their own nature, and inadequate to the production of knowledge, the human mind cannot create at the instant of perception what it was void of before the sensations were received. We say *create*; for nothing short of a creative act in the mind will explain the fact of intelligence, unless we recur to a higher source. Moreover, the mind is conscious that it does not create the idea; for even Kant perceived, that whilst the *matter* of our knowledge is *variable, contingent, and particular*, yet that the element, which, in common with the Scholastics, he designates the *form*, is *unchangeable, necessary, universal*.\* Consequently it is no human creation, but a light from heaven; which convinces whilst it illumines, and is the only solid answer we can give the sceptic that we shall not wake up at last and find all human knowledge a dream and a delusion, since absolute, universal, necessary truth can be no dream of the human mind. The idea, formally considered, is from God; nay, it is, as we shall see, a ray of the Divine intelligence itself: "The intellectual light which is within us (says St. Thomas) is nothing else than a certain participated likeness of the uncreated Light, in which are contained the eternal reasons of things."† Here the ontologists are in harmony with St. Augustine, St. Bonaventure, Malebranche, Fenelon, Bossuet, and a host of others, who regard the intellectual faculty, not as productive of truth, but as an organ receptive merely of the divine light; as Fenelon puts it, and as, indeed, the heathen Plato taught before him.

We believe that the recognition of the objective character of the idea, considered in its formal aspect, is what constitutes an ontologist; and, judged in accordance with this standard, Balmez should rank with that school. Witness, for instance, the chapters on "Ideas," and the "Universal Reason:"

"There is in our minds," he says, "something *à priori* and absolute; which cannot be altered, even although all the impressions

\* Kant regarded our time-and-space notions as the form of our knowledge, and considered them as purely *subjective*. Hence he paved the way for the scepticism of Fichte. We do not forget this. We are dealing with the features of resemblance in our authors, not with their differences.

† St. Thomas (ap. Balmez), q. 1. p. 1, q. lxxxiv. a. 5.

we receive from objects be totally varied, nor if all the relations we have with them were to undergo a radical change."

Again :

"The word 'reason' has a profound meaning, for it refers to the infinite intelligence. What is true for the reason of one man, cannot be false for the reason of another; there are, independently of all communication among human minds, and of all intuitions,\* truths necessary for all. We must, if we would explain this unity, rise above ourselves, must elevate ourselves to that great unity in which every thing originates, and to which every thing tends. . . . Sublime and consoling thought! Although man disputes about God, and perhaps denies Him, he has God in his intellect, in his ideas, in all that he is, in all that he thinks: the power of perception communicates God to him: objective truth is founded upon God; he cannot affirm a single truth without affirming something in God."

Such is the doctrine of Balmez; and not only of the mass of Catholic writers, but of the greatest thinkers which the world has produced.

"Truth," says Cousin, "may indeed assume a subjective character, from its relation with the soul, or the subject, which perceives it; but, in itself, *it is what it is*, that is to say, objective and absolute. The truths which reason attains by the aid of the universal and necessary principles with which it is provided are absolute truths; reason does not create, but discovers them. *A fortiori* consciousness does not create them; it has no other value than of serving in some sort as a mirror to reason."

The French eclectic departs from the philosophy of Kant upon this very point, and with good reason; for we do not hesitate to affirm, that conceptualism, which regards all grand truths as mere modifications of self, must, consistently pursued, find its ultimate development in the absolute *egoism* of Fichte.†

We must remark here also, that it is sometimes imagined that the whole question in debate between the psychological and ontological schools is, after all, merely a question of method; but this is a very superficial view of the case. The question is one of principle, not of method. Who will regard Fenelon as a psychologist, for instance? yet in his admirable proofs of the existence of God, deduced from our intellectual ideas, he starts with the famous Cartesian doubt; he puts himself in the position of a sceptic, who will accept of no reality save *self* and *ideas*, and who only rests here

\* He means sensible intuitions.

† We must caution the reader, however, that although Cousin avoids the subjective view of Kant and Fichte, yet the ontological side of his eclecticism approximates to the pantheism of Schelling.

because there is an intrinsic repugnance to pushing the doubt further. Yet he attains objective reality; he raises himself to God, not merely in spite of his method, and by an inconsequence, as it were, but by a severe logical process, which will bear the test of scrutiny. He sees in his ideas, in the principles of reason, an element of which no contingent fact can render an adequate account. They are in the mind, and the mind contemplates them; but they are not *of* the mind, for they are independent of its action, and beyond its control. Neither are they in the objects which the sceptic imagines to surround him: these are transient, finite, mutable; and therefore can never give what they have not got to give. In short, God is revealed to him as the proper subject of truth, which is *universal, necessary, eternal, and immutable*. However, when we assert that the question at issue between the psychological and ontological schools is not a mere question of method, we are simply speaking of the method pursued in the *investigation of truth*, not of that used in its systematic exposition; since, in this latter case, we are forced to acknowledge, that philosophy, considered as the science of "the ultimate reason of things," can never repose upon a finite, contingent basis. But the principle we have laid down is important, as it will enable the student to rank in his harmony of authorities for the ontological view several names which pass nominally as psychologists, and will convince him that the witnesses in favour of his doctrine are the many against the few.

Plato was the great father of the ontological school; and he regarded God as the subject of universal necessary truths, and the source of all light in the intellectual order, as the sun is the fountain of light in the visible order of things. Aristotle had objected that Plato's ideas were so many independent substances; and this charge has been repeated against him by his opponents of every age, but without foundation, as is sufficiently proved by Cousin. "Intelligible beings," he says, in his *Republic*, "do not only hold from *the Good* (God) that which renders them intelligible, but also their being and essence."\* The same is the teaching of St. Augustine and St. Bonaventure, and other holy writers, and of Bossuet and Leibnitz, who concur with Plato and Fenelon in regarding God as the immediate Author and Upholder of the intellectual order. "If I seek," says Bossuet, "where and in what subject these (truths) subsist, eternal and immutable as they are, I am forced to acknowledge a Being in whom truth eternally subsists, in whom

\* Ap. Cousin, *De Vrai*, &c. leçon vii.

it is eternally heard; and this Being must be truth itself, must be all truth, and from Him truth proceeds, in whatsoever exists or is heard outside of Him."\* "The idea of the absolute," says Leibnitz, "is within us, and from within us, like that of being. *These absolutes* are nothing else than the attributes of God; and we may say, that they are no less the source of our ideas than God is in Himself the principle of beings."† We give these passages as specimens; but let not the reader imagine that we have exhausted our stock of authorities; for, "from Plato to Leibnitz," says Cousin, "almost all the great metaphysicians, or, at least, all spiritualistic metaphysicians, have thought that absolute truth is an attribute of absolute being. Truth is incomprehensible without God, as God would be incomprehensible without truth. . . . God reveals Himself within us by His absolute truth."‡

But it may be objected, "Granting all this, why cannot we ascend by experience to these absolute truths, and then recognise God as their subject?" Because we are speaking of principles which are *formal, i. e.* constitutive of our knowledge, and which are the *à priori* condition of every act of intelligence. How can experience begin without them? In the very perception of a particular object, how do the sensations become intelligible, which, of their own nature, are mere blind subjective feelings? How does the mind make the first judgment, *I am*, or *It is*? How can we judge that an object is good, wise, and beautiful, in the first instance, if those ideas are the result of a generalisation? Besides, objects are not absolutely good, wise, and beautiful, but according to *goodness, wisdom, beauty*; and in every such-like predication of the relative, we presuppose and indirectly assert the absolute, as our able contemporary Dr. Brownson has so often proved. This is what Balmez means in the passage above cited, where he says that we cannot assert a single truth without asserting something in God, and that God is implied in every act of thought. God, then, manifests Himself in our understanding; and what we term *reason*, or the form of our knowledge, presents characteristics of which neither *self* nor any finite objects can give account. The reader who has followed us so far, will be enabled to appreciate another difficulty. Shall we say that we enjoy an intellectual vision of God? Perhaps the repugnance which has been manifested against this doctrine is due, in great measure, to its having been put in a startling manner, and, it may be, exaggerated:

\* Bossuet, *Traité de la Connaissance de Dieu et de Soi-même*.

† Leibnitz, *New Essay*, &c. book iv. ch. xvii.

‡ Cousin, *Du Vrai, du Beau, et du Bien*, leçon vii.

indeed the very expression 'vision,' or 'intuition' (*intueri*), seems to smack of mysticism; yet it is only a figure of speech, drawn from the analogy of intelligence and corporeal vision. We cannot know God as He is in Himself; but He is revealed in His attributes, especially as in God His attributes are Himself. This knowledge, or vision, is inadequate and *per speculum*, not (as we are disposed to think) because God, as the Absolute, is not offered directly to the cognitive faculty, but because consciousness, which, in the words of Cousin, serves as *the mirror of reason*, inadequately reflects the idea which reason presents. A little child conceives eternity as a distinct idea; but the reflex act cannot repeat it with equal distinctness, and he goes on adding *for ever and ever*, without being able to approach the idea which reason presents, and which excludes all limits whatsoever. Balmez seems to regard our knowledge of the absolute as obtained through a representative idea;\* but he regards mediate ideas as a source of error in another part of his work; and the very same difficulties tell against representative ideas, whether of the sensible or intellectual order. Perhaps he has St. Thomas on his side, who regards the Intelligible as a "participated likeness" of the Divine intelligibility; but, on the other hand, he has St. Augustine and St. Bonaventure against him.

But we willingly leave these differences, in which the greatest doctors disagree; and simply content ourselves with accepting the labours of the ontological school, in their general principle, as a brilliant protest against the sensationalism of Locke and Condillac, on the one hand, and the egoism of Fichte on the other. We have not written these pages in order to publish to the world original views; but to impart to our readers some share of our own hopefulness as to the prospects of Catholic science, and to show that, if there be individual differences and conflicting systems—how wonderful if it were not so!—yet that there is more harmony in the deep waters than appears on the surface. A *perfect* system of philosophy is perhaps a delusion; but let us be thankful for what we have got. We confess to a decided trust, not in the solitary reflections of an individual mind, but in the harmonious testimony of great thinkers; and this being the case, we hail with all cordiality a writer who is familiar with the history of science, and well-read in the works of the great masters; while he never loses his own individuality, or fails to stamp what he has

\* "We discover in our soul . . . . an admirable representation; wherein we contemplate, as in a mirror, every thing that passes in that infinite sea, which cannot be known by immediate intuition, so long as we remain in this life." Translation, vol. ii. p. 91.

borrowed with the impress of his own mental character. The *Fundamental Philosophy* will supply a want long felt in our Catholic seminaries. We hear frequent complaints of the handbooks of metaphysics now in use. Even when solid in their principles, and otherwise unobjectionable, they too often present but the mere dry bones of the science, without the living form and graceful clothing which metaphysics is really capable of, and which made the lectures of Cousin so attractive to the minds of youth. Again, these books are often merely the representatives of a certain school; and the student is naturally dissatisfied with an *ex-parte* statement of a question: and then, to crown all, in after-life, when he falls in with some one of that numerous race of speculative unbelievers one may meet with almost any day in a railway-carriage or steam-packet, he soon learns, to his great dissatisfaction, that though good and sound in its general principles, his speculative training has failed to bring him in contact with the mind of the age. The professor wants some aid in supplying these deficiencies—some Catholic work, which may review the systems, and assist him in his criticisms upon them, and which he may safely put into the student's hand. The *Fundamental Philosophy* is such a work. Let us say one word in favour of the translator, whom we had almost forgotten in his author. We are unable to judge of his merits as far as the translation from the Spanish is concerned, for we are unacquainted with that tongue; but so far we can give our testimony, that he has given to the public a readable book, and worthy of the name which he bears; and we have no doubt but that his book will be appreciated, and soon find its way into our seminaries, where it is so much needed.

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## Short Notices.

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### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

*Greek Syntax, with a Rationale of the Constructions.* By James Clyde, M.A., Greek Tutor in the University of Edinburgh. It would be difficult to speak of this little work more highly than it deserves. It is the production of one who is evidently a master of syntax, and who has made himself thoroughly familiar with all that has been written up to the present time on Greek philology. Mr. Clyde is already favourably known as the author of a treatise on Romain and Modern Greek compared with one another and with ancient Greek; of which Lord Broughton, in his *Travels in Albania*, vol. ii. p. 477, speaks in the fol-

lowing terms: "It appears to me to contain, on the whole, more valuable information and sound criticism on the subject in question than any which has hitherto come under my notice."

The present work certainly soars far above every thing in the shape of Greek syntax for the use of boys at school which we have yet seen. It contains in a small compass the cream of many large works. It possesses those qualities which chiefly constitute the accidental excellence of a book: it is concise and clear, and at the same time most interesting; one really feels a difficulty in laying it down, which is more than you can say of most works on syntax. Not the least valuable and interesting part of it consists in those parallel constructions and phrases which the author instances from modern languages.

We sincerely trust it will find its way into our own colleges; for all who know what education is, know well that a careful study of the Greek language and literature is the surest and the best means of imparting a vigorous and accurate tone of thought: and it is really paying too great a respect to antiquity, if the old *Eton*, albeit with Moody's Notes appended, should still be in vogue, while such works as this, or as the grammar by Professor O'Leary, which we noticed in our last Number, or, again, as that by Geddes of Aberdeen, are to be had.

We are tempted to give, as a specimen of the author's *modus operandi*, the opening sentences of his preface:

"In opposition to the German school of philosophisers upon Greek syntax founded by Hermann, and continued by Matthiæ, Buttmann, Thiersch, Krüger, and Kühner, has arisen of late years the Danish school of positive canonists, with Madvig at its head. With these the pendulum is now oscillating towards the opposite extreme; for, while the Germans, with boundless daring, undertook to explain every thing, the Danes, as if in scientific despair, explain almost nothing.

"In the following work I have endeavoured to steer a middle course, not only classifying, but, wherever it could be done with any probability, accounting for the facts of Greek syntax; the object being, to furnish the student not only with a *vade-mecum* of rules, but also with a guide to principles. As *cram* is to culture, so are rules to principles; and it is only when the rationale of phenomena, whether in language or in nature, is inquired into, that the study of either becomes an instrument of culture; for culture, in so far as it affects the relation of the mind to objects of thought, may be said to consist in the continual elimination of the accidental from the necessary, and to result in the reconciliation of all things by the discovery of a few first principles. Besides, the manifold character of Greek constructions, arising from the preservation of ancient synthesis by an extensive inflection of the declinable parts of speech on the one hand, and from the admission of modern analysis on the other, by an extensive use of the article and of prepositions, renders an investigation of principles peculiarly necessary, and peculiarly instructive, in Greek."

And to take, without any selection, one specimen from the work itself. The author is speaking of reflexive verbs: "Obs. 4. Emphatic Reflexive Form. a) In proportion to the convenience of a lingual form is the frequency of its use. Accordingly, the reflexive form, being in Greek the most convenient possible, inasmuch as it is expressed by one word, without any aid of pronoun or preposition, is used in very many instances where we content ourselves with the simple verb. Thus (Thuc. i. 2, 7) ἀδελον ὃν ὅποτε τις ἐπελθὼν . . . ἀφαιρήσεται—'it being uncertain when some one might come and carry off (their goods).' The English is perfectly clear; but the Greek is more precise, ἀφαιρήσεται—

'carry off for his own behoof.' " Here the author appends the following marginal note: "The reflexive form of the verb, in German, French, and Italian, being also convenient, is frequently used. In English, however, the reflexive form is awkward, requiring the use of an inharmonious dissyllabic pronoun (myself, &c.), and often a preposition (*from* or *for*) to boot; so that it is used only when it cannot be avoided, which is seldom. Latham says, that *I fear me*, used by Lord Campbell in his *Lives of the Chancellors*, is the fragment of an extensive system of reflexive verbs, developed in different degrees in the different Gothic languages, and in all more than in the English. (*English Language*, § 391.) To *bethink oneself*, to *betake oneself*, are examples of the very few English verbs which can be used only as reflexives." He then proceeds in the text: "b) Farther, in proportion to the frequency with which any lingual form is used, especially if it be also used in *various modifications* of its primary sense, are its emphasis and precision enfeebled; but this degeneracy of lingual forms into weakness and indistinctness is constantly met by an augmentative tendency in the forms themselves. Hence, instead of the simple middle form, the reflexive pronouns are sometimes employed with the active and even with the middle, as (Thucyd. i. 31, 7) οὐδὲ ἐσχηκύναντο ἑαυτοῦς—'nor had they inscribed themselves.' By this great law of compensation, which reigns throughout the whole transition of a language from the synthetic to the analytic state, are explained the redundancies of language, as logic calls them: e. g. (Hesiod. Op. 763) ἐκ Διόθεν for Διόθεν, like our own '*from whence*' for '*whence*.' So ταῦτόν and θάτερον are used with the article, although they already contain it." pp. 57, 58.

*The Legend of the Wandering Jew.* Illustrated by Gustave Doré. (London, Addey and Co.) M. Gustave Doré has gone *per saltum* over the heads of all modern designers for engravings on wood. Since the time of Bewick, the English school has done much; but it has failed to comprehend the whole capabilities of the material; and the profusion with which books and periodicals are illustrated, and the speed with which engravings *must* be produced, has tended to advance executive ability at the expense of imagination and all the higher qualities of the artist. We are fairly surfeited with the facile conventionalities of Mr. Gilbert, the smooth commonplaces of Mr. Harvey, the dull domesticities of Mr. Duncan, and a host of others. Not that these gentlemen have not done well in their way, but the way is a narrow one, and we know it by heart. M. Doré casts conventionalities to the winds. The engraver who follows him must wield the burin with no timid or hesitating fingers, but with the firm grip of a Titan. He is a man who can see with a clear eye, and grasp with a true perception, what it is that gives life and character to light and shade, storm and sunshine; and he is an equal master in discerning those intricate muscular contractions and relaxations which write good and evil on the face and limbs of animate beings. The bent of his mind leads him to develop his genius and acquirements in the grotesque,—a style which in its highest form is the artistic commingling of the sublime and the ludicrous,—in illustration of the truth that fallen man is so imperfect a creature, that the ridiculous finds a very fitting place even in and during his highest flights. In dealing thus with things of grave import, there is danger, undoubtedly, of verging on, or falling into, the profane; and we must admit, that M. Doré is in some degree obnoxious to a charge of the kind; but we are unwilling to consider his fault as of *malice prepense*. Taking the most severe view, it is as nothing com-

pared with the absolute profanity of nine-tenths of the sickly, sentimental, unbelieving, disgusting puerilities which do duty as sacred prints in what miscalls itself the religious world,—the world that shudders at the sign of the Cross, and thinks to serve God by denying the Sacraments.

M. Doré, it is clear, has well studied the great Italians, and the Flemings great and little; though not perhaps quite in the academical spirit. His originality of conception and treatment have, notwithstanding, suffered no injury. The well-known, well-worn, and not very pleasing legend of the Wandering Jew supplies him with a subject admirably adapted to his taste. With the letter-press and music which accompany his performance, we could well have dispensed; they are an impertinence in presence of a master who can tell his story in such strong and forcible language, and should be left to tell it his own way. We subjoin a short notice of each plate.

1. Ahasuerus, or Cartaphilus, the hero of the legend, stands, boots and hammer in hand, on the wooden steps leading to his shop—*à la botte judaïque*. He has just refused rest to the Saviour, groaning under the weight of His cross, and the doom is already upon him: he must never know rest until the judgment. At once he is stunned by the curse. The crowd struggle zigzag up the hill of shame; but the eyes of all within reach turn to the blighted man with leer, and sneer, and grin; for, infidel as they are, they have an instinctive feeling that Christ's word will not fall to the ground. Boys tumble, leap, and play, on and around the crosses prepared for the thieves on the mount, which swarms with a gibing multitude awaiting its bloody feast. We could have spared the yelping cur that snarls at our Lord.

2. A magnificent conception; the sublime and terrible with no admixture. Ages have rolled on, and the Jew in his weary travels leaves a town on the Rhine or Danube. It is evening; the wind howls, the black thunder-clouds pour down a cataract on the plashy road, as, staff and scrip in hand, and bare-headed, the worn old man turns a stealthy glance towards a way-side crucifix, not daring in his despair even to ask for mercy. The execution is perfect.

3. The grotesque in full force. Surely Doré must have made acquaintance with Hogarth, among others. The Jew enters ancient Brussels, and is received by peruked and pigtailed burgesses and the town-guard. A half-circle, made up of Flanderkin brats and cackling geese, complete a scene rich and oily in humour. A minute angel, however, with pointed weapon, goads the unhappy man to further travels.

4. He has been entertained at a Flemish pot-house, and landlady and guests strive to detain him. National character was never so juicily rendered by Teniers, Mieris, or Ostade. It is a great Flemish picture with a soul added. The Jew hears not, sees not, the boors whose rough caresses would hold him back; his eyes are glued to an awful shadowy form which fills the air, and onwards he must go.

5. He walks dry-footed across a flood, for his life is charmed; but in the ripple the terrible scene of Calvary dazzles his sight. Again the rabble strike the falling Christ, while each blow rends the heart-strings of the miserable wanderer. The background is a dreamy mysterious range of river, mountain-scenery, and ruined castles.

6. Perhaps the finest of the series. The Jew has wandered into a graveyard, and his soul yearns for death. He envies those who have attained their rest; but the very headstones mock at him. The sun rises, and the morning clouds drift into the dreaded semblance of the fatal procession; his own shadow, and the waving grass, each become

alive with the same fearful vision ; it is above, below, and around him. In conception and execution this print is a masterpiece.

7. He traverses a rugged, blasted, mountain-valley ; and the vision sweeps by, as a wild demoniacal train, distorting the shattered pines into spectral shapes. The angel of vengeance alone, white and shining, retains his heavenly aspect, and reminds us that the goblin spectacle is but the fabrication of the burning brain of a frenzied man. It is in this sense only that this design can be defended.

8. The Jew has climbed to the region of eternal snows. The sinking Saviour with the cross, and the mob of persecutors, are sculptured in giant figures of ice. There is no escape, and the wanderer prepares to descend.

9. A ghastly dream. He stands unhurt amid the din of a frightful combat. The fragments of dismembered bodies continue a diabolical fight, torn-out flames smoke at his feet, and the ground is soaked in gore. We can only suppose that the artist means to shadow forth what battles would be, if the savage fury, the implacable hatred, the parching thirst for vengeance which occupy the souls of contending men, were not limited in action by the feebleness of a frame so easily pierced, smitten, and destroyed.

10. The Jew is wrecked. A supernatural hurricane tosses the ship like a cockle-shell on the rocks, and all must perish save one,—the only one who pants for death. Again he walks on the waves ; and drowning wretches cling in vain to his flowing beard, which snaps in their grasp. The kraken swallows a spar loaded with a freight of screaming victims. In the storm-clouds the old scene appears.

11. *A South-American Valley.* Caymans gape at him, gigantic boas, lizards, toads, and obscene reptiles glare at him, but dare not touch the forbidden prey. Palm-groves, with thick-set massive columns, curtain the precipitous banks of a sombre river, whose tepid waters swarm with hosts of alligators. The characteristics of this class of animal life are well understood, and well applied to the purposes of the artist.

12. We hardly know what to say about this last print, except that we do not like it. M. Doré, no doubt, felt the almost insuperable difficulty of ending his story in a manner at once sublime, and consistent with what had gone before ; so he gives the reins to his sense of the absurd, and satirises his own failure. The judgment is come, and with a sigh and grin of delight the Jew drags off his boots, which will be of no use to him in heaven, where his expiation is accepted. A band (*à la Mons. Jullien*) of singularly-conceived angelic forms is exploded with a burst of light from above ; below the flames of hell break forth, and devils ineffectually tug at the pardoned sinner. There are many striking things in the design ; but as a whole it is very objectionable.

There is, as was inevitable, some inequality in the rendering of these remarkable designs by the clever wood-engravers who have undertaken the task. It is no easy matter to translate such free and decisive strokes, and so pregnant with meaning, on to the surface of a block of wood, folio size. In some examples, notwithstanding, their success is triumphant. This is the first we have seen of M. Doré's works ; but we do not hesitate to affirm, that a dozen such designs as No. 2 and No. 6, the Wayside Cross and the Graveyard, should suffice to establish a lasting and well-earned reputation. We hope to praise some future work of the artist's, without any reticence on the score we have mentioned.

*Adulterations detected.* By Arthur Hill Hassall, M.D. When the Timminses gave their memorable little dinner, the guests who assisted

at that unfortunate banquet were in due course submitted to the incomparable prowess of Professor William Makepeace Thackeray, who subsequently disclosed to an admiring public the results of his scientific analysis. What Professor Thackeray did, with such exquisite humour, for the eaters, Dr. Hassall has done for the eaten without any humour at all; unless it be a touch of ill-humour, a kind of lovers' quarrel with Mr. "Lancet" Wakley, and a cat-and-dog (*i. e.* post-nuptial) wrangle with Dr. "Officer-of-Health" Letheby. And verily Dr. Hassall is to be commended for seeing no fun in the matter; nobody but our most facetious Premier could fit a joke with the point of an arrow seized from "Death in the Pot." The fact is, that where we looked for a little rivulet of roguery meandering through the broad fields of commerce, we find ourselves up to the elbows in a treacherous bog of knavery which underlies the whole surface. The poor victim of a nefarious commissariat rises in the morning with furred tongue and languid limbs, the consequences of previous sufferings; and seats himself at the breakfast-table, jocund in its snowy damask, and spread with ample fare. What mockery! he cannot eat the table-cloth, and that is the only pure thing before him. His fresh Epping butter is "Irish salt," manipulated in a back-room at Lambeth; his bread is eked out with "cones" flour; his milk was coaxed from a consumptive cow in a London cellar, and is half water besides; his tea is "faced" with Prussian blue and gypsum; his Scotch marmalade was grown in a turnip-field; and the stimulus with which he fillips his abused appetite is a humble sprat, which, painted in bole Armenian or Venetian red, blushes to find itself doing duty as anchovy! We skip lunch, supposing our friend, of course, to belong to good society; which confines its desires at two o'clock to a glass of sherry and a biscuit, both of which may, *by accident*, be unsophisticated. But the duties of the day performed, and the graces duly propitiated by soap, water, and a clean collar, he puts his legs under the domestic mahogany, and smiling at the wife of his bosom, applies himself to the serious performance of dining. He is fond, doubtless—all Londoners are—of the appetising assistants which add, as it were, perfume to the violet, flavour to the crude animal fibre, relish to the simple vegetable. Alas! the mustard is wedded, in Mormon polygamy, to turmeric, rice, and possibly plaster-of-Paris; the pepper is mixed with linseed-meal, the Cayenne with red-lead; the curry-powder, which renders yesterday's chicken so presentable and useful, is compounded with the same villanous oxide, potato-starch, and ground-rice; the salad is sown with free sulphuric acid, tart to the palate with corrosive sublimate; the pickles are verdant with copper in abundance, and the gages are green with a similar unnatural greenness. The very raspberry-jam, that peeps from its puffy coat, is a delusion and a snare; nothing but the cheaper *currant* article with a deceitful twang of orris-root. But why continue the horrible catalogue? Who expects porter to be free from treacle, cocculus-indicus, or grains miscalled of Paradise? "What is wine?" as Messrs. Foster and Ingle importunately demand of every omnibus traveller in the metropolis, and we dare say elsewhere. What indeed! But, in the name of Hygeia and Mercurius, must respectable fathers of families submit to have their stomachs ruddled like the backs of sheep,—must they consent to have them lined with copper, coated with lead, corrugated with corrosive acids,—while all the time their pockets are being picked by rascally cheats? Enough of jesting, however; for there is a very grave aspect of the case.

The evidence taken by Mr. Scholefield's Committee in the House of Commons, and the abundant facts supplied by the *Lancet* and the

works of Dr. Hassall and others, prove, beyond a shadow of doubt, that the baneful and immoral practice of adulteration is all but universal; that it extends from the highest to the lowest class of traders in food and medicine, wherever sophistication is possible. The offenders have been gibbeted by name and residence in hundreds and *in thousands*; but the sharp, decisive, and ready remedy the law offers them has in no case been sought; they have absolutely suffered judgment to go by default. It is high time that the legislature should endeavour to stay the moral rot at the root of commerce. We see scant justice in transporting Bill Sykes for hocussing his prey before he robs him, while Mr. Oily Smirk, the grocer, red-leads his Cayenne with impunity; it is hard to punish Alphonsus Delacour, the swell-mobsmen, for card-sharpping, while Mac-Swindle, the great Italian warehouseman, sells gelatine, worth fourpence an ounce, as best isinglass at sixteen or eighteen pence. The reader may smile at what he considers exaggeration, but we have stated what is simple daily fact. Out of twenty-four samples of Cayenne analysed, four only were pure; thirteen contained red-lead, the rest other abominations. Of twenty-eight samples of so-called isinglass, ten were gelatine only. We cannot at present enter at more length into a subject in which the millions of consumers are so deeply interested; but repeat, that the time is come when the aid of the strong arm of the law is loudly called for to protect the fair dealer, and punish the wrong-doer. The cumbrous and expensive machinery of the Excise has proved utterly worthless and contemptible, even where nominally applicable; but, with the help of modern science, a very easy and summary mode of coping with the evil might readily be devised. We recommend Dr. Hassall's present and former works on the subject to all desultory readers; that is, to ninety-nine out of every hundred who open a book.

*Poems.* By F. W. Faber, D.D. (London, Richardson.) This handsome volume contains a selection from the various poems which were, we believe, the first-fruits of Father Faber's literary life. Though we cannot but think that sacred oratory is more especially suited to his genius than poetry, we must at the same time concede, that a torrent of eloquence like his could never have been attained without considerable practice in versification. We consider that the special defect of these poems is their fluency; a fatal gift, that enabled the writer, when he was struck by a beautiful thought or image which might occupy perhaps two lines, immediately, without any trouble, to add to them the dozen or so more which were wanted to complete the sonnet or ode; and which, though decent enough for the produce of a minor minstrel, are generally unworthy to be the complement of the thought or the picture which Father Faber employs them to frame. Take as instances the two sonnets at page 199, —one to the Mediterranean sea, beginning:

“O thou old heartless sea, without a tide  
To bless thee with its changing!”

and the other:

“There are no shadows where there is no sun;  
There is no beauty where there is no shade;  
And all things in two lines of glory run,  
Darkness and light, ebon and gold inlaid.”

If these pieces had been completed as they were commenced, they would have been worthy of our greatest sonnet-writers.

*The Divine Education of the Church, and Modern Experiments.* By F. A. Nash, A.M., author of “The Scriptural Idea of Faith.” (Lon-

don, Richardson.) One cannot read a page of this book without feeling that the author is a man who thinks originally, decisively, sometimes profoundly, and sometimes also obscurely; but, on the whole, it is a work which ought to have its influence among the inquirers of the present day. It is in substance a book on developments; and shows that the changes of the external form of the Church are owing to its divine education, while the changes which have introduced other forms of Christianity have placed them in the position of human modifications of the divine institution. The plan (as far as we have read) is carried out in a very talented manner; and almost each page contains some proposition which sets the reader thinking,—an excellent quality in a book.

"The Catholic Church," he says, "invites all opponents to examine her claims, *but every man for himself*; she submits nothing to the tribunal of public opinion." Mr. Ambrose Philips should learn, that she cannot treat heretics as forming an organised whole, however true it may be, as Mr. Nash shows, that she is the only body that ever converted nations in their collective capacity.

"Not only are Protestants often protesting against what no one maintains, but also there is on the other side a disputatious way of propounding the most sacred truth, which shifts the blame of its rejection—in part, at least—from the hearer to the speaker. It is no wonder Protestants should think as they do, when and where trouble is not taken to meet their hereditary prejudices, or to make the truth attractive to any but those *who have already felt its attraction*."

Again:

"It has been said publicly that 'there ought to be free-trade in religion as in other things.' The worst thing about this assertion is its form. . . . To 'invest' zeal, learning, persuasion, and works of charity in the accumulation of the souls of men under a true system, is a department of lawful commerce; and all that is required is, that the transaction should be honest and the coin sterling. The article of produce in which it deals being spiritual, the payments must be spiritual also. To invest money in the capture of converts is altogether contraband; and is accordingly found, as an occupation, lucrative, exciting, attractive, and perilous. To attract or retain proselytes by fanatical or sentimental cant, is to make payment in forged bills. But the man who spends himself in winning men to the truth, . . . establishes the nature and advantage of a free-trade in religion."

We are sorry that Mr. Nash appears not to approve of our historical investigations. "Titus Oates may better be left to settle his religious differences with Guy Fawkes. . . . No good can now accrue from investigating the enlightened avidity with which one party seized on the spoils of the Church, or the pious cruelty which the other brought to revenge the sacrilege."

This clever essay is the work of a mind in a transition state, and contains many opinions which the author will doubtless see cause to modify when he has more experience as a Catholic. But as a contribution to our controversial literature it is of considerable value.

*The Civiltà Cattolica*, the Roman bi-monthly periodical, has now established itself as one of the leading Catholic organs of Europe. Its success may be attributed partly to the insight of the editors into the character and wants of the age,—an age that requires, more than most others which have preceded it, that philosophy, history, the moral sciences, and the whole system of intellect and thought, should be imbued and vivified by the Catholic spirit; and partly to the carefulness and completeness of the reviews which it gives of contemporary Catholic

literature. Its circulation in non-Italian countries has hitherto been impeded by the uncertainties and expense which attended its delivery to foreign subscribers. The editors have taken the opportunity of their having entered into arrangements with agents in these kingdoms for furnishing their paper with regularity, to invite all "dutiful children of the Catholic Church, who possess some knowledge of the Italian tongue, to take part in the advancement of a work whose only object it is to contribute, by all the agencies within its reach, to the re-establishment of the rational, social, and historical sciences on a Christian and Catholic foundation." We have great pleasure in recommending it to our readers.

We have received several works, especially some from America, which we are prevented by want of space from noticing in our present Number, but which shall receive our attention at an early period.

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## Correspondence.

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### THE DUBLIN REVIEW AND THE WORK OF THE CONVERTS.

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

MY DEAR SIR,—Some three years ago you were so good as to notice, in a very kind manner, myself and my work here. I did not then, as perhaps I ought to have done, acknowledge immediately in the pages of the *Rambler* the result of your notice; and, as time went on, it grew to appear to me that it would be an impertinence to trouble yourself and your readers with my affairs.\* An occasion has, however, arisen, which seems to justify me in appearing in your pages without deservedly incurring the reproach of an importunate egotism. In what I have to say, I trust that there will be found something to interest those who take any interest in the progress of religion in England; and this must be my excuse for writing this letter. The occasion to which I allude is in this wise. The *Dublin Review*, in its article on the "Present Catholic Dangers," gives a list of new missions in England and Scotland which owe their origin entirely to converts. I had supposed, and indeed do still suppose, that Wednesbury ought to have had a place in that list. Yet it would not trouble me that it was not noticed, nor myself in connection with it, were it not that the absence of my name from the muster-roll of converts who have founded missions exposes me to the imputation of falsehood or folly. I have sought aid from friends and Catholics generally, on the ground that I was engaged in founding a new mission; and now it would appear that I did not represent a fact, or that I failed to accomplish what I undertook. Now, however it might conduce to my highest and true interests to remain quiescent under this imputation, I do not, because I believe that a different course may benefit the flock I serve, may draw attention to a certain mischievous inequality existing in England in the demand and supply of the aids and consolations of religion, and may help to disclose one

\* What you said about Wednesbury procured me contributions which amounted in the aggregate to fifty pounds.

of the chief causes of the little progress that the Church has made, of late years, amongst the masses of the English people. No worse result can come of my present act than that I may be thought a vain person, who utters unchristian and unmanly complaints at not having been noticed; and that opinion will not injure any one. As to my being a convert, I am not proud of it; but I could not conceal the fact if I would. My name is known in Ireland as Protestant of the Protestant; and in Dublin my family was for more than a century foremost amongst those citizens who there upheld English and Protestant interests. If report speaks truly, the reviewer is that illustrious person who received you, my dear Mr. Capes, and myself, at the same hour, into the communion of holy Church. If this be so, I must suppose that he who has recorded the grave-diggers of the catacombs does not forget the priests who are striving to build up the waste places of the Church, of which he is himself the crown and glory; and that, having an excellent memory, his Eminence has a particular recollection of those places which interest him most; and amongst those places must be the parts of the diocese which he once ruled where the most forlorn of the Catholic poor are crowded. I conclude, then, that Wednesbury and Wednesbury's priest were not forgotten, but omitted by the reviewer when he drew up his list, "as complete as he was able to make it." Now, it is not exactly and physically true that those missions set down in the *Dublin Review* owe their origin entirely to the persons whose names are placed after them; hence the statement of the text is qualified by the heading of the list, which is, of "Churches, Missions, &c. erected by Converts." Neither is it the fact, that the persons named in the list did, in all cases, what they are said to have done at their own sole cost. Erdington, for example, was a mission, and possessed a decent building, which served for chapel and school, before Mr. Haigh became a Catholic. But the glory of the beautiful church which he has erected at his sole cost, has naturally eclipsed the memory of all former things done for Erdington. Drs. Newman and Faber did not build the "Oratories" at their own expense, entirely or principally. It is worthy of note, too, that the location of the missions mentioned in the *Review* was not in every case determined by the needs of a poor flock of the faithful perishing in the English wilderness. This is not said in order to insinuate odious comparisons; but for a good purpose, which will appear in the sequel. I did not indeed project, so to speak, the mission here: every Catholic who had any thing to do with the district long ago desired to have a mission in Wednesbury. The Cardinal, when Vicar-Apostolic of the central district, desired it; and the priests who had care of the district desired it; and the faithful in the place desired it: but it still lay in the region of the possible. Beautiful churches were erected in different parts of Staffordshire, and other places in the central district. Large churches, which cost many thousands of pounds, and whole communities of priests, were established in parishes where the people, Protestant and Catholic together, are counted only by hundreds; but the thousands of the poor famine-stricken Irish, who had come to the "black country" to look for work, were left without priest or altar. Indeed, from what I have witnessed in this part of England during the twelve years of my Catholic life, I must say, that the care of English Catholics for the glory of the material temple of God, and their zeal to make converts, have greatly exceeded their concern for the living temple, and for the poor outcasts that have come to trust under the shadow of England's Church. I have seen, for instance, at Cheddle, in the north of this county, a magnificent church, built at an

enormous cost. At the opening of that church, in 1846, nearly, if not quite, all the English Bishops were assembled, and the heads of the religious orders, and I know not how many priests and lords and ladies. And I saw, soon after Cheadle Church was opened, at a place about five miles from Cheadle, Cotton Hall, now St. Wilfred's, a large and beautiful church, built by one of the Oratorians, then one of the "Brothers of the will of God," as Father Faber called his companions; and at this same St. Wilfred's, a large manor-house was enlarged and altered and made a house for religious, and there a community of Passionists was placed after the "Brothers of the will of God" had become Oratorians and migrated to London. And Cheadle has but a scant population of any kind, and St. Wilfred's is in a glen in the moor-country. Round about it there are, or were, a few so-called converts, who went to Mass, and of whom one might hope that they had received the gift of faith. And in many other agricultural and thinly-peopled parts of the central district beautiful and large churches were built, and in several places communities of religious men were placed. All the while, poor Irish Catholics were gathering by hundreds yearly in and about Wednesbury, forlorn, forgotten, despised; so that when the Bishop of Birmingham sent me to organise a mission here, he wrote: "You have in hand one of the most urgent and necessitous works that the English Church can point out. A large congregation, and that a fast increasing one, has grown up and come together without having church or school or resident pastor." Ah, some of our church-builders have been little in accord with their Bishops; their work and their planting was not the planting of God. What is now the condition of some of the places I have spoken of? The spirit of desolation has come and settled in them, and sorrow and gloom have overshadowed them. St. Wilfred's is shut up; and from Cheadle the nuns have fled in disgust and despair, to find a home and a welcome in Black Bilston. "Where the body is, there will the eagles be gathered." Gone are the Passionists from St. Wilfred's and from Aston, gone the Redemptorists from Hanley, gone the Oblates of the Immaculate Conception from Old Oscott. Some have gone to the home of religion in these western isles, and some to the busy haunts of men in England's crowded cities. They and their prelates and bishops and pastors planted and watered; but God gave no increase to their labours, they could reap no harvest, gather no fruit. Hungry and thirsty their souls fainted in them, and they said one to another, Let us go hence; and they are gone. When I became a Catholic, what provision did I not see made in these parts for the spiritual wants of the Catholics to come, when England's hopeful peasantry, the descendants of St. Gregory's angels, should be converted! Priests of a strange tongue were gathered from foreign lands, and religious men of divers orders—Italians and Frenchmen and Germans, Passionists and Redemptorists and Brothers of Charity and Oblates of Mary. And I could not but marvel how the poor Catholics that *had* come were neglected the while. The poor Church was made to seem like a mother that has many children indeed, but lean ill-favoured things, whom she values little in comparison of the beautiful one she is about to produce. Alas, poor religious that settled in the rural districts, have you not now to say with the prophet, "Concepimus, et quasi parturivimus, et peperimus spiritum: salutes non fecimus in terra, ideo non ceciderunt habitatores terræ!" I could not but marvel to see what abundant spiritual care was secured for certain places of woods and fields; whilst four large towns in this mining district,—Bilston, Wednesbury, Willenhall, and Darlaston,—that have now a population of some seventy thousand, of whom at least seven thousand are Ca-

tholics, were committed to the sole charge of one priest, and he falling into a consumption: I speak of the late Rev. Michael Crewe of Bilston,—peace to his soul! He it was who started the Wednesbury mission; he collected two hundred pounds, and his worthy brother lent him two hundred more, and he bought land in Wednesbury whereon to build a church and schools. Had Mr. Crewe lived a little longer, he would, I believe, have done more than I have done, and done better. What he did do, though overburdened with work and tottering on the brink of the grave, is an earnest of what he might have done. But God took him, three years and a half after he had been ordained priest; and great part of that time he was incapacitated by illness for all active work. At the time of Mr. Crewe's decease, Wednesbury was without priest or altar; and the land which had been bought was not given into the possession of Catholics, and two hundred pounds was due upon it. So things were when the Bishop of Birmingham sent me to the "black country," "to work up the mission of Wednesbury." I was to have had the post of whipper-in to the Oratorians of Birmingham, to be a curate to look after "the Irish," and answer their importunate calls; but this arrangement fell through, and his lordship sent me where the flock are many and rude and poor, and, in the world's view, mean and vile.

Could his lordship have honoured me more than by sending me,—a neophyte, a Catholic of five years, a priest of one,—to take charge of those who are of all his flock the dearest to his apostolic heart? Let those who ask, Have I the confidence of the Bishop? ponder these words of the Apostle: "*. . . quæ videntur membra corporis infirmiora esse (the poor and ignorant) necessaria sunt; et quæ putamus ignobiliora membra corporis (the spalpeen Irish), his honorem abundantiorum circumdamus.*" He who has no title but the glorious one of his office,—missioner apostolic,—is honoured in the rudeness and meanness of his numerous flock. Ancient and most quiet priests are honoured in their titles of canon and rector; and so there is an equality. Well, Wednesbury has now a priest and a chapel and schools, and a Catholic cemetery. Surely it is of some account that one is careful to bury the dead. I did not give all the money that has been contributed for Wednesbury; but I have given nearly as much as all the other benefactors together; and I have laboriously collected most of the other donations. What I did give, was all the living that I had when I came here; not much, to be sure, but yet enough to have enabled me to live according to my tastes; not much, yet what was dear to my natural pride for reasons that I need not mention; not much, for love of the poor whose "faith and patience" had led me into the way of life. I have done no more than became a converted Irish parson; no more than became one who has solemnly spoken these words: "*Dominus pars hereditatis meæ et calicis mei, tu es qui restituas hereditatem meam mihi;*" no more than became a missioner apostolic, placed amongst a people who have neither home nor country; no more than became a client of St. Thomas, who reads every year these words of St. Gregory: "*Qui non dat pro ovibus substantiam suam: quando pro his daturus est animam suam?*" Perhaps I have done no more than give way to a natural impatience to accomplish what I undertook. Who can tell? God knows. But in the mind of the charitable, I have deserved well of the English Church; though, thank God! my reward here has been that my existence is forgotten and my work ignored. And forgotten I were content to be till that day which shall declare all things, when "every one shall bear his own burden, and every man shall have praise from God;" but there are many things which I wish to do, and to do speedily; and I cannot do them

without assistance. Amongst your readers, sir, there are, I am sure, some of an heroic spirit; possibly I may by this move some of them to give me help, and not to me only, but also to my brother-missioners in this "black country." I am not one who would join in the cry to any earthly patron, "*Oculi omnium in te sperant, domine*," as we seemed lately to cry to Lord Shrewsbury; but I do not despise the aid of the worldly great, and would do what I could without flunkeyism to secure it. Let me say, then,—and have I not some right to speak to English Catholics?—that a few thousands of pounds, say five or six, would serve to set up, not only this mission, but also Bilston and West Bromwich. In this district, in which Mr. Crewe laboured alone some nine years ago, there are now three priests,—two at Bilston, and myself here; yet we are broken down with labour. We have immense flocks of rude poor people, who require constant looking after, whom we must "warn night and day, both publicly and in visits from house to house." Bilston wants another priest to serve the town of Willenhall, and about a thousand pounds to pay off the debt upon the chapel which Mr. Davies has built there. Wednesbury requires two priests more—one of them for Darlaston, and a convent of nuns, and about two thousand pounds to pay off debts and build a chapel in Darlaston. And West Bromwich needs another priest for Oldbury, and about a thousand pounds. In these missions we do not want annual stipends; but we want a fair start, a few more churches and schools, and some apostolic men. The chapels and schools men may give us if they will; the labourers the Lord of the harvest can alone supply. Let some of our Catholic young gentlemen form themselves into a confraternity for the purpose of supplying the poor and populous missions with churches and schoolhouses, and all that is needful in the way of buildings will soon be done.

If there be no more any work for templars or hospitaliers, surely there is much that our Catholic gentry might do without the vows of religion being taken. But, sir, you have no more space, and I have no more time or patience, left for these matters. Let any one who wishes to discuss it further come and see me. I will add only, Catholics of England, if the vile rude poor be forsaken and forgotten, instead of being cherished with the tenderest care, your Church and your country will both go to ruin; whereas a care of the poor will make your Church, which God has restored through the poor, to flourish and increase. Remember that it was the Irish poor who brought back the Bishops;\* remember how, as I have shown, efforts made where the Irish poor are not, have failed; and think whether it is not the Irish poor who will bring back the people to the Church in this land.

Before I have done, sir, let me pay a tribute of respect to my friend Mr. Grenside, of Rugeley in this county. He is not in the reviewer's list, yet he is a church-builder and a convert. To his persevering unostentatious exertions it is mainly owing, that Rugeley now possesses one of the handsomest churches, schoolhouses, and presbyteries, in Staffordshire. A Catholic gentleman of the neighbourhood gave a munificent donation; but Mr. Grenside collected most of the money which those buildings cost. His spirit may be judged of from the fact, that he lives himself in the mission which his labours have enriched, in abject poverty. If I have been forgotten, the other benefactors of this mission are not by me forgotten; they are faithfully remembered, and every week I offer the holy sacrifice for their welfare. Special gratitude is due to you, sir; and it is indeed rendered by your obliged and faithful friend,

GEORGE MONTGOMERY.

\* See Letter of Bishop of Birmingham to the *Times*.

# THE RAMBLER.

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PART XLI.

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## THE POLITICAL FUTURE.

WHO does not feel at times how pleasant it would be to be seized with a fit of violent, self-complacent, comfortable, political partisanship? How easy it would be to write on political matters at any juncture, if one could indulge for a time in the brilliant stupidity and profound emptiness of the *Morning Herald*! How delightful, like the philosophic *Spectator*, to sit in one's arm-chair, looking down on all things, divine and human, and utter sentences of solemn instruction to a small knot of readers willing to pay a high price for one's weekly wisdom! Above all, how deliciously easy to conduct a periodical on the system, and with the purse, of the *Times*! How gently must the world go with people to whom principle is a thing unknown; who are as oblivious of their own past words as of their cast-off clothing, and who "survey mankind from China to Peru" with the one sole object of discovering subjects for a daily "article"!

What a curious state of feeling, indeed, must be that of a man who enters society, reads books, and hears of actions, with the never-ceasing hope of finding something or somebody to show-up in the next day's newspaper! Imagine a man's mind whose one idea is, "Whom shall we smash next?" Only conceive our own Catholic affairs handled in the style in which the affairs of the nation, political, civil, and ecclesiastical, are handled by the *Times* newspaper! No wonder, then, that a journal conducted on this system of smashing every body, and every thing that is smashable, has attained a sale far more than commensurate with its actual influence. How many thousands of people read the *Times* solely for the sake of its skill in scarifying! What if it is our turn to-day? to-morrow it will be our neighbour's. If this morning's

journal mauls a Catholic prelate or layman, ten to one that in a day or two some Anglican bishop, or some fierce Orangeman, will be scourged with an equally merciless good-will. No wonder, then, that every body reads this wicked and clever newspaper; and while he congratulates himself that his own conscience would not suffer him to perpetrate such libels, chuckles over the whippings which he sees administered so cordially, whenever it is some one not on his own side who is fastened to the flogging-block.

Just now, with a new Parliament assembling, and with such alterations continually going on in the position of Catholics in their own country, we cannot help indulging in these thoughts, when we reflect that our own readers are like readers in general, and are grievously dissatisfied if we put them off with any thing bearing the remotest likeness to a milk-and-water diet. It is, indeed, one of the various oddities of us English Catholics, that while we expect our public writers to observe all the laws of decency towards individuals, and to pay a rigorous respect to constituted authorities, lest they compromise things sacred and out of their province, we at the same time cry out lustily against any thing like dullness or flatness in our own periodicals. We ourselves plead guilty to a full share in these exacting demands. We do not find Catholic dullness, or Catholic platitudes, one whit more entertaining than Protestant dullness or Protestant platitudes. We like to come across writers who have something to say that is distinct, original, vigorous, and entertaining. We are bored to death at meeting over and over again with the same old story, half earnest, half sham. We are prodigiously offended at what we consider personalities or scurrility; and have, like most people, small consideration for any want of judgment in handling Catholic matters (unless we ourselves happen to be the blunderers); but still we feel it an unpardonable offence in a speaker or writer if he merely utters in public, or puts in print, remarks not a jot more lively or informing than the daily talk of the breakfast-table or drawing-room.

Moreover, there is a certain peculiarity in the condition of Catholics in this country which tends to make us especially exacting as regards spirit and decision in our periodical writers. Every body who knows any thing of English Catholic society is aware that it is extraordinarily free-spoken in its expression, both of general sentiments and of its opinions as to individuals. We are not finding any fault with the peculiarity. Indeed, taken altogether, and judged fairly and with a due allowance for circumstances, we think that this very

free-speaking displays certain characteristics which indicate a respect for the law of God as regards charity towards our neighbour, which could not be found to the same extent in any Protestant society whatsoever. The fact is, however, that being a small body, and consequently thrown very much together, so that almost every body more or less knows something of every body, and being further bound together by a community of religious interests, even when we have no other common ties, we are naturally led to discuss each other's conduct, character, and opinions with considerable warmth, and at times with no little severity. We cannot help this. We feel an interest in the proceedings of our fellow-Catholics which forbids us to treat their conduct with the same disregard as that which the adherents of one political or one Protestant sect feel for the proceedings of other sects, political or religious. The very nature of the age, too, strengthens these tendencies to searching criticism. All now is changing. Nothing goes on by the mere force of routine. Every body is looking at us; every body is expecting something from us. We know, too, that the world identifies the conduct of the whole Catholic body with that of individuals in a most perverse and absurd degree; and consequently, when a brother Catholic does an unwise thing, we feel as if we ourselves should have to pay a portion of the penalty.

Accordingly, the extent to which the conduct of every Catholic, of any note whatsoever, is canvassed in private circles, and the entire freedom with which he is judged, would be scarcely believed by persons who know nothing of us by actual experience. And one result is, that the Catholic palate is spoiled for any thing that has not a very decided flavour. It is so stimulated with the pepper and mustard of daily talk, that an ordinary dish of mere judicious and sensible remarks produces about the same expressions of dissatisfaction that would burst from the lips of a hungry man set down to solace himself with a basin of water-gruel. We repeat, that we are finding no fault with these habits of Catholic society; on the contrary, we believe, that whatever our faults, we show to any but the superficial observer the most unmistakable signs of being under the control of a dominant practical conscience. We are only calling attention to the fact, as suggested to us by the inability which we ourselves feel to enter with any very vehement interest into the proceedings of any of the political parties now gathering for fresh trials of strength in the new Parliament.

After all, however, probably most of our readers share this want of interest with us. Few Catholics find themselves

able to get up any very tremendous enthusiasm about any of our political leaders, or any probable political measures. Here and there we see certain spasmodic attempts at galvanising Catholics into a tremendous state of excitement on some point or other; perhaps of no real interest at all to them as Catholics. People whose trade is politics, whether written or spoken, are under a fatal necessity of keeping up the steam by some means or other, which at times drives them to sore straits. Accordingly, were we to believe men of this class, the destinies of Catholicism, and especially of Catholic Ireland, are undergoing a sort of chronic crisis. Traitors are always going to do something horribly wicked; and patriots to commit something as horribly virtuous and self-sacrificing. Nevertheless the world wags on, people buy and sell, eat their dinners and marry, hear Mass and go to Confession,—or do not,—as hitherto, just as calmly as if the universe was not on the verge of a final crash. We won't be excited; we can't be excited. We have lost faith in the professions of patriots and politicians; we cannot perceive that all but a certain class are scoundrels or dupes. We find that men are of a much more mixed character than we had been wont to think them. The bad are better, and the good are worse, than we have supposed. On the whole, we sigh for a little quiet, and find it a great bore to be worked up to a perpetual frenzy. We look on at the coming squabbles of the ins and outs in Parliament with a benevolent indifference; and if we have any deep regrets, it is that as a body we Catholics present so very "shady" an appearance (to use an expressive piece of slang) in the assemblies of our legislators.

And this sensation of comparative indifference is not altered when we look at the matters of detail which are likely to come before Parliament in the present session. Never was there a general election when the votes turned so decidedly on personal feelings, and on a point of only temporary interest, to the utter exclusion of questions of larger political import. There has been a certain amount of talk about triennial parliaments, the ballot, an extension of the suffrage, administrative reform, Maynooth, Sunday bands, and sundry smaller matters; but it is plain that nobody cared much for any of these things; nobody felt that there could be any thing like party-fighting about them, or that there was either the smallest chance of the Liberals advancing in the democratic line, or of the Tories retrograding in the aristocratic line. We are come to a stand-still, and very glad we all are of it. We are dead tired with politics, war, and tax-paying.

We want to be quiet, and get rid of the income-tax, and see how things will turn up abroad ; to let by-gones be by-gones ; and allow that prince of impudent successful charlatans, Palmerston, to have his own way, and keep things quiet while we enjoy ourselves. Mr. Disraeli says that Lord Palmerston is the Tory head of a Radical cabinet, with no domestic policy, and on this account would have people distrust him. Why this is precisely why the nation prefers him either to Lord John Russell, Lord Derby, or Mr. Gladstone. Such a premier is the very man the nation wants. The Tories don't hate him, because they know he is a Tory ; the Whigs and Radicals uphold him, because he says he is a Liberal ; and as for a domestic policy, we want none of it. The only domestic policy we want just now is, we take it, improved sewerage, cheap guano, no income-tax, and no more boring about Maynooth.

As to China, every body feels that the late violent outburst of indignation against Sir John Bowring, and of pity of the miserable Chinese, is all a sham. If any of the Opposition were in earnest about the matter, the secret of their earnestness was simply this, that it is a terrible nuisance to have to pay for another war, even a smallish one. If we could have bombarded Canton and taken the consequences at the cost of a few hundred pounds, our British sympathy would all have been with that old piece of stage-property, the flag that braves the battle and the breeze, without which British oratory would be often so painfully at a non-plus. Sir John Bowring may be a most unfit man to deal with such people as the Chinamen. Why so ? Because men who know thirty languages are not generally fit for much else ? Or because he is what they call a particularly amiable and benevolent person, and *therefore* just the man to do the most outrageous and cruel things when tempted to it ? On the whole, we suppose, a man who speaks thirty languages, and is famed for his benevolence, is precisely the person to get people into terrible difficulties. We all know the old proverb about a beggar on horseback. Men have a great faith in proverbs ; they are pretty nearly the only things worth trusting in this shallow, tricky, changing world. And there are few proverbs more true than that which implies that a person taken out of his own proper line, and intrusted with power, will play pranks such as make the hair of ordinary people's heads stand on end. And, moreover, when a man does take to a course of action not in harmony with his usual temperament of feeling, he almost invariably out-herods Herod in running to the opposite extreme. There is

no rashness like that of your deliberately cautious man. No people say such rude things as the ostentatiously polite. The violence of the calm and moderate throws that of the energetic and determined wholly into the shade. No tortures are so horrible as those inflicted by women, when they violate the natural tenderness of their hearts. We could believe any thing in the way of cruelty from an amiable linguist, only we should like to see the proof. The humbug of the proceedings against him in the late Parliament lay in this, that if his censurers had been in office, they would have done just what Lord Palmerston did; and that undoubtedly Lord Palmerston's indignation would have been just as loud and just as virtuous as was Lord Derby's and Mr. Cobden's. As to any practical differences between Whigs and Tories in carrying on the war when once begun, it was out of the question; such a thing was hardly hinted at on the hustings at the election. We understand that the Chinese are rogues to the backbone; we know that we want to trade with them; and the conclusion follows, that they must be *taught* civility and the principles of political economy in the same way that naughty boys are taught Latin and good behaviour, namely, by being well whipped.

The mention of Sir John Bowring recalls one of the new topics of political talk now lately become fashionable, that of "Administrative Reform." Of all the absurd abstractions ever got up as a convenient cry, this about "Administrative Reform" is one of the most hopelessly unmeaning. Here we have societies got up, speeches made, pamphlets circulated, and the newspaper-press at one time on the very point of throwing itself into the "movement;" and all for a phrase, an abstraction, an idea. It is the most indefinite of visions that ever deluded a sensible nation. Or if it is something definite, it is also something far worse. If it means any thing, it means that the general management of the affairs of the country should be taken out of the hands of the present aristocratic and gentlemanly holders, and put into the hands of the mercantile and trading classes.

Now we have no taste for any thing in the shape of an oligarchy, nor for any thing like the exclusive tyranny of caste; but we do say, Defend us from having our national affairs managed exclusively by the trading and middle classes of England. This would indeed be jumping from the frying-pan into the fire. The fallacy on which the demand is based is, indeed, so transparent, that we wonder that any man of sense could be deceived by it. Because a man manages a bank, or a counting-house, or a shop well, *therefore* he will

make a good statesman ; nay, more than that, a better statesman than a man who has had leisure for political studies all his life, if he has liked them. What simplicity is this ! Look, too, at the brilliant specimens we have lately seen of the wisdom, the probity, and the knowledge of these same banking and speculating classes in their own special affairs. With rascality after rascality staring us in the face, in banking-houses, trading companies, railway management, and mercantile concerns, what a charming innocence is that which would intrust a nation's destinies to any forward, pushing, showy orator who might gain a reputation among a knot of London citizens by the mere force of success in money-getting ! Besides, it is a grievous mistake to conclude that because a man manages his own affairs well, he will therefore manage those of others equally to their advantage. Experience shows that success in home-management is no guarantee for equal success in public affairs ; and on the other hand, that many a man can play, not only a distinguished, but a useful part as a statesman or a local magnate, whose private concerns are in lamentable disorder, from sheer want of capacity on his part for conducting them.

As to the relative qualifications of different classes of society for administering the affairs of a nation, we take it that the gentry and aristocracy will do the work better, on the whole, than any other class, though it would be *most* unwise to permit them to have a monopoly of these duties. We had much rather be governed by a duke than by a tailor. In the first place, a duke is generally a gentleman ; while tailors, though highly-respectable persons, and doubtless sometimes gentlemen, are not always so. In the second place, men of high rank and independent fortune possess the means for acquainting themselves with the work of legislature and statesmanship, which is usually out of the question with men who, whatever their other qualifications, have to work for their bread. Nor, taking them as a class, can it be denied that the aristocracy and gentry of this country are as ready to avail themselves of the advantages which their circumstances place within their reach as any other class in the community. As a body, they are undoubtedly the most accomplished set of men in the kingdom, taken numerically. We are not now praising them for this ; or forgetting that they *ought* to be the first, taking number for number. We are only calling attention to the fact, that since the passing of the Reform Bill the British aristocracy has thrown itself into its new situation with singular energy and straightforwardness, and with equal success ; so that they are now undoubtedly the finest peerage and gen-

try in the world. In the third place, there is no honesty like that which is possessed of ten thousand a-year. A needy patriot is a synonym for a humbug. The temptations which place presents to the spirit of jobbery and tergiversation are such that it is much the safest plan to trust our affairs to persons who are not pressed by poverty or small means, and who, moreover, are under the influence of that sense of honour which is certainly a more powerful sentiment with a gentleman than with those of a lower grade. We hold that it is a great gain to a nation when her richest and noblest citizens are willing, for whatever cause, to take an active part in her government. An earl with twenty or thirty thousand a-year is less likely to be influenced by the dirty and low infirmities to which human nature is so subject, than an adventurer who must live on his country's wages. Depend upon it, too, there is something in the old saying, *Noblesse oblige*; especially in a free country like England. It is otherwise in a pure democracy, or in a despotism: in both of these the sentiment of personal honour stands at a low point. In this country, on the contrary, especially with a free and bitterly disposed press ready to criticise every body's words and actions, every thing tends to keep up the standard of personal character as high as can be attained from mere secular motives. It may be said, that is low enough. Perhaps it may be; nevertheless it goes for a good deal in the conduct of human affairs; and there is no class in the community on whom it tells with so much practical force as upon those who are entitled, either by birth or personal merit, to rank as gentlemen. On the whole, then, while we rejoice to see the highest places in the government of the country open to men of every rank, and recognise in the absence of strongly marked barriers between class and class the best guarantee for the personal eminence of the highest caste, we look upon these new schemes for patenting processes by which the right man may always get into the right place as mere visionary speculations, which have either no practical character at all, or else a very bad one.

While we are on this topic, however, we cannot altogether pass over another of the phenomena of the political hemisphere which rests upon an ignorance of human nature, much akin to that which lies at the root of the "administrative-reform" speculators. We allude to that whimsical theory which is advocated, either seriously or as a make-believe, by a section of Irish politicians calling themselves an "independent opposition." To those who remember of what stuff the representatives of Irish constituencies are usually made, there is something amusing in the very idea of seriously dis-

cussing the professions of these gentlemen. So far as their theory is an intelligible one, however, it seems to amount to this, that they will vote against any government which will not grant two or three measures, one of which refers to a theoretical Catholic grievance, while another is a purely local and economical question. Of course, they add that they will not take office under any administration which will not grant these measures. How this knot of politicians intend that the affairs of the nation are to be carried on upon their system of tactics, they do not vouchsafe to specify in detail. At present they profess to oppose Lord Palmerston's government, and voted against him with the simple view of putting him into a minority; and, to be consistent, they must vote against Lord Derby, were he in office, solely to turn him out; for they have no more chance of extracting their programme from the Tories than from the Liberals. In fact, the whole scheme is an unreal absurdity. The condition of parties in the empire makes the votes of any such body of compacted members of no real moment whatever to any possible government. They can merely play the part of obstructives, and create a general feeling of irritation against themselves, without the shadow of a hope of any solid benefit to any single class of the community.

As to the pledge of not taking office under any administration, it makes one smile to hear the gravity with which it is professed on the hustings and in newspapers. It may serve to entrap a certain number of honest-minded simple Irish electors; and no doubt, to a certain extent, it pays in the market in other ways. But as to believing that these gentlemen would really refuse a *good* place were it offered them, except on the idea that they could get something *better* by refusing it, will any man who knows parliamentary nature believe it for a moment? A band of members united by a solemn tie to the effect that they will not take what they can get! There is something quite refreshing in the thought;—Irish members, too, of all men on earth! Why, we all know what it means, especially when we happen to be aware of what has been all along, and still is, going on under the rose. It only serves to remind us of a saying imputed to Lord Palmerston at the elections five years ago, when the Derbyites were said to be spending large sums to secure members pledged to their party for Irish constituencies. "How very foolish!" exclaimed Lord Palmerston; "it would be much cheaper to buy the members themselves when elected."

As Catholics, too, we cannot help lamenting these proceedings, because they tend to keep up the ill odour in which,

as a body, and with whatever happy exceptions, the representatives of Catholic interests find themselves with the nation generally. It is a great misfortune to us to be defended by a set of men who are usually regarded as the most venal of political adventurers. It helps to foster the common notion, that a large amount of humbug and trickery enters into all our proceedings; that our standard of morals and honour is very low; and that we are intellectually an inferior class of people, unworthy of an equal place in the community with our Protestant fellow-countrymen. We grieve accordingly to see this false idea bolstered up by loud professions of independence which nobody believes. It compromises the real interests of the Catholic poor when they are advocated by men of this stamp. We heard the other day of an elector who was offered thirty shillings for his vote. "No!" said he, with the indignation of outraged purity, "if I vote for Mr. —, it will be against my political principles; and therefore I cannot do it for less than two guineas!" Just such are these whimsical oppositionists; they write upon their goods, like some foreign shopkeepers, *Prix fixé*; and that means that they ask five-and-twenty per cent more than any body else. Well, they will some of them succeed; those who are worth buying will one by one drop into the feather-bed of office. Every government has abundance of good things to offer as time goes on. What with commissionerships, secretaryships, judgeships, inspectorships of schools, and all the other innumerable host of "places," it will be hard indeed if all this terribly fine writing and talking goes without its reward. In the mean time, we only wish that these advertisers would disavow all connection with specially Catholic affairs; though this would be a piece of good luck which we cannot venture to anticipate. Unfortunately, the advocacy of Catholic interests is sometimes a convenient stepping-stone to a very pleasant berth; and so long as it is so, we have little expectation that it will not have its prominent place in the professions of those men who look upon pledges in the same light that glaziers look upon windows, namely, as things to be broken.

But "What about Maynooth?"—to repeat the question which has recently been shouted from the hoarse voices of stout Protestant electors to many a would-be member shivering on the hustings, and wishing that elections never could take place in the windy month of March. Will the grant be rescinded, or will it stand? And is it, on the whole, desirable for the interests of Catholicism that it should stand or not? In looking forward to the political future, we cannot help asking ourselves all these questions.

That the Maynooth grant will be withdrawn, is, we think, in the highest degree improbable, so long as the intelligent statesmanship of the country, whether Whig or Tory, governs the decisions of Parliament. It is absurd to suppose that the average run of educated men entertain any theological prepossessions against the Catholic Church of such a kind as to make them hesitate on conscientious grounds to pay a seminary for the education of priests. They may laugh at our practices, disagree with our doctrines, and dislike our clergy; but they feel that all this is a matter of taste, and that it would be childish to make it a *reason* for disendowing Maynooth, apart from other considerations. The only thing which might sway the minds of some statesmen would be an increase in their belief in the tendencies of Catholicism to interfere with the habits and ideas of English society, and the character of the English constitution. We confess that we look with some alarm at the effect produced on the minds of many of the more rational part of English society by the reports which, whether true or not, reach this country respecting the acts of certain of the Austrian clergy and others of similar opinions elsewhere. That the Austrian Concordat is an extraordinary improvement on the old state of things is most true, and not for a moment would we seem to cast the faintest blame upon it. But knowing, as we do, the intense jealousy of dictation and interference which animates the whole mind of this empire, we dread the results if the old notions about sacerdotal and episcopal tyranny, and worse, now happily passing away, should once get a fresh footing in the minds of the British aristocracy and gentry. Our readers will understand that we are not finding fault with any thing that has really been done by ecclesiastical authorities abroad. These things, to be fairly judged, must be understood in all their circumstances, and it would be folly to pronounce on them on any partial knowledge. We merely point to certain indications in the politico-ecclesiastical horizon, which show that a storm *may* be excited in this kingdom against us by causes with which we have nothing to do, and in comparison with which the hubbub which ended in the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill would be a soft and refreshing breeze. Angry as people were at the establishment of the hierarchy, and especially at the phraseology in which it was announced in Cardinal Wiseman's pastoral, every man of sense felt that the quarrel was all about mere words, and that as it began with nominal assumptions, so it should reasonably end with nominal penalties.

But we may rest assured that the consequences would be far different if the legislative bodies of this country, and the

better ranks of society, were once impressed with the idea, however groundless, that the increase of Catholicism would certainly lead to a practical interference with the liberty of thought, liberty of speech, and liberty of action, which characterise this country beyond any other country in the world. The intense embitterment of feeling which has animated Dr. Whately ever since his book on *Logic* was put upon the Index is an illustration of the change we should witness were the ruling powers of England once persuaded that there was any truth in the vulgar notions about priestcraft and the despotism of the confessional. It would be vain to point to our own bishops and clergy, and our own proceedings at home, as proofs of the falsehood of the charges. The national mind of England is slow to be moved to passion, but when once roused, its fury would be as irresistible as it would be unreasoning.

Should, then, any such change take place as we are speaking of, even in a small degree, Maynooth would instantly be sacrificed by the unanimous vote of all political parties. Whether it will stand, as things now are, we ourselves can form no opinion. There is so much apparent chance in such matters, and the risings and fallings in the barometer of religious fanaticism are so sudden, that no eye can forecast them. All depends on the pressure from without. As Exeter Hall gains the ascendant, the prospects of Maynooth darken. As it loses its sway, the sun shines again on the Popish college. One thing is clear, there are no very deep feelings in the nation at large on the subject. The elections have thrown out some of the fiercest defenders of Protestantism pure and undefiled; and the foremost assailants of the college, Chambers, Pellatt, Hastie, and others of the same kidney, have been sent about their business; while there is perhaps scarcely a case in which the election has turned on the extreme anti-popery question. And where the anti-Maynooth gentry have put forward their bigotry as a title to votes, it has been for the most part in a few mild and brief phrases, as if they knew that the urgent interests of the day were quite of another complexion.

The opponents of the grant are, it is true, assisted to a slight extent by the opinions of some Catholics, who either care nothing for its continuance, or actually wish to see it annulled. Such opinions are grounded usually on one of the two following ideas: that we should get a better college if Maynooth were free from Government connection, and that the abolition of the grant would practically lead to the abolition of the Irish Church-establishment.

From both of these views we entirely dissent. How any man who knows the condition of Catholic affairs in Ireland can imagine that the destruction of Maynooth would lead to the erection of a better seminary, is to us inexplicable. Here are actually about six hundred young ecclesiastics to be housed, clothed, fed, and educated. Where, let us ask, is the money to come from? With all the increasing calls there are for the contributions of the faithful for other purposes, how would it be possible to raise *annually* the immense sum needed for such a work? Is it within the bounds of possibility that any thing like the necessary funds could be raised without a most lamentable injury to various other institutions which have an equally strong claim on the purses of good Catholics? Remember, that every year the number of other claims goes on increasing, and will increase; and that the tendency to give on the part of the nation does not increase in the like proportion. What a suicidal rashness, therefore, to throw away your good and solid beef and pudding because its cookery is not quite faultless, when you see that you will be starved on half-rations of bread and cheese in consequence!

Then as to the professors: where will you get better ones in Ireland, take them altogether? The question is not, whether every individual professor takes your view in politics, or is up to the highest ideal standard of Catholic professorship; nor, whether the college is not susceptible of important reforms, as the professors themselves have been foremost to testify: but, will you get others more capable of doing the work? If you think so, where are they? Who are they? What have they done which justifies the opinion that they will do what the Maynooth professors have not done and will not do?

Again, who are to be the heads of the new seminary or seminaries that are to take the place of Maynooth? Let every bishop have his own, we are told. A very pretty theory on paper; but about as practical a reply as would be the advice to every bishop to have a cathedral like York Minster or Westminster Abbey. Where are the funds, and where the model superiors, for a whole host of diocesan seminaries to receive the banished youths of Maynooth? Exactly where the funds are for building a York Minster or a Westminster Abbey in every diocese in England and Ireland.

Then let the bishops unite to form one or more larger seminaries. As unpracticable a suggestion as the other. "*Let them unite:*" how easy to say this, but how vain to expect such a thing! It is rather unpleasant to con-

fess it; but the fact is so notorious, that it is useless to be squeamish in alluding to it. The fact is, that the clergy and laity of Ireland happen to exercise their privilege of disagreeing in what is not of faith to a most wonderful extent. Lookers-on and critics may lament this; but so it is. We cannot alter it. Each bishop, each priest, each layman, has as good a right to his views on such matters as we excellent speculators have to ours; and it is certain that any man who should try to force them into agreement would rue the day when he undertook the task. What they would do were the Pope himself to interfere, is another question. But were any man, less than the Holy Father, to undertake the work of getting Catholic Ireland to agree in the erection and carrying on of a substitute for Maynooth, all he would get would be a succession of violent raps on the knuckles for his pains.

The other view we have referred to, which holds that the disendowment of Maynooth would lead, logically and really, to the destruction of the Irish establishment, is just about as visionary as this one touching a new and better seminary in its place. What do such dreamers imagine that legislators are made of? Who, on earth, cares for logical consistency when his own pocket is concerned? No doubt, a certain section of Dissenters, who are against all endowments under all circumstances, cry out with one voice against Maynooth and the Protestant establishment; but these are an unimportant fragment whom nobody cares for outside their own sect, and they have very few supporters among men of other classes. The Protestant Church-establishment, it cannot be too often repeated, means exactly this, that an annual income, with glebes and parsonages, is secured to many thousands of the families of the upper and professional classes of Protestants; and that the appointments to these livings rest with the near connections and relations of the persons who are to hold them. The establishment is not an establishment of doctrines half as much as it is an establishment of rectories, vicarages, and tithe rent-charges. The doctrines are merely tacked on to the revenues; just *per contra* to what it was in Catholic times, when the incomes were tacked on to the doctrines. And as for supposing that for the sake of consistency, or from abstract ideas of fitness and justice, the holders of these good things would give them up because the Maynooth grant was abolished, why you might as reasonably expect to see Dr. Whately taking to support himself by catching herrings on the coast of Galway, because St. Paul was a sail-maker and St. Peter a fisherman.

Of other semi-political matters which have a peculiar interest for Catholics, and in which we have a right to demand reform, the principal are, the supply of ample religious privileges to our Catholic soldiers and sailors, and to the inmates of workhouses and hospitals. As things now stand, we suspect by far the best method usually is, for the clergy, and any gentlemen who may happen to be personally able to forward their views, to make definite and civilly-expressed applications in every individual case in which they can practically serve the cause of the poor. It is surprising how often this obvious and straightforward plan will succeed, when the noisy or political treatment of a hardship tends only to aggravate its pressure. It is perfectly useless for us to raise a disturbance on the general question. We must meet our difficulties, not only in detail, but with definite and ready means in our hands for doing our part in the work the moment we are allowed to do it. Nor will it do to be discouraged by one or two failures. Good-temper, a polite bearing, and steady persistence, will win over many an opponent who at first was vehemently prejudiced against us. The most difficult people to deal with are the Protestant shop-keeperate of the towns, and the calf-headed yeomanry of the country; those particular classes among whom Dissent has its strongest hold. With officers in the army, or with gentlemen of any kind, the Catholic priest has usually an easier task. But whatever be the circumstances of the case, we believe there is many and many a grievance which will yield to patient perseverance in private, which it would be worse than useless to agitate upon in the House of Commons.

With these general views, we contemplate the probabilities of the new session with a tolerably philosophic equanimity, in which we suspect we are kept in countenance by most persons whose special trade or vocation is not purely political. Catholics, in particular, naturally cannot get up a very tremendous enthusiasm for any party on any subject likely soon to come before Parliament; and if our members acquit themselves of their duties with becoming sobriety and modesty, and a very moderate amount of speech-making, we shall all be extremely well satisfied.

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## THE CONTROVERSY ON THE POOR-SCHOOL GRANT.

DEAR SIR,—The application of several years to the consideration, practical and theoretical, of one particular class of subjects, may justify the expression of deliberate opinion, even on the part of a person whose only claim to a hearing rests upon the cogency of his remarks. Without further apology, then, I avow my conviction, that sound policy demands of the British Catholic body generally that the promoters of schools for poor children shall henceforward avail themselves of Government aid in the erection and improvement of school-premises. If this opinion should appear at variance with the Notes of the Bishop of Birmingham, and on that account be judged temerarious, I plead, on the other side, authorities individually not less august and cumulatively preponderating over the view of a single bishop. Dr. Ullathorne, moreover, has made no trial of the dangers which he dreads. Years have now passed since other bishops erected schools with Government aid, and from none of them has the public heard of disastrous consequences. In 1851, Cardinal Wiseman accepted a grant towards the repair of Lincoln's Inn Fields School,—a case to which subsequent reference will be made. In 1852, again, his Eminence took aid for Hammersmith School. In the same year the Bishop of Salford settled the discussions upon the school-deed by accepting 620*l.* for St. Chad's School, Manchester; and in 1855 his lordship confirmed his judgment by taking a grant of 460*l.* for St. Mary's School in the same city. Long before the appointment of Catholic inspectors, Bishop Briggs showed willingness to receive assistance by taking, in 1835, 350*l.* for Surrey Street School in Sheffield; and again, about twenty years later, the venerable Bishop of Beverley took 534*l.* for a new school in the same town. Three noble schools have been erected with the bishop's approval in Liverpool, and the grants to them amount to 2700*l.* The Bishop of Hexham has taken a building-grant for Stella School; the Bishop of Newport, for Cardiff; the Bishop of Shrewsbury, for Birkenhead; a former Bishop of Clifton, for Kemerton. The last case combines the authority of the great Benedictine order with that of Bishop Burgess, just as St. Francis Xavier's Liverpool, St. John's Wigan, and St. Wilfrid's Preston, prove that the Jesuits, not generally deemed deficient in prudence and foresight, are equally ready with the bishops to accept Government aid in building and repairing schools.

I do not know that my array of authorities is exhaustive. It is, I trust, long enough to show that it is open to a layman to take the side which I maintain. And my confidence in this opinion is strengthened by the late pastoral of Bishop Turner, who, having been the first of the bishops to accept the school-deed, is also the first to announce episcopally to his diocese that he desires the general acceptance of Government aid towards the erection of new schools. Perhaps if Bishop Ullathorne had made the same trial, he would have arrived at the same conclusion.

The question, then, is an open one. Building-grants may be taken from the parliamentary fund. Is it politic to take them or not? What are the advantages and disadvantages?

The most obvious advantages are these: (1) pecuniary assistance; (2) freedom from debt; (3) excellence of plan; (4) security of tenure; and (5) freedom of management.

1. It will not, I believe, be denied by any reasonable persons, that additional school-buildings must be counted among our pressing wants. For, without wearying you with figures, it may be confidently affirmed, that the children in our schools, instead of numbering, as they ought to do, one-eighth of the entire Catholic body, number less than one twenty-fourth; or, in other words, that 74,000 Catholic children who ought to attend school do not attend schools, or, at least not Catholic schools. Add that a large proportion of the older schools,—designed by architects who thought but of exteriors, to please managers who entertained no fixed views upon methods of teaching and organisation; or run up by cheap builders upon damp confined back sites, without light, ventilation, or drainage; or thrust down beneath chapels,—requires to be rebuilt: another portion, not inconsiderable, needs enlargement, or new fittings, furniture, and floors. So that large sums of money must sooner or later be expended on school-fabrics. Catholics, from defect whether of ability or will, do not furnish funds for this purpose so freely as to overtake the wants of the population. Practically, our school-building money is limited. Suppose it to be 10,000*l.* per annum; Government grants, if accepted, will double this sum, and enable us to build twenty new schools every year, instead of the ten schools for which alone our own money would suffice. The grant will not ordinarily exceed the rate of six shillings for every square foot of area in the school and class rooms if the plans include a teacher's residence, or four shillings if they do not include such residence; but populous districts, occupied by the poor, may obtain extraordinary grants. The ordinary grant covers one-half the total cost of a new school,

and provides two-thirds of the expense of reflooring and furnishing an old school. Upon the advantage of pecuniary assistance, so large in amount, and so constantly procurable, two opinions cannot be entertained.

2. A kindred advantage arising from acceptance of the parliamentary grant towards new school-buildings is freedom from debt. The Government grant of one-half of the cost will be paid only when the buildings are finished, and one-half of the liabilities has been already discharged. In every case the Government pays the latter half. Should any permanent charge remain upon the site,—an evil which in some cases it is impossible to avoid,—money must be funded at interest sufficient to meet the ground-rent. Thus an aided school starts perfectly free from encumbrance, and it remains so. There is no power any where to raise money upon it. Possibly I exaggerate the value of this advantage; but it seems to me to be very great. The building of a chapel may sometimes prove a good investment of money, and the revenue raised from a large congregation suffice to meet the interest of a debt as well as to provide the necessities of religion; such can never be the case with a school, which sooner or later must sink under the burden of a debt superadded to the items of annual expenditure. Erected, perhaps, with great labour by a zealous priest, and at first conducted with spirit and efficiency, it will year by year act as a drain upon the parish; the priest will be promoted; his successor has less capacity or tact; subscriptions flag; necessity arises for economy; the interest must be paid, and the saving effected in other directions; inferior teachers at lower salaries must be hired; no books, or copies, or slates, or pens or ink can be bought; and then naturally the attendance of children falls off, and the scheme ends in disappointment. It is the debt which has ruined all. The foregoing sketch, applicable in many cases, will never describe any school which has accepted a Government building-grant. Raised for one half of its value, it will be free for ever from the incubus of debt.

3. Such a school-building, too, will assuredly be appropriate and good of its kind. No one can have made himself acquainted with many of our school-premises without finding reason to regret the vagaries or inexperience of their founders. Sometimes the promoters have desired to combine several purposes, and to erect rooms to serve for school and chapel, and concerts and dances, and tea-parties and social and political gatherings of a miscellaneous character. Sometimes the builder has been left to his own devices; sometimes nothing is considered but the street-front. Of the better

class of designs, it is melancholy to watch how one after another repeats the same blunders. The rooms are too square, the windows too low, the roofs imperfectly finished, and the infants' schools too small. Now where Privy-Council building-grants meet a part of the outlay, the school-plans must be examined, and may probably be improved in accordance with the results of a very large experience. It is not merely a building capable of holding children that the Catholic body obtains for half its value, but a *bonâ-fide* school, planned for convenience of instruction, and for no other purposes whatever.

4. The school, too, will be secured for Catholic education as long as the laws of England endure. With a title examined free of cost to the promoters by an eminent counsel, with a trust-deed embracing the management clause, accepted by all the English bishops, and adopted by most of them, and repeatedly examined by lawyers, Catholic and Protestant;—with such a deed, properly executed and legally enrolled in the Court of Chancery, its tenure may be pronounced as secure as that of any property in the world. Trustees while living cannot alienate it, nor upon death bequeath it away, nor by neglect allow it to lapse. The deed, if lost, can be replaced. The property, if unlawfully occupied, can be recovered. Built as a Catholic school, it must ever remain a Catholic school or nothing. It can be converted to no other use. Instances occur of school-property, nominally "in trust," but legally private, inherited or lost by death of the so-called trustees, or owned by individuals emigrated or vanished, or transferred to the strangest and most improper hands, or passed to Protestants, or sold or converted to other uses. These are schools built without grants, with title and tenure left hap-hazard, as, indeed, in the days of persecution, could not be avoided.

5. But the foregoing advantages would be entirely vain and illusory if they were not accompanied by freedom of management. This freedom, however, is amply secured. Catholics have all to themselves. The Government is no party to the school-deed. It claims not the shadow of power in the appointment of teachers, choice of subjects, selection of books, or arrangement of hours. All is left to Catholics,—the Catholic bishop, Catholic priest, Catholic trustees, Catholic committee. One right the state reserves,—the right of seeing through the eyes of a Catholic inspector that the premises built for schools are used as schools. No one has publicly objected to a claim so manifestly just; and this is all that is required. The one obligation incurred is, that the building shall be employed, if employed at all, for education;

shall be a school. It may be taught by religious or secular teachers; may use Bible-stories or common reading-books; may teach reading, writing, and arithmetic, like inspected schools; or the philosophy of history, as lately proposed by some uninspected nuns; may take or not take annual grants, precisely as the Catholics who manage it think fit. It enjoys perfect freedom from external control.

Such are the advantages, which, as they become known and understood by the clergy, are year by year more highly valued and freely accepted. To the north of the Trent at least, it is now hard to find a bishop who has not, by example or pastoral letters, encouraged and recommended their acceptance.

Before proceeding to the alleged disadvantages, it may be well to dispose of the conditions of tenure and management attaching to grants for repair or enlargement of schools. Where existing schools apply for such grants, if (as is commonly the case with us) the trusts are undeclared and so illegal, and the tenure, taking it at the best, is that of private property, the school has to be conveyed legally to trustees for school-purposes, according to the usual form of school-deed; but if the property be already legally settled for school-purposes, no change of tenure or new deed will be required, and a simple endorsement on the existing deed, providing for inspection, will satisfy the Privy Council. Should the deed contain clauses permitting the trustees to sell the property, and to apply the proceeds to other than school-purposes, or for education beyond the seas, a bond for repayment of the amount granted may be requisite. But, speaking generally, schools legally settled before 1852 may obtain grants for enlargements, new floors, and improved fittings, without any legal formality beyond endorsement upon the existing deed.\*

The objections against the acceptance of building-grants, as lately urged, appear divisible into four heads. It is said (1) Government should not promote education; (2) the school-committee is wrong in principle and dangerous in practice; (3) inspection may become injurious; and (4) the independent tenure of school-property is sacrificed.

1. The state, it is urged, is not a schoolmaster, but a sovereign, and in promoting education is occupied unnaturally. An objection so sweeping and comprehensive might, I have no doubt, be disputed at much length by the learned, and the counter proposition maintained, that, as the legitimate end of Government, an end intrinsically good, is the

\* I would recommend to the notice of those who wish to see in a compendious form the regulations of the Privy Council, a small volume published by Nelson, of Paternoster Row, called *Abstract of the Minutes of the Education Committee*.

temporal welfare of the subject, so, where, as in England, the interests of the subject undeniably require it, the state is well and naturally occupied in aiding the erection of schools, and in otherwise promoting education. Meantime the fact is plain, that all civilised governments do promote the education of their subjects; that the British Government at length is anxious to do and is doing so; that Catholics are certainly free to take or reject their share of this aid, but they are neither free to refuse the payment of taxes, from which the aid is drawn, nor able to prevent Protestants and others from sharing or monopolising the Government grants.

2. A question of far greater practical difficulty, and one deserving dispassionate consideration, is raised about the school-committee. All must allow that some congregations are situated so unfortunately as to be unable at present to offer six, or four, or two resident laymen. It is a mistake to suppose the number fixed at six, suitable for service as committee-men. But upon proof of such a state of things in any parish desirous of building schools, the difficulty will there be removed by the willingness of the Privy Council to treat such a case as exceptional, and either to accept the names of non-resident laymen, or to admit a management clause leaving entire control to the priests. Such cases will, however, be exceptions, and the general rule certainly requires the appointment of a committee. Now is there any Catholic principle opposed to the nomination by the bishop and priest of such a committee? It is not a lay committee, but a mixed committee of priest and laymen. In this committee the position and rights of chairman are reserved for the priest, who also has sole authority in religious questions. Can a committee raise funds, and to co-operate generally in supporting a school, be objected to as unsound in principle and opposed to Catholic discipline? A point of such serious importance should be settled by authority; and, with submission to any authoritative settlement hereafter to be made, I confine myself to certain reflections bearing upon it. I find, then, that many, perhaps all, of the older Catholic charities in England are managed by mixed committees,—orphanages, almshouses, benevolent societies, schools. The Catholic Poor-School Committee itself can claim no other designation. I do not see any where a good work supported by the laity, for the benefit of the laity, in the management of which laymen are not permitted to take part. The exclusive principle now put forth, appears to me, with all submission, to be novel; and if novel, then not Catholic. If there be not solid grounds for the objection in principle to committees, the

taking of the objection at all must, I venture to think, be regarded as highly impolitic and imprudent; for it creates a dispute, not between the church and the state, but within the church itself—between clergy and laity; and in assuming that none of the laity—*populus sanctus Dei*—are qualified to assist in the management of schools, it is likely to breed feelings which one cannot think of without pain. If we really deserve such a condemnation from our own ecclesiastical rulers, what wonder that our Protestant countrymen refuse to elect any of us to offices of trust and responsibility? But it is argued, that a school-committee, if not positively inadmissible in principle, will at least prove dangerous in practice. Perhaps so, sometimes. But what constitution would be proposed in its stead? What arrangements which for all time are incapable of abuse? History will be searched for an answer in vain. If absolute safety is unattainable, the plan of a committee cannot be rejected because it involves some risk; otherwise we shall be left wholly without schools, through the impossibility of devising a safe constitution for them. In favour of a committee, it may be observed, that the conduct of a school involves the interests of several parties, viz. the state,—which in the supposed case has half built the school-premises,—the children, their parents, the teachers, the subscribers, and the priest. The priest, as representing the Church, infallible in faith and morals, exercises exclusive control in all matters of religion; in other matters is there special risk of danger if all the interested parties are in some measure represented? The German proverb, quoted in the *Catholic School* years ago, and now freely adopted, “As is the master, so is the school,” may be capped by the maxim, “As is the priest, so is the parish;” and therefore the supposition, that the majority of a school-committee will become lax, nominal, and rationalising, may be dismissed from consideration; more especially as the members of committees will be originally selected by the ecclesiastical authorities for their piety, virtue, and zeal in the cause of the Church. Fears of disputes or litigation about removal of teachers or exclusion of books, apprehensions of dangers from possible lady-visitors, and dread of secret appeals to inspectors, appear quite chimerical; and if on grounds so visionary and intangible we lose every month that passes one new school for two hundred children, which we might have erected with the Government aid, we shall certainly, in a few years, run up a very long score of omissions. How often is it true, that “the fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear!” Then, again, with reference to dangers *ab extra*, the existence of committees, so far from being a source of weakness, would

seem to afford a powerful element of strength. Suppose that in every one of five hundred schools there were associated with the priest six laymen, distinguished for the qualities which make a staunch Catholic; suppose further, that the state attempts an encroachment upon all, or even upon one, of our schools, then the committee-men form at once a compact band of three thousand Catholics, all personally interested, and pledged by their position to defend the school from wrong, ready to petition Parliament, to act upon county or borough members, and to contest in the courts of equity the attempted injustice. With such an array of defenders, our schools would surely be more secure than if the clergy alone had to bear the brunt of the battle with the state. When the danger pressed, it would be too late perhaps to rouse the laity, if now set down as unfaithful and untrustworthy. On the other hand, committees, if appointed, would, as experience persuades me, on all ordinary occasions leave all the details of management to the priest, and only act when specially urged to do so, or when danger of external interference threatened the independence of the schools. But it is said, that committees, coming in under the school-deed, will drive out religious teachers. Were this so, the mischief and loss would be great indeed. But will such be the result? Why should it be so? Where are the reasons? Is it the Privy Council, or the inspectors, or the laity, that wish to exclude religious? In every case notoriously the reverse. And what are the facts? In London, Lincoln's-Inn Fields school, repaired with a Government grant in 1851, and legally under inspection, is taught, and has all along been taught, by Irish Brothers for the boys, and sisters of the Holy Child for girls; Hammer-smith school, built with a Government grant, is taught by religious; Liverpool, St. Anne's, Holy Cross, and St. Francis Xavier, all built with Government grants, are all taught by religious; Cardiff school, built with a Government grant, is taught by religious; St. John's Wigan, and St. Wilfrid's Preston, repaired with Government grants, are taught by religious; St. Chad's Manchester, built with a Government grant, is taught by religious, who, like the Irish Brothers in London, do not as yet take annual grants. Looking beyond primary schools, we see in reformatories and hospitals a recognition on the part of Government of the incomparable excellence of religious in conducting works of mercy; and the more they are tried and known, the more general will become the favourable disposition towards them. Catholic school-committees must be strange bodies indeed if they do not share it.

3. Inspection may be unduly pressed, and grow injurious

Certainly inspectors may make a great many mistakes; but the general principle of inspection cannot be impugned. This principle has not always been comprehended; and it has been imagined that in carrying out the Annual-grant Minutes of 1846 and subsequent years, her Majesty's inspectors are to be guided by the instructions of 1840, issued before Government offered any annual aid to schools. The principle of inspection is this: to every grant from the parliamentary fund conditions are attached; and inspection is limited to the ascertaining in each case whether the particular conditions are fulfilled. Thus the condition coupled with a building-grant is, that the premises shall be used for schools; and the inspector's duties are confined to seeing and reporting that this is so. Again, the condition of a book-grant is, that the books sold to schools for one-third of the booksellers' price shall be used for the school only; and the inspector, if he visited at all a school which had taken only a book-grant, and wanted nothing more, would look specially to this point. But when the whole round of annual grants are claimed for teachers, apprentices, and managers, then indeed the conditions cover the whole school-business (excepting religion in Catholic schools), and the inspector is obliged to make a more minute examination. Thus the dread of a possible extension of inspection really affects the question of annual grants, and not of building-grants, which bind to nothing beyond the use of the building for school-purposes. A school built with a Government grant is as free as any other school to take or leave any or all of the annual grants. But may not Parliament interfere? It may in this country do any thing. From such interference we can have no schools at all which are absolutely safe. We have, however, Catholic representatives in both houses to combat any attempted wrong; and we have, too, what is a greater safeguard perhaps, the national worship of vested interests. Should these fail, our schools may unquestionably be placed in danger; but of all existing Catholic schools, those which may have accepted Government building-grants will possess three grounds of security wanting in most other cases: (1) their tenure will be legal; (2) influential laymen will be concerned in defending them; (3) their trust-deed, which the Court of Chancery will maintain, sets forth expressly that "any departure from the terms on the part of Government shall not oblige the committee of management either to submit to any other inspection, or to refund the money advanced by Government, or any part thereof."

But by taking building-grants, "the independent tenure of our school-property will be sacrificed." What, then, is

meant by "independent tenure"? "Legal tenure," "secure tenure," we all understand; but what constitutes "independence of tenure"? I speak under correction, but I cannot help thinking that schools built with money contributed expressly for schools in a particular place, so far from being independent, are necessarily bound by two stringent obligations; one of justice, and the other of law. But if the law requires that the trusts of school-property should be declared; and if justice requires that school-property should not be alienated without valid cause, and that in any such event the proceeds of sale should be applied to the erection of schools elsewhere, what independence is sacrificed by accepting half the building cost, and with it the approved deed? The conditions of law and justice are thereby fulfilled, and nothing more. One class of schools, indeed, occurs which may be called independent schools, namely, those built by individuals upon their own estates. If the noblemen and gentlemen who own these schools, and others of the same class about to build schools, could be induced to sacrifice "independence of tenure," and by adopting the school-deed, with or without the grant, to put it out of the power of the possessors of their estates to alienate buildings erected by themselves or their ancestors for the religious education of their poor neighbours, I believe that they would confer a solid boon upon Catholicity. But an aided school-building cannot, under the trust-deed, be sold without the sanction of the Home Secretary. Does this provision appear unreasonable? Government makes building-grants upon proof that schools are required in a particular locality; and, upon receiving proof, contributes largely towards schools for that one place. Can it be deemed harsh or unfair if, before permitting the removal of the school elsewhere, it requires proof that the need of schools there has ceased? Would it be prudent to encourage the erection of what may be termed speculative schools? Has the Secretary of State any thing to gain by refusing his sanction, if change of population or other circumstances render the removal desirable? There is no obligation upon the trustees or others to keep open the school. If the Catholic population left a locality, their school must be removed or closed. It cannot be imagined that the Home Secretary would not prefer its removal.

Ten years ago, it was the misery of the English Catholic body that they were without, not schools, so much as teachers. Government has contributed 60,000*l.* chiefly to rear teachers for us. It maintains now, either as apprentices or students in training, about 800 young Catholics of both sexes, upon

whose education as teachers of Catholic schools it is in course of spending 120,000*l.* I am not ashamed to confess my impression that such beneficence deserves gratitude; but, whether or not, I am confident that the action of Government has improved, and is rapidly improving, our position; for it is furnishing us with an abundance of qualified teachers; and with many efficient teachers we shall, whether aided or not, enjoy the advantage of many good schools.

Submitting to the consideration of the Catholic body, and to the correction of authority, remarks which are the result of much thought, I am, &c.

Southport, April 1857.

S. N. S.\*

## THE RESCUE.

"BUT now," as the author of *Hudibras* sings, "t' observe romantic method, let bloody steel awhile be sheathed," and let us exchange the harsh sounds and sickening pictures of rackings, hangings, and quarterings, for a less painful theme, and refresh ourselves with a scene where for once the rogues were vanquished, and honest men held their own for a time, not peaceably indeed, but by just though illegal resistance and violence.

Towards the close of the year 1607, a divine who, in spite of a scandalous life, had, for his services against Papists here and in Ireland, been raised to some of the highest dignities of the Establishment, and who was at this time Bishop of Bristol and Dean of York, found himself in London, engaged in the usual occupation of great men of those days—flattering the courtiers, in hopes through them of getting something out of the king. John Thornborough,—for that was our prelate's name,—not being a Scotchman, could not hope to wheedle any thing out of James without offering some equivalent. He therefore concentrated his abilities, which were by no means contemptible, on framing a plan for increasing the revenues from recusants, and with his "brief" danced attendance on Sir Julius Cæsar, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "on whose favour" this true successor of the apostle who bore the bag had with characteristic foresight "made choice of dependence," and to whom, when he had failed in several attempts to speak to him, he enclosed his prospectus in a letter, wherein

\* The Editor of the *Rambler* reiterates on his own account the protest of his correspondent, that on this question he entirely submits his judgment to the decision of the ecclesiastical authorities.

he hopes that Sir Julius "will be pleased not to forget, when opportunity may best serve, to move his majesty concerning our many recusants in the north, and the great necessity of service there, not only for the more quiet of the country, but also for his majesty's profit."\* The brief found favour in the eyes of the council; copies were multiplied, and the king was delighted with the alchemical sagacity which could wring a copious shower of gold from a sponge that was thought to be already squeezed dry. As the document is instructive, we will give a summary of its contents.

(1) His first complaint is, that even when a jury has found a conveyance of recusants' lands to be fraudulent, Mr. Spillar, on a single affidavit, draws a plea, and causes the verdict to be discharged.† Thornborough suggests that all these suits should go through the attorney-general's hands. (2) Several sheriffs neglect making a return of forfeitures, and restore the recusants' goods. (3) The king receives not one for every five, or rather ten, thousand pounds due to him on this account; hereby the recusants grow rich and strong, maintain many of their own faction, and purchase land daily. Middleton buys every year about seven or eight hundred pounds worth. He proposes as a remedy, a writ of *melius inquirendum*, and a higher rate of fines. (4) Some recusants rent a part of their own forfeited lands, and under cover of the part hold much more. (5) When the king makes over a number of recusants to any grantee, they give this man money to pretend that he can get nothing out of them; whereupon they escape easily, and the king makes a further grant to his favourite. (6) The practice of letting their own lands to recusants is fraught with evil; these leases should only be given to well-affected persons. (7) Recusants wander at will without their confines,‡ are married by popish priests, educate their children like themselves, and have all or most of their servants Catholic. The justices and commissioners should be instructed to prevent these horrible crimes. (8) Two years since there fell away only in Yorkshire eight hundred at once, as appeared by presentment to the justices there, and from that time till now they have daily fallen from us; only the execution of this commission§ hath lately brought back to the church almost one hundred. They who continue disobedient compound for little, are not called in

\* British Museum, Lansdowne Mss. 153, fol. 242, Nov. 2, 1607.

† Lansdowne, 153, fol. 299.

‡ They were confined to a distance of five miles from their houses.

§ This copy of the document is dated Feb. 1, 1608; and the commission referred to is the one that was appointed in consequence of the presentation of the first edition of the "brief."

question for their misdemeanors, and make their neighbours believe that we dare not proceed against them; that we live under a doubtful and fearful policy, and that the penal laws are unlawful, and but scarecrows for the meaner and more ignorant sort; so that both rich and poor openly exclaim against persecution and cruelty to Catholics when due and lawful proceedings are taken against them. The remedy proposed is, that all connivance shall cease, and that the commissioners shall take care to keep the recusants in better awe, and to bring them into more order. (9) Clerks of assize make indictments invalid by mis-spelling the names. (10) Mr. Spillar leaves out names in the schedules he makes for the commissioners. (11) The special commissioners, procured by the recusants themselves, value their lands at about one-twentieth of the true worth. (12) Sheriffs are negligent in retaining the goods. (13) Many recusants rescue their goods by force of arms most riotously from those which have lawfully and by warrant seized them for the king, and beat and wound the officers. (14) As a last resource, they will go to church to save their property, but they will not register their conformity in the Exchequer; for in that case a relapse might be treason, or at any rate punishable by *præmunire*. Thornborough winds up by recommending the strict administration of the laws, so as to keep in obedience those who have not yet fallen, and to reform those that have, or at least to provide for their gradual extinction by death. Or if these sanguinary laws are not to be put into force, then let the king's revenue from this source be much increased. The bishop, however, foresees that if Catholics are only to suffer in pocket, then "this will be a means of many others' fall in hopes of like favour;" so he concludes by again urging that only those who are now Catholics be treated so leniently, but that all converts should suffer the personal penalties of imprisonment or death, which the laws provide.

The government soon saw the value of this advice, and made its author chief ecclesiastical commissioner for the province of York, with general powers to administer the laws against recusants; while the king anticipated his success by making preposterous grants of recusants' fines to his noble and ignoble fools, footmen, and flatterers, to the great inconvenience and disgust of Thornborough, as we shall see in the sequel. Immediately after his appointment, John Thornborough, with his henchman, Robert Kelwaye, a sagacious hunting-dog of the order of Topcliffe, established his head-quarters in York Castle, summoned the recusants before him, and soon had the satisfaction of seizing from them goods to the value of nearly

900*l.*, and 500*l.* a-year of rents. He next turned his attention to the arrears of fines that had not been collected in the late queen's time, and found that a goodly sum of money was still due upon that score. Among the debtors was Sir William Blakiston, of Blakiston in Durham, the head of the great family of that name, which then held so important a rank among the gentry of the palatinate. It was a family, as Surtees\* tells us, descended neither from Norman baron nor from Saxon thane; it owed not its rise to charter of bishop, nor to the favour of any of the great lords; nor had it been in immemorial possession of the property. The first known of the name was a cook, from whom the family arose *pedetentim et ex humili loco*, and acquired its lands by very gradual purchase from their ancient owners, till it reached the zenith of its wealth and honours under John Blackiston, the paterfamilias of 1575, a genuine example, according to Surtees, of the ancient squire of the old ballad,

"Who kept a brave old house at a bountiful old rate,  
And an old porter to relieve the old poor at his gate."

But the historian of the palatinate is unjust to the memory of this fine old fellow's descendants. His son, Sir William, we are told (whose marriage with the wealthy co-heiress of Claxton could not preserve even the old estate from dismemberment), and his grandson, Sir Thomas, who was created a baronet in 1615, and who sold the estate the same year, were as certainly "courtiers of the king and the king's new courtiers." Any one who knows the old ballad† will remember the young courtier's channels for dissipating his property,—the profligacy, the mortgages, the luxury; the new-fangled wife, "with seven or eight different dressings of other women's hair;" the new hall, new pictures, new study stuffed full of pamphlets and plays; the journey to London at Christmas, and the new titles bought by the sale of the old manors,—yet there is not the shadow of a proof that Sir William Blakiston was a man of this kind. True, he was obliged to part with portions of his property; but it was to pay for his religion, not for his rioting. The imputation is scarcely more applicable to his chivalrous grandson, Sir William, the second baronet, with whom the title expired, whose loyalty completed the ruin of his family, and who continued in arms till the last declension of the royal cause, and afterwards endured a long imprisonment in Maxtoke Castle.

But though there is nothing to show that the Sir William

\* History of Durham, vol. iii. p. 160.

† See Percy's Reliques, vol. ii. book iii. no. 8.

Blakiston of 1607 was one of the new courtiers of the ballad, he evidently had about him somewhat of the thoughtless and brilliant daring of the Cavaliers. If he had the makings of a martyr in him, it was not a meek non-resisting victim, but a soldier who would sell his life dearly, and die with harness on his back: he had no notion of submitting tamely to the spoliation of the iniquitous penal laws; but was ready to lose his life in defence of his rights as a citizen, and probably also to take life in the same just cause. If his is an example less perfect than those which the suffering gentry of the south have bequeathed to us, at least it is one that more enlists the natural sympathies, and that varies agreeably the monotony of the multiplied tales of misery revealed to us by our researches into the action of the penal laws, which, by overstraining our pity might, unless so varied, defeat their own object, and weary instead of exciting us.

John Thornborough, in his court at York Castle, had satisfied himself that Sir William Blakiston owed for arrears of fines no less than 470*l*. Upon this a warrant was made out to seize his goods, and Robert Kelwaye and his men were sent to Durham to perform the service. How they prospered may be seen from two reports which Kelwaye sent in to his master, both of which are preserved in vol. cliii. of the Lansdowne Mss., and from which we compile our narrative.

“ Sir William Blakiston, a principal recusant of the county of Durham, being indebted to his majesty in great sums of money, the commission appointed that inquiry should be made, and a jury was impanneled, which found him to be possessed of some 600*l*. a-year in land, and of goods to the amount of 300*l*. Kelwaye therefore, who was in Durham, immediately sent Tobias Mozyer, John Cowthe, William Guidott, and seven more men, under the orders of Smith, the bailiff of that liberty, with warrant to seize twenty horses and threescore and seventeen oxen and kine; this they did quietly and peaceably, and kept possession of their booty for some three hours, in which time they had driven it about four miles towards Durham, when suddenly Sir William, and John Blakiston his son, well mounted and with their swords drawn, came riding down upon them, galloped to the foremost of the cattle, and there with force and arms, calling the aforesaid persons rogues and villains, with other outrageous words, commanded them in the king’s name to redeliver the goods, pretending and vowing that he had a discharge from the king, and a patent under the great seal; and that notice had been given of it to Kelwaye by the under-sheriff. Now this under-sheriff, says Kelwaye, was a great favourer of the knight; and when he (Kelwaye) had asked to see the patent, he was told that one Captain Colville had begged it of the king, but had carried it with him into Scotland, because Mr. Spillar (Sir Julius Cæsar’s

clerk) was to have 40*l.* fee for it, and it was not settled whether Colville or Blakiston were to pay this sum. The patent was said to reserve only 100*l.* a-year from Blakiston's estate to the king's use, which the sheriff had process to levy. Kelwaye, with a decision which he had hitherto found safe in dealing with recusants, had taken for granted that these were but devices, and had directed his men to accomplish the seizure whatever might be said to them. Sir William then, finding that arguments would not prevail, next challenged all the party to fight, one to one or two to two, saying that he would rather lose his life than his goods ; but they replied that they came not to fight but to drive the cattle to Durham, and to deliver them to the sheriff to his majesty's use. On which Sir William proceeded to rail in most violent manner at his majesty's proceedings, saying that none did serve the king but a company of rogues, with other outrageous speeches. So, not to be satisfied with any persuasions, he and his son first drove away all the horses ; and when they had driven them to such a distance that there was no chance of Kelwaye's men recovering them, they left them in the field, and galloped back to rescue the other cattle. At every gate the cattle were to be driven through, the knight and his son rode ahead, and there opposed themselves to the men, and hindered their driving, only to gain time. After a while he was joined by one William Partis, and a miller, servants of his, whom he ordered to help him ; and they four continued their resistance and rescue with force of arms, and Sir William drew his sword (the narrator forgetting that it had been drawn all the while) and struck Mozyer on the shoulder, and continued his rescue from Sedgefield to Cossage Bridge, six miles from Blakiston Hall, where he left them, commanding Partis to take his mare and ride to Durham to procure assistance. One of Kelwaye's men took this opportunity to ride off to his master, and tell him the state of matters. 'Hereupon,' says that officer, 'I procured a warrant from the Bishop of Durham to the under-sheriff to go and assist my men, and to apprehend those which did resist them ; which being known,' he adds, 'the under-sheriff hid himself away that I could not find him till it was too late.' During this pause in the conflict, the men asked John Blakiston what his father meant to offer such violence, and to rescue goods that had been seized to the king's use. John curtly replied, that when the sheriff himself had made a like seizure, his father had rescued his goods, and had answered the matter, and so he would do again. John then asked to see what warrant they had ; and when he had read it, he made light of it. Seeing, however, that only two opponents were left in the field, the bailiff and his man drove on the rest of the cattle as far as Paperhill House, where William Partis came up to them again, accompanied by George Blakiston, brother of the knight, who drew his sword, and cried out to them, 'Masters, I require you in the king's name, as you love your lives, cease driving these cattle ; for the sheriff is coming with company to take them from you, and to lay you all by the

heels.' Then he would gallop a little way back, always calling out for his brother's men, and saying, 'I marvel what my brother means that they come not.' But the brave fellow would not wait for reinforcements, but began to rescue the cattle with great violence, though the warrant was shown, and he commanded in the king's name to desist, and though the men declared 'we are possessed of the beasts, and will keep them for the king's use.' After a little time, Peter and Robert, his brothers, joined him. 'God's blood,' said he, 'where have you been all this while?' Whereupon they rode all four of them to the constable's house at Shankley, and took three pitchforks, and raised a mob of women to help them, and waited for the men and cattle to come down the lane. There a regular pitched battle ensued; and Kelwaye recounts in no very Homeric strain how George Blakiston thrust his prong at the breast of the said George Hurst, and struck the said Cutberd Fisher, and how the constable standing in view would never come and aid them, neither see the king's majesty's peace kept, though the commissioner's servants showed him their warrant, and read the same to him, requiring him by virtue thereof to aid and assist them in keeping the goods they had seized. But the constable excused himself by saying that his neighbours were all out at plough; and but if they could keep their booty till he came out of the field, he would do what he might. This, however, was a mere pretext to win time; for while he was parleying there came two ploughs home with men driving them, and yet the constable would not order them to assist, nor command the women to forbear their resistance, but went his way; and in his absence the Blakistons, who had now collected a party of twelve, took and drove off the cattle, crying out that none can serve the king in these businesses but a company of rogues.

Great, in the mean time, was the indignation in the bishop's court at Durham. Upon the delivery of the warrant to the under-sheriff, this excessively reverend father, both on the bench (for it was session time, and bishops of those days were not wont to be absent when there was a chance of hanging or fining a papist) and in private assembly, made an earnest and effectual speech to the justices of the peace, inciting and persuading them to suppress these outrageous abuses, and to minister such assistance to the commissioner as the case required. But only two of them showed a forward mind, the rest replied nothing to the bishop's speeches; whereat he was discontented, and rebuked them with very sharp terms, especially the high sheriff and under-sheriff, to whom the warrant had been delivered. On this the sheriff promised Kelwaye to meet him the next morning with power sufficient. Trusting to this, the next day early the commissioner rode out of Durham with six of his servants; and when he came within three miles of Sir William Blakiston's house, the under-sheriff met him with one man to attend upon him. Kelwaye in astonishment demanded where the rest of his company was. The under-sheriff replied that his presence would prevent all resistance; and so, indeed, it proved, as Kelwaye

lugubriously bemoans himself; 'for they had notice of my coming, and had removed all their goods into Yorkshire, and barred their gate against us, having procured divers men to resist if I had offered to enter, which I refrained to do (not through fear, of course, but) having no sufficient authority to warrant me; and Sir William Blakiston would not be spoken withal, but sent his lady to the gate, who railed at these proceedings, and said it was oppression and not justice.' This was not the last of poor Kelwaye's disappointments on that day; for as they were riding back to Durham, he saw George Blakiston, Sir William's brother, who had boasted that this was not the first time that he had caused such *rescous* to be made, neither should be the last. For this Kelwaye ordered the sheriff to arrest him. That officer, however, found himself afflicted suddenly with an inability to make any rapid movements, and George recovered his brother's house, and so escaped.

The news of this affair was of course soon carried to John Thornborough, at York, who at once wrote off to Sir Julius Cæsar the following letter, dated Dec. 15, 1607:

"RIGHT HONOURABLE,—The daily riotous rescues against men warranted to seize to his majesty's use goods, by inquisition and jury found, of recusants convict, hath, for better execution of justice here, and for satisfying the good subject, mourning at the audacious and after a sort rebellious rescues (as if authority durst not or could not punish them), forced his majesty's council resident at York to send, and call many of these riotous persons before them; and because Sir William Blakiston, of the bishopric of Durham, knight, hath in this kind greatly offended, to his majesty's loss above eight hundred pounds,—I mean in goods to that value lawfully seized, but most violently rescued,—and thereby also given ill example to the rest of recusants, who by his ill example have in like sort done much prejudice to his majesty's profit, and grievance to every good subject in these parts: therefore it was thought meet by me, for this time vice-president here, and by the rest of his majesty's council, to send for the said Sir William by the sergeant-at-arms, and for his son John Blakiston, and to commit to the pursuivant George Blakiston, taken here in York, until he answered an information put in against him by his majesty's attorney here. But so it is that the sergeant-at-arms meeting, not with Sir William, who would not be found at home, but only with John his son, the said John pretending to take his horse together with the sergeant at the door to come towards York, he, after one night keeping, gave the slip back into his father's house most contemptuously, and so the sergeant returned without father or son. In mean while George, wilfully deferring to make his answer to the information, was still kept by the pursuivant, but how he hath here also behaved himself I humbly pray your honour to judge. He threateneth to call me and the council here to account for false imprisonment, saying, that he standeth on his defence by that grant which it pleased his highness to give to a gentle-

man of Scotland. But with that we here meddle not, nor have to do with it; only we deal in the rescue, having lawfully seized the goods for his majesty, and knowing of no grant, saving that they said they were to have it, and could not, nor did show it. And the reason wherefore George confessed to me and to the council here that his brother had not that grant forthcoming was, for that Mr. Spillar was to have forty pounds, but it was not then agreed whether Sir William or the gentleman of Scotland should pay it, the gentleman having promised it. But I think that George dealeth as ill in this report as in the rest of his doings. My desire is, to certify your honour, not only of these proceedings, but also of the insolency of our recusants here, in number many, offensive to God's church, and to the state dangerous; and the rather for that even now a new complaint is made of a rescue, performed with bow, gun, horsemen, staves, by men well mounted, with vizards on their faces, with danger of them which served the king. I humbly crave pardon for my tedious letter, and so take leave.

Your honour's in all love and duty,

York, 15th December.

JOHN BRISTOL.\*

Such conduct as this partly explains how it was that the Catholic religion suffered so much less in the north than in the south. There the recusants made themselves feared; they did not scruple to meet violence with violence, and to put down legal injustice by the illegal use of sword and pitchfork. We are afraid, however, that the family of Blakiston has not, like some who suffered more meekly, and with a truer spirit of martyrdom, left representatives to hand down both its honours and its faith to our own days. Few families, says Surtees, had spread more wide, or flourished fairer; but all its branches—Gibside, Newton Hall, Old Malton, Seaton, and Thornton Hall—have perished, like the original stock. One family alone remains within the county which can trace its blood, without hereditary possessions; and a dubious and distant kindred to the old tree of Blakiston is asserted by some families that bear the name in the south.

It was after such practical instruction in the nature of the recusants of the north, that Robert Kelwaye was able to reduce to a few propositions the various *preventions* which they used to "deceive the king of the money to be levied." The document is very interesting; for any one who has read the penal acts, and has seen with what brutal severity they were carried out, must wonder, not that the English Catholics were reduced to the poverty which they suffered, but that any families in the country could have preserved their estates, especially estates of such importance as many of them were. Kelwaye will explain many of their shifts.

\* Lansdowne, 153, fol. 102.

When a commission was appointed by the crown, after satisfying itself what fines were due from the recusants presented to it, it issued warrants to the sheriff of the county to summon a jury, which was to inquire what lands or tenements, goods or chattels, the recusants possessed at the time of their conviction, or since. Of the lands, two out of three parts were seized for the crown; while the goods found by the jury were all to be sold, and the money to be paid to the commissioners, and by them to the sheriff, who was directly answerable to the exchequer. But in the north parts, as soon as the recusants heard (and there were plenty among the magistrates to inform them) of the summoning of the jury to inquire into their goods, they conveyed away all their movables; so that when the commissioners came to make seizure there was nothing to be found. As for their cattle, though their lands were well stocked, they were not stocked with their own beasts; friends made an exchange, and Brown's cows fed in Smith's field, and Smith's bullocks in Brown's paddock; so when the commissioners came to seize the cattle on Smith's estate, he was ready to make oath, and to produce sufficient witnesses, that they neither were nor ever had been his. For their lands, they often let them on lease, and then the tenant claimed whatever was found upon them; or if a growing crop of corn was seized on a recusant's land, none of the neighbours would buy it, and the law did not make provision for the commissioners making it over to the sheriff in kind. Then, again, the recusants made over all their lands and goods to conforming friends or relations, with the implied trust of holding them for the recusants' use; or else they conveyed them to their sons or their daughters' husbands on their marriage. Then, again, many a recusant, two parts of whose lands had already been seized to the king's use, and who had lost all his goods, made light of the law which could touch him no further; and often the forfeiture of the two parts was merely nominal; for they had influence enough to get their property valued far below its real worth, and then to nominate themselves or their nearest relations to be tenants of the forfeited lands at this insufficient valuation. Lastly, when in spite of all these shifts they found their lands and cattle seized, they would then offer to go to church and conform themselves, whereupon all their fines were remitted; but they were never seen in the church again except on a similar occasion. Or they rescued their goods in a less peaceable manner, and yet no punishment was provided for them by the law. Such were some of the difficulties which the commissioners in the north had to combat: the ill-disguised hostility of the population;

the coldness of officers; the apathy of the justices, not to be warmed even by the cutting rebukes of my lord of Durham, or of the divine, who, finding nothing particular to do in his own see of Bristol, must needs busy himself in reducing the northern counties to the obedience of Mammon.

We will conclude our paper by adding a few letters and other documents to show what sort of a person was this John Thornborough, the patron of Protestantism and persecutor of Popery in the north. The first is a letter written to Sir Robert Cecil in 1606, just after the Gunpowder Plot, in which the writer urges the royal favourite to measures of greater severity against the priests and recusants.

“ MOST HONOURABLE MY VERY GOOD LORD,—In all duty I make bold to certify your honour that one Mr. Ubank, prebendary of Durham, and a man of good service in these parts, in private and familiar conference with me touching priests and Jesuits and other popish adversaries, declared that on Friday, ninth of this instant May, Sicklemore, a seminary, and now a prisoner at Durham, sent to the said Mr. Ubank, praying private speech with him. When and where Sicklemore confidently affirmed that no priests were in any peril of death, but of banishment only, and that not any priest was actor or plotter in the late horrible gunpowder treason; to which, when Mr. Ubank replying said, that Garnet was a special actor, and therefore now justly executed, he sighing thereat, answered, ‘Then there is nothing for us but persecution. The devil is in that Lord of Salisbury, all our undoing is his doing, and executing Garnet is his only deed.’ This speech I cannot pass over with silence, wishing that Cantharides, who without life maketh blisters arise in living flesh, may not living feed upon every fresh and most precious flower; nor that the Jesuits and priests, who dead are enemies, in their adherents and friends, to the present flourishing state, may living prosper to gorge themselves and feed their eyes fat with envy, and fill their hearts full of malice against Aristides, surnamed Justus for his uprightness. But your honour not ceasing to sow good seed, both for prosperity to the state and to the church, without observing the time, maketh all good subjects to his majesty daily rejoice at your little, nay, no fear of these threats. *Simul cum mundo posuit Deus regnum et odium.* I humbly pray pardon for my boldness, and so do most humbly take leave.

Your honour's in all duty,

York, 15th May (1606).

JOHN BRISTOL.”\*

The following was written early in 1608, and serves to illustrate King James's peculiar generosity to his courtiers at the expense of his Catholic subjects, and his political prudence in granting preposterous sums of public money to his favourites, and in giving them special commissions to raise

\* British Museum, Additional Mss. 6178.

these sums for themselves ; wasting thereby three times more than he used, and carelessly transferring funds from the exchequer to the pockets of pilfering pursuivants and rascally agents.

“ Your honour may be pleased to understand that where one Davenport hath procured a special commission for himself and one other for 1200*l.*, to be raised out of the goods of recusants in Yorkshire, these are in duty to his majesty to certify you that this special commission will swallow up his majesty's benefit, intended and sought by the general. For where his majesty in his gracious goodness was pleased to give unto Davenport, his highness' footman, and to one other joined with him, 1200*l.* out of convict recusants' goods, such as they themselves should find, and whereof his majesty stood not before possessed, Davenport by Heaton's means (Heaton being allowed, as himself confessed to me, 200*l.* for his pains) putteth in, into the schedule of his commission, the names of divers recusants, and those of the richest, not which Davenport or Heaton found, but such as were and still are in the schedule of the general commission in my charge, even such to whom and to whose goods his majesty was before lawfully entitled, and for whom there was before commission granted for his majesty's benefit. But this is not all that I justly mislike. This last summer they skimmed and ran over all those recusants which by Heaton were put into the schedule, taken out (as I said) from the schedule of those already found for his majesty ; and they then found as much goods as were graciously given them, whereof some they seized, and the rest was and is for them to be levied by the sheriff ; but not content herewith, they now again have to their commission put a schedule of new names, yet of such as are also by Heaton taken from the general commission ; so as if they thus continue, there will be left for me but only the beggarly recusants, who are and will be clamorous. I humbly pray rather, that if his majesty will not tie them only to such recusants as themselves can find, not yet found, and [nor] already subject by name to the general commission for his majesty's behoof, that then his majesty would be pleased to allow them their grant as it shall arise by inquisition from the general commission. For I shall and will be answerable for all men's doings in the general ; but I find so many abuses in the execution of the special by Heaton and by his servants, that I have more than just cause to complain, as well against their corruptions and cruelty as against their wrongs and injustice, to the great dishonour of the present happy government. Wherein I am the more earnest for redress by your honour's means, seeing I have so many and such daily unanswerable complaints. Heaton did long time follow (before I had it) the execution of the general commission ; and finding that his unjust dealing would and needs must now come to light, he stirred up (that he might have dealing still) Davenport to be suitor. And verily I cannot deny but that Heaton for his skill and will might be an excellent instrument against recusants,

but it is impossible to keep him within bounds of honesty and justice. He sold the goods of one Stockdale for 150*l.*, and returned not into the exchequer four-score pounds to be allowed Davenport towards his sum ; the rest he kept to himself, and so doth and will do in all his dealings concerning recusants. But if Stockdale had been left to the general commission, Davenport might have had more money, and his majesty should have received the rest. If your honour speak with Heaton, he in his cunning will tell you many a fair tale ; but, believe me, he is not to be trusted ; I could exemplify this in many and too many particulars.

Furthermore, I pray your honour in your wisdom to consider the exceeding loss his majesty sustaineth touching recusants in these parts, for that his majesty's two parts are not let in lease to tenants yearly to yield a certain rent. It may be thought that I have long time spoken this for some respect to benefit myself, or to hinder others who seek benefit in their inferior places ; but I do disclaim mine own profit, and profess myself willing to hinder others' indirect doings, so as I might lawfully increase his majesty's coffers. Many leases of the best recusants are already let in lease to the recusants themselves, their lands being not valued to the fourth of their worth. Others unleased are left from time to time to the sheriff of the county to be extended according to the debt they owe, or at least to satisfy as far as the land will yield towards the debts they owe. And on this land the sheriff taketh distresses ; and in a year perhaps accounteth unto the exchequer 5*l.* taken by distress for 500*l.* in arrearages. Sometimes is returned nil. Much favour is showed, to the great prejudice of his majesty's due, which otherwise would easily be gotten ; and in many recusants and much land this cometh to a mighty sum in short time. If it please his gracious majesty to give to me and to others power to provide him tenants, and commission to let them leases, I doubt not but his certain revenue will be increased many thousand pounds in these parts. And herein can be no deceit when others joined with me will and may oversee my doings, for I will be sure to look to theirs. And he that will deceive King James or wrong his subjects, I wish him for my part no living subject to the king, but a halter for his reward. No officer in the exchequer will, I think, dislike my motion ; for I know the better sort are very honourable and void of covetousness and corruption, and the inferiors shall and may have all due fees paid for passing every lease, as well as their superiors. And for this will I be accountable every term to them. Otherwise, all things still standing as they now do, I shall grow weary of finding, when I find much and his majesty findeth but little fruit of my labours. I hope, therefore, and for that so earnestly pray your honour to have consideration of the two parts of this my letter, too long, but not without need, very true, and needing your help. And so I take leave.

Your honour's to be commanded,

York, 26th Feb. [1607-8].

JOHN BRISTOL."\*

\* Lansdowne Mss. 153, fol. 303.

Is this the letter of an honest man? Surely his vision of other men's knavery is too clear for any other than a knave's eye. His touching complaint, that there will be nothing left for him but beggarly recusants, indicates something deeper than a mere ministerial and disinterested agency in carrying out an abstract law; while his attempts to prove that he cannot intend to deceive, because others are joined with him to oversee his doings, show either folly or a dishonest intention. It is precisely the same argument that pious director of the Royal British Bank might have used to swindle the shareholders. Experience shows that rascals use, and doubtless used in the 17th century, to hunt in packs.

The following extract from another letter, dated Feb. 3d, 1608, shows to what great amounts these partial commissions sometimes extended:

"And where it hath pleased his most excellent majesty (as I am informed) to give to the Earl of Montgomery 20,000*l.* of arrearages, accounting to his majesty's use a moiety of what is recovered from any or all the recusants throughout the realm; and where it is said here, that presently, after the term, cometh down into this country commission specially for that purpose, and that Heaton, who first set his lordship on work to beg this grant, shall and will follow the execution of that commission in these parts. These are to assure your honour, that besides the cruel and corrupt dealings of Heaton, to the dishonour of his majesty's commission, and unjust oppression of many, not only recusants, but sometimes good subjects, there will and needs must, in the execution of that special commission, be a confused and disordered proceeding with the general, or rather against the general commission, and to his majesty's great prejudice as well in profit as otherwise, except they only which manage the general commission have also the special commission committed to their trust and faithfulness. For my part, I speak not against the benefit of my Lord Montgomery, nay, I would and will by all means further it—obliged to his house by a gift of one thousand pounds at least from his honourable father. But *Amicus Cato*, (*sic*) *amicus Socrates, magis amica veritas*. It were fit therefore, in mine opinion, that where this province is not the third part of his grant, that his lordship might rather receive from these parts in certainty 3000*l.*, as from time to time it shall be sent to the exchequer from hence, yet not this all at once; but the one moiety being reserved to his majesty, the other might be paid to his lordship. And in this course, if commission might be granted, as is proposed in beginning of this my letter, quick payment would be made to his lordship for the third part accruing from these parts, and the rest he might make up in the province of Canterbury."\*

After this exhibition of John Thornborough's single-

\* Lansdowne Mss. 153, fol. 305.

mind service of Mammon, our readers will be glad to hear how well Mammon served him. We first find him as a demy of Magdalen College, Oxford; then chaplain for some time to the Earl of Pembroke, who "first planted him in the Church of Christ" by presenting him to a living in Wiltshire (for our friend does not seem to have had any notion that baptism, or education, or his Anglican orders, constituted any such "planting;" for him from the very first there was no "godliness" but "gain"); then chaplain to the queen; soon after devouring two rectories, a prebendal stall, and the deanery of York. Then, in 1593, made Bishop of Limerick (holding still all his other preferments). In 1603, advanced by the moribund Elizabeth, in consequence of his services against the Irish, to the bishopric of Bristol, with which he still retained his deanery. Then, in 1616, promoted from this poor see to that of Worcester; where he stuck pertinaciously for a quarter of a century, surviving several who had expected to succeed him, outliving three deans, all his prebendaries, two archdeacons, two commissaries, and well-nigh outliving his bishopric itself; and dying in 1641, aged 94 years. After his promotion to Worcester, though he seems to have got too old for the excitements of recusant-hunting, he could not abandon that pursuit to which this had always been subservient, the pursuit of gold. This unquenchable thirst he sought to satisfy by the assistance of the black arts of alchemy and magic. At no time did this foolish imposture flourish more, or in higher places, than when King James was burning old women for witches all over the country. But what was damnable in a poor old hag, was commendable in a rich old bishop; and the work which he published on gold-making and the philosopher's stone was recommended on the title, not only for its science, but for its piety.\* We should naturally expect that one whose dealings with the devil were of so intimate a nature would be possessed with a corresponding hatred of the sign of our redemption. It is therefore without surprise that we learn from Richard Baxter† that the bishop always baptised without the sign of the cross.

But the Pantheon of John Thornborough's deities contained other gods besides Mammon; and his ill-disguised love of gold was not the worst feature in the character of this plunderer of Papists. In a work of Sir John Harrington, written for the private use of Henry Prince of Wales soon

\* *Λιθοθεωρικός*. Sive nihil, aliquid, omnia, in gratiam eorum qui artem auriferam physico-chemice et pie profitentur. Oxon. 1621.

† Penitent Confession, p. 10.

after 1608, and published in 1653, we find the following hints of a scandal connected with the divorce and remarriage of this estimable prelate :

" Bristol\* being a bishopric of the later erection, namely, but sixty-six years since, no marvel it never had any bishop thereof canonised for a saint, yet it cannot be denied since to have had one holy man ; and, if marriage with a bishop might make them holy, it hath had also in his short time more than one holy woman. I spent a roving shaft on Fletcher's† second marriage ; I would I could as well pluck the thorn of Dr. Thornbury's first marriage out of every man's conscience that has taken a scandal of his second. For my part, whatsoever I think in private, it becomes us not to judge our judges. The customs and laws of some countries differ from others, and sometimes are changed and mended in the same, as this case of divorce is most godly reformed in ours. . . . But it was the Bishop of Limerick in Ireland, and not the Bishop of Bristol in England, that thus married. What, doth this lessen the scandal ? I suppose it doth. For I dare affirm, that most of that diocese are so well catechised, as they think it as great a scandal for their bishop (yea, rather greater) to have one wife as to have two. . . . But setting aside this misfortune rather than fault, which, if God and the king pardon him for, who shall impute to him ? For other matters I have reason‡ to think him and his in God's and the king's favour."

The knight's vindication of the bishop's double marriage is excessively amusing : it was done while he was an Irish bishop, and his flock there was quite as much scandalised at his having one wife as two. Hence, of course, a Protestant bishop, *in partibus infidelium*, that is, in Popish countries, may have a whole harem of wives if he is so inclined. We do not know that this doctrine goes much beyond Dr. Colenso's canons for his flock at Natal. But to return to Thornborough. We have in our hands the copy of a letter dated April 8th, 1599, from the Archbishop of York to Robert Cecil, which clothes this scandal in much more vivid colours than Sir John Harrington ventures to use. It is a letter we do not like to publish, because of the cynical simplicity with which matters that are usually concealed are handled, though the writer is an archbishop, the subject a bishop, and the person addressed that luminary of the English Church, Sir Robert Cecil. The

\* Sir J. Harrington, *Brief View of the State of the Church of England*, p. 156.

† Bishop of London, and father of the dramatic poet. He fell into disgrace with Elizabeth on his second marriage, but was soon able to regain her favour.

‡ The reason was, that he escaped with his life when a house where he was sleeping fell. But in all cases of witchcraft the devil is known to take care of his own. As you can't make a witch sink, so you probably can't smash a wizard, especially an episcopal one.

archbishop acknowledges the receipt of Sir Robert's letter containing the queen's directions for the well-using of "my lord of Limerick," which he promises to attend to, both for the queen's sake, and for the cause of religion, which has received some disgrace by his unfortunate marriages, especially the last, which is flat contrary to her majesty's ecclesiastical laws, and much disliked by most of the clergy. It appears that, having divorced his former wife, he proceeded to marry another woman, who, according to strict morality, ought to have been somebody's wife before the period of the divorce. Of course, the presumption was, that the expected child was his; yet he protested, on his salvation, that it was not so. "Which, if it be true (and I hope the best)," says the writer, "then, in my judgment, *in foro conscientiæ*, this his marriage is lawful." In this delightful dilemma between two infamies we will leave John Thornborough, the pillar of Protestantism, and the invoker of the law against the marriages of Catholics.

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## SEYMOUR'S CURSE;

OR,

## THE LAST MAN OF OWSLEBURY:

A Legend of Edward the Sixth's Reign.\*

BY CECILIA CADDELL.

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It was towards the close of a lovely day in June, and the sun, which had shone throughout the entire afternoon with unwonted brilliancy and power, was now stooping towards

\* [We have more than once on previous occasions alluded to the difficulties we feel in meeting the wishes of a body of readers so miscellaneous as the subscribers to the *Rambler*. Perhaps there is no other periodical in existence which counts among its friends so great a variety of tastes and opinions, both literary, political, and theological. Consequently we have, from our first year of existence, found it at times difficult to vary the subjects of our papers sufficiently to please all our readers, at least in some degree. Our greatest difficulty of all has been to decide the question of "fiction" or "no fiction," so as to meet the wishes of all parties as agreeably as possible. At one moment we hear nothing but a chorus of, "Pray give us no more stories;" but then bursts in, from the most unexpected quarters, an antagonistic protest, loud and frequent, against their omission. So as to their quality: what one person finds intolerably tedious, another reads with great interest and relish. In fact, we find, as in most matters

the west; reluctantly, one might almost have fancied, judging by the showers of soft and golden light which he was scattering far and wide over the world he was about to leave in darkness, as a token of farewell.

The white tombstones and mossy greensward of the churchyard of Ingford caught many a gleam of his departing glory; and the grand old yew-tree, which stood nearly in the centre,—the grand old yew-tree, with its green and glossy branches,—looked in the glowing atmosphere as if it had been wrought by some cunning artist out of a mass of precious metals—a mingling of gold and bronze. The workmen had already left the fields, and the village children had drawn nearer to the shelter of their several homes, for the indulgence of their evening pastimes; so there was no one to mark the beauty of the scene save one; and he, as he reclined upon the old stone-seat, which was set around the yew-tree, and which for ages had been the rostrum from whence the Ingford patriarchs had dispensed their gossip and their wisdom, seemed occupied with other and far less lightsome subjects of meditation.

Young as he evidently was, the fashion of his dress betokened that he was already in holy orders, and his face was one of singular beauty; being, for a man's, refined and delicate even to a fault; the soft hair clustering on a forehead trusting and candid in its expression as that of infancy; while the straight pencilled brows, and the stedfast look of the eyes that shone beneath them, betrayed a soul that for strength and nobleness of purpose might seldom find its equal. We have said that he appeared pre-occupied, and, in fact, he held a book in his hand, upon which his eyes were intently fixed; albeit once or twice he raised them anxiously towards the path which led from the village, as though he were expecting some one that way. But these distractions were evidently involuntary; for the wandering glances were speedily recalled, and settled even more earnestly than before upon the subject of his studies.

"This for my father, that for my brother!" cried a young girl, springing suddenly through the thick branches of

in this life, that we are driven to a sort of compromise, which we can only trust will be accepted by all our friends as the best practicable solution of the difficulty. We propose, therefore, not to exclude fiction absolutely and in every shape, but, at the same time, to introduce it so sparingly, that its most determined opponents will not, we hope, object to its introduction for the sake of other tastes besides their own.

The present tale, which is literally founded on historical fact, will be concluded in about four numbers, and is from the pen of an accomplished authoress long known among Catholic writers.—*Ed. Rambler.*]

the tree, and imprinting her rosy lips first on the hand and then on the forehead of the student who sat beneath it. Thus gently admonished, he looked up, and his eyes met those of a fair maiden, who could scarcely have numbered more than sixteen summers yet, and who was gazing with a pretty mixture of love and reverence into his uplifted eyes. They were brother and sister—it was impossible to doubt it; for the face of each was as the reflection of the other's, with only just so much of difference as might have been expected from the several circumstances of their age and sex, and necessarily opposite positions in life. Both possessed features cast in a mould of Madonna-like grace and beauty; but the expression of hers was more tender and more gay, of his more grave and more resolved. Her hair clustered in golden ringlets on her shoulders; his, as soft and golden, was cut away in a fashion better suited to the gravity of his profession. Her eyes reflected the blue heavens above her; and, like them, seemed ready alike for sunshine and for shower. His had caught the deeper tint of the violet, and wore something of that far-off look which betrays a soul more conversant with the things of eternity than with those of time. In her joyous timid ways, she reminded you of a young fawn, willing to play, yet fearful of offending; and careless, as yet, of aught beyond the passing joy or sorrow of the hour; while, on the contrary, a shade of thought, so deep as to be almost sadness, seemed to tone down all his looks and words, rendering the playfulness of his natural manner, whenever it was still exerted, inexpressibly touching to those who were its objects. In a moment the two, as we have described, stood gazing into each other's eyes,—a questioning thoughtful gaze, as if neither was certain of the feelings of the other; and once more it was the young girl who broke the silence by saying softly,

“Brother once, and now father and brother both in one, an if I ask thy paternal blessing on my bended knees, surely thou wilt not refuse it to thy poor sister, Bernard?”

“No blessing of mine dost thou need, dear child,” replied the priest. “Already thou hast, I trust, the two best blessings that heaven could give thee, innocence and a godly spirit; and with these in thy possession, thou needest no blessing of thy unworthy brother.”

“Nay, but in sooth,” replied the girl, “methinks, dear Bernard, that I need a higher blessing still, even the grace of perseverance, which alone can make the two thou hast already named to bear me triumphantly over the fiery trials of this bad world we live in.”

“And perseverance surely Heaven will give thee also, my

sister and my daughter," rejoined the youthful ecclesiastic, laying his hand, for the first time, on the head of his fair sister, as one who was about to invoke a blessing on her,—  
"will grant thee surely, Amy, so only that thou dost ask it daily."

"I do hope it may be even as thou sayest, Bernard," she replied, in a faltering voice, and bending her head yet lower than was needed to the gentle pressure of his hand.

"Hope it," he repeated, answering rather to her manner than to her words. "Nay, my sister," he continued, in a voice that but for its affectionate anxiety might have sounded stern, "so long as thou dost pray for perseverance, of a verity thou mayest feel certain of persevering."

"Alas, and how shall we be certain of that, or of aught else besides," she answered sadly; "since these be days when religion is for ever on the change, from the fashion of the priestly garment even to the gravest doctrine the priest himself is commissioned to announce? To-day we hold one thing, yestere'en we held somewhat else; how, then, can we be certain of that which we shall be called to maintain upon the morrow?"

"Amy," replied her brother, bending his dark eyes upon her, with a look beneath which her own less earnest glances always fell, "at least we know that which we ought to maintain; albeit we may not be certain of having courage to do so. But let me understand thee. For this day at least thou art willing to abide by the faith our fathers held? Is it not so, my child, my sister? Answer without reserve, I pray thee."

"In sooth, my brother," replied the girl, shrouding beneath a playful quibble the real difficulty that she perhaps felt in answering, "it were needful, before I answer that question, to make me comprehend to which of our fathers, and to which of their creeds, thou wouldst have me so unreservedly to pledge my soul. Is it to the faith of Somerset? or the late Protector? or to that of the boy King Edward? or of the German monk? or of our own King Harry? whose soul God rest! And if it be none of these, tell me, I pray thee, if thou canst, how is a poor maid like me to choose amid such various speculations; seeing that what to day is put forth for our belief and reverence, to-morrow we may be prisoned or yet worse handled for maintaining?"

"A certain proof," replied her brother gravely, "that such doctrines be not of God, but of man alone; sith that which God teaches must needs be as unchanging as Himself; while the spirit of man, like his fleshly covering, is ever

subject to variations from the cradle to the grave. But thou notest well, for all thy merry jesting, that which I would say to thee. Thou notest well that the faith of which I speak is the faith our fathers held before Harry himself was in this life, or the proud England over which he ruled had a place among the nations;—even that time-honoured faith which Peter set up in the most ancient capital of the world, and of which I, albeit unworthy, am an anointed priest.”

Amy did not answer; but she sank instead from the old stone seat upon which she had been reposing until she was half-kneeling at her brother's feet, and, as her head drooped lower and lower still, he felt her hot tears falling on his hand.

“Answer me, Amy,” he continued, finding she remained mute. “Surely, my sister, thou dost hold (even as thou wert taught in childhood) all that the Catholic Church commands thee to believe?”

“Alas, brother,” replied Amy in a smothered voice, “there be churches enow now-a-days to puzzle wiser heads than the one that God hath put on these poor shoulders; and sith there be good men in all religions, surely all in their measures must needs have the elements of goodness in them?”

“None are good but only one,” replied the young priest sternly; “and wherefore, O my sister, if it be not because Christ Himself hath said by His own lips and His Apostles, ‘One faith, one baptism; and he that is not with Me is against Me.’ That baptism, thou hast had it; and that faith, thou dost hold it still? Answer me without evasion, I entreat thee.”

“Yes, my brother, I do believe,” replied Amy faintly. “I do believe; but—”

“But what?” rejoined her brother, seeing that she paused. “Speak frankly, Amy; for how shall I hope to aid thee if I know not the nature of thy feelings?”

“But I am sore afraid to say so. There thou knowest all now. And thou art not angry with me, brother, art thou?”

“Angry with thee, poor dove, why should I? Yes, thou art sore afraid, I can well believe it, Amy. And thy faith too is perchance perplexed by these unhappy disputations with which men do agitate their brain withal; and so thy soul has become all too weak to soar at once to the Sun of Justice, regardless of the human impediments that may meet it on the way.”

“Nay, but I am right glad that thou art not angered against me, Bernard,” cried Amy, with an air of childish relief at having escaped an anticipated scolding. “And so

now will I e'en make a clean breast of it, and tell thee how it has been with me this many a day, that is to say, ever since thou didst leave us to betake thee unto foreign parts; but yet think not so ill of thy poor Amy as to suppose she really has abandoned the religion of her childhood. No, dear Bernard; for now as ever the same faith unites us twain, but with this difference, indeed, that while thine has been strengthened by the studies needed to fit thee for thy calling, mine, on the contrary, has been, as thou hast rightly said it, perplexed and weakened amid discussions that made the brain grow dizzy and the heart at times to palpitate with fear. Yes, verily I may say with fear; for Katherine, as thou knowest, is of a high and exacting humour, and never doth she show it more than when I have dared to maintain mine own religion against hers."

"Katherine, ay Katherine indeed," repeated Bernard, a shadow passing over his candid brow. "Katherine is older than thou art, hath twice thy wit and cunning too, my gentle Amy; and therefore I would not have thee to dispute too freely with her on a subject far too subtle for either of your women's wit to grasp at safely."

"Yet hath Katherine a wondrous eloquence when she addresses her to the subject, brother. Albeit it sometimes seems to me as if she were urged to speak less for the love she bears her own religion, than for the mislike in which she holdeth ours. And, wouldst thou believe it? she will not even name thee since thou hast turned thee to holy orders. The other day I did but mention that I had seen thee, and instantly her brow grew dark as midnight, and methinks I detected even a muttered oath upon her lips. But what hast thou here?" Amy interrupted herself to ask, as she stooped to pick up the book, which, by a sudden movement of his hand, Bernard had let fall that moment. "A breviary; and that minds me of another thing. It is to the church of Owslebury thou hast been appointed rector by the Lord Bishop of Winchester, is it not, Bernard?"

"Amy, it is even so."

"And hast thou forgotten, or didst thou ever know, that this same church of Owslebury, with the lands pertaining to it, forms a portion of the manor of Twyford, ceded by the present Bishop Poynt to the king, and by the latter to our cousin Sir Henry Seymour, whose lady-mother hath nurtured our childhood."

"Amy, I do know it, and I have not forgotten. But I do remember also that Poynt is an interloper in the diocese, and that I hold the living of Owslebury from Gardner, the

only bishop of Winchester my conscience will permit me to accept of."

"Our cousin Henry hath a strong will and a grasping mind," said Amy, in a low voice; "and mistress Katherine, who seems to mislike thee much, though wherefore I scarce can tell—" Amy broke off in the middle of her speech; for this time her quick eye had caught the shadow which the bare mention of the name of Katherine had called more than once already to the young priest's brow.

"Katherine? and what of Katherine?" her brother asked, observing that she paused.

"Katherine! I do hope I wrong her not, Bernard; but yet sometimes my mind misgives me that she urges our cousin unkindly in this business of the manor, which he declares to be so much his lawful right, that he would claim it of thee, wert thou already on the altar-steps for the celebrating of the service."

"Then let him come to the altar-steps and claim it," replied her brother shortly. "Thou canst tell him so, an thou list, dear Amy. It will be no more than I have already told him on arriving in the parish."

"Thou hast said it to him?" cried Amy, in a voice of terror. "But dost thou not know that through his favour with Northumberland he is all-powerful just now at court, and therefore free to put upon thee any vengeance he may please for this opposing of his wishes."

"So much likewise I do know, my Amy, ay, and somewhat more besides. Nathless, so long as the good and learned Gardner lives, none other may claim the right of appointment to the lands in question; nor can I in conscience ever wink at Sir Henry's illegal appropriation thereof."

"It is Katherine who hath put him on this notion," said Amy, in a tone as if she fain would have excused Sir Henry at the expense of the damsel named; "she hath a strange hankering, has Kate, after this poor manor of Twyford; and though, as I think, he doth not affect her greatly, yet hath she also a wondrous power to influence the Seymour in his actions."

"I know not," the other thoughtfully replied, "whether in fairness this evil can be altogether laid to the promptings of mistress Katherine, seeing that Henry himself hath had from childhood a lusting after wealth and power, which can best be gratified in these unhappy times by the defrauding of the Church of Christ."

"Thou hast never cared for such things thyself, my brother; yet art thou as earnest to maintain thy claim upon the

lands which the bishop hath confided to thy keeping, as Henry can be to wrest it from thee," Amy observed, in a hesitating and doubtful manner.

"Because it hath been confided to my keeping, Amy; and that, not by the Lord Bishop Gardiner only, but by every one of those pious souls departed who have bequeathed their property to the good guardianship of the Church, less, as it might almost seem, for the due maintaining of her ministers themselves, than for that of every poverty-stricken wretch who dwelleth in the parish."

"And there be many such about just now," said Amy; "scarce a day, indeed, doth pass that I meet them not in my daily walks, all torn and wretched, and wanting (so they tell me) in the merest necessities for the preserving of their lives."

"Thou wilt not be troubled by their complaints much longer, Amy," replied the young priest sadly; "for even now, as I am informed, the Lords and Commons have put forth a law, by which any man found loitering three days on the highways shall be branded with the letter V upon his breast, and, with an iron ring around his leg, be compelled to serve as a very slave (and liable to the scourge) the caitiff who hath informed against him."

"Ah me, what a cruel law!" sighed Amy. "And dost thou mean, my brother, that women and little children,—for there do be even more of them than of the stronger sex abroad,—dost thou mean that they also be held subject to this so barbarous a statute?"

"I know not, my sister, but I can guess; for the law of this once so generous land knows now no difference of age or sex in regard to its decrees. And bethink thee, Amy, they who have devised this monstrous law are the very men who have made it needful, by dividing among themselves the substance that would have more than satisfied the requirements of the mendicant. Bethink thee well of this, and thou wilt no more find cause to wonder that I, a priest of the living God,—of a God, too, who looks with an especial love upon the lowly and the poor,—should refuse to wink at any measure that tends even indirectly to expose their persons to such cruel and unchristian handling."

"A priest of the living God!" repeated Amy, as if that word alone had struck upon her ear; "how passing strange that soundeth,—that thou, who art but a few years older than myself, and with whom I have played so familiarly in my childhood,—that thou shouldst be a priest of the living God! Brother, there is something surely most awful in the thought!"

"Hardly so awful to thee as it is to me, my Amy ; for I best know mine own unworthiness ; and while I look upon the mirror of my soul, darkened as it is by sin and weakness, I tremble to think that for the due fulfilment of mine holy office it ought to be even as a cloudless sea, reflecting in the eyes of my people the purity and perfections of the Almighty Father Himself."

"A priest of the living God !" Amy again repeated, her mind still clinging to the epithet which had so forcibly struck her imagination. "And thou hast sung the Mass already, Bernard ?"

"But once," replied the young priest, voice and eye both thrilling and brightening in his deep emotion. "But once have I stood before the altar ; but once have I called upon my God to render obedience to the voice of His weak and lowly creature ; but once, dear Amy, once ; and thou mayest believe me, it was a wondrous moment,—so wondrous, that even now my soul is thrilling in awe to think of the mystery that was then accomplished, and of mine own unworthiness to be its agent."

"Thou shalt tell me of it, brother," said Amy, sinking quietly on her knees beside him, with such a look as a child might have given while listening to the exhortations of its mother ;—"thou shalt tell me of it ; for thou alone of all I listen to dost seem to have a certain rule and knowledge of the faith thou holdest ; and gladly in thy faith would I strengthen mine. Thou shalt tell me, then, all that thou wert feeling in the awful moment of the consecration."

"Would that I could, my sister ; for then wouldst thou easily acquire a faith strong as was that of the holy maiden Agnes, who, ere she yielded her to the headsman's axe, did seek in the Sacrament of Life so to renew her strength, as that the blood of her Master might banish the pallor of natural fear from her cheeks. Would, indeed, that thou couldst feel as I felt then when I stood at the altar,—a weak and sinful mortal, with men whom I knew to be far less sinful than myself beside me, and the angels around me, hanging as it were in breathless suspense upon my words, and the majesty of God Himself suspended above my head, and waiting on my bidding ; or, as I felt later still, when the word of power had passed my lips, and the King of heaven and earth, obedient to the mandate, came forth from the angelic choirs to place Himself in my hands, and I stood there, rapt, entranced, and overshadowed by the very presence of the Godhead ;—heart and soul and body bowed down before Him in love and adoration more profound than if He had come, as He did to the

Israelites of old, in visible clouds of fire. Yea, my sister, more profound and prostrate far; for, believe me, God is most awful when He seems most lowly; and never have we greater need to tremble than when He comes to us in the hour of His condescension."

"Thy words find an echo in my soul, dear brother; would that I had been there beside thee! And this was thy first Mass, Bernard? Now tell me, I pray thee, of thy second."

"I have not said it yet, dear Amy; the rather that I have reserved it for the church to which henceforth my life will be devoted,—my bride, my spouse, my only love!—the little poor church of Owslebury, which is none the less dear to me for the knowledge that there were our parents conjoined in holy wedlock; and there they ever worshipped; and to its baptismal font they carried me first, and afterwards their little Amy, that we might be made the children of that great mother for whose faith both of them since have suffered, and one, indeed, has died."

"But thou wilt not go there to-morrow," whispered Amy; "O my brother, thou wilt not surely go there so soon?"

"And wherefore not, sweet Amy? Is not to-morrow the Sabbath-day? and while my people are pining for the bread of life, shall I, their pastor, refuse to break it to them? Surely thou canst never wish to burden my conscience with so great a sin?"

"But, Bernard, I would fain remind thee,—and yet surely thou must already be acquainted with the prohibition which the late Protector issued anent the celebration of the Mass—"

"That priests should no longer use the Latin missal; but should do the service (such as they have made it) out of the new-fangled compilation which Lords and Commons—inspired, they would fain force us to believe, by the Holy Spirit—thrust instead upon the altar."

"An if thou knowest so much," resumed the girl, "thou needest not my telling as to the penalties that are attached to thy disobedience."

"I know, my sister,—a fine, ruinous even to a rich man, for the first offence; life-long imprisonment for the third."

"This prohibition hath had effect already in all the churches of the land," said Amy; "only Owslebury hath been excepted by reason of the death of the last incumbent, after that the Lord Bishop of Winchester had been sent to prison; and until thy coming, brother, none other had there been appointed in his stead."

"All this I know already, Amy; though I cannot guess whither thy words are tending."

"Sir Henry will be there to-morrow, and doubtless will gladly seize on an excuse so goodly as this open violation of the law will give him to avenge his quarrel concerning the manor of Twyford on thee. Now, if thou wouldst but wait even one little month, my Bernard, his anger might pass away; or some other chance might interpose between you twain; or—who can say?—my influence, if once fairly put in competition, might be found to outweigh even that of Mistress Katherine herself, and might induce him to surrender this his so unhappy claim on the just properties of the Church."

"And for so poor a chance as this, thou wouldst have me lapse for an entire month in my bounden duty as a priest. Bethink thee, Amy, to what a deed thine own tenderness would commit thy brother; and remember that the Good Shepherd giveth his life for his flock, while the hireling seeth the wolf and fleeth."

"Life!" repeated Amy, with a shudder. "An you love me, brother, say not that so fearful word again; nor, in sooth, is it suitable to thy case at all, seeing that in this new law, however otherwise hard and cruel, there is naught that toucheth the life of the transgressor."

Bernard paused a moment ere he answered. He was, in fact, weighing in his own mind the various chances for him and against him. He knew far better than Amy could how much the life of any man found in open violation of the most trivial ordinance concerning the Church, as it was then by law established, was at the mercy of those who were interested in rendering that Church triumphant. He knew also that Sir Henry had friends among the men just then in power who would gladly bear him scatheless through any deed of darkness against a priest of the ancient Church that it might suit him to accomplish; and he knew besides, for certain, that of which Amy had but a vague suspicion, namely, that the influence of a clever and vindictive woman was at that very moment engaged in working out his ruin—even that same Mistress Katherine whom his sister Amy had so often mentioned, and who, being first cousin to Sir Henry, and niece, of course, to the Lady Seymour, under whose guardianship his own childhood and that of Amy had been passed, possessed opportunities for the purpose of which she was not likely to be either slow or scrupulous in availing herself.

"In troth, my sister," he said at length, willing to allay, at any rate for the time being, her evident anxiety, "it was but a braggart trick of mine to talk of life-risk, seeing that,

as thou sayest, no such penalty is attached to the infringement of this law."

"But it does attach a prison to it," murmured Amy. "And woe is me! few there are come forth to freedom who once have entered the prisons of this so ill-named merrie England. It does attach a prison to it, brother. And how may I walk the earth in freedom while thou art pining in a life-long dungeon?"

"Nay, an it should be even as thou sayest, Amy," replied the young priest, with a smile that was well-nigh seraphic in beauty of expression,—“an it be as thou sayest, my chain shall rivet thy loose wavering faith; and in my blood, if my blood perchance should flow, thy soul shall renew its youth till it soar like an eagle to the very sun!”

"Again, brother, thou talkest in that so fearful strain, as if thou wert already a martyr in prospect or desire. But, beshrew my memory—I had well-nigh forgotten!—the Lady Seymour, when she found I was about to seek thee here, charged me with a billet, of which she made some mystery; bidding me look to it well, and not deliver it until very certainly thou and I were alone together."

"The Lady Seymour! A good and noble-minded lady," said Bernard reverently; "though she too, alas, hath somewhat drunk from the poisoned well-spring of religious controversy. Ntheless hath she, howbeit in other things misguided, such a native rectitude of soul about her, as that it contents me much to feel that, whatever may betide thy brother, thou at least art safe in her maternal care; feeling, as I do, well assured that she never will in aught compel thee against thy conscience or thy wishes."

"Thou hast forgotten her epistle in this enumeration of her merits, brother," Amy hastily broke in, a sudden blush suffusing her face even to the temples. And thus admonished, Bernard broke the string, and ran his eye over the unfolded paper, while his young sister watched him with an anxiety she had no power to conceal.

"What says the noble lady?" she at last ventured to ask, seeing that his eye had reached the last line of the written page, and that he had folded it up and put it in his vest with the air of one who had forgotten her very presence in the deep thoughts that its contents had awakened.

"What says she, Amy?" he answered, rousing himself from his reverie,—“what says she? Naught but what is good and kind, in that most resemblant to herself. She says that she hath ever loved thee as a child, for the sake of the friend who in thy infancy confided thee to her keeping. Nay,

she doth also hint, my sister, that she would rejoice to have thee for her daughter by another and yet firmer title; albeit she never will permit Sir Henry or any other to trouble thee or constrain thy feelings."

"Constrain them," murmured the young girl softly. "Brother, I have concealed naught from thee; and thou knowest that to wed Sir Henry would not be altogether to constrain them."

She hid her face in her hands as she made this half-avowal, and so she could not see the look of loving pity which her brother cast upon her; just such a look it was as a guardian-angel might have bent over the weak and erring mortal committed to his keeping.

"Thou hast hinted to me so much already; and I thank thee for thy candour, mine own Amy. But alas that it should be so indeed, or that I should have been powerless to prevent this long residence under the same roof with one whose wild and lawless character,—whose faithless desertion of the religion of his fathers,—whose reckless ambition, and whose rapacious grasping at the property of the Church, forebodes little happiness to the woman whose fate shall be linked with his. Strange, that in all my fears and anxieties for thee, never did this one evil present itself to my imagination; nor for a moment did I dream, when setting forth on my travels for the eternal city, that I had left thee at the side of one who, in part at least, had power to rob thee of thy peace of mind ere I should again behold thee."

"The Lady Seymour has ever said,"—here Amy interposed, replying in true woman fashion first to the attack upon her lover's character, and doing it in such a way as showed she yet retained some smothered hope within her bosom that her brother might be induced to alter his own opinion on the subject,—“the Lady Seymour has ever said, that she did look to her son's union with a woman who might rule him by his strong affections (and they are strong, Bernard, albeit perchance you do not think it) for the better and more decent ordering of his future life."

"An if his affection for his wife constrained him (though I greatly doubt it would) to do such violence to his lawless nature as the more decent ordering of his life would prove—still, Amy, still there would be his religion—the religion of interest and not conviction; still his unjust appropriation of the revenues of the Church, to mar and invade the sanctity of thy union. For O, believe me, my gentle sister, God's blessing never will descend upon the fruits of sacrilege; and children yet unborn there be who will mourn in bitter-

ness and grief of heart the day when their forefathers dared to lay sacrilegious hands upon the riches of the sanctuary."

"Alas, my brother, I also do believe it well," the young girl replied; and though he could not see her face, Bernard knew by the sound of her voice that she was weeping.

"Poor lamb," he murmured, "hard and cruel doth it seem to bid thee thus rudely put aside these first fair dawns of thy maidenly affections; and yet God is my witness that I would not grieve thee, Amy, if otherwise I could do my duty by thee; and yet still must I repeat, my sister, that if thou dost not stand firm and stedfast in this matter, thy life will be one long hopeless sacrifice to such an inauspicious union. But tell me, Amy, hath he not sought thine assent to his proposals yet more positively than erst since we two last spoke together on the matter?"

Amy nodded her head in token of assent; so he went on with earnest and evidently increasing anxiety:

"And thou, my Amy, hast thou had the fortitude to deny him—to say him nay; faithful to the promise my duty impelled me to demand of thee on that day when thou first didst breathe the secret of his as yet scarcely-avowed affections in mine ear?"

"Ay, brother, of a verity thou hast had thine own way in the ordaining of this matter," said Amy, both voice and manner tinged with the slightest possible shade of that bitterness which a woman can rarely choose but feel towards those who are crossing her path in love, even when reason acknowledges the rectitude of their motives,—“ay, brother, thou hast had thine own way, albeit he did swear (so solemnly, that, for the nonce at least, I could scarcely but believe him)—swear that he would turn him from his evil ways the moment thy poor Amy might be brought to look with favour upon his suit.”

"And said he naught of restoring the ill-gotten pelf by which he and his, taking undue advantage of the sore troubles of the Church, have contrived to enrich themselves withal?"

"In sooth, my brother, he did say naught like that," Amy answered frankly, albeit with some slight reluctance visible in her manner. "Rather he did maintain—and not without some show of reason, it almost seemed to me—that the Church being far too rich already for the well-being of the state, or even for the due maintenance of discipline among her own ministers, it became the bounden duty of our temporal rulers to relieve her of that superfluity of wealth which impugned her mission as the Church of a poor and suffering Saviour."

"And he hinted nothing, Amy, of the crowds of poor

*Seymour's Curse; or,*

who, at the convent-gate or the presbytery of the priest, were accustomed to seek for their daily bread? St. Mary aid them! but they might look for it long enow, I trow, at the hands of the steel-clad baron of Harry's reign, or the yet more heathen men of silk who flock to the court of Edward. But what answer hadst thou for this cunning sophist, Amy,—this great controvertist, who first invents his own objections, and then so wonderfully beats them to the ground?"

"Nay, my brother, I can hardly tell thee. But I spoke as the moment prompted; and all the more unkindly, I do fear me, for that I felt my heart inclining towards him, and I had to veil my real feelings from his knowledge."

"Now praise be to the blessed Mary that thou hast had such courage, Amy! And trust me, my gentle sister, however hard this trial may seem to thee in the present, the day will come—nay, perchance even it is not far distant—when thou wilt thank this sweet mother of the young and pure on thy bended knees, for that she obtained thee grace to do rightly in this matter. But how took he this denial of his suit, my Amy?"

"Not too kindly, as thou mayest imagine, Bernard. In good troth he was exceeding wroth, and did utter in his passion such hard and cruel things against thee, as that my heart was sore afraid; knowing how easily he might seize upon the pretext of thy intended violation of the law to-morrow to avenge him of his private wrongs, or that at all events which he holds as such."

"He will do that which God permitteth, Amy; just so much, and no more, can he or any other man against me. And I must e'en accomplish the duties of my so holy office; albeit, like Zacharias, I should be slain for it between the horns of the altar. This is only my devoir, as thou knowest, as the son and servant of holy Church our mother. But while I am thus ready for the fulfilment of mine, wilt thou not also, Amy, find courage to do thine as well, by continuing to shun all union with this man of sacrilege and bloody mind, even though thy brother be no longer at thy side urging thee to such denial?"

"Have I not already done so?" Amy asked reproachfully; "then wherefore dost thou doubt me, brother?"

"Because I know, dear child, that thy woman's heart is pleading much against thy woman's reason; and I fear me greatly that with thy sex the first-named too often hath the victory. Nay, my Amy, if thou wilt permit me so to say, I fear it all the more in thy case, because that thy faith too plainly has been weakened by the heretical associations amid which

thy life has perforce been spent ; and therefore do I much mis-doubt me that when I am no longer at thy side to prompt thee, thou wilt have the courage to adopt that line of conduct by which alone, in such evil times as these, the faith of a young and tender maiden can be preserved."

"My faith grows strong enough as I sit beside thee, Bernard ; for thy words are still the same ; and what thou hast said to-day I know thou wilt say on the morrow, and the next day too, if so be thou art called upon to speak it. But at Marwell it is altogether different ; and there I do confess to thee my mind doth often wander, and my fancy gets bewildered, amid the ever-new and ever-changing creeds of the guests who do come and go."

"Heed them not, I beseech thee, sister. But while they, like unruly swine, do toss the precious pearl of God's Word hither and thither with most irreverent facility, do thou remember that faith would not be faith if its dogmas were explainable by human reason. In what is the difference between the two, I pray thee, if it consist not in this : that by reason we hold fast to that which we see and comprehend ; while by faith we ascend yet higher, and learn to trust in God rather than ourselves, by the accepting of His word and wisdom in preference to our own ? But hark ! it is the Angelus. Wilt thou not say one *Ave* with me, Amy ?"

Even as he was speaking, he reverently uncovered his head, and brother and sister stood up to pray ; but long after the last words of the angelic salutation had died upon his lips, Bernard remained with his eyes upraised to heaven, and his hand pressed affectionately on Amy's head, as if in the depths and silence of his soul he were still recommending her to that sweet Virgin Mother in whose house the bells were chiming.

Amy's thoughts were the first to return to earth ; and as she glanced from the dark old yew-tree, with its tribute graves around it, up towards the smiling meadows, and rose and woodbine covered cottages of the pretty village on the hill, while her delighted ears drank in the sweet melody of the evening-bells, now dying away softly and tenderly in the distance, she could not refrain from murmuring, rather, however, to herself than to her brother :

"St. Mary, how sweetly do those chimes ring out ! Of a verity, Sir Henry said well the other evening, when he pronounced them the sweetest peal of bells the country around could boast of."

"Ay," replied her brother, his quick ear catching the last words of this soliloquy ; "but said he well, my sister, when he added, in private to his lady-mother, as she herself

hath lately told me, that such tones betokened a much mingling of silver in their composition; and that he would surely have the bells of Twyford in the smelting-pot ere long, for the sake of the precious metals which he counted on thereby extracting from their substance?"

"Did he say that?" cried Amy, in a tone of unfeigned vexation. "Now beshrew him for a rude barbarian, to think of destroying a peal that for ages hath been the pride of Twyford, and that even now, to my poor thinking, rings out the praises of the Blessed Mary sweeter than any lady in this land could sing them. Nay, Bernard, I could find it in my heart to hate him an he did such a malapert trick as that."

"Alack, my sister," replied the priest, "and hast thou ever thought to weigh the magnitude of even such a robbery as this with that which Sir Henry hath already done on the revenues of the Church?—revenues which she natheless held far less for the benefit of her clergy than for that of the parishes they served. A third for the poor, the widow, and the orphan; a third for the good ordering and repairing of the church; a third for the priest: it was so the mandate ran, until the robber-bands of Harry first, and now of Edward, diverted the stream from its destined course! Alas, alas, while thou art weeping for the bells of Twyford, because they made sweet music to thine ears, mine own are filled, and my heart is heavy, with the wail of those who from this day forth shall come to me for their daily bread; and I, their father by mine holy office, shall have none to give them!"

"Thou wert ever better than I, dear Bernard—more thoughtful, more steady to the rule that led thee, looking always to the real thing; while I went vainly dancing after shadows. But from henceforth thou shalt have no more need to complain of thy poor Amy; for I promise thee (father and brother both, as thou art, in one),—I promise thee most strict obedience; nor will I hold even the most trifling intercourse, if thou dost not wish it, with this greedy despoiler of Christ's cherished poor."

"It is well, my sister; and if I hold thee to this covenant, trust me, it will be for thine own sweet sake alone, and for the sake of no one else, I do so. Nor would I willingly have thee think, my Amy, that because I dwell mostly upon more weighty matters, I therefore look lightly on this unkindly robbing of our village-bells; the which, in sooth, I do love perchance even more than thou dost, sith they were the friends and companions of my childish years, long ere thou wert old enough to hold converse with me. Yea, in sooth, and I do yet remember me of many a fair and happy evening when I

did sit 'neath this old yew-tree, listening to their music, and musing all the while, in boyish fashion, on the time when I should follow Mary's footsteps by offering her Divine Son upon the altar, even as she did once (sweet mournful Mother that she was) from the rood where He was dying. But we have out-talked the very chimes; and methinks the shadows whisper it were time thou wert safely housed. Give my humble duty to the Lady Seymour, and—but tarry yet a moment; here is a paper on which I have set forth certain of my wishes with regard to thee, in case all things go not smoothly on the morrow. It is intended for her eye alone; wherefore see that none other be in presence when it is delivered to her. And now farewell, sweet child—a long farewell!—perchance for ever! Think sometimes of that weighty matter on which we have this day together taken counsel; and be sure that, whether in this world or in that better one towards which I trust we both are wending, my most earnest prayer shall be still for thee, that Christ and His dear Mother may love thee, and have thee in their holy keeping."

His voice was thrilling in his deep emotion as he uttered these few parting words; and he would have willingly moved away to hide such unusual agitation, had not Amy held him fast, exclaiming,

"In sooth, my brother, I *will* have thy blessing this time: twice, at any rate, thou shalt not defraud me."

Bernard looked for a moment, as if he were about to deny her; but when she knelt down before him, looking beseechingly into his eyes, he yielded as it were to an irresistible impulse of affection, first laid both hands upon her head, and then, murmuring a fervent benediction the while, he stooped to her fair uplifted brow, and impressed a kiss of brotherly and fatherly love upon it.

It was the last embrace brother and sister ever gave each other. When they next met—but we must not anticipate our story.

[To be continued.]

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## Review.

### THE KINGDOM AND PEOPLE OF SIAM.

*The Kingdom and People of Siam.* By Sir John Bowring, F.R.S., her Majesty's Plenipotentiary in China.

WHILE we write, the author of the volumes before us, Sir John Bowring, Knight, Doctor of Laws, Governor of Hong Kong, and her Majesty's Plenipotentiary in China, is undergoing, in all probability, a sharp and bitter lesson on the mutability of human friendships. Very likely he finds it even more difficult of digestion than the pinch of arsenic wherewith A-Lum, baker, of the flowery nation (O most ominous conjunction of name, trade, and country!), or one of his assistants, thought fit to season the hot rolls of the Fan-kwei, the foreign devils. A-Lum, we are told, as it seems in error, was to be sent to join his ancestors with Buddha by the exhibition of a dose of lead, in return for this patriotic administration of the more expensive metal; and no doubt time and the physician will, in due course, remove the painful effects of the attack on the stomach of the envoy; but the poison of the arrows winged by Sir John's own familiar friends will rankle for years in the core of his heart.

In that most august assemblage, the Commons of England, Heaven help the man who is down! and yet, to keep one's legs there, it needs all the dignity of Henry Drummond, the amenity of John Bright, the modesty of Cobden, the eloquence of Malins, the lucidity of Gladstone, the depth of Spooner, the straightforwardness of Disraeli, and the gravity of my Lord Palmerston, combined in one individual. But leave the House and the country, on a distant and most arduous mission, for which you fondly hope you have prepared yourself by years of study and labour; and no sooner shall your back be turned, than the Sir Benjamin Backbites and Mrs. Candours at Westminster will be nibbling at your reputation, sneering at your abilities, misconstruing your actions, and questioning your motives. Your honour will be as surely attacked in political coteries, as that of Diana herself at a tea-table of dowagers in a country-town. Unluckily for himself, poor Sir John forgot a threadbare axiom; the quondam secretary of the association for the manufacture and sale of peace neglected to prepare for the rivalry which was pretty sure to introduce a more stimulating article into the market he was

about to vacate. He little thought that, while he was (as yet) *not* bombarding Canton, his dearly-beloved fellow-Benthamites at home were bombarding him with every missile that would suit the calibre of their mortars; that while he was exchanging broadsheets, not broadsides, with dove-like Commissioner Yeh, he himself was being immolated as a sacrifice to an abortive party dodge. Well; it is the way of the world, which works out a rude sort of justice; and the literary potentate is not without his faults, so let it pass. *Revenons à nos moutons*; for we are not going to discuss the Chinese question.

Geography and the use of the globes (whatever that may be) are the special property of school-girls in the bread-and-butter stage of their existence. Ten to one, if an examination be instituted, which is a difficult matter, Miss Alicia shall make fritters of her great lout of a brother Tom, whose all-round collar and fluffy upper lip engage such small remnant of his brains as iambs and hexameters have left unaddled. We are free to confess, that as Alicia expands into crinoline and comes out, her geographical acquirements will collapse and go in; so that by the time she is in possession of a bunch of keys and a *ménage*, she will hardly remember more than enough to correct her pudding-head of a husband. But to nine men out of ten not engaged in Anglo-Indian commerce, the mention of Siam calls up nothing more than a hazy vision of white elephants and golden umbrellas, of diamonds and dark skins, abdominal crucial incisions and runnings "a-muck;" the "properties" supplied by a reminiscence of the *Island of Jewels* at the Lyceum, the locality "somewhere in the east." This is doing the kingdom of Siam great injustice. In the first place, it has a population more numerous than that of many European states of no small importance—at least in their own estimation; secondly, more happy than all the Russias in their possession of a single czar, it is governed by a couple of autocrats at a time, king first and king second, one single gentleman rolled into two; thirdly, it boasts "institutions" like the United and other highly civilised States,—for slavery exists with a systematised and extended organisation; fourthly, it rejoices in an intricate legislative code in no less than seventy volumes, as intelligible, probably, as the statutes at large; fifthly, it is happy in a state religion, which is perhaps not so very inferior to some others which are present to our mind's eye; sixthly, it has cultivated the theory and practice of taxation to a nineteenth-century pitch of perfection; and seventhly, and to conclude, it has just inaugurated the first instalment of a free-trade policy, under the auspices of the British envoy. Who shall

say, after such a catalogue, that its history, past, present, and to come, is not worth studying?

Sir John Bowring has, in truth, given us a very valuable and interesting work; not the mere record of a well-managed and successful endeavour to negotiate a treaty of commerce, but such a one, on the whole, as we had a right to expect from a man who has fairly earned a great reputation in the field of letters, and whose career hitherto, as a servant of the Government, has been by no means undistinguished in the annals of diplomacy. The first volume he devotes to the geography, history, government, and peoples of Siam and its dependencies; the second is principally occupied by an account of the various European missions which have from time to time attempted to communicate with its rulers, and by the personal narrative of his own visit, with the text of the treaty concluded by his means. To our taste, the first volume is the more interesting. The author's extensive reading has enabled him to digest the information to be found in former writers; and he has so freely availed himself of the permission given him by Bishop Pallegoix to make use of that prelate's *Description du royaume Thai ou Siam*, that Catholic readers can without difficulty apply a corrective where conclusions have been biased by his own political or religious opinions. Bishop Pallegoix may almost be said, in fact, to supply the backbone of the book.

The exact boundaries of Siam cannot be accurately defined, since they continually vary, as in most oriental states, with the chances of war; the sovereign governs "as much and as far as he is able." Its present length is about 1200 miles; its greatest breadth about 350. It exercises rights of vassalage over the whole district of Laos, the mountain tribes of the north and east portions of the Malay peninsula, and the kingdom of Cambodia. The latter sovereignty is also claimed by the emperor of Cochin China; and the Cambodian prince, unable to resist either of his powerful neighbours, pays tribute to both. Siam proper is a vast plain, watered by a noble river, the Meinam, or "mother of waters," which takes its rise in the mountains of Yunnan in China, and after a course of 800 miles, rolls a magnificent tide into the Gulf of Siam. This great valley is rich with alluvial deposit left by the annual inundation, which covers, possibly, an area of 12,000 square miles. Bangkok, the present capital, is situated on the banks of the river, and about thirty miles from the mouth. Ayuthia, the ancient seat of government, is considerably higher up. It was founded in 1351; and, from the abundance of its canals and palaces, was called by early travellers

the oriental Venice; but in 1751 was devastated by the Burmese; and the only visible remains are ruined temples hidden in the trees and jungle, which have buried them in the fantastic luxuriance of tropical vegetation. The modern city is mostly composed of floating dwellings, and contains not less than from twenty to thirty thousand inhabitants. Bishop Pallegoix visited the district above Ayuthia, but in the rainy season, when he found it little better than a desert, "a few huts by the side of the stream,—neither towns, nor soldiers, nor custom-houses." He made acquaintance, however, with a little family-party, consisting of a mandarin and his dozen wives; and the great man took the opportunity of seeking information about Christianity, which pleased him mightily, until he was told that the Catholic faith allowed but one wife, when he closed the controversy declaring *that* to be an impossible condition. In one of the villages a wife was pressed on a missionary; but finding the gift unacceptable, the lady was gallantly exchanged for two youths, who proved faithful servants. Accounts of the interior of Siam are necessarily fragmentary and imperfect; for the difficulties and embarrassments of travel are extreme amid its dense forests, where fire and hatchet alone can open a path: but still much that is valuable will be found in the bishop's *description*, and scattered in the *Annales de la Propagation*; the missionaries having penetrated in many directions. They bear testimony to the general excellence of the climate, which, for a tropical region teeming with vegetable life, and subject to periodical inundations, is decidedly salubrious. Notwithstanding its sovereign claims over many other dependent states, Siam itself pays nominal tribute to China, sending every three years an envoy to Peking; but the Chinese government interferes in no way with that of Siam, nor do the Chinese settlers enjoy any special privileges or immunities.

The Siamese begin their annals about five centuries before the Christian era, and place their ancestors among the first disciples of Buddha. Up to the founding of Ayuthia, traditional legends and fables take the place of history; but after that time, the succession of sovereigns and the course of events are recorded with tolerable accuracy. It appears a very difficult task to give the correct names of the kings, since the native authorities employ various designations, some of which are but vague enunciations of the royal rank; the Siamese theory being, that the name of a king is too sacred to be uttered. The prefix *Phra* is very usual. Sir John Bowring considers it to be derived from, or of common origin with, the "Pharaoh" of antiquity; and it is given in Siamese

dictionaries as synonymous with God, ruler, priest, teacher, being the word which to the popular mind expresses sovereignty and sanctity. From Bishop Pallegoix he translates a *Chronology of the Kingdom of Siam*, in two parts; the first entitled the *Annals of the Northern Kingdom*, which is the fabulous history from about the time of Buddha Phra Khôdom, to the founding of Ayuthia, or Iuthia; the second continues the narrative to the present day. The reigning "first" king is an English scholar, and indeed a person of great literary acquirements; and his notes on the bishop's performances (which of course are principally compiled from native authors) are worth quoting. The first part, he says,

"Is prepared and printed by Bishop Pallegoix, according to a book which he has read from one book of an author; but there are other books of the ancient Siamese histories which are otherwise, and which the Bishop J. Pallegoix does not know; but they are full of feable, and are not in satisfaction for believe."

Of the second he says :

"It was also prepared and printed by Bishop Pallegoix, according to the books written by a party of authors. There are other books and statements of old men said differently in other wise; but the reign and number of late kings very correct. All names of cities and place, and kings, very uncorrect, as they were got from corrupted sounds of pronouncing of Sanskrit of the ignorant teacher, and not accort the knowledge of literature in Siam. The teachers of the author are not persons of royal service, do not know the proper names of kings," &c.

The records themselves are thoroughly oriental in character, abounding in accounts of successive invasions of Burma, Pegu, Laos, and Cochin China, with the heavy retaliations exacted in turn; the whole varied by the usual intestine struggles for power, and the detail of cruelties practised on the vanquished. The last great expedition was made in the reign of the elder brother and predecessor of the present king, who ravaged the Laos country in 1828. The unhappy Prince of Laos fled to Cochin China; but was given up to "Phra Nang-klau chau yu Acca," the conqueror, who brought him to Bangkok, and put him in an iron cage, exposed to the burning sun. In the cage with him were placed "a large mortar to pound him in, a large boiler to boil him in, a hook to hang him by, and a sword to decapitate him; also a sharp-pointed spike for him to sit on. His children were sometimes put in along with him. He was a mild, respectable-looking, old, gray-headed man, and did not live long to gratify his tormentors." So much for the customs of war in

the eastern peninsula. A long letter, containing "the particular narrative, or ancient true occurrence, of the present dynasity reigning upon Siam," and written by the king himself at the request of Sir John Bowring, is well worth notice, both on account of its subject-matter, and as a specimen of the royal progress in the acquirement of European languages and ideas. It concludes, "My name in Siam is Phra Chowklau chau yu hua, and I bear the Sanskrit name as ever signed in my several letters S. P. P. M. Mongkut, incontract that are, Somdetch Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut, rex Siemensium." The Chinese records relating to Siam extend much farther back than any authentic records derivable from other sources; and Mr. Wade, the acting Chinese secretary to the superintendency, has supplied our author with a valuable contribution in the shape of an abstract. Possibly his readers will stop, as we did, and gasp for breath, when they come to a paragraph commencing thus: "In 1673, King Shānlitpaklapchiukulungpimahulukwansz sent tribute by way of Tagapuoi, and prayed that an officer should be despatched to invest him," &c. If the royal person at all accorded with the name, all the silk in China would hardly have sufficed for the purpose.

The population of Siam, according to Bishop Pallegoix, is about 6,000,000, thus composed :

Siamese proper (the T'hai race)	1,900,000
Chinese	1,500,000
Laosians	1,000,000
Malays	1,000,000
Cambodians	500,000
Peguans	50,000
Kareens, Hongs, &c.	50,000
	<hr/>
	6,000,000

This is only an approximation, being five times the amount of the official census, which includes neither old men, women, nor children. The population is probably nearly stationary, from various causes; the chief being the number of bonzes (or talapoins) living in celibacy, the fact that male slaves are not permitted to marry, and the prodigious portion of women who are childless in consequence of the practice of polygamy. The Chinese immigrants are nearly all males, a Chinese woman rarely leaving her country; and when they intermarry, the Chinese type predominates in the children. They preserve their own nationality and language, their own costume and religious usages, their own traditions and social organisa-

tion. Their active and business habits tell strongly in their favour among the indolent Siamese race; and as a consequence they absorb nine-tenths of the trade of the capital, Bangkok, where they number some two thousand. The Laos people are gentle in character, and passionately attached to music, in which art they appear, indeed, to have attained a certain excellence appreciable by ears cultivated in the European taste. The Malays rank next to the Chinese in the spirit of adventure, and far surpass them in nautical skill. They are mostly Mahomedans, but notwithstanding they assimilate more readily to the Siamese habits and manners than the Chinese settlers. The Cambodians, many of whom are in a state of vassalage in Siam proper, resemble the Siamese, but are less advanced in civilisation. In Cambodia itself, the Church made considerable progress two centuries ago, and still numbers about five hundred souls, under a vicar-apostolic, Bishop Miche, whose acquaintance, says Sir John Bowring,

"I had the pleasure of making in Bangkok, whither he had come for health. . . . He seemed earnestly devoted to his work, careless of privations, dangers, and sufferings. He had lately traversed the perilous jungle, where, day after day and night after night, he found scarcely the trace of man; no succour, no shelter; the elephants which conveyed him making their way through the scarcely-ever traversed forests. But, though oppressed with lassitude and sickness, I heard no complaint: his path of duty seemed clear before him, and in that he resolutely walked. It is impossible to look on the dedication of these missionary wanderers to the task allotted them by their master without wonder and admiration. No amount of labour or of privation, no menace of peril, persecution, or even death, diverts them from their onward, but often darksome, way."

We give this extract at length, not only as a tribute of respect to one of the glorious band which is continually adding confessors and martyrs to the roll of the Church, but to bespeak a reasonable amount of favour for the man who, involved in the meshes of diplomatic service, can so feel and write. Peguans, Kareens, Hongs, the Lawa, and the Ka, make up the rest of the population; and of these the most remarkable are the Kareens, who are held to have been the aboriginal inhabitants of Siam, who abandoned the country when the Thai race invaded it, and built the city of Ayuthia. They are robust and agile, but mild and pleasing in physiognomy, especially the women. They are migratory; building bamboo huts, ascended by a rude ladder, for temporary use. They have no books, nor written laws, electing chiefs who exercise paternal but not hereditary sway; they have no

priests or religious forms; believe simply in a good and evil spirit, and supplicate the latter only. They are sober, trustworthy, and truthful, and polygamy is unknown among them.

Returning to the order in which Sir John Bowring arranges his materials, we now come to a chapter headed "Manners, customs, superstitions, amusements." This commences with extracts from the writings of the earlier historians and travellers, whose narratives, it is stated, retain much interest, from the fact that the habits and customs of the Siamese have undergone few changes from the time of the first intercourse of Europeans down to the present hour. We prefer to give a notion of the existing state of affairs as afforded by modern travellers, and especially by the missionaries, who, beyond a doubt, have enjoyed a hundred-fold more opportunities of forming a trustworthy judgment of the objects of their pious labours, than more temporary visitors, with a political or commercial end in view. M. Bruguière, Bishop of Capu, coadjutor of the Vicar-Apostolic of Siam, says that the Siamese character "is gentle, light, inconsiderate, timid, and gay. They avoid disputes and whatever produces anger or impatience. They are idle, inconstant, fond of amusement; a nothing excites, a nothing distracts their attention." Monseigneur Pallegoix endorses this opinion, and adds, that they are almost passionless, liberal almsgivers, severe in enforcing decorum in the relations between the sexes, sharp and witty in conversation, and resemble the Chinese in their aptitude for imitation. Sir John Bowring saw enough to convince him that affection between parents and children was mutual and strong. The mendacity characteristic of Orientals is not, according to his experience, a national defect among the Siamese, whose unusual frankness as to matters of fact is noticeable. Of China, and other parts of the East, on the contrary, he observes:

"My experience predisposes me to receive with doubt and distrust any statement of a nature when any the smallest interests would be promoted by falsehood. Nay, I have often observed that there is a fear of truth, *as truth*, lest its discovery should lead to consequences of which the inquirer never dreams, *but which are present to the mind of the person under interrogation.*"

This is clearly the true explanation of the inveterate habit of lying which pervades the mass of the people, not only in eastern, but in all countries under the pressure of an absolutely despotic form of government. Suicide is rare, and murder also, not one on an average occurring in the year. Humanity to animals is a religious obligation.

The Siamese are fond of a stimulating diet, curries hot enough to skin a European mouth being an habitual dish. Fish "in the earlier stages of putridity" is mixed with capsicums, chilies, cocoa-nut milk, sugar, and so forth. Proverbs, therefore, are not true all the world over; for it can be no blunder to cry stinking fish in Siam. The use of tea is as general as in China; and the superior civilisation of the Chinese settlers has introduced the two curses of arak and opium. The former is consumed furtively, though sobriety remains a national virtue; but the use of opium is greatly extending, notwithstanding heavy fines, degrading punishments, and the exertions of the missionaries to check so fatal an indulgence. The chewing of the areca-nut with fresh betel-leaves, and the pink chunam, or coloured quicklime, is universal, and also the smoking of tobacco. Betel-chewing blackens the teeth, which is considered a recommendation; and it is said to be a preservative of the enamel, when used without an undue quantity of lime. The Siamese are great bathers, and cleanly in personal habits. Wives and concubines are kept in any number, according to the wealth or will of the husband (the late king had 700 wives); but the wife who has been the object of the marriage ceremony takes precedence, and is the sole legitimate spouse, she and her descendants being the only legal heirs of her husband's possessions. On the whole, the condition of woman is better than in most oriental countries.

The women have little education saving in the art of music, but attend principally to domestic affairs. The use of the needle is not much required, as the Siamese dress, on most occasions, is a single piece of cloth. There is a terrible and extraordinary usage connected with childbirth, and the prejudice in its favour is so strong, that the king himself has vainly endeavoured to interfere. The event has no sooner taken place, than the mother is placed near a large fire, where she remains exposed to the burning heat; and death is often caused by the exposure. Some mysterious idea of purification is associated with this cruel rite.

Shaving the hair-tuft of children is a great family festival; and with it education begins, when the boys are sent to the pagodas to learn reading, writing, and the dogmas of religion from the bonzes, giving personal service in return. Every Siamese passes a portion of his life in the temples, which many never quit. The bonzes attend the deathbed, sprinkling lustral water on the sufferer. The corpse is either cut up and distributed to the birds of prey, vultures and crows, or burnt, according to the orders of the deceased. The former mode is preferred among the Parsees whenever practicable.

Slavery is the condition of a large part of the population ; but the examples of harshness of treatment are few. The greatest number of slaves appear to be *debtors* ; the non-payment of a debt giving a creditor a right to the possession of the body of the debtor, of whose labour he can dispose for payment of interest or extinction of the debt itself. The vassalage of the many, and the domination of the ruling few, are remarkable. The grovelling submission to authority is inconvenient, and ridiculous in its extravagance. No man of inferior rank may lift his head to the level of that of his superior ; no person can cross a bridge if one of higher grade chances to be passing below ; nor walk on a floor above that occupied by his betters, who must be honoured by absolute prostration, and approached, if at all, on the hands and knees. The head of a great man must on no account be gone near ; the crowning tuft of hair being held sacred from all profane touch or contact. Father Bruguière says, that the word *sarenivat*, to reign, means literally, " to devour the people." " It is not said of such and such an officer, that he is governor of such city, but that he *eats* the city ; which has often more truth than poetry in it." An unnatural protrusion of the left elbow is a mark of gentility ; and persons of high grade are trained to place their arms in this hideous but aristocratic position. In person the Siamese are small and well proportioned, and of an olive tint ; both sexes shave the head, all but the brush-like tuft on the top. The men pluck out their beards by the roots, which gives them an effeminate appearance. Long nails are in much favour ; and the love of jewels and ornaments is universal. They have many superstitions not traceable to Buddhism or Brahminism ; and are great believers in magic, amulets, and talismans.

The legislative system of Siam is traceable in its groundwork to the institution of Menu ; and Bishop Pallegoix, who has made himself master of the codes, speaks favourably of them, and of their adaptation to the national character and wants. They are contained in about seventy manuscript volumes. In practice, the authority of the sovereign is absolute, and the royal will supersedes the ordinary course of justice, which is also to a great extent subject to the influence of the high nobles. Bribery, too, is said to flourish : from the judges down to the lowest clerk, all have their price. In the first place, a complaint is made to the *San Luang*, inferior magistrates, who take it down in writing, and hand it over to the *Luk K'un*, a tribunal whose business it is to examine the complaint after the fashion of a grand jury, and, if they consider it fit for trial, pass it over to the *P'ra Rachanicai*, or

judge, who decides to what department it belongs. The departmental courts are named *K'un San*; and they are charged with the conduct of the case, examining witnesses, receiving bail, and so forth. The judges who preside over these courts are generally very clever men, and the only lawyers in the kingdom. When the case is finished, it is remitted to the Luk K'un for sentence, which is then handed over to other officers—the *P'ra Krai Si*, or *P'ra Krai Lem*—for delivery, and for execution after it has been approved by the king; to whom appeal is allowed against the sentence only, not against the decision. The laws are divided into three sections; the first describing the titles and duties of public functionaries; the second containing the codes of the ancient kings; the third, modern codes, under the several heads of robbers, slaves, conjugal duties, debts and contracts, disputes and lawsuits, inheritance, and generalia. The legal reasons for excluding witnesses are infinite, and must somewhat interfere with the course of justice, unless we assume the standard of morals and the constitution of society to be very different from our own.

“Those shut out by moral impediments are: drunkards, opium-smokers, gamblers, notorious vagabonds, goldsmiths, braziers, blacksmiths, shoemakers, executioners, beggars, potters, dancing-women, women that have been thrice married, adulterers, clerks, orphans, players and tumblers, undutiful children, contemnors of religion, slaves, intimate friends and inmates of parties concerned, quacks, strumpets, liars and sorcerers, personal enemies.”

Those excluded by physical causes:

“Virgins and unmarried women, pregnant females, blind and deaf persons, persons above seventy or under seven years of age, persons on their deathbed, persons suffering under loathsome and cutaneous diseases.”

And some others. Also those shut out by intellectual incapacities:

“Persons who cannot read, persons who cannot reckon up to ten, persons ignorant of the law and of the eight cardinal sins (*i.e.* idiots), persons who cannot distinguish right from wrong, persons excluded by mental incapacity from the priesthood, lunatics.”

We have a notion this wonderful list would exclude nearly the whole population of some of our own towns from the witness-box. The result of legal proceedings, however, is pretty much the same every where; for in spite of his favourable mention of the codes, Bishop Pallegoix confesses that “litigated cases generally end in the ruin of both the contending parties.” As to the venality of men in authority, Col. Low says, that

on the death of a minister, the king inherits one-fourth of the property, on the assumption that the public functions can in no instance have been honestly performed. The laws relating to slavery are many in number; there being seven classes of slaves, with various subdivisions, and the position and rights of each are defined with great accuracy. Some portions of the code sound harsh and cruel enough: as, for instance, "Husbands may sell their wives, parents their children, masters their servants;" and again, "when children are sold under their full value, they must not be beaten till they bleed." But it appears, from the evidence of the French missionaries, and other European residents at Bangkok, that they are "well treated in Siam, as well as servants in France," and "better than servants are treated in England." This is *rather* strong; but, as a matter of fact, there seems no reason to doubt that the condition of slavery is divested of some of its most atrocious features by the operation of the Siamese laws, which bear a most favourable comparison with those of the slave-states of America in this respect.

Sir John Bowring devotes four chapters to natural productions, manufactures, commerce, and revenues. These we pass over, in order to glance at the less familiar subjects of language, literature, and religion, in the two first of which our author is quite at home. He does not incline to the opinion, that Siamese is a connecting link between the Chinese, Sanskrit, and Pali, with their derivatives; but considers that it has a distinct type of its own. The roots are few, and all monosyllabic, and generally confined to visible objects; the pitch of the voice, as in Chinese, giving various meanings to the same word. Nouns are undeclinable, verbs cannot be conjugated, auxiliary particles replace cases, moods, and tenses. The best grammar is the one in Latin of Bishop Pallegoix, printed at Bangkok in 1850; and a great dictionary has also been lately published under his care in Paris, at the expense of the government. The exceptions to the essentially monosyllabic character of the language are found almost wholly in foreign words. The number of words of Sanskrit and Pali origin, but accommodated to Siamese pronunciation, increases in proportion to the elevation of style. It is impossible to represent in our characters the tones, six in number, which give a different meaning to words of the same alphabetic form, and which must make the pronunciation very difficult; though, according to the French missionaries, six months' application will enable a person to understand common conversation. These tones are, the abrupt, the short, the long, the high, the low, and the middle; and have been com-

pared to and illustrated by a musical scale. An example will afford the reader an opportunity of judging of the difficulties involved: "Kháo bok khao và klai krung kao mi khào pen rùb khào mi khào khào mén khao klun mài khào;" the translation of which is, "It is reported that near the ancient capital there is a horn-shaped mountain with white rice, smelling so disagreeably that it cannot be eaten." The language is written from left to right. The sacred literature is mostly in the Pali language, and translated into the vernacular, though not written in the common character. The principal collection is the *Trai Pidok*, or "Three Vehicles," divided into three parts,—rules or regulations, sermons and histories, and philosophy,—contained in four hundred and two separate works, making three thousand six hundred and eighty-three volumes. Of profane literature there are about two thousand volumes. The style is poetical and paraphrastic: river is "mother of waters;" fruit, "child of the tree;" lips, "the light or beauty of the mouth." An augmentative is made by the use of the word *mother*; a diminutive, by that of *son*. The earliest specimen of the Siamese character is an inscription of about the date of A.D. 1284, at which time it appears to have been introduced from Cambodia, and to have superseded the Sanskrit, which the Brahmins had brought from India. The first known literary work is a book on war and military tactics, written in 1498. Sir John Bowring gives a few specimens of prose and poetry; but they have little intrinsic interest or merit. One or two of the proverbs are amusing: "An elephant, though he has four legs, may slip; and a doctor is not always right. Go up by land, you meet a tiger; go down by water, you meet a crocodile (Out of the frying-pan into the fire). If a dog bite you, do not bite him again." Though theatrical representations are common, the Siamese cannot be said to have a drama. Their plays are of the Chinese type,—fragments of history or fable, with music and pantomimical dumb-show.

The religion of the Siamese is a Buddhism, having broad analogies with that of China, Ceylon, and Burmah, and also with Indian Brahminism. The present "first" king, who is certainly a most remarkable person, contends that in Buddhism, properly understood, there is nothing repugnant to the facts established by astronomical and geological science; but his opinions are incompatible with the teachings of the bonzes. The great outline is every where the same: a primary cause, a sort of omnipotent *Repose*, whose original work was the universe, created at a period infinitely remote; the earth a portion of it, on which, from time to time, in the course of millions

of years, an emanation of the great spirituality appears incarnate, the world being always in a state of pregnancy with such emanations. Man passes through countless changes, in a higher or lower order of being, as merited by his virtues or vices, and his ultimate end is absorption, loss of individual sensation, eternal dreamless rest and peace in the great *Repose*. This beatification is represented by Chinese characters, the equivalents of which are, "heaven without thought," or "annihilation of thought is heaven;" and, indeed, active and energetic virtue has no place in any incarnate Buddha, all is passive and contemplative; but it is perfectly clear that there is more than this in the vague dreaming which hangs over the Buddhist futurity. Yet as the aim and end of all religious observances is to become entitled to be lost in this vast infinity, where all personal sensation shall terminate; and as the means of attaining the end, the most exalted stage of mortal virtue, is to anticipate the final consummation by a course of pure contemplation entirely disconnected from all human affairs, Buddhism becomes in practice utterly selfish, and fruitless of all sympathy and benevolence.

"A bonze seems to care nothing about the condition of those who surround him; he makes no effort for their elevation or improvement. He scarcely reproves their sins, or encourages their virtues; he is self-satisfied with his own superior holiness, and would not move his finger to remove any mass of human misery. And yet his influence is boundless, and his person, while invested with the yellow garments, an object of extreme reverence."

The European name, *talapoin*, given to the bonze, or priest, is probably derived from their habit of carrying a fan called *talapat*, meaning 'palm-leaf;' but the Siamese name is *Phra*, 'great, sacred, distinguished.' The bonzes generally live in convents attached to the temples, and their whole number exceeds a hundred thousand. Their clothing is all yellow, the colour of the most precious metal. At some period in his life, every male Siamese becomes a candidate for the priesthood, and on being admitted as a novice, must remain at least three months in the monastery; after which he may, if he will, resume the secular dress. Many remain a year or two, and then marry; but the ancient institutions of Buddhism allow no abandonment of the vow of celibacy. The high priest of the *Phra*, the *Sangkarat*, or King of the Cenobites, is appointed by the king, and his authority is supreme. He reports to the king in religious matters, and presides over the assemblies of the priests. Sir John Bowring quotes the maxims of the sacerdotal order, as translated from the Siamese

by Père Lønbère, since whose time, in all probability, no change has taken place. They inculcate a high morality; but a grain of sense is smothered in a bushel of the most absurd chaff. We give a few examples.

“It is a sin to walk in the streets in a non-contemplative mood.

It is a sin to appear as austere as a priest of the woods—to seem more strict than other priests—to meditate for the sake of being seen—to act differently in public from in private.

When you eat, make no noise like dogs—chibi, chibi, chiabi, chiabi.

To cough or sneeze, in order to win the notice of a group of girls seated, is a sin.

A priest sins who in eating slobbers his mouth like a little child.

A priest who whistles for his amusement sins.”

It seems, however, that notwithstanding the precepts protective of personal purity, the paintings in the temples are often of a very licentious and libidinous character.

We have no space to notice Sir John Bowring's account of the earlier missions to Siam, further than to remark, that it is given altogether with a candour and fairness extremely rare among Protestant writers, and with something like a true appreciation of the real value of the labours and sufferings of the apostolic men who, since the days of St. Francis Xavier, have held aloft the banner of the Cross throughout the Eastern Archipelago. The present number of Catholics in Siam and its dependencies is stated to be between seven and eight thousand. “The *personel* of the mission consists of the bishop (Monseigneur Pallegoix), a pro-vicar, eight European missionaries, four native priests, thirty students, four convents occupied by twenty-five nuns, five schoolmasters for boys, fifteen catechists (mostly Chinese).” The Siamese converts form by far the smallest portion of the Catholic population. Persecution there is none; but the obstacles to conversion are represented as formidable, the chief being the universality of polygamy, the education of the youth in the pagodas, the fear of political invasions, *especially of the British*, and the absence of consular protection. The two last will be materially lessened by the treaties now concluded with the king; but the two former must remain in full force until the social organisation of the whole people becomes modified. Added to this, we conceive that the characteristic indolence of temperament of the Siamese—an indolence fostered by the geniality of their climate and the lavish fertility of their soil—is a great hindrance to the discussion of *any* religious topic in a practical spirit. The dreamy mysticism which pervades the Buddhist

teachings is enough to satisfy their religious instincts. They are far from being indisposed to discuss religious questions, but it is in a spirit of idle curiosity; and the result in general terms is, "Your religion is excellent for you, and ours is excellent for us. All countries do not produce the same fruits and flowers; and we find various religions suited to various nations."

The Chinese make the best converts. The Bishop says, "They are the most active and industrious; they succeed in all the departments of trade." All have great enjoyment in the ceremonies of the Church,—in music, pictures, and processions. An American Protestant mission was established twenty-seven years ago; some of the ministers dispensing medicines, others preaching, or keeping little schools which "do not prosper." They have four presses in activity, and disperse their Bibles with great energy; but in the twenty-seven years they have not, so Bishop Pallegoix has been assured, baptised twenty-seven persons. "The Siamese cannot persuade themselves that one can be a priest and a married man. Thus they never call them Phra (or priest), but Khru (master), or Mó (doctor). Besides, the six families of ministers are divided into three sects, which is not likely to inspire confidence." In the hope of inflaming, be it ever so little, the subscriptions of some of our readers to one of the noblest charities in the world, we subjoin a little account of the distribution of 20,000 francs, allotted by the Propaganda to the Siamese mission:

The vicar-apostolic . . . .	£52 per annum.
Nine missionaries, 26 <i>l.</i> each . .	234 "
Subsidy to native priests . . .	40 "
"    to the nuns . . . .	40 "
Expenses of seminary . . . .	160 "
Fifteen catechists, 8 <i>l.</i> each . .	120 "
Printing . . . . .	40 "
Mission barges . . . . .	32 "
Chaplets, crucifixes, &c. . . .	28 "
<hr/>	
£746	

And this is diminished *one-fourth* by the state of the exchange. Surely this is economy with a vengeance! A bishop at fifteen shillings per week, and priests at seven shillings and sixpence! Well may Sir John Bowring tell us, "The Catholic missionaries in Siam wear the common cassock, and live with great simplicity—without bread or wine (except on very special occasions)." Why, Sydney Smith's "least among bishops,"

even "Sodor and Man," would cut up into four slices, each as big as the good vicar-apostolic and his entire staff of clergy, nuns, catechists, and students. Positively they must want a little more weight to attach them to the earth at all, to prevent the tropical sun from drawing them up bodily into the blue sky. To be sure, the balance will be struck some day; and we dare say they can afford to wait.

We must not conclude without referring to the present kings of Siam, both first and second. Their grandfather, the founder of the dynasty, was a successful general, and was called to the throne in a time of popular commotion. He was succeeded by his son, who died in 1824, leaving many children, but only two by his queen; these two are the present kings. Their elder brother, the son of an inferior wife, managed to get the crown conferred on him; and Chau Fa Yai, now first king, availing himself of Siamese custom, withdrew from all contests into a temple, thus avoiding the necessity of doing homage. There he remained twenty-seven years, acquiring a great religious reputation, became a great Pali scholar, and learned Sanskrit, Cingalese, and Peguan. He also commenced reformer, endeavouring to purify Buddhism from fable, clinging to its moral institutions, but accepting the principles of sound natural philosophy and a rational cosmogony. He was taught Latin, chiefly by the bishop, and English by the American missionaries. He has a considerable acquaintance with physical science, and can calculate an eclipse or an occultation, and has introduced a press, with both Siamese and English types. His conversation is highly intelligent; but is carried on in the language of books rather than in ordinary colloquy. On the death of his elder brother, in 1851, he was called to the throne; and left the seclusion of the temple, where, as a bonze, he had religiously kept the vow of chastity, for the glittering splendours of the palace. Personally, we fear, he is an unlikely subject for conversion; the mixture of Buddhist morals and modern philosophy is any thing but hopeful; but, as far as others are concerned, his toleration is extreme. "Persecution is hateful," he said, in a conversation reported by Bishop Pallegoix; "every man ought to be free to profess the religion he prefers. If you convert a certain number of people any where, let me know when you have done so; and I will give them a Christian governor, and they shall not be annoyed by the Siamese authorities."

The "second king" is a peculiar institution of the Siamese; but Sir John Bowring does not seem to have been able to ascertain the precise function and limits of the office.

He is not charged, as in Japan, with the religious functions of government, but exercises a sort of secondary or reflected authority. He has the same royal insignia as the first king, corresponding ministers, and is supposed to take a more active part in wars. He is consulted in all important affairs, and signed the powers which were given to the commissioners who negotiated the treaty of commerce with the British envoy; but he does not appear to take the initiative, and his demands on the exchequer must be submitted to the first king for approval. The present holder of the office is the probable successor of his brother, should he survive him, and will, perhaps, carry Western ideas, in such an event, to even a greater length. Sir John found him "a cultivated and intelligent gentleman, writing and speaking English with great accuracy, and living much in the style of a courteous and opulent European noble, fond of books and scientific inquiry, interested in all that marks the course of civilisation."

In his second volume, as we have already mentioned, our author records the proceedings of the various attempts which have been made to establish diplomatic and commercial relations with Siam by Western nations, concluding them by the personal narrative of his own successful mission. In an appendix, he gives a brief history of Siam, with documents, translations, letters of the present king, and other matters, not the least interesting being the history of Constance Phaulcon, otherwise Constantine Falcon, the adventurous Cephalonian, who became minister to the King of Siam in the latter part of the 17th century, and by whose advice the expedition of M. de Chaumont and the Jesuit Fathers was despatched from France by order of the *Grand Monarque* in 1685. This is translated from *L'Histoire de M. Constance*, par le Père d'Orléans, a Jesuit, which was printed at Tours in 1690.

But our space is exhausted, and we have only to repeat, that Sir John Bowring's book is well worth the steady perusal to which we now very sincerely recommend it.

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## Short Notices.

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### THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

*The Genius of Christianity; or, the Spirit and Beauty of the Christian Religion.* By Chateaubriand. Translated by C. J. White, D.D. (Baltimore: Murphy). We are glad to see that this careful translation of Chateaubriand's great work has attained the honours of a second edition. The book is very handsomely got up, and is well adapted for

lending to persons whose prejudices require a solvent. To Catholics the work is hardly up to the requirements of the time. Besides being somewhat stale,—for it has been for nearly half-a-century the great storehouse of our journalists, and we are all well acquainted with it, though we have never turned a page of it,—there is this other fact, that it was written against sceptics and infidels; and that the Christianity whose beauty it enlarges upon was one that comprehended Milton and Bacon, Newton and Leibnitz, besides Dante and St. Thomas. Moreover, it appeals to the feelings and imagination rather than the reason. Still, it is doubtless a great and classical work, and well worthy of the pains of the translator.

*A Discussion of the Question, whether the Catholic or the Presbyterian Religion is in Doctrines and Principles inimical to Civil and Religious Liberty.* By the Rev. John Hughes and John Breckinridge. (Baltimore: Murphy.) This discussion, which was held more than twenty years ago, had a great effect in America, and is still read there with interest. To our minds, a discussion in which our advocate has to follow so very eccentric and abusive an individual as Mr. Breckinridge is simply tedious. Dr. Hughes was never allowed to enter profoundly into his subject, but was always obliged by his adversary to discuss questions merely preliminary, often personal. It constitutes, however, a very satisfactory show-up of an American champion of popular Protestantism.

*Elements of Geometry and Trigonometry.* By B. Sestini, S.J. (Baltimore: Murphy.) A most compressed and comprehensive treatise, very suitable for those who have but little time to give to this study, and have both power and will to make the most of that little. The system of the writer is admirably clear.

## Correspondence.

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

DEAR SIR,—As an inconspicuous unit of the great natural order *Scribleri* (*gen. irritabilis, trivial name, penny-a-liner*) whose humble notice of Dr. Hassall's *Adulterations Detected* you were so kind as to embalm in the pages of your last Number, permit me to correct an error or two into which the printer has fallen, no doubt in the excitement of the (then) anticipated general election. At the beginning of page 315, I am made to say that certain individuals were submitted to the *process* of Mr. Thackeray. Now I admit that Mr. Thackeray (who is all the better, I trust, after his penitential exercises during Holy Week at the Surrey Gardens, in company with four Georges,—not, I think, including the saint of that name) is more than a match for any philosophical Tom Cribb or Tipton Slasher in existence as a hard hitter; but I am not aware that poor Rosa Timmins's guests were subjected to any physical force at his hands. That they were submitted to his incomparable *process* of analysis is the figure of speech that should have been conveyed to the public eye.

Again, lower down in the same page, I find myself stating that certain salad is *sown* with free sulphuric acid. Truly in any case that corrosive poison would be more free than welcome; but the use in question would hardly constitute an adulteration; so, with all deference, I should prefer the word as I wrote it, viz. "sour," which you will observe is more in accordance with common sense.

While on the subject of errata, I venture further to request information why, on the opposite page, 314, M. Doré's print, No. 11, "A South-American Valley," is emphasised by *italics*. If it had been a scene in Calabria, the national characters might have been appropriate; but as it is, the other prints have reason to complain of so invidious a distinction.

Trusting that by this time the *Rambler* staff is in a condition to resume its wonted habit of accuracy, I beg to remain, sir,

Your humble servant to command,

F. C.

### MR. BOWYER ON THE PAPAL STATES.

MR. BOWYER has written us a letter, which we subjoin, in which he takes to himself, and attempts to reply to, some remarks which we made in a recent article, on the injudicious manner in which some writers defend Catholic interests. To this we can have no objection; but we do not see why he should have appended certain remarks about ourselves, not conceived in as courteous a tone as he would have used in writing to the *Times*, or any other Protestant paper. We are not aware that Mr. Bowyer has any right to censure us in our own columns, especially as it is pretty evident—profoundly mortifying as we feel it to be—that he is not in the habit of reading the *Rambler*; for otherwise he could not have formed such an opinion as he has expressed of our principles and motives.

Mr. Bowyer, however, as we have said, makes an attempt at a reply to our criticisms on his speech, in which he presented certain figures to the House of Commons, by way of showing that the Papal States were not practically governed by ecclesiastics. This reply consists in the statement that in *one* department, and that of an inferior kind, namely, the Post-Office, the head of the department is a recognised layman! Besides this, the council of finance, not the president, is composed of laymen; and the lawyers who sit as judges in the courts are sometimes all, and sometimes partly, laymen. In two or three other offices of a high character, so completely is it understood in Rome itself that they are the appropriate possession of ecclesiastics, that when, as now, they are held by laymen, these laymen have to wear the ecclesiastical dress. On all which remarks we have only to remind Mr. Bowyer that we particularly stated that the higher offices were *not* exclusively held by ecclesiastics; and that the notion of proving that the Papal States are not, *as a kingdom*, governed by ecclesiastics, by showing that the judges are generally lawyers, is a specimen of special pleading which none but a lawyer would have thought of. Who ever supposed, or alleged, the reverse? In fact, Mr. Bowyer's details just serve to establish our argument; and we can only conclude that he is as injudicious an advocate in his own case as he is in the case of the Roman government.

We repeat, then, what we said originally, that it is a mere shirking of the gist of the question, to pretend that the government of the Papal States is not, *as a government*, in the hands of churchmen. The only valid answer to the objections of Protestants is, to defend that state of things as the best possible state under the circumstances. We ourselves entertain no doubt whatsoever that the Papal States are in a much better condition than they would be if the supreme management of the nation were in the hands of persons like the Roman nobility, and professional and mercantile men. It is notorious that the laymen of the pontifical kingdom are a class of persons extremely inferior to the corresponding classes in this country; and every one who knows what is the

real state of affairs there, is aware that for integrity, self-control, and general capacity for government, the result of any comparison is strongly in favour of the ecclesiastics. We do not pretend to say that a government of ecclesiastics has not its own peculiar character, which in some points may be a defective one; but it is undeniable that it has also its peculiar merits. Among others,—which ought to go for something with Englishmen,—it is a very cheap government. It may be a “slow” government; but against that may be urged the fact, that not even Italian scandal, savage and unscrupulous as it is, ventures to impute any thing like a life unbecoming a Christian to any single member of the conclave; and that a body of men more inaccessible to vulgar pecuniary corruption cannot be found in the world. And as to the Pope himself, how many wiser and more reforming sovereigns are there in existence at this moment in any part of the civilised world?

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

SIR,—My attention has been directed to a reference, in your thirty-ninth Number, p. 177, to a speech of mine in the House of Commons; and I beg to say that you have (of course unintentionally) misrepresented my argument. I never admitted that ecclesiastics are unfit to govern. I, as you do, cited Ximenes, Richelieu, Mazarin, and Wolsey, to prove the direct contrary to that proposition. But I asserted that, though the government of the Roman States is ecclesiastical, it does not deprive the laity of a fair and liberal share in the power and emoluments of office. You, however, proceed to say that my figures are worth nothing, because you assume that the laity only hold inferior offices. This assumption is contrary to fact. Thus, the Council of Finance is entirely composed of laymen, except the president, Cardinal Savelli, who is a deacon. The present Minister of Finance happens to be a prelate in minor orders; but his predecessor, the Commendator Galli, was a layman. The Postmaster-General is a layman,—a Roman prince. In the Supreme Court of Segnatura eight judges are laymen, and nine ecclesiastics; in the Rota seven judges are laymen; in the Supreme Criminal Court, the Consulta, thirty-seven judges are laymen; in the Criminal Court all are laymen. These are high and important places; and it would be easy to multiply instances. Again, the Minister of the Interior, the Minister of Police, and the Substitute of the Cardinal Secretary of State, though they wear the ecclesiastical habit, are not even in minor orders; and are at liberty to marry whenever they choose, as Monsignor Spada did, who now, as Count Spada, holds high office. These facts are a sufficient answer to your arguments against what I thought it my duty to say in the House.

I will only add, that though you are no doubt actuated by good intentions, it is unfortunate and strange to see a Catholic periodical trying to weaken and counteract the efforts of a Catholic member who, to the best of his ability, defends the Holy See in a Protestant parliament. I am at a loss to discover what object you can have in view. You show ingenuity and cleverness in striking out new notions, and picking holes in the arguments and works of other Catholics. What good can that do to the Church? It seems to me that we ought to avoid disunion and strife among ourselves, and endeavour to support and encourage each other in the service of the Catholic Church, and in defending the Holy See.

I request that you will have the kindness to publish this letter.

I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

GEORGE BOWYER.

Bilton Grange, 24th March, 1857.

# THE RAMBLER.

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PART XLII.

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## PROTESTANT CRITICISMS ON CATHOLIC MORALS.

WE Catholics certainly are an incomprehensible race. Sometimes we are a puzzle to one another, or each man is a puzzle to himself; but, then, what person or what thing is not more or less a puzzle to any body who tries to think honestly and understand clearly? A man who is never puzzled either with himself or with other people has small pretensions either to candour or wisdom. We therefore in no wise allow that it tells against our religion when we admit that it sometimes requires a considerable exercise of patience and skill thoroughly to comprehend all the facts of individual Catholic life, and all the phenomena of the Catholic body. It is a necessity of our circumstances, that persons placed, as we are, in the midst of a complex system, natural and supernatural, social and political, scientific and traditional, should at times exhibit to the hasty observer an apparently anomalous exterior, difficult to analyse and explain.

And, if this is the case with Catholics in regard to one another, it is far more emphatically true when we are observed and criticised by those who are external to our body. Every community, whether vast or petty, whether national or religious, is a difficult thing to comprehend and judge with fairness, unless we possess a personal knowledge of its inner life and of the individual men and women who are its constituent portions. Even in the same country, the same town, the same village, you may suddenly find yourself in the midst of a "set" so strangely unlike yourself in their recognised ideas and habits of feeling, that you are pulled up with a startling sharpness, and are amazed at being thus reminded of the infinite variations of humanity, and of the limited knowledge of his race which can be attained even by the best

informed amongst us. If you want to learn intellectual humility, and to estimate human affairs in a large and well-informed spirit, just pass, if you can, through some few of the endless subdivisions of English society, and then remember that every civilised country abounds with similar subdivisions, either in a greater or less degree. Step from a club-room in St. James's to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce; from a party of clerical Puseyites to a gathering of Scotch Calvinists, or a dinner-party of quiet country parsons; from the members of an archæological institute to the listeners to a lecture by Faraday at the Royal Institution; hear the political talk of a party of squires and farmers in Essex, and then hearken to the notions of the "roughs" in Birmingham or Spitalfields; go to a London casino, or a penny theatre in a large provincial town, and when you are sick with what you have seen and heard, call in for an hour's conversation in the drawing-room of an English gentleman, and hear the talk of a party of well-bred, well-taught, and refined women. Try, again, the varieties of "professional" society,—painters, musicians, actors, literary men or newspaper men, and so on, wherever you can turn, and see how marvellous are the contrasts which one class presents when compared with another, and how hopeless it would be to attempt to make those who know only their own coterie understand or do justice to those who are every whit as good as themselves, but who happen to be living in another class or section of human life.

We are, further, perfectly ready to admit that the moral and spiritual condition of individual Protestants is a thing very difficult for a Catholic to understand, unless he has enjoyed more than common means for observing facts by personal communication under peculiarly favourable circumstances. In finding fault with our Protestant fellow-countrymen for attacking us without understanding us, we are far from pretending that we ourselves as Catholics, who are in possession of the truth, and the whole truth, of the Christian religion, are therefore perfectly well informed as to the character of individual Protestants, or able to judge them on *a priori* grounds of probability. To those who have lived all their life in Catholic society, and in the practice of Catholic observances, it is no doubt almost impossible to understand the non-Catholic *life* of England, however clearly they may understand the meaning and nature of the distinct and printed statements of Protestant opinions. Some Catholics do, indeed, by the mere force of good sense, candour, and, above all, of kind-hearted charity, obtain an insight into the phenomena of actual, as distinguished from theoretical, Protes-

tantism, which is not a little remarkable, and, as we think, not a little to be admired.

Taking us as a body, however, we make no pretensions to any such a mastery of the details of Protestant life as would justify us in speaking in other than doubtful terms of those who are involved in it as an actual reality. We hold that, as a rule, Protestants must be known personally, and on rather intimate terms, in order to be understood, and, as a consequence, in order to be answered or convinced; and it is on this account, as well as others, that we believe that whatever brings Protestants and Catholics together, without any compromise of *principle* on either side, undoubtedly tends to the advance of truth, and not to the propagation of latitudinarianism. We know them better, and they know us better; and consequently, as the knowledge of truth of any description is a necessary preliminary to the embracing it as truth, so the knowledge they then acquire of us as we are, and of our faith as it is, tends necessarily either to their absolute conversion, or at least to the creation of more tolerant and respectful feelings towards us. For we gladly recognise the fact, that the better classes of Protestants—and by the word “better” we do not mean merely the richer or nobler—do sometimes learn to modify their sentiments towards Catholics and Catholicism in a remarkable degree. It is incontestable that there are thousands of families in this kingdom at present whose notions of Catholicism and its adherents are wonderfully changed from what they were even ten years ago. And not only have they learnt to estimate us at a very different value, but, without knowing it, they have been insensibly influenced by us in many respects. The personal religion of Protestantism, as a whole, has decidedly received a tone from its nearer contact with living Catholics, which would quite surprise, and, moreover, disgust, its adherents of an older school. Inconsistent, superficial, vague, and forced as it still is, even in its best specimens, and intolerant, offensive, and pharisaical in its worst, we cannot help seeing that what may be termed the religion of the *nation* has caught a little of our Catholic freedom, of our tastes, of our habits, of our phraseology, of our morals, and even, in a certain odd, unaccountable, and distorted way, of some of our doctrines.

Admitting, then, all this, we cannot help now and then calling attention to the fact, that we Catholics, and especially our writers on morals, do not yet receive from our fellow-countrymen generally that fair controversial treatment which we have a right to expect, on grounds both of honesty and of good sense. We ask nothing impossible, or very difficult of

attainment. We are quite willing to share the common lot of all men, and to be misunderstood, and consequently misrepresented, by those who cannot have any knowledge of us, and who yet believe themselves called upon to describe us and our proceedings. "Those who play at bowls," says the proverb, "must expect rubbers;" and, as we are not in the habit of sparing the apparent follies and inconsistencies of Protestantism, we will not complain if we now and then get a few hard blows, or be too ready to cry out, that we are shamefully treated. But, at the same time, we do insist that the fight is too often conducted with a degree of rashness and insensibility to the principles of all honourable controversy, which surprises us in *some* of our opponents. There are times when it really requires a considerable stretch of Christian charity to believe that an antagonist is at the same time in good faith and capable of mastering the commonest laws of reasoning. Either he goes out of his way to attack us, with no conceivable reason but that of an ill-natured disposition, or he condemns us on grounds which manifestly condemn his own opinions as completely as ours; or he misinterprets the meaning of our simplest and most intelligible phraseology; or he misquotes us by omissions of the context so strikingly palpable, that nothing but the widest charity can account for them on any supposition but that of a wilful suppression.

A case has lately occurred in illustration of the truth of what we are saying, to which we may point as a pregnant proof of the extraordinary difficulties under which we Catholics lie when we endeavour to destroy the prejudices of our fellow-countrymen. Of the ordinary run of anti-popish polemics we do not take much notice, except now and then to give them a passing hit, or to amuse our readers with their delicious absurdities. As to attempting to answer the ranting extravagancies of Exeter Hall and its kindred associations, those who would do their best for the advance of the Catholic cause, whether within or without, have other work to do. But now and then the case is different. In quarters where it might be least expected, you are surprised, and possibly annoyed, to meet with misconceptions and attacks which you had thought impossible. What to say next you cannot tell. The task of explanation seems hopeless. Nobody seems capable of handling a plain question on its real grounds. Nobody seems able to see that it is ridiculous to attack you with a weapon that at the same moment causes him to commit intellectual suicide. Nobody seems willing to apply to you those first principles of candour and charity

which he is so loud in calling on you to exercise towards himself.

The instance we speak of occurs in a recent number of the *Saturday Review*, in its criticisms on a little book of Father Furniss, the Redemptorist, a religious of whom we shall say nothing in praise, as he will be sure himself to read our humble attempts in his vindication. These criticisms have, we have reason to believe, caused both surprise and pain in some quarters; and, moreover, they may fairly be taken as a characteristic specimen and type of that extraordinary inability to understand our simplest statements which seems to warp the judgment of the ablest and most honourable of our critics. As we have said, had the censures we refer to been of the more vulgar class of anti-papistical slander; had the tone in which they are conceived been such as to imply the vulgar hatred of any thing like definiteness of opinion in morals; or had the publication in which they appear been of a less intelligent and ordinarily candid character, we should have passed them by with the common herd. As it is, we think it may not be altogether useless if we briefly point out the astonishing inaccuracies of Father Furniss's critic, and the lengths to which men will go in the way of misinterpretation, when once their judgments are led astray by polemical prepossessions.

Of the *Saturday Review* itself, in some respects, we cannot speak too highly. We do not always agree with its political views; we absolutely, of course, dissent from some of its religious statements, and we think that it rather overdoes its system of attacking the *Times* newspaper. Not that in the last point it has not our hearty sympathies, or that we think it generally in error in its attacks in detail; but if its conductors think it worth while to notice our suggestions, we would suggest to them to abstain from such *incessant* reference to the great monster of Printing-House Square as a mere matter of policy. They will more certainly diminish its influence among the intelligent classes of the country by less ceaseless and less apparently irritated assaults on the face, back, arms, and legs of the big unprincipled giant whom they have set themselves to wound, if not to overthrow from his despotic throne.

In its ability, good taste, and standard of cultivation, the *Saturday Review* is unsurpassed by any periodical. Its wit is rarely forced, its vigour is unstrained, its criticisms give the impression of sincerity on the part of its writers, as they are certainly often remarkable for a refined analysis and a rare felicity of expression. Of course it is not always equally

entertaining or equally informing. If half the articles in any number of a periodical are agreeable to any single reader, it must be taken as a decided success. But, as a whole, we may account the *Saturday Review* a representative of the best classes of the English mind, and as expressing the ideas and feelings which are likely to circulate among honourable and cultivated gentlemen on the books and topics of the day.

Now, then, see what it tells its readers about Father Furniss, and how it disposes of what it considers certain shocking errors in popular and authoritative Catholic moral theology. That we may guard against even appearing to misquote or mistake its expressions, we will present our readers with the article to which we refer without any abbreviation. It runs as follows :

“CASUISTRY FOR CHILDREN.—The instances of youthful depravity continually brought to light by the activity of the police, distressing as they are to every benevolent mind, can surprise no one who is acquainted with the temptations to which the children of the poor are exposed in such a place as London. As long as thieving and burglary are followed as a profession, the corruption of youth will be part of the machinery of the trade. The business would come to a stand-still unless there were a constant supply of fresh hands and skilled workmen, unless there were seminaries where boys and girls are initiated in the mysteries of vice, and trained in the arts of plunder. No doubt this is very lamentable and shocking, but it is only what must be expected. Unless an agency were continually at work to undermine the principles of the young and unsuspecting, the prime artists of villany must abandon their employment for want of tools ; and it is any thing but surprising that the Agars and Fagans of society should take some pains to guard against such a catastrophe. We have reason, however, to be surprised when we find principles subversive of morality systematically inculcated by those who profess to be the teachers of virtue, and who can scarcely be supposed to be actuated by any improper motive.

Within the last few days, a little book has been put into our hands, which we should not think of noticing but for the auspices under which it has been published, and the pains taken to circulate it among the children of the poor, for whose instruction it purports to be designed. A few extracts will enable our readers to judge of its tendency. In an exposition of the duties of children to their parents, we have the following passage, the words in italics being so printed in the original :

‘It is a grievous sin to strike your parents, or in their *presence* to put out your tongue at them, or mock them, or the like, through spite or contempt ; or in their *hearing* to curse them, or call them very bad names, such as fools, beasts, drunkards.’

We apprehend that those who are taught to believe that the sinful-

ness of such conduct and language depends on its being *seen* and *heard*, cannot be expected to stop short at such demonstrations. Such casuistical distinctions, however, are destructive of all simplicity, truth, and honesty in the minds of children.

But what notions of truth or honesty can young persons have whose principles are corrupted by such maxims as the following?

'It is a venial sin to steal a little. It is a mortal sin to steal much: for example, to steal from a workman a day's wages, or to steal less from a poorer man, or more from a richer man, or from parents. (If you steal from different persons, it needs half as much again for a mortal sin, and the same if you steal at different times. If you steal from different persons *as well* as at different times, it needs double the sum.)'

This is morality with a vengeance. So, a servant may be in the daily habit of robbing his employer; but if the articles or money stolen at any one time are of small amount,—*small*, that is, compared with his employer's income,—he is guilty of but a trivial fault. A poor man earns (suppose) half-a-crown a-day. You must not venture to rob him of half-a-crown,—*i. e.* at a time,—but to take a halfpenny less than half-a-crown is a venial offence. And if you are content to rob him or cheat him of sixpence at a time, you may go as far as three shillings and eightpence-halfpenny. Or if you can manage to plunder several persons in the day, the offence is still a trivial one, provided the gross amount of your peculations does not exceed a day and a half's income of any one of them, or of all together, for it is not very clear which is meant. But suppose you are in no particular hurry, and can filch a little now and then from every person you can lay hold of, you may go to double the amount of robbery without laying a burden on your conscience. Delicate distinctions, truly. Thus, according to this system of ethics, habitual thieving is less criminal than a single theft, and the greater number of persons robbed, the lighter the offence.

We have heard a vast deal latterly about the adulteration of food; and as to the cabbaging of tailors, that is an old story. But it has not been usual to teach the rising generation that there is no harm in practices of this sort; and, though Paley says that morality is not, properly speaking, a subject of discovery, the following will appear new to most people:

'When materials are given for some work,—for example, cloth to tailors,—it is a sin to keep pieces which remain, except people are quite sure that it is not against the will of the employer, or *there is a common custom of doing it*, and it is necessary in order to gain a *reasonable profit*. It is a sin to mix something with what you sell,—for example, water with any liquor,—except there is a *common custom of doing it*, and it is necessary in order to gain a *reasonable profit*.'

The manufacturers of London milk, and the ingenious gentlemen who sand our sugar and pepper, to say nothing of the tailors, will no doubt hail such doctrine as this with rapture. For what rogue is so stupid as to be unable to find 'a common custom' to justify his mal-practices? And who is to say what is 'a reasonable profit'? Not the buyer, of course. He is an interested party.

Again, even in these days, when the world is getting rather too

much accustomed to such practices, it seems somewhat dangerous to teach children that it is wrong

'To forge or imitate a person's writing, if you do any harm with it.'

Is a rogue at liberty to commit forgery first, and inquire into the effects of it afterwards? He may imagine that he will escape detection by preventing the person whose name he has forged from suffering any loss by his fraud. But is it the less a crime for all that? and will a court of justice listen to such casuistry in mitigation of punishment? A man may write a letter in another's name, and forge his signature. He may have what he conceives a good motive for doing so; but he intended to deceive, and is guilty of fraud and forgery, be his motive what it may. And if any one imagines that young people, when they have once been taught to think that forgery is wrong only when they "do any harm with it," will stop short there, he has very little knowledge of human nature.

When persons have graduated in this school of morals, it is quite possible that they may have occasion to attend the summons of a magistrate, and to take an oath. The following, therefore, seems a timely warning:

'It is a mortal sin to take an oath in a lie, and worse in a court of justice.'

Very proper. But if any precocious youth should like to know *what is an oath*, and what constitutes *taking an oath* in a court of justice, or any where else, hear our author:

'It is not an oath to say, Faith—Troth—On my life—On my conscience—True as I stand here—True as gospel. It is not an oath to say, I swear—God's truth—God knows—I declare to God, *unless you mean these words for an oath*; but it is commonly a venial sin to say such words.'

'A venial sin,' 'not an oath!' And yet some of these formulas look very like taking God's name in vain. But you may say, 'I declare to God' that such a fact took place, and though you know you are calling on the Almighty to bear witness to a lie, you have not forsworn yourself, because you did not 'mean these words for an oath.' Imagine what must become of a society educated in such execrable doctrines.

But perhaps our young friend is still curious to know what constitutes taking an oath in a court of justice. We will give the author's words, only premising that the italics are his own in this case also:

'An oath is to call God, or something sacred, to witness that what you say is the truth: for example, to swear on the Book, or, By the name of God or the Holy name—By Heaven—On my soul—So help me God. *But if you do not know that what you say is an oath, or do not mean to take an oath, then these words are not oaths.*

So that you may solemnly, in a court of justice, call God to witness to what you know to be a lie; you may kiss the book, and seal your false testimony with the fearful words, 'So help me God,' and yet, according to this author, you may be absolutely free from the guilt of perjury; because, though your words were, in the intention of those who administered them and received them, and in their

own plain sense and meaning, as solemn oaths as the wisdom of man can frame, yet, 'if you do not mean to take an oath, then these words are not oaths.' No wonder that in Ireland, where extraordinary efforts are made to circulate this book among the peasantry, the ends of justice should be so frequently defeated.

And now it is high time to inform our readers that this precious little book is not a satire, neither is it concocted by the gentlemen of the swell mob. It has been seriously published as a *bonâ-fide* religious work, by a clergyman, as a mode of instructing children in the Christian religion, and preparing them for the Sacrament. Two editions of it are in our hands; the one published in London by Richardson and Son, 147 Strand, price one penny—the other (from which our extracts are taken) in Dublin (price one halfpenny, or 100 copies for 3s. 2d.), with the following title: *What every Christian must know and do*. For missions and general use. By the Rev. A. Furniss, C.S.S.R., i. e. Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer.

But, then, who pays attention to the follies of a fanatical follower of that perilous guide Liguori? Not many, perhaps. Mr. Furniss, however, writes under authority. For, on the last page of both the English and the Irish editions, we read, any law or statute to the contrary notwithstanding:

‘Imprimatur

✠ PAULUS CULLEN,

Archiepiscopus Dublinensis.’

In the foregoing remarks we have studiously abstained from any allusion whatever to any controverted question of dogmatic theology. Our observations have not travelled beyond the morality inculcated in the book, and its probable effects on the unhappy children for whose use it is designed. We may, however, venture to ask, what would be thought or said, if such maxims were taught to the poor in a book written by a clergyman of our Church,—a member (say) of the Christian Knowledge Society,—and ushered into the world with the imprimatur of the Archbishop of Canterbury? And yet the Church of England does not pretend to be an infallible guide.”

Let us examine now into the whole of these grievous charges, and see what they are worth. And first, as to the question about paying respect to parents. Here we confess that Father Furniss has unconsciously laid himself open to be misunderstood. No Catholic, whether priest or layman, would ever dream of supposing that it is not a sin in children to curse them behind their backs, or to show signs of contempt for them in any way whatsoever. As for imagining that F. Furniss would acquit a child who was guilty of such an offence, the supposition, to us, is simply ridiculous. At the same time, it must be conceded by Protestants that an insult

to one's parents behind their backs is a *different* offence, in some respects, from the same insult offered to their face. Some persons might think one the worse of the two, others the other. To us, certainly, that which was behind their backs appears the worst. Whatever be the case, however, the fact is evident that Father Furniss has made an omission in his little book, by forgetting to state in this place the whole of the case, which has laid him open fairly to misconception. It is simply an instance of oversight, which any Catholic who used the book would instantly repair of his own accord; but which, of course, we can scarcely blame a Protestant for laying hold of. As it has been the occasion in this instance of adding an apparently real weight to charges otherwise baseless, we have no doubt that he has himself been the very first to regret it. Those who have the happiness of knowing him personally would only fear that his zeal for the happiness and innocence of the little ones of Christ's flock would cause him an almost too painful sorrow at the bare thought that he had inadvertently led any single person to misunderstand the general teaching of Catholic moralists. No doubt he considered, what was not at all unreasonable, that his statement, as quoted above, would be taken in practical connection with what he says on the same subject in an earlier page and another section of his book, where he certainly states that he considers the insults he is condemning are worse when committed in a parent's presence than when in his absence, but where he most plainly condemns them under both circumstances. The omission, therefore, in the second place is one which could hardly have been laid hold of, except by those who were either predisposed to misunderstand him, or were unable, from want of comprehension of the laws of moral science, to do him fair justice.

Now for the next accusation, beginning, "What notions of truth or honesty can young persons have," &c.? The instant reply to Father Furniss's critic is this: What notions of truth or honesty can a person have, who in criticising a book of Catholic morals substitutes the word "trivial" for the word "venial," and then fastens upon it one of the most extraordinary instances of exaggeration, perversion, and suicidal assertion, which could be discovered in the writings of intelligent men? Have the conductors of the *Saturday Review* any knowledge of the *meaning* of the Catholic word "venial" as applied to sin? Clearly they have none. Every Catholic, however, knows that it is in no sense an equivalent to the term "trivial." It means sins which may be great or may be little, as the case may be, but yet are not of that

particular *kind* which cannot be committed without forfeiting the grace and favour of God in such a way as to incur the punishment of hell. The term is purely a technical and theological one. It is explained\* in almost every little elementary book that you can take up, as being applicable to that numerous class of offences which are forbidden by the laws of God, but which yet do not necessarily banish those who commit them from the number of those who are in His favour as good Christians.

Is, then, the writer before us prepared to deny altogether that there exists any such distinction between one sin and another? Impossible. He cannot do it. None but a ranting Calvinist can maintain a proposition so purely nonsensical and utterly subversive of all practical morality. Is it an equally wicked thing to steal twopence, and to commit murder? Is it as wicked a thing for a maid-servant to nibble at her mistress's tea and sugar two or three times a week, as to play the Sir John Paul, the Leopold Redpath, or the John Sadleir? Is it no sign of a worse disposition and more reckless conscience to steal five shillings from a poor widow who has not another farthing in the world, rather than from the Duke of Sutherland or the Marquis of Westminster? No doubt it is a *sin* in all these cases; it is forbidden by the law of God in them all; and Father Furniss, in this very little book, exhorts children to "live in the firm purpose of *never* committing a venial sin." But will any man of ordinary good sense maintain seriously that in the sight of God all these offences we have named are of equal guilt? Supposing the reviewer has a little boy, pious, well-disposed, and obedient, who, in a moment of temptation, snatches a penny from his father's table, and rushes out to buy some apples from an old woman at the street-door; does the father for one instant suppose that this offence *ipso facto* converts the good little boy into a miserable sinner, whom Almighty God no longer regards with love as an obedient Christian? The very question answers itself. It is too ludicrous to require a serious reply.

Apply, then, the same principle to the reviewer's censure on Father Furniss. He says that Father Furniss teaches that a servant may be in the daily habit of robbing his employer of sums small to him, and be guilty of only a *trivial* fault. This is absolutely untrue. He says nothing about a *daily* committing of the sin, nor does he utter a syllable on the

\* And though left unexplained in one edition of F. Furniss's book (Duffy's), it is actually explained in another (Richardson's), both of which the reviewer had under his eyes.

*habitual* effects of stealing small sums ; and as to the "trivial" nature of the offences, the phrase is a pure invention of the reviewer's brain. And so with the rest of the supposed deductions contained in the above paragraph. They are unmitigated fudge. What on earth is there in Father Furniss's words which implies that if you can "manage to plunder several persons in the day," provided the amount is small, "the offence is still a trivial one"? It is all pure unmitigated fudge and nonsense. The concluding sentence is even worse. It is really monstrous. "According to this system of ethics, habitual thieving is less criminal than a single theft; and the greater number of persons robbed, the lighter the offence." Does this writer really understand the simplest law of reasoning, that he can tack on such an astounding conclusion to such premises? Or does he deliberately maintain that to steal a pin a great many times, or from a great many persons, is as black a sin as to commit the forgeries of Fauntleroy?

Next, as to tailors and their "cabbaging." We beg to remind the reviewer that the question here is as to *sin*; not as to what may very possibly be undesirable or improper on other and social grounds. Father Furniss is not absolutely justifying or allowing the practices he alludes to. He is stating, whether or not, and in what cases, they are to be regarded as offences against the Infinite Majesty of Almighty God, as a portion of that mountain of guilt which the Eternal Son shed His blood to atone for. Remembering this, then, is it so clear that when it is a universal or a common custom in a country for a tailor or a milliner to keep back sundry fragments of material which are of some little value, and which have not been used in the dresses they have made, he or she commits an actual *sin* in doing this, even though they say nothing about it when they bring the goods home? We do not say, is the practice justifiable, or not, on other grounds; but is it a *sin* to follow the common practice in this way, or to do it when a customer drives so hard a bargain that the poor journeyman gets no other payment for his labour? And the same with the milk, and all the rest of it. Does the reviewer himself, when he swears,—we beg his pardon, reviewers never swear,—when he mildly remarks on the sky-blue tint of the fluid on his breakfast-table, ever in his own conscience deliberately believe that the unfortunate vendor of milk-and-water, who has the honour of supplying him, is guilty of an absolute real *sin* against the great God of heaven and earth? Nonsense! He believes nothing of the sort, any more than a parliamentary opposition believe one half of the charges they bring against those who are en-

joying the blessed privilege of sitting on the Treasury benches. He may hold that watering milk or cabbaging cloth is an offence against society; but as for placing it in the category of positive actual sins against Almighty God, it is all moonshine to pretend that any sensible person does so in his own mind.

The next accusation against poor Father Furniss is really too foolish. "It seems somewhat dangerous," we are told, "to teach children that it is wrong to forge, or imitate a person's writing, *if you do any harm with it.*" Now, seriously and candidly, *is* it wrong to imitate another person's writing, when you do it by way of joke, or when no human being can suffer by what you do, when you tell no lies about it, and there is nothing connected with the action which on other grounds is sinful? It may be very bad taste, or very impertinent, or for some reason or other actually wrong, to send a valentine, for instance, in a handwriting so disguised as to imitate that of another person; but is it a sin, that is, is it a sin *in itself*? The deductions which the reviewer appends to these little sentences are *nihil ad rem*. Father Furniss says there is no sin in a certain corporeal act, *if you do no harm with it*. His critic immediately supposes a variety of cases in which harm *is* done with it, and then imputes it to the unlucky moralist that he justifies those particular cases! It is all a ridiculous quibble about the word "forgery." Father Furniss uses the word in its own simple meaning, viz. as the imitating the handwriting of another person; and he says, though there is no harm in the mere act of doing this, don't do it if you would do any one injury thereby. What, then, is the applicability of all this high-bred indignation? "Is a rogue at liberty to commit forgery first, and inquire into the effects of it afterwards?" Of course not. Who said that he was? "A man may write a letter in another's name, and forge his signature. He may have a good motive for doing so; but he intended to deceive, and is guilty of fraud and forgery, be his motive what it may." Here we have the "valentine" question. It may be an actual sin to send a valentine of this kind, because of the injury you might do to another man's feelings, or some similar wrong; but only conceive a man's bringing it into a court of law as a case of "fraud and forgery," as the words are used by the reviewer! Why, judge and jury and counsel would explode with laughter at the bare idea.

Next as to oaths. Says Father Furniss, "It is not an oath to say, Faith—Troth—On my life—On my conscience—True as I stand here—True as Gospel. It is not an oath to

say, I swear—God's truth—God knows—I declare to God, unless you mean those words for an oath; but it is commonly a venial sin to say such words." Whereon, says the reviewer, "Some of these formulas look very like taking God's name in vain," and so forth. Now do let us treat the question with a little common sense. *Is* it an oath to say, "troth," "faith," "on my life," and all the rest of it, in common talk? Nonsense! Not even Quakerism run to seed could seriously pretend any thing so absurdly hollow and unreal. Nobody but a critic in a state of excitement against Popish casuistry could commit himself to such a transparent sham.

"Some of these formulas," quoth the reviewer, "look very like taking God's name in vain." No doubt they do; and if they imply any thing like irreverence in the speaker, or culpable thoughtlessness, or an intention to deceive under the sanction of the name of God, they are either venial or mortal sins. But does any sane man, not warped by controversial excitement, imagine that to exclaim "God knows," or "I declare to God," in common conversation is a *mortal* sin, when you mean nothing serious by them? We repeat, that they may be profane and unjustifiable expressions, that is, downright sins; but the question is, are they "oaths" when used thus thoughtlessly? "When you *mean* these words for an oath," says Father Furniss, "they become oaths." Of course they do. Who doubts it? What sense, then, is there in the reviewer's indignation about this hypothetical "calling on the Almighty to bear witness to a lie"? Father Furniss never says a syllable about *lies* at all in connection with these profane expressions. The reviewer has tacked all that on from his own invention, and then lectures Father Furniss for teaching society "such execrable doctrines."

A similar answer is to be given to the next paragraph about oaths in a court of justice. The reviewer adds certain circumstances, out of his own fertile imagination, to the moralist's words, and then pitches into him for an astounding piece of false casuistry such as never entered into his head. Father Furniss is teaching children what it is that converts certain words into an actual oath. And he says, that when you don't know what these words mean, or when you use them intentionally not as an oath in your own mind, they do not possess the nature of an oath. But he does not utter one word as to its being lawful for you knowingly to do this in a court of justice. He is defining the essential nature of a particular act; and he states that this act, under special circumstances, is not of the nature of an oath. But how does this imply that you are justified in introducing those very

circumstances at your own pleasure on every possible occasion? A doctor tells a patient that wine is a wholesome beverage; does that imply that it is desirable or lawful to drink yourself into a fit of *delirium tremens*? The practical question is, whether it is allowable for a man to assume a right to affix a non-natural meaning to his words whenever he chooses; as, for instance, when he takes the words of an oath in a court of justice. And Father Furniss does not breathe a hint that such a thing is lawful. Really, a sensible and honourable publication like the *Saturday Review* ought to have been prepared to understand the bearings of the case better. Let us remind Father Furniss's critic of this fact, which he knows as well as we do, that it is just as easy to bind the conscience of a Catholic in a court of justice as to bind the conscience of a Protestant. If our casuistry allows us to get out of the obligation of an oath by secretly meaning not to take it, how is it that in such countless instances Catholics have given up every thing most dear to man rather than take certain oaths proposed to them? If we do not hold ourselves bound by legal oaths, why did we remain out of Parliament until the old oaths were repealed in our case by the Emancipation Act? Why, for three centuries, have we suffered in Great Britain and Ireland every extremity of persecution, when we might have avoided all by a few hypocritical professions or oaths, to which in our hearts we gave no assent? With such facts before us, are we not justified in complaining when we see intelligent, candid, and honourable men so blinded by prepossessions as to torture the simplest statements of scientific morals into extravagant and monstrous charges, which are proved to be impossible by the whole course of the events of the last three hundred years?

Lastly, the reviewer lays hold of Dr. Cullen's *Imprimatur* as a proof that all these horrible enormities are taught by the whole Catholic Church. When *shall* we be allowed to explain the meaning of our own technical and official phraseology? When will the liberty which is conceded to every body else in the land be conceded to us unlucky Papists? When will people leave off insisting upon it that we shall be held answerable for what they expect us to mean, instead of that which we declare we do mean? Here is a little book with the Archbishop of Dublin's official *Imprimatur*. What Catholic supposes that this *Imprimatur* is equivalent to a decision of the whole Catholic Church, with the Pope at its head, that every word in it is true; and more than that, that nothing is ever omitted in it which it might be desirable to insert? Dr. Cullen's approbation means nothing more than

that the book contains nothing manifestly contrary to the doctrines and morals on which the Catholic Church has actually set her seal of approval. It does not commit him to a distinct personal agreement of opinion in every expression or every deduction which the writer may have drawn from what the Church actually has sanctioned. A book comes before the public with an episcopal sanction, implying that it contains nothing contrary to Catholic faith or morals. But how unfair to deduce from this statement all sorts of consequences never intended or implied! How ridiculous to suppose that any Catholic bishop pretends to such an official infallibility as will prevent him from an occasional oversight; or to convert his general approval into an acquiescence in every private opinion of the writer; or, above all, to exalt his *Imprimatur* into an assertion that the work is immaculate, as a wise, prudent, and complete composition!

As our readers have seen, we ourselves, in our own opinions, are perfectly ready to accept and defend Father Furniss's statement in every point on which he has been assailed, with one exception. In that exception, as we think, are two points which we should have been glad to have seen altered. First, an accidental omission tends to create an erroneous impression of the writer's meaning; secondly, we happen to differ from Father Furniss as to the relative heinousness of two forms of the same offence. But, as Catholics, it never occurs to us to suppose that Dr. Cullen's *Imprimatur* implies that he would not agree with us rather than with Father Furniss on these two details. Surely it would be ridiculous in a bishop to refuse his *Imprimatur* to the book of a zealous and devoted ecclesiastic, just because he differed from him in one or two points of delicate casuistry. We know nothing whatever of Dr. Cullen's views on this particular opinion; but we suspect he would be surprised at being held responsible for every private detail of opinion in the books which he sanctions, when they are on points on which every single Catholic has just as good a right to hold an opinion as he has himself. When will the world learn what is the real *nature* of the authority which ecclesiastical superiors exercise in the Catholic Church? When will it understand that no individual bishop or priest claims infallibility; and that it is perfectly reasonable and intelligible that an inferior should in action submit to the decisions of a superior, when those actions are not contrary to the clear law of God, even though he himself may think them not perfectly judicious or prudent? "The Church of England," says the reviewer, "does not pretend to be an infallible guide;" and thus he believes that he has

finally floored Father Furniss and the Archbishop. But does Dr. Cullen "pretend to be an infallible guide" in every thing that he does or says? Not a bit of it. And we can assure the reviewer, that if Dr. Cullen did make such a pretence, he would be the most extraordinary specimen of a Catholic prelate we ever heard of in the whole world.

With a word or two as to the principles of reasoning adopted in all books of Catholic morals, we will now end our criticisms on Father Furniss's critic. The science of Catholic casuistry is the detailed application of the principles or general laws of morals to the actions of human life, both in their separate and their united bearings. It does not satisfy itself with vague generalities, or unintelligent denunciations. It states, under various divisions and subdivisions, the connection between the human act and the divine law. It says, this action is wrong on this account, but not on that account; or it is wrong under these conditions, but not wrong under others; or its guilt is of this class, and not of that class. Its aim is to be correct as opposed to that of being rhetorical. Its business is to instruct the conscience, and not to influence it. The influencing of the conscience, and the application of the detailed propositions of moral science to individual persons, is a separate thing; and to expect us to be doing one thing when we are professing to be doing another, is most unreasonable. When you take up a law-book, do you expect to find yourself addressed in the style in which an advocate addresses a jury? When you read a treatise on anatomy, are you disappointed because you find no instructions for drilling and dancing, or for the judicious placing of the fingers in playing the fiddle?

In this, indeed, consists the great contrast of Protestant books with Catholic books. Protestantism, with few exceptions, does not treat of sins with any enlightened and instructive accuracy. It does it all in the lump. It scolds a wretched little boy who steals lollipops as if he were a Judas Iscariot. It is a mere alternation between laxity and bugaboo. Vague descriptions of indefinite guilt, and exaggerated pictures of the enormity of actions of a clearly doubtful character, with an almost entire absence of detailed instructions to guide the tender, the timid, or the scrupulous conscience,—these things, with few exceptions, make up the staple of non-Catholic moral instruction. And accordingly, when Protestants, of even a more cultivated and rational class, stumble upon the exact analyses of human actions which are to be found in Catholic books of moral theology, they are as liable to misunderstand what they read, as a man who thinks all law hum-

bug, and all lawyers quibbling rogues, is sure to misunderstand a work on the statutes of the realm or the common law of England.

It is, in fact, only by calling to mind the vast difficulty that a subject philosophically treated presents to those who know it only in a popular and rhetorical shape, that we can account for such criticisms as those of the *Saturday Reviewer*, on any theory consistent with a belief in his candour and sincerity. We have no doubt that to many Catholics the criticism before us would seem incompatible with single-minded honesty in a clever man. For ourselves, we do not feel that we are driven to such a conclusion. We know how incomprehensible any scientific subject is to the unscientific mind; and we can quite understand how a person of intelligence and acuteness in other matters will flounder right and left the moment he comes to the domain of morals, when he has been all his life accustomed to the unpractical and vague generalities of Protestant teaching. At the same time we consider that we have a right to complain when writers of this class do not begin their study of our books by mastering the first principles of moral science; or when they seek to give force to their strictures by assertions which violate all the notions of right and wrong on which they themselves act in their own daily lives.

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#### LIFE AND MARTYRDOM OF THOMAS ALFIELD.

WE proceed this month to give some account of a valiant soldier of the cross, concerning whom so little has hitherto been known, that the last most industrious biographer of Catholics, Dr. Oliver, has been forced to content himself with the following notice:\* “Thomas Alfield, a native of Gloucestershire, was ordained priest at Rheims in 1581; the following year witnessed him a prisoner of the faith; his condemnation took place on 5th July 1585; and the next day from Tyburn I trust he was translated into heaven.” Challoner is a little more full, but far from satisfactory. Our researches enable us to give the following information.

The father of our martyr was a Gloucestershire man, who in the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII. became an under master of Eton, where his son was educated, and in due

\* Oliver: *Collections for the History of the Catholic Religion in the Western Counties*. (Dolman, 1857, p. 103.)

time sent thence to a fellowship at King's College, Cambridge. The young man was afterwards reconciled to the Church, and went over to the College at Rheims, where he studied under the pseudonym of Badger. He was made priest in 1581, and sent on the English mission in the same year. In 1582, he was a prisoner in London. In a prisoner's certificate sent into Walsingham, in March 1583, we find the entry, "Discharged, Thos. Alfield." As he is not noted as a priest, we may be sure that his sacerdotal character was as yet unknown to the authorities. He must have been liberated before Christmas 1582, for he spent that feast with his father in Gloucestershire. Soon after, in the beginning of Hilary term 1583, he went to the house of Mr. John Pauncefoot, of Haskeld, three miles from Gloucester, a principal Catholic of the county, and remained there three days with one Sir Maurice, a minister, formerly of Gloucester, but who in 1584 had left that city for Somerton, the benefice of which place was offered to him. At Haskeld, Alfield was found by his brother-in-law, John Mynore, a gentleman of Aldersgate Street, London. We next find Alfield at this Mr. Mynore's house in London, in the beginning of Michaelmas term 1583, together with Mr. and Mrs. Pauncefoot. There he continued till Mynore left London for Gloucester, December 21, 1583, going openly abroad, and boldly exercising his function in London. Mynore, who was apprehended in Gloucester, declared he did not know that any special search had been made for his brother-in-law for the last year, nor that he had been beyond sea during that time; he certainly knew he was a seminary priest, but nevertheless he did not declare to any justice or public officer that he was in his house. This information was sent by the mayor and aldermen of Gloucester to Walsingham, enclosed in a letter, dated January 16, 1584, wherein they tell the secretary, that as they had heard that Mynore was to come to Gloucester to bring letters from Alfield about a suit against Thomas Hale in the Star-chamber, and as they knew that Alfield was a seminary priest, they thought it very convenient to examine Mynore for discovery of his whole knowledge concerning him, and to send up the confession, together with the body of the party, which they delivered to Richard Gascoyne and John Hodgkinson, two of the pursuivants employed by the high commissioners. The letter is signed by John Webb, mayor.

It is evident by this examination that Walsingham suspected Alfield of being a "common intelligencer" between the English Catholics and the fugitives, and that he had in consequence issued strict orders for his arrest to the magis-

trates of all the places which he was supposed to frequent. These suspicions were not far wrong, as we learn from the following "intelligence" given by Thomas Dodwell, an apostate, about the end of February 1584:

"Randall, searcher at Gravesend, receiveth money of passengers for suffering them to pass without searching. I myself escaped twice in this manner, having the first time in my company Bagshawe, now a seminary priest; Maurice, some time of her majesty's chapel, now of the Pope's; and Owen, now at Rome. The second time, Hunt, who is now in the Marshalsea, Sir Thomas Gerrard's second son, Knight, Broughton, Alfield, and Pauncefoot, son and heir of Mr. Pauncefoot, of Gloucestershire; and the aforesaid Alfield hath conveyed him over within this month." Dodwell also writes that "Alfield alias Badger, Somerfield alias Holland, Woodfen, Askew alias Nutter, Barnes alias Bond, Young alias Adams, are to be apprehended with as much speed as may be, for they withdraw more subjects from their obedience towards her majesty than any in England of equal number. These are the men that council them to be stedfast in their opinions, persuading them that the Protestant religion cannot last long, and when the world changeth they shall live in credit for ever; they give council to whomsoever they are acquainted with to go over."

Alfield, who, according to this report, was one of the most active of the English priests, left England about the end of January 1584, and did not return till about midsummer. Walsingham, however, had a rod in pickle for him. This statesman,—of whom Ben Jonson was perhaps thinking when he wrote,

"Treasons and guilty men are made in states  
Too oft to dignify the magistrates,"

and who reduced the great body of his fellow-subjects to that wretched condition of being

"forced to buy  
Their rulers' fame with their own infamy,"—

could not conceive that a man could cross and recross the straits of Dover without hatching a plot to kill the queen; therefore, in Alfield's absence, he prepared a set of questions, to be administered to him, as soon as he could be caught, by the nearest magistrate. A copy is in the State-Paper Office, dated March 30, 1584. He was to be asked, Why the Duke of Guise had taken arms against the French king? By whom is he set on, and what party has he in France? What are his chances of success? If he succeeds in France, will he turn his attention to Scotland and England? Is not he (Alfield) commissioned to give the English Catholics hopes of a league for their emancipation between the duke, the King of Spain, and

the Pope? Then follow questions about plots for delivering Mary Queen of Scots, about Morgan, Paget, and the Bishop of Ross, and about Creighton and Holt, the Jesuits.

But the apostolic man was no plotter, no politician like Walsingham, no fellow that would circumvent God. He was a missionary, who delighted, in the intervals of his perilous labours, to risk his life in smuggling young men out of England to be educated as Catholics, and in smuggling Catholic books into England for the edification of the faithful and the conversion of inquirers; and he returned, about midsummer 1584, laden with a fatal cargo. In the previous year the English government had published a pamphlet, generally supposed to have been written by Burghley, called *The Execution of Justice in England*. The government testified its own opinion of the validity of Burghley's reasonings when it threatened to hang any man that attempted to answer them, or that distributed or kept in his possession any such reply. The arguments are, indeed, but too worthless. Every English priest is and must be a traitor; and therefore all who have been executed have been executed for treason, and not for religion. Yes, indeed, when John Bodie had affirmed that the Pope, and not the Emperor Constantine, had convoked the Council of Nice, did not the English judges declare it to be constructive treason, and sentence John Bodie to be drawn and quartered accordingly? After this, what words might not be "constructive treason"? Then, again, was not the face of the Earl of Westmoreland covered with pimples, and his body with ulcers? Was he not bereaved of his children? What more manifest token of God's wrath can any sane man require? No wonder that the writer of such miserable stuff wished to exorcise the demon of controversy by a free use of the gibbet, and that consequently the pamphlet remained unanswered in England. But Dr. Allen, at Rheims, was in no such straits. In 1584 he published his *True and modest Defence of English Catholics that suffer for their Faith*, wherein, with admirable self-possession and dignity, he tears off the mask of loathsome hypocrisy in which Burghley had invested himself, and proves that many priests were put to death even before the law which identified priesthood with treason was invented, and that even laymen suffered for religion alone. One by one does the cardinal produce his instances, with an effect which could only be counteracted in one way—by preventing the circulation of his book. We will give a few specimens from his pages. He tells us of

"Thomas Sherwood, a layman, indicted, adjudged, and put to death for questions of the queen's supremacy in cases spiritual, and

other articles made capital by the new law only, two years at least before this fiction of conspiracy against the realm or person of princes was made or heard of. The same year was a reverend priest named Mr. John Nelson condemned and executed for affirming (being driven thereunto by the commissioners' captious interrogatories) the queen's religion to be heretical and schismatical, which is made death, not by the old law of the realm, nor by any other of any Christian country, but only by the 23d reginæ, and that only by a special clause, that none shall affirm her majesty that now is (for it holdeth not in other princes' cases) to be a heretic or schismatic, under pain of incurring high treason and death. After this, Mr. Everard Hance was indicted, and so condemned to death, which he constantly suffered, only upon a statute made in the last parliament of all, by which it is made capital to persuade any man to the Catholic religion, into the compass of which law they violently drew the blessed man by calumnious interpretation of his speeches, when he affirmed, being urged thereunto, that the Pope was his superior in causes spiritual, and had in such matters spiritual as good right as he ever had in England, or hath at this day in Rome; for which words, though enforced from him, he was there presently indicted, arraigned, and condemned to death, and soon after most cruelly executed; whose case, together with that of Mr. Nelson, which goeth before, declareth what truth is in this libeller, who writeth here in one place, 'That none are for their contrary opinions in religion persecuted, or charged with any crimes or pains of treason, nor yet willingly searched in their consciences for their contrary opinions.' Here may be named also Mr. William Lacey, a worshipful gentleman, who was condemned to death not long since at York for that he confessed he had obtained a dispensation for digamy of the Pope's holiness to be made priest, and that according to the said dispensation he was made priest, either of which points by their late laws of religion is deadly. . . . With this man was Mr. Kirkman, a happy priest, also martyred for that he acknowledged himself to have reconciled certain persons to the Catholic Church. For which cause likewise were put to death, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Hart, and Mr. Threlkeld afterwards, in the same city of York, for hearing confessions and absolving and reconciling sinners to the favour of God."

"What days and times you hear or say mass? How many you have reconciled? What have you heard in confession? Who resorts to your preachings? Who harbours Catholics and priests? Who sustains, aids, and comforts them? Who have their children and pupils in the society and seminaries beyond sea? Where such a Jesuit or priest is to be found? Where and by whom are Catholic books printed? To whom are they uttered in England? These were the interrogatories for which the famous confessor Briant was tormented with needles thrust under his nails, and racked in cruel sort, and specially punished with two whole days and nights' famine, which they attribute to obstinacy, but indeed, sustained in Christ's

quarrel, it was indeed most honourable constancy. Sherwyn was asked where Parsons and Campion were, and whether he had said mass in Mr. Roscarrock's chamber, and what money he had given him. Mr. Thompson, a venerable and learned priest, was put to torments only to get out of him to what end he kept certain super-altaries, and where he intended to bestow them. But Mr. Thomas Cottam thus spoke at the bar, and avouched openly in the presence of the rackmaster, *verbatim*, 'Indeed you are searchers of secrets, for you would needs know of me what penance I was enjoined by my ghostly father for my sins committed; and I acknowledge my frailty, that, to avoid the intolerable torment of the rack, I confessed, God forgive me, what they demanded therein; but when they further urged me to utter also what my sins were, for which that penance was enjoined me,—a loathsome and unchristian question,—I then answered that I would not disclose my offences saving to God and to my ghostly father alone; whereupon they sore tormented me, and still pressed me with the same demand, and I persisted that it was a most barbarous inhuman question, and that I would not answer though they tormented me to death.' Thus spake Mr. Cottam at his arraignment, wherewith the enemies being ashamed, the Lieutenant of the Tower there present began to deny the whole; whereto Mr. Cottam replied again thus, 'And is not this true?' Here is present Dr. Hammon, with the rest of the commissioners that were at my racking, to whose consciences I appeal. God is my witness that it is most true, and you know that Sir George Carey did ask me these unnatural questions, deny it if you can. In truth, all your torture and demands, every one were of no other treasons but matters of mere conscience, faith, and religion, or else of such follies as I have rehearsed.' "

This crushing reply to Burghley's sophisms was published at the very time when Alfield was abroad. The zealous missionary was delighted, and determined to import some boxes of copies to his native country. He had landed safely, and had succeeded in distributing several, when he was apprehended. All the former suspicions of his treasonable correspondence with the Duke of Guise and the rest were forgotten in the presence of this new enormity. He, and those who had helped him, were thrown into prison, and there horribly racked to make them discover to whom they had distributed the books. Long after his execution the name of Alfield was quite a bugbear to the government; prisoners were continually asked whether they had known him; even as late as 1591 James Clayton, prisoner in Carlisle, is asked by the bishop "whether he was acquainted with Awfield, the priest now executed, and whether he was at Sheffield with him." Dr. Challoner, on the authority of Bridgewater, tells us that Webley, a dyer, was Alfield's chief instrument in dis-

persing the books. We have not found this man's name, but the examinations of two other abettors are preserved in the State-Paper Office.

"Edmond Raynolds, examined by Dr. Underhill, Vice-chancellor of Oxford, knows Alfield of Gloucester, the schoolmaster's son; has been twice in his company, once five or six years ago, the other time in Oxford, between Midsummer and Michaelmas last. Alfield gave him two books, one against the *Execution of Justice*, the other against Whitaker, written by William Raynolds, this examinant's brother. They were given to him as a present from his brother; he paid nothing for them; never received any other books, and does not know that Alfield distributed any other. He burned the book against the *Execution of Justice*, and has the other now in his custody."

"James Barber, examined the same day, received a trunk with books directed to him,—he thinks from Alfield,—to be conveyed to Gloucester; opened it, and saw a book against the *Execution of Justice*; shut it again, and took it to a joiner's house, whence it was sent to Gloucester. His wife wrote to him that she opened the box, and took the books into a closet, where by the vice-chancellor's means they were found, and burnt in the open street. Does not know where his wife is."\*

Besides Webley, Raynolds, and Barber, two priests, Leonard Hyde and William Wiggs, appear by a document in the State-Paper Office† to have been implicated with Alfield. The three priests were removed to Newgate, and there tried for the same offence, as we shall see, though neither in the indictment nor in the account of the trial do we find any other name but Alfield's. He was brought to the bar July 5th. The grand jury soon found a true bill, and presented that

"There was an Act of Parliament passed January 16, anno reginæ 23 (1582), making it felony, without benefit of clergy in any way, to publish, disperse, print, or write any book, rythm, song, or ballad, containing scandalous matter against the queen, or calculated to excite rebellion in the realm, or to change the established form of religion, whether the offence were committed in England or in any other part of the world."‡

This act was originally aimed against the Catholic ballad-mongers, who, after Campion's martyrdom, annoyed the government by singing his praises. One Vallenger was an especial nuisance, and the poor persecuted lords of the council had to content themselves with the very slight vengeance of a heavy fine, cutting off both his ears, and making him

\* Domestic, May 1, 1585.

† May 27, 1585.

‡ British Museum, Lansdowne Mss., vol. xxxiii. art. 58 (in Latin).

stand in the pillory. They determined, however, that the next offender should not get off so easily, so this act was passed, in virtue of which many Catholics (and Puritans also) afterwards suffered death; for it was ruled by the judges that to publish, sell, or give away a book in which fault was found with the queen's religion brought a person within its meaning.

The indictment goes on to say that,

"In spite of this law, a certain William Allen, doctor of divinity, wishing to bring odium on the queen, and to make all her subjects think she was a heretic, and fallen from the Christian faith, caused to be printed a certain book containing false, seditious, and scandalous matter, calculated to excite rebellion, and to overturn the true and sincere worship of God now established in this kingdom, containing these words, that is to say,

'They (Campion, Sherwin, and others) might have spoken their minds boldly now at their passage and departure from this world, as sithence that time we understand a worshipful lay gentleman (one James Leybourne, indicted of high treason) did, who protested, both at his arraignment and death, that her majesty was not his lawful queen, for two respects, one for her birth, the other for her excommunication. Her highness has sought neither dispensation for the first, nor absolution for the second.

'By the fall of the king from the faith the danger is so evident and inevitable, that God had not sufficiently provided for our salvation and the preservation of his Church and holy laws, if there were no way to deprive or restrain apostate princes. We see how the whole world did run from Christ after Julian to plain paganism, after Valens to Arianism, after Edward VI. with us into Zuinglianism, and would do into Turcism, if any powerable prince would lead his subjects that way. If our faith or perdition should on this sort pass by the pleasure of every secular prince, and no remedy for it in the state of the new testament, but men must hold and obey him, to what infidelity soever he fall, then we were in worse case than heathen, and all other human commonwealths, which, both before Christ and after, have had means to deliver themselves from such tyrants as were intolerable, and evidently pernicious to human authority.

'The bond and obligation we have entered into for the service of Christ and the Church far exceedeth all other duty which we owe to any human creature, and therefore where the obedience to the inferior hindereth the service of the other which is superior, we must by law and order discharge ourselves of the inferior. The wife, if she cannot live with her own husband, being an infidel or any heretic, without injury or dishonour to God, she may depart from him; or, contrariwise, he from her for the like cause; neither oweth the innocent party, nor the other can lawfully claim, any conjugal duty or debt in this case. The very bond slave, which is in another kind no less bound to his lord and master than the subject to his

sovereign, may also, by the ancient imperial laws, depart and refuse to obey and serve him if he become a heretic; yea, *ipso facto*, he is made free. Finally, the parents that become heretics lose the superiority and dominion they have by law and nature over their own children; therefore let no man marvel that in case of heresy the sovereign loseth the superiority over his people and kingdom.

‘And as for his holiness’s action in Ireland, we, who are neither so wise as to be worthy, nor so malapert as to challenge to know his intentions, councils, and dispositions of those matters, can nor will neither defend nor condemn. Only this is evident, that these small succours which were given by him to the Irish, or rather suffered at their own adventure to go into those wars, came upon the importunity and suit of the sore-afflicted Catholics, and some of the chiefest nobility in that country. Of whose continual complaint, known calamity, and intolerable distresses of consciences, and otherwise, it may be he was moved with compassion, and did that in case of religion against one whom he took in his own judgment rightly by his predecessor’s sentence to be deposed, and in a quarrel in his sight most just and godly; and perhaps he was the rather ready to do this for Ireland, for that the See Apostolic hath an old claim to the sovereignty of that country.

‘And this our country’s scourge proceeding wholly of our forsaking the Catholic Church and See Apostolic, began first in King Henry VIII.’s days, being *radix peccati* of our days.’”

The indictment then proceeds:

“Whereas in truth the queen neither was nor is heretical, nor an apostate from the Christian faith, and has not lost her superiority and right over her whole people and realm, wherein in truth no Roman bishop hath power to deprive or depose any prince. Yet one Thomas Alfield, late of London, clerk, not regarding the aforesaid statute, did feloniously, on the 10th of September, in the twenty-sixth year of the queen, at London, in Broad-Street Ward, advisedly and with malicious intent against the queen, cause to be published and exhibited the said book of William Allen, containing the said false seditions, and scandalous matters above rehearsed in English, and many more to the defamation of the queen, and to the exciting of insurrection and rebellion in the realm, &c.”

Such was the indictment; another Ms. (Lansdowne, vol. xlv. art. 74) will tell us how the trial was conducted. The paper in question seems to have been written for publication, though Burghley thought it better to have it suppressed. It is thus headed:

“The effect and the substance of the matter that was done and spoken at the arraignment of Thomas Alfield at Newgate, upon Monday, 5th July 1585.

First, he and his fellows were brought from Newgate, and placed at the bar, my Lord Mayor, my Lord Buckhurst, the Master of the

Rolls, my Lord Anderson, Mr. Sackforth, Sir Rowland Heywood, Mr. Owen, Mr. Young, and the Recorder sat down upon the bench; Mr. Town-clerk read the commission of oyer and determiner. After this, a substantial jury of the best commoners, to the number of twenty, or thereabouts, were sworn to inquire, &c. Then the recorder gave that special charge that belongeth to the commission; after that done, the inquest of inquiry went up into the Council Chamber at the Sessions Hall, in which place Mr. Attorney and Mr. Solicitor did read unto the inquest the three\* several indictments. There the offenders upon good evidence given were indicted; *Billa vera* was set upon every one of them. The inquest returned to the court, and being called by name, they presented the bills to the court. The town-clerk received them, and delivered them to the recorder, and he opened them, and showed them to the rest of the justices how they were found. And thereupon the town-clerk was willed to call them to the bar and so to arraign them, who began first with Alfield. And the indictment read, he was demanded whether he were guilty of the matter contained in that indictment, to the which he would make no answer, and prayed that he might be heard speak; and thereupon he used a certain frivolous speech containing no matter, the effect whereof was that the cause in question was such that the same ought to be tried before learned men in divinity, and not before laymen; and after, with much ado, he pleaded not guilty; and being asked how he would be tried, and also being told that he ought to be tried by God and the country, he made a long stay, and said that it was no reason that twelve ignorant men should try a matter of religion, and that it ought to be tried by learned men; and then was it told him that a matter of fact was laid to his charge, viz. for bringing into the realm and of uttering a certain slanderous and lewd book against her majesty and the realm, devised by one Dr. Allen. To the which Alfield answered and said expressly, that the same book was a loyal book, a lawful book, a good and true book, and that the same was printed at Paris under the king's privilege there, and was allowed for a good and lawful book throughout all the universities in Christendom beyond the seas, and that it taught nothing but matters of religion. And being asked whether it were a matter of religion that the Pope had authority to deprive the Queen of England, he answered that in generality it was a matter of religion that the Pope had authority to deprive any king if he saw cause, for that the Pope was a regal king and prince, and that he might take arms in hand as well as other kings might do. It was answered him, that the court sat not to try matters of religion, but a matter *de facto*, that whether he brought the said slanderous books into the realm, and whether he had dispersed them. To the which he answered, that he had brought five or six hundred of the same books into the realm, and that he had dispersed them as he saw occasion; and further, he affirmed expressly that the book was a good book and lawful, and declared, as he had before done,

\* Namely, against Thomas Alfield, William Wiggs, and Leonard Hyde.

how the same was allowed, &c. And after he was urged to put himself upon his trial, and was put in remembrance what the punishment of the law was, if judgment were given against him *de peine fort et dure*, and therefore it was asked him how he would be tried, and he answered, by God and the country; and then he was told by the court, that upon the evidence given he should be heard at large; and then was a jury of very sufficient commoners called, and he was especially warned by the town-clerk to take his challenges unto them as they should come to the book to be sworn. The jury being sworn, the indictment was read, the which contained divers false, lewd, and slanderous parts of Dr. Allen's book, tending plainly, and by express words, not only to treason, but most manifest and shameful slanders against her majesty. Yet did Alfield not stick to say, that it touched not the queen any more than it did the French king or Spanish king. He travelled very much to make the commissioners believe that they understood not the slanderous book, adding this withal, the same book was especially devised and written by Dr. Allen to answer him who had written the book of justice of England, and not to slander the queen. And after much speech used and many repetitions made, all to one effect, by Alfield, there was delivered to the jury one of the books to compare the words of the indictment with the book and the examinations; and they finding them to agree, and hearing him so stout to justify the same to be a loyal book, they returned after a competent time, and being called by name, and the prisoner being called to the bar, they were asked first of Alfield whether he were guilty of the offence that was contained in the indictment. The foreman said, Guilty, &c. And after being asked what he could say why judgment of death should not be given against him, he answered that the offence was pardoned. The pardon was read, and it was told him that his offence was excepted out of the pardon; and then did the recorder call him forth, and recited the effect of the indictment, and how that he was found guilty; and told him that he wondered that his father, in King Henry VIII.'s days, being an usher of Eton and of a good religion, and had brought up many learned divines and others that served the queen in temporal causes, whereof hundreds, the recorder himself was one of the meanest, and that the same prisoner passed through the same college, and so to the queen's college, being both of the queen's highness's foundation, and now had he so unnaturally and beastly behaved himself, that he was become the first that ever was arraigned of felony of any that ever passed those colleges by the space of these fifty years and more; and then said the recorder, Ye know that Christ paid tribute to Cæsar, and commanded that Cæsar should be obeyed, and that each man should yield to Cæsar his duties; and that St. Paul, at the end of the Acts, was accused of religion by the Jews, and it was told him that he should be sent to Jerusalem to be tried before the priest there; and he answered that he stood before the tribunal or judgment-seat of Cæsar, and there he ought to be tried; and so he appealed to Cæsar, where his cause

was heard, and he dismissed. Here, quoth the recorder, ye see that Christ commanded that Cæsar should be obeyed, he said not deposed; and St. Paul did appeal to Cæsar, and not to Peter, because he took Cæsar to be his lawful king, and all men know that Cæsar was not of the faith of Christ, nor yet did he believe as St. Paul did. And after a few words more, he gave judgment, and commanded the sheriff to do execution. This Alfield appeared to have no skill at all, either in the Old or New Testament; there appeared no manner of learning in him; he was bold, stout, and arrogant. He behaved himself more arrogantly than any the commissioners had heard or seen in their time. His words were such against her majesty that all the people fell into a murmur. He never used one word of reverence towards her highness, and all his passage to execution the people offered to pray with him, and he refused their offer, and said that if there were any Catholics there, he would be glad to have their assistance."

Leonard Hyde and William Wiggs were spared the gallows, but condemned to a lifelong imprisonment. We find them at Wisbeach in 1595. Webley suffered with Alfield; both were offered their lives if they would go to church, but both refused. They were executed the day after Alfield's trial, July 6, 1585. Their offence being felony, not treason, they were only hanged, not butchered alive with the knife of the executioner. Both (says the author of *Crudelitatis Calvinianæ exempla*, published about the end of 1585) endured their punishment with the greatest patience and constancy, to the great edification of the people.

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## SEYMOUR'S CURSE;

OR,

### THE LAST MASS OF OWSLEBURY:

A Legend of Edward the Sixth's Reign.

BY CECILIA CADDELL.

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WHILE Amy slowly ascended the path which led to the village, her brother remained with his eyes so riveted on her receding form, that he saw not another maiden advancing towards him from behind the yew-tree, beneath which his conversation with his sister had taken place. The lady who now approached was of tall and almost majestic figure, looking

older by some years than Amy, as in fact she was, besides being of a style of beauty which rather added to her years than detracted from them. The jet-black hair, the large liquid eyes brimful of passion, the classic features, proud and haughty even in their beautiful repose, the full development of the graceful figure,—all conveyed the idea of a woman who had reached the utmost perfection of her beauty, and to whom any further change must be the commencement of decay. Slowly she advanced towards Bernard, and her step, stately as it was, was yet so light upon the gravel that he never heard it, never saw her, never so much as dreamt of her presence there, even after she was standing at his side, and had fixed her burning eyes upon him with such a strange mixture of love and hatred in their glance, that it would have been difficult for the most intimate of her associates to have guessed which of the two was the predominant passion.

“Bernard,” she said at length, the proud blood mantling even to her forehead at this unwonted inattention to her presence,—“Bernard, hast thou, then, so entirely forgotten Katherine?”

Her voice sent the blood, though from a very different cause, to the cheek and brow of the youthful priest; but it was back again to his heart in an instant, and he was, if possible, paler than before, as he turned to confront the lady who addressed him. Katherine lifted her eyes wistfully, it might almost be termed in one so proud as she was, but there was nothing in the clear depths of the dark orbs that met her own to soothe her wounded pride—nothing to rekindle long-vanished hopes in the calm measure of the voice that responded to her question of, “Hast thou forgotten Katherine?”

“Not if Katherine forgets not herself. And what would she now of her unworthy kinsman?”

“Thou art no prophet to ask the question, Bernard,” she evasively replied. “Marry, I did wish to look on one who, for all that he might have ruffled it with the goodliest knights of King Edward’s court, hath chosen rather to make a mummer of himself in the sandalled shoon and dingy garb of a monk of the old papal superstitions.”

“Thou wert ever of a quick wit, fair cousin,” replied the other coldly; “and so long as it is used against my poor person only, thou art welcome to let fly its sharpest arrows.”

“Nay,” continued Katherine, feigning that she had not heard him, “there be men who do even whisper that, not content with the cowl and cord, thou hast set thy heart upon

the martyr's palm as well, by the doughty resolution thou hast come to of reading the old idolatrous Latin Mass to-morrow in the wretched little village-church where chance or thine own perversity has fixed thy doom."

It was plain by Katherine's manner that she was rather hazarding a guess at his intentions than declaring what she knew for certain; and perhaps she feared, perhaps she hoped, that she had hit upon a fact; but it was next to impossible to read the ambiguous language of her eyes correctly.

"The cowl and cord," replied the young priest calmly, "would ill become me if I neglected the work for which I donned them. Natheless, as thou already knowest, Katherine, however it may suit thee to feign ignorance of the matter, I am not a monk, but an anointed priest, and one, too, who will never shrink from the duties of that office (so help me God and our most dear Lady), whatever the false wit or wisdom of the world may produce in argument against it."

"Which most eloquent oration amounteth but to this, sir knight of the cowl and cord, that thou wilt read the Latin idolatries of Rome to-morrow in preference to breaking to the people the word of God in the only language that can give it meaning to their ears."

"Which oration, eloquent or not, doth simply amount to this, that I will use the language which the Church hath consecrated to such holy office ever since the days when Peter taught at Rome, and kings and emperors came and bowed them before the throne of his successors."

"And knowest thou not that a certain penalty hath been attached by the wisdom of our rulers to such an infringement of the law, sir priest."

"Katherine, I know it well. But I do also know that a yet more terrible penalty attaches to that frailty which, out of undue deference to the creature man, is guilty of high treason to the Creator God."

"Thou speakest bravely," replied Katherine. "But it is already whispered that once or twice thou hast been guilty on this count already; and I warrant me thou hast never thought that if thine offence to-morrow can be proven to be the *third* one, the imprisonment thou dost hold so lightly will be for life."

"And if indeed it be so, surely I can obey it, Katherine. Or wherefore should I complain, seeing that the Lord Bishop of Winchester himself hath worn fetters for these two years on a count of hardly so much importance to the Church as this one?"

"Ay, but for life, Bernard; bethink thee, it is for life,

A temporary restraint the weakest mind can bear ; a lifelong captivity tries the mettle of the strongest. In the first case, the sympathy of friends, the admiration of the world, the gratified self-love, which he will of a surety mistake for the approval of his own conscience ;—all these, united to the possibility of future freedom, do give a man such false courage for the nonce, as that he deems himself sighing for the martyr's palm when he is only feasting on the vanity of such desires. But set this would-be martyr in the contrary case. Give to him fetters that will be unbound never ; a prison that will open to his steps no more ; friends that desert him, since the very hopelessness they feel about him will drive them from his side ; self-love that for very weariness upbraids, and conscience that grows dumb with sorrow ; and in that so sad and desolate plight let him feel the bright-haired days of youth departing, and dreary age commencing ;—and then, Bernard, then," cried Katherine, suddenly applying in her eagerness the dismal picture she had drawn to his own case,—“ then, with thine utterly wasted life behind thee, and a lonely grave beyond thee ; thy faded form stretched out upon a death-bed unsmoothed by the friendly hands, uncheered by the loving voices, that would otherwise have been crowding round thee,—then, perchance, wilt thou repent thee, when it is all too late to do so, of the folly which turned from the realities of this world we live in, to seek a fate from whence the stern hand of approaching death will so ruthlessly have torn all of fictitious glory thy fancy flings round it now.”

“ And though it should be even as thou sayest, Katherine, my faith, I do humbly trust, will never fail me ; nor, indeed, can that life be properly designated as wasted which is spent in the assertion of a mighty truth, seeing that so to spend it, is to accomplish by one superhuman effort the end for which it has been bestowed, and which others less favoured are compelled to work out by the daily and hourly small sacrifices of their lives. And as to the lonely deathbed, the unhonoured grave, upon which thou layest such stress,—ah, Kate, Kate, I fear me thou knowest little of such things, or it would surely have occurred to thee that such a deathbed is the very one to which Christ and His most dear Mother will come the oftenest and stay the longest ; and such a grave hath a ray of glory on it that the earth could never yield it, even a ray of glory caught from the very portals of heaven itself, as they open for the admittance of the departing soul.”

“ Thou art a poet, Master Bernard,” replied the lady, a slight touch of mockery in her manner ; “ and of a verity rays

of glory and unfolding portals make pretty music to the poet's ear! Ntheless, take heed, I pray thee, my good cousin, lest such fond conceits do leave thee at the very moment when thou wilt need them most, even when they have led thee to the verge of ruin."

"Mistress Katherine," replied the young priest gravely, "idle would it be to bandy words much longer with one who cannot, or doth not choose to understand; wherefore, I pray thee to inform me, without further parley, to what end this speech is tending?"

"To what end?" cried Katherine, striking her hands together, and speaking with such passionate earnestness that the blood rushed tumultuously to her temples. "Marry to this, that I love thee, Bernard! O, hear me to an end, and leave me not," she continued, clutching his arm with so tight a grasp, that he could not, without positive violence, have freed himself from it, "surely, surely this is no new tale to thee. Thou knowest that I have loved thee ever,—loved thee, when we were children together at the feet of the Lady Seymour, our common guardian,—loved thee, when we were boy and girl, growing up side by side in those bright dreams and fantasies that youth doth alway breed in the untried imagination,—loved thee, when, at a later period still, we were divided in our outward lives, albeit perchance united still in thought and feeling, and thou wert toiling in the fields of classic lore, while I wove garlands yet on the banks of that fair stream so familiar to our childish footsteps. I know thou lovest me not, and yet still I cannot choose but love thee, sith that love has become, as it were, an incorporation of my very being; and easier were it now to separate life from the body than this so constant affection from the soul. And therefore it is, Bernard," she continued, sinking her voice to almost a whisper, and still speaking so rapidly that it was impossible to interrupt her,—“therefore it is that I have never ceased to love thee—no, not for a moment, even on that fatal day when thou, ungrateful! turned from the suit that, overleaping the bounds of maidenly decorum, compelled me to utter in thine ear, and coldly pleaded against my words of fire thine own intended service to that Church which, demanding victims instead of servants, forbids to her ministers any indulgence of those virtuous affections that nature herself, and doubtless for most wise intents, hath implanted within our bosoms.”

"I have heard thee to an end, even as thou hast thyself requested, Katherine," Bernard replied resolutely, and yet most gently; "and now thou must suffer that I leave thee; for it is not meet that I, an anointed priest of the Catholic

Church, should listen, much less reply, to such words as these."

"Yet is it for thine own sake only that I am speaking now," cried Katherine, still with a detaining grasp upon his arm. "Rash man! and canst thou not imagine that the reading of the Latin Mass will not be thy worst crime to-morrow in the eyes of the Seymour?"

"That of a verity I can well believe," replied Bernard coldly; "sith there be also the contested lands of Owslebury; Seymour hath told me so much himself."

"And, prithee, did he also whisper that he had it in his mind to waylay thee with his vassal bands, and, under cover of thine offence against the law, to seal thine abdication of such part of the manor of Twyford as Owslebury includeth, in thy blood?"

"So much hath he also hinted in mine ear; but I have also received a yet more certain notice of his intentions through the kindness of an ever-watchful never-failing friend."

And Bernard unwittingly laid his hand upon his vest, beneath which he had deposited the Lady Seymour's note during his interview with his sister.

"Does not the confessor's crown content thee, that thou must needs aspire to the martyr's palm as well?" Kate asked, in a tone of irrepressible vexation.

"Katherine," replied the young priest, quietly but resolutely, "I may not in fitness declare that I aspire to a destiny of which I hold myself unworthy altogether; natheless, and in all humility, do I trust that strength will be given to me for either, if either is presented to mine acceptance. God knoweth best my life is His, and into His paternal care do I resign it, certain that whatever fate He may assign me will be better far for me than aught that I could possibly have chosen for myself. And thou too, Kate, long hast thou known that such were my sentiments in the matter; to what purpose, therefore, dost thou urge me now?"

"To what purpose!" Katherine indignantly exclaimed. "Idiot, have I not already said it? Because I love thee, spite of thy proud disdain and bigot folly,—because I love thee, and fain would save thee from thyself, and from the doom thou art so madly calling down upon thine own head. Harken to me, Bernard; be ruled for once by Kate. Let bigots bleed for what bigots love; it is for the wise to profit of their madness. Sir Henry thinks to foist off thine intended massacre as the just chastisement of thy legal guilt. It is yet in thy power to deprive him of the pretext. Read for once—once only will suffice—the English service; or,

which were better still, come not to the church at all. And trust to me, and my well-tryed influence with powerful friends at court, for the advancement of thy future fortunes—and—and—

“And what,” he asked, observing that she hesitated,—“what final step wouldst thou urge upon me now in this path of guilty treason to the high majesty of God?”

“A murrain on thy stupidity that thou canst not guess!” cried Katherine impatiently. “Hearken to me, Bernard. Thou art a priest, and once I thought that the very name would have blotted out my love; but the old habit is too strong upon me, and for thy sake, Bernard—Dullard! canst thou not understand e’en now? In these days the marriage of the clergy is not altogether forbid, sith Cranmer himself standeth stoutly for the measure; and priest albeit thou art, and scornful as men do hold me, yet would I make a good and loving wife to thee. O, turn not away so coldly! Remember the days when we played together, and I was scarce less innocent than thou. Turn not away; and if I seem proud and passionate and unmaidenlike to thee, bethink thee, Bernard, thou thyself it is that hath made me what I am. You! for my feelings have been turned back upon myself, and the waters of bitterness have overflowed my soul. O, Bernard, Bernard, does nothing ever whisper to thee who it is that hath marred what nature made, and that if Katherine Mortimer has learned to dream of vengeance, it is because Bernard de Mowbray refused to teach her lessons more meet for the woman’s heart that, after all, is beating within her bosom?”

“Katherine,” replied the young priest, with that strange mixture of firmness and affection in his manner which had marked it from the outset, and which doubtless was the fruit of former intimacy and friendship, mingled with his unhesitating sense of what was due to himself and his profession,—“Katherine, I have heard thee to an end, and I have not checked thee at the outset, as perchance I ought to have done, because thou hast said but the very truth when thou didst affirm that we have been—yes, and God wot we still might be, if thou wouldst only have it so—as brother and sister to each other. Now, however, it is my turn to speak; and albeit unwilling to offend, natheless, seeing it is my bounden duty, I may not hesitate to tell thee that thou it is thyself, not me, that hast marred the fair work of nature in thee. Thou sayest that God gave thee strong affections, and thou sayest rightly; but, Katherine, He gave them to thee that they might be fixed upon Him above all His creatures, and thou, instead, hast bowed them to one as lowly and sinful as

thyself. He gave thee a will strong enow to betray thee to the darkest deeds, but which He intended by that very strength should lead thee to the highest. He endowed thee also with health and noble birth and genius, and (wherefore should I hesitate to say it) with beauty also, because all these things are offerings most meet from the creature to the Creator, and to the Creator assuredly it was designed they should be offered; yea, for I have not forgotten, Katherine, thy young dream of giving back to Him in religious life all that He hath bestowed on thee with such a lavish hand, as that few of thine age and sex have been so profusely gifted. And tell me, I pray thee, if it is His fault or mine that thou hast put aside this inspiration, to listen to the voice of the tempter, or that having so stooped thine ear to listen, that false spirit should have been found capable to persuade thee to seek for life where death only is to be found; to mistake the pleadings of self-love for the disinterested workings of a generous affection; to bow to the promptings of pride and avarice and ambition, as if they had been the teachings of a more liberal and enlightened age, instead of the dark deceptions that they are? Alas, alas, when I consider within me of what thou wert in those days, and what thou art become in these, my heart cries wo to thee, Katherine, and thrice wo, for that, being destined by Him to gain the inestimable pearl of His heavenly kingdom, thou hast heedlessly flung it from thee to batten upon the husks of swine."

"And so at last thou hast admitted that I am not altogether so uncomely in thine eyes," said Katherine, her voice vibrating between vanity and pride, which his words had alternately flattered and enraged. "Cold and careless as thou hast ever been, yet hast thou had an eye, sir priest, to mark that I was fair."

"And maybe thou still seemest so to others, albeit to me thou hast never been so since the comeliness of thy face ceased to reflect the hidden beauty of thy soul."

"Hast thou done, pale monk," cried Katherine, her anger kindling more and more at every word he spoke,—"hast thou done? Or is there aught else in the way of insult thou wouldst heap upon my head?"

"In so far as thou art concerned, I have; nor meant I to insult thee, Katherine; yet, as thou hast listened to me so long, bear with yet a moment sith one little word there still remains to utter on mine own account. Thou hast proposed to me a destiny than which (as men do judge these things) it were impossible to offer fairer,—wealth, honour, station, marriage with a beautiful and loving woman,—all these are in thy gift,

and all these hast thou offered to bestow; and yet solemnly I do swear to thee, not one or all these things have such power to move my soul to joy, as the bare shadow of a hope that the crown of martyrdom awaits me, and that my pilgrimage is drawing to a close. Yes, my God," he cried, reverently uncovering his head with such a look, that for one brief moment Katherine felt abashed as though she had been speaking to an angel, "in a desert land, pathless, and without water, has my soul thirsted after Thee, that I might behold Thy strength and Thy glory. For this indeed it was that I have left all things—wealth and station, the knight's sword, the ceremony of the court, and, more than all these, the fair young sister whose life has been to me as mine own. All these indeed I left to follow Thee; and yet all is nothing. What is my all in comparison to Thine? Or can it be, in truth, that Thou art so over-generous as to requite me for mine intentions only, and almost before I had begun the battle to crown me as a victor? O, if it be so indeed, eternal thanks to Thee, my God, that mine early sacrifice has been accepted; and that, instead of a lingering service of toil, of temptation, Thou art calling me to Thee by the short and easy passage of the tomb. And thou too, Katherine, my good cousin, I thank thee also, for that thou hast been as an instrument in His hands for effecting so happy a consummation. I thank thee; and albeit such thanks may touch thee little now, the time may come when they will glance like sunshine in thy memory. A time, perchance, of sorrow and deep grief to thee. A time when youth will have faded and beauty failed thee, and the friends of thine happier hours fallen off and left thee. And if such a time should ever come to thee—and who shall say it will not?—then, my cousin, in the midst of unavailing tears and sadness, it may soothe thee somewhat to remember that Bernard de Mowbray blest thee with his latest breath, for that through thee he had attained to the topmost summit of his desires. Now I have spoken, Katherine, for thee and for myself; and naught remains at present but to say farewell. Farewell for ever, then; unless, indeed, as I do humbly trust, we may meet some day in Paradise."

Katherine did not reply. The unexpected kindness of his last few words had struck the only chord in her heart that was capable of being moved just then; and tears rushed into her eyes at the tone of tenderness in which he had addressed her. Bernard saw that she was weeping, although, true to the natural pride of her character, she had turned aside to conceal her emotion from him; and hope that she might yet be persuaded to better things made him linger near her for a moment longer.

"Thou art weeping, Katherine," he observed in a low voice. "O, tell me, my cousin, that thou art weeping for the past; that thou hast some regret for the unhappy part thou hast lately taken in the matter we have discoursed this night. Tell me this, I entreat thee! Or rather, be silent if thou wilt, and suffer me to implore instead, that thou wilt pause a little ere plunging into a career that, begun in sin, can end in naught but misery."

For a brief moment Katherine seemed to hesitate; but her proud nature could as little stoop to meet a tacit avowal of guilt and weakness, as he required of her, as it could sit down quietly under the obloquy of a despised affection; and dashing the tears from her eyes, she looked him full in the face, while, with an expression of unmitigated scorn, she haughtily exclaimed: "Sir priest, sir priest, thou dost wrong me by the bare suggestion! Repent the past? No, not though the furies scourged me! Howbeit I should much repent the present were I weak enow to let thee cheat me of my purpose."

"Thy purpose, Katherine," Bernard was beginning; but she interrupted him with a scornful laugh.

"Nay, trouble not thyself anent my purpose, priest, but content thee: the martyrdom thou dost covet, by the rood, thou shalt have it, if Katherine Mortimer hath power to insure it! But for thy poor puling sister, she is not worthy to be Seymour's bride. Ha!" she cried, interrupting herself, as she caught the expression of intense relief that at those words instantly lighted up his features. "Gramercy for that glance, sir monk. Troth," she continued, with an almost hysterical laugh, "an you had looked any other fashion than the one you did, I had reserved him for mine own person, to help me to the greatness I had desired to share with thee; but revenge is sweet, and perchance even yet the hand which lays thee in a bloody grave shall clasp thy sister's in the bonds of wedlock."

"Katherine," replied Bernard, coldly, "I have already said it. All this will be as it pleases God, not thee. Where I have confided mine own soul, I can confide my sister's also. His arm is not shortened; He can still protect her from the cunningest of thy cruel wiles. Thy treachery perchance may fall on thine own guilty head."

What Katherine might have answered to this warning, Bernard waited not to hear; for he instantly turned on his heel, and was halfway to Twyford village ere his cousin had sufficiently recovered her presence of mind to take the opposite path, which led directly to Marwell Manor.

The Lady Seymour, whose name has so often occurred in the preceding chapters as the mother of Sir Henry, was own aunt to Katherine Mortimer, though but distantly related to Bernard and his sister. She was a woman of commanding intellect, with that strength of will and power of adapting herself to circumstances which was certain in such an age to bear its possessor to the highest position in society. With many of the faults of Katharine's character, she had a far larger share of those better qualities which were calculated to keep them in subjection. Like Katherine, she was haughty, passionate, and proud, but unlike her, she could put aside her haughtiness when it suited her purpose; she could subjugate her affections to her reason, and her pride was of a nobler order, for while it urged her to fly at the highest game, it not seldom had prevented her from stooping to seize it. Nevertheless, in a venal and a worldly age, she was, if not as venal, at any rate as worldly as most of those around her. Her marriage with Seymour had been one of prudence and ambition, rather than of love. She had ever followed the religion most in vogue, and had scrupulously adhered to the men most in power, and she had already met the chastisement of her wild ambition in the very accomplishment of the hopes it had engendered. Scarcely had she done homage to her daughter as the crowned queen of Henry, ere she had to follow her to an early grave. She had seen one of her sons raised to be protector and governor of the king of England, and the other named lord high admiral of the fleet; and even while the prospect was so bright before her for them both, both had perished on the scaffold; one the victim of his brother's envy, the other of his own ambition. From that hour Lady Seymour had ceased to appear at court; yet so strong were her old habits, that from the half-darkened chamber where she had hid her sorrows since the death of Somerset, she ruled the destinies of her youngest and only remaining son; and having by prudent management contrived to save the bulk of his paternal property from the confiscation which had fallen on many others less nearly connected by blood with the late protector, she had devoted herself to the amassing of such a fortune for him as might enable him at some time to compete successfully with those who had wrought the downfall of his brother. In this she had succeeded beyond her utmost expectations, the estates having well-nigh doubled their value in her thrifty keeping. She had besides contrived to keep up such friendly relations with young Edward's court as would insure an opening to her son whenever he felt inclined to try it; and, in fact, he had very recently begun to take advantage

of this policy by entering into certain negotiations with Northumberland, which had resulted in the grant of Twyford manor, lately ceded to government by Poynt, the intruded bishop of Winchester, *vice* Gardiner deprived and in the Tower for contumacy in religion. To do Lady Seymour justice, she had set her face against this new robbery of the Church, and all the more so because she feared it might bring her son into collision with young De Mowbray, to whom she knew the rectory of Owslebury, which was included in Sir Henry's new possessions, had been lately assigned by Bishop Gardiner.

Between these two young men there had existed a kind of unconfessed antagonism from almost the first moment of their residence beneath the same roof. In Bernard, however, this was passive, being merely a seldom expressed disapproval of his cousin's conduct ; in Sir Henry it was active, arising at first from jealousy of the other's nobler qualities, of which he saw that Lady Seymour was only too well aware. Soon his boyish love for Amy was added to this smouldering cause of dislike ; and as this feeling grew, so also grew his hatred for her brother, which reached its height on the day when Amy had rejected him. Bernard had only a few days before returned to the country, and naturally enough Henry connected a refusal, for which Amy's previous conduct had by no means prepared him, with the counsels of her brother. Nor was Katherine, to whom alone he had mentioned his suspicions, at all backward in fostering the idea ; she possessed, in fact, as Amy had remarked, an extraordinary influence over her cousin's mind ; the strength and constancy of her passions effectually domineering over his, which, though not less violent, were more wavering and uncertain, and therefore it was to Katherine that, in all stages of his love for Amy, he had turned for sympathy and counsel. Thus she had been enabled to guide him as she pleased, and having, as we have seen, a private grudge to gratify against Bernard, she had latterly used her power to inflame Sir Henry and prompt him to vengeance.

The Lady Seymour had for some time been an anxious observer of these proceedings, though she felt bitterly that she had little power to prevent them. From his childhood she had ruled her son by fear rather than love, and he still regarded her with awe, but for this very reason, perhaps, she had never been able to command his confidence, and consequently now possessed but little influence for good or evil upon his actions. She was reaping the bitter fruits of an evil system of education, and she knew it. Her niece openly defied her ; her son, never having confided in her, had never given her an opportunity for remonstrance or command ; Amy, the uncon-

scious cause of half the coming mischief, she knew to be far too guileless to perceive it, and too inexperienced to prevent it; while in Bernard she intuitively felt she would find a counsellor who would endeavour to guide her actions and his own by the rigid principles of right and wrong, rather than by the influence they might exercise on his own fortunes. Affairs had reached this pass on the evening on which our true tale commences; and on the very morning of that day, Lady Seymour had received, through the gossip of her attendants, such a formidable account of the warlike gatherings at the manor, that, no longer doubting violence was intended, she sent through the unconscious Amy the warning billet which we have already seen delivered into Bernard's hands; while, in the faint hope of being able to induce her son to give up his scheme of vengeance, she summoned him to a private conference in her chamber. Unfortunately she could not have hit upon a more unfavourable moment. Sir Henry was just then waiting Katherine's return from the village with more anxiety than he deigned to confess even to himself, and irritated at being called away from the place where she had agreed to meet him, it was with a flushed cheek and angry brow that he entered his mother's chamber. Either the latter did not perceive his annoyance, or she was too proud to notice it, and too unbending not to brave it to the utmost; in fact, she was indignant almost beyond the exercise of forbearance, and scarcely had her son set his foot upon the threshold, when she began abruptly,

"What is this I hear, Sir Henry,—that thou art contriving the destruction of that poor ward of mine, for whose life I have sworn to be answerable with mine own? Hast thou no heed for thy mother, boy, that thou wouldst render her faithless to her word by compelling her to connive or to countenance such a deed as this?"

"I have neither asked you to countenance nor connive, Lady Seymour," coldly replied her son. "All I ask you is, to suffer in silence what you can never hinder, talk as loudly or as well as you may."

"God's life!" cried the Lady Seymour, "art thou thus resolved? But, after all, what hath this poor youth done to thee, that thou shouldst be thus obstinately bent against him?"

"What hath he done, madam, dost thou say? rather, I pray you, ask what he hath not done to brave me. Hath he not, in the first place, contemptuously refused to yield me up the lands which are mine own by order of Northumberland and the Lords of the Council?"

"Notwithstanding which refusal, grounded, I warrant me,

less on cupidity than on some scruple of an over-tender conscience, the lands of which thou speakest are already in thine own possession. Is it not so, my son? And prithee, then, what wouldst thou more of this poor De Mowbray?"

"What would I more?" cried the young knight fiercely, "I would have him frankly and fairly to acknowledge to my right. Ay, an he still refuse, let him take heed that I write not my title in his blood."

"An' if such refusal be his only crime, unbacked as it is by any effort to maintain the disputed lands by forcible possession, I see not wherefore it might not pass unheeded," replied his mother coldly.

"But it is not his only crime,—no, by the Mass, nor the blackest," Sir Henry passionately rejoined. "'Sdeath, madam, hath he not from first to last thwarted my suit to Amy; ever frowning when she hath smiled upon me, and smiling when she hath retreated from mine advances? Nay, hath he not even at this present time instigated her to refuse me—me, whom the haughtiest damsel in the land might wed without dishonour to her name? Saints and angels, mother! can you sit there and hear that your son has been rejected by this malapert girl, with as little ceremony as though he had been a village barber, and not feel the blood of thine ancient race stir vengefully within thy bosom?"

"That Amy should have done so by thee, my son, I grieve to learn; and yet it might be well perchance to tax thyself a little on this count, and to see if some just umbrage taken at thy wild and reckless conduct may not have led to such misfortune fully as much as the counsels of De Mowbray."

"Just umbrage! God's death, mother! Is it possible you are ignorant, or do you only feign it, that Amy never refused to look with eyes of favour on me until after the return from beyond seas of this ghostly brother of hers, whom you have ever prized, to the dishonour of your only son; and then, no sooner has he had speech with her, than in comes the dainty damsel to me, to chide me as a heretic, forsooth,—an evil liver, a devourer of the substance of the widow and the orphan,—winding me up the whole with a declaration that she never can be my mate, and that I must look elsewhere for that companionship which I have never sought but from her. Ay, doubtless he told her to rid her of me. But he shall pay for it!" cried the knight, striking his hand violently on the table. "The false priest! the arch traitor!"

"Pledge not yourself to such unknighly revenge," replied his mother, "on one whose profession prohibits him the defence of weapons; or tarry at least until I have told

thee the history of the man on whose head thou hast vowed such vengeance."

"The history?" asked Sir Henry, pausing in his uneasy walk. "I had but deemed him a poor kinsman of your house."

"He hath a history that might move even a foeman's pity. Come hither, and sit at my feet, and thou shalt hear how Bernard de Mowbray and his young sister came to be my wards, and the companions of thy childhood."

"In sooth, good mother, an' if you can tell me that," cried Sir Henry, seating himself on the stool she had indicated with her finger, "for Amy's sake I shall be right glad to hear it."

"The dearest friend I ever had," resumed the Lady Seymour, after a moment's pause, "was the mother of these two: Alice de Mowbray was her maiden name."

"Ha!" cried Sir Henry; "and their father?"

"His name, for certain reasons, they have never borne within these walls, though they have every right of lawful wedlock to what honour it can give them. Alice was two years younger than myself, timid, unworldly, and unselfish. We were girls at court together, being both in the service of the Spanish Katherine, and both found helpmates within a few months of each other every way suited to our opposite dispositions. My spouse was a man of goodly birth, and of ambition yet more goodly, affecting the society of the great and noble; while hers was an honest gentleman, who cared for nothing so much as for the due ordering of his house and lands; and with him subsiding into the life of a quiet dame, bountiful at home, she was neither seen nor heard of more among the beauties of the court of Henry. Many were glad to be quit thus easily of one whose charms made her so dangerous a rival to their ambitions; but Alice de Mowbray had never been to me a rival. Natheless I did not regret her, because, occupied in schemes for mine own aggrandisement, I had no time to bestow on friendship; but neither also did I forget her, for the oath I took on parting ever to befriend her to the utmost of mine ability; for those were days when fortune, and life too, were often dependent on a person's credit at court, and such credit I could command by my husband's influence and mine own far more entirely than she could. Many years passed away, however, and I was never called on for the fulfilment of this pledge; nor, indeed, heard I aught of Alice save that she was a happy albeit a childless wife, until one day nearly two years after you were born, my son (the youngest, and alack the only one now living, of the ten that I bore my lord), a messenger in hot haste arrived to say that Lady Montgomerie also had become the mother of a fair

boy. Greatly for the moment did I rejoice to hear of them, and yet so immersed were both head and heart just then in the work of mine own ambition, that I soon forgot all about them; nor did I again remember them until at least ten years afterwards, when they were once more recalled to my recollection, and this time in a way so sad and moving that even to this very hour my voice well-nigh fails me to recount it. I had reached by this time almost to the topmost branch of my desires. My sons were already established in office about the court; my daughter had been appointed maid of honour to the new queen, Anne Boleyn (little guessed I at that time how such promotion, which I had so greedily desired for her, would win her at last both a crown and a coffin); my husband, besides many other rich possessions, had lately received a grant of this estate of Marwell, forfeit of the former possessor, then lying in the Tower under sentence of death for refusing to acknowledge King Henry as the only lawful head of the Church in England. I knew that my husband had been of late engaged in bringing this affair to pass, but I had made no inquiries as to the name and condition of the gentleman dispossessed, and I was still in ignorance when I had to leave the court, and spend a few months at Marwell Manor. It was a long and weary journey, and the evening was too dark when I arrived to permit me to gain a knowledge of my new possessions until the next day; when, as I had heard such tidings of the beauty of the manor, I rose at dawn, and flung open the window of my sleeping chamber. Thou knowest the room, and the wide and wonderful prospect it commands, and thou mayst therefore guess somewhat of the exultation of my heart, as I whispered myself, 'This is to be all mine own;' for even then my lord had passed his word that Marwell should be my dower if I survived him. At last I withdrew my delighted eyes from the wide view beyond, to look at the stately avenue that led towards the house, when I saw a woman who was slowly advancing up it, an infant upon her bosom, and a young boy toiling wearily at her side. Something there was both in garb and gait that made my heart stir within me as I watched her; yet I neither spoke nor moved until she stood directly beneath the window from whence I was looking forth, and lifting up the hood that had hitherto concealed her features, discovered to me the eyes of my still loved Alice, gazing upon mine with such a look of agony and reproach, that it wrung my very soul with sorrow to behold it. Swiftly I left the casement, and flew down stairs, nor stopped I until I had Alice in mine arms. I perceived that she by no means returned my embraces so warmly as I had

expected. I deemed it might be her maternal fear lest the babe she carried should be hurt, and I made a motion to take it from her, when she put me coldly on one side, and said :

“ ‘ No child of mine shall lie upon thy bosom, Constance, until thou hast granted that which I have come to demand of thee—justice for myself and for these, so soon, perchance, to be orphans.’ ”

“ ‘ Justice,’ said I, puzzled both at the matter and manner of this speech,—‘ justice is all too little, Alice, for a friendship such as mine. Justice may do passing well for others ; but for thee, my more than sister, naught but most princely generosity could satisfy my soul.’ ”

“ ‘ Constance,’ she coldly answered, ‘ I crave not thy generosity, princely though it be, I doubt not ; and what more is, I would not now accept it at thy hands, however truthfully it might be offered. Bare justice indeed I do desire, and therefore have I come thus far to ask thee what Alice Montgomerie hath done that thou shouldst have become the pursuer of her husband’s blood, the defrauder of her children’s birthright?’ ”

“ ‘ Pursuer of his blood ! Defrauder of their birthright ! Beshrew thee, Alice, art thou distraught wholly?’ cried I, too much astonished to be even angry.

“ ‘ Is not she a pursuer of his blood whose wiles have plunged him into prison, that may never open but to send him to the scaffold ? Is not she a defrauder of their rights who grasps at the lands that might otherwise have been kept for them?’ Alice almost wildly demanded, keeping her eyes fixed upon me the while, with such a look of questioning severity as I never thought her features could have assumed.

“ ‘ Mother of Heaven ! of what dost thou accuse me, Alice?’ I commenced ; but there I ceased, for I was of a verity stricken into silence.

“ ‘ Nay, then,’ she replied hastily, for methinks she found it impossible to resist the expression of innocence on my face,—‘ nay, then, Constance, is it possible that thou art still my friend,—the friend of other days,—and that thy name has been falsely associated with thine husband’s in this deed of iniquity against me and mine?’ ”

“ ‘ My husband’s !’ Ah me, my son, as that name pierced my brain, a thousand unheeded circumstances rushed upon my mind, which all convinced me that it was no idle calumny Alice had uttered against him. Well I knew that he had been most active lately in denouncing to the council some one of great wealth among those who persisted in retaining the old religion ; well I knew that he had won favour in the eyes

of the king by his zeal in pursuing this recusant to his doom; too well I knew that he had been rewarded with a great portion of the forfeited estates, and that it was to this very spot that he had sent me, while he remained at court himself, for the obtaining, if possible, of yet further gifts than already had been assigned him on the lands of the gentleman attainted. Ah me! and could it be, thought I, that this domain, in whose beauty I had rejoiced so lately, had been acquired by treachery towards my friend? Could it be that it was indeed the place of mine own Alice I had come hither to usurp? The bare suspicion struck me to the earth with sorrow, and I cried out sharply, 'Speak, Alice, in the name of Christ, I bid thee! Who is the lord of this domain, that yesterday I first called mine own?'

" 'To-day,' she answered bitterly, 'it is thine; but a few days since it was the property of another, even of Sir Robert Montgomerie, my husband; to-morrow, perchance another may wrest it from thee, if another can be found who will forswear himself more entirely than thy husband hath already done for the adding it to his possessions.'

"My son," continued Lady Seymour, with vehemence and passion, "what could I do? What thinkest thou that I could do but fall at the feet of my friend, and implore her pardon for the ill turn which another indeed had done her, but which I had prompted, albeit unconsciously, by mine own ambition, and in the worldly advantages of which I should have shared so largely. What could I do but lead the deprived Alice into the home where she once had reigned as mistress, and swear by all I held sacred, that, if ever the opportunity should be offered to me, I would right her children in all those points where I, for the sake of mine, so fearfully had wronged them—"

"By the mighty King of Heaven, madam," here Sir Henry broke in, while, springing from his seat, he paced the room in a fit of uncontrollable fury,— "by the mighty King of Heaven, but this is past endurance! What! bid me give up this fair domain, to make him lord of that which I have ever been taught to look upon as all mine own? Bid me go forth to seek my fortunes, as though I were a bastard or discarded page; or, in default of that, to linger about my whilome inheritance, fawning and crouching on him, like some base hound, for the very crumbs that shall fall from his table? I'faith, while I confess that I did hesitate before, now am I most absolutely resolved; and know it is your own hand, lady, which has struck the death-blow, since you have given me the strongest possible motive for inflicting it."

"And dost thou think, my son," replied the Lady Seymour, a slight touch of irony in her voice and manner, when Sir Henry had flung himself once more upon his seat in moody silence,—“dost thou think that I know so little of thy fierce passions as to give thee such an incentive to their indulgence without an antidote? Dost thou think me such a fool as to have revealed to thee the precariousness of thy title, had I not also that to show thee in the conduct of thy rival which I did hope might calm thine anger, even if it did not shame thee into equal nobleness in thy conduct?”

“But I will finish the tale of this unhappy mother first; it shall be brief, because great misfortunes need few words to paint them.

“Somewhat soothed by my earnest promises and my so evident chagrin, she left her children in my care at length, and departed herself for London; where she hoped to be able to obtain permission, sometimes at least, to wait upon her husband in his prison. She went alone, without attendance,—for who dared befriend the enemy of the king’s religion?—and to save me from suspicion, she refused all my offers of servants or assistance; she did accept at last of a little money for the sake of her dear lord, who would doubtless need all the comforts she could procure him in his captivity. And she suffered me to thrust the purse I offered into her bosom, and then set out on her weary travel. Little do I know of aught that befell her on the road, which then she traversed in poverty and sorrow, though she had often, doubtless, journeyed that way in all the pomp of wealth and honour. Little can I tell you either of the passages between Alice and her husband in prison; only know I this, that, after weeks of dire suspense (for my husband, whom I constantly implored for tidings, as constantly neglected to impart them), Alice, one afternoon, reappeared at Marwell Manor, with death already visible in the hollow temples, and ashy cheek, and dark-encircled eyes; when flinging herself at my feet, she reminded me of the promise I had plighted in my girlhood, claiming its fulfilment then for the befriending of her orphans. Ah me! never may I forget that night when she lay in my arms, my once so joyous Alice, dying of a broken heart, while helplessly I was sitting there, and watching her while she sank into the grave which mine own and my husband’s rapacity had dugged for her. She never shed a tear, poor child, and she spoke but little; albeit she gave me to understand somewhat of the life she had led in London, and how each day she had contrived to visit her husband in the Tower; each day to be grieved anew in seeing how the rude treatment of the prison, the sorry

fare, the heavy fetters, and yet worse, the cruel torture of the rack, had told upon the strength of his once robust frame. All things come to an end at last, and so did this, and in quivering syllables Alice told me how, when his captivity ended in death, she had followed him to the scaffold, and with eyes all tearless, and her heart breaking, she had seen him pass beneath the hands of the executioner, she standing so close that his blood (one small spot, she showed it me as it had been a relic) spouted out upon her garments, the last gift of his love, and the only inheritance he had to leave her.

"After that Alice had revealed to me the sad outline of her story, she called for her poor babes, to bless them before she went to rejoin their father in Heaven. To Bernard, who was of years and gravity sufficient to understand her, she spoke in a saintly and most moving fashion, exhorting him to stand fast (whatever evil might betide him for his firmness) by the faith for which his father had died, yet in every less important matter to honour and obey me as a mother; but, above all other things, she did beseech him to stand in her place as a parent to the little Amy, by loving and cherishing and preserving her to the best of his abilities from the ill example and evil doings of the age:—all which the boy did promise with an earnestness and discretion above his years, and which I appeal to thine own conscience, Henry, if he have not to the utmost letter most perfectly accomplished?"

"Go on, madam," said her son abruptly; for he loved not to hear his rival praised, and he was touched besides, and anxious for the sequel of the story.

"And then she turned to her little Amy, and all the mother's soul was in her eyes as she kissed the pretty babe, so unconscious of all it had already lost, of all it was about to be made bankrupt of in a moment. She kissed her once, a long lingering kiss, as if it were more pain to part from her little one than to die; and a tear, the only one poor Alice shed that night, was on the infant's cheek as I took it from her arms. And then—and then," continued the Lady Seymour, speaking through tears that would flow forth in spite of her utmost efforts to restrain them,—“and then, my poor Alice turned her to the wall, saying, she had done with this world and its affections, and that henceforth all her thoughts should be for her husband and her God, both of whom she trusted were waiting to receive her joyfully into the inheritance of the kingdom; and so she died, without another word or look, without a sob or sigh.”

[To be continued.]

## A LETTER OF FATHER CAMPION.

Of all our English martyrs, none were so famous as Campion. The affection and admiration with which he is always mentioned by his contemporaries and successors are quite touching; he is the champion of religion, the jewel of England, the flower of our nation. His death stirred crowds of young men to aspire to the same crown that he had so gloriously won; and the letters and confessions of succeeding martyrs not unfrequently testify that the first occasion of their recognising their vocation to the noble struggle in which they were engaged, was their first hearing or reading of his conflict. For years after his death the press teemed with pamphlets concerning him; Protestant and Catholic agreed in considering him the representative of the cause. One side busied itself in studiously depreciating the intellect of the man whose pamphlets were to be answered, by order of government, by a commission of bishops, deans, and archdeacons; and whose conferences, even when he was chained and at bay, and only allowed to answer, never to object, were stopped, at the petition of the bishops to the council, as dangerous to the Protestant cause. On the other side, Catholic printers and booksellers risked their ears and necks in multiplying and distributing copies of his "Ten Reasons," or of his "impudent brag and challenge," as the parsons called it; while the government was as unwearied in its pursuit of these contraband pamphlets as a modern customs officer in tracking smuggled spirits or tobacco. Any thing that can bring back the memory of this glorious martyr to the minds and hearts of this generation seems to us of especial value. It is therefore with no small satisfaction that we print the following letter, which we lately discovered\* among the untold treasures of the State-Paper office. It is written by Campion, probably to Dr. Allen, the founder and president of the Seminary of Rheims, which had migrated from Douay in 1578. Only a copy of it was sent to the English Government, probably from some spy in the college; for the letter evidently reached its destination, and was seen

\* We use the word 'discovered' advisedly. Although the documents in that office are arranged with an exactness, and catalogued with a fidelity, which do honour to all parties concerned, yet among the papers it is impossible but that some should have escaped even the penetrating eyes of Mr. Lemon himself. The following letter was found in a bundle which had not yet been scrutinised by him, otherwise it would have appeared in its proper place in the printed calendar.

by Bombinus, Campion's biographer, who gives a literal translation of some few sentences from it in his history. The letter is undated, but it was clearly written about November 1580, as the opening sentence shews.

“ Having now passed, by God's great mercy, five months in these places, I thought it good to give you intelligence by my letters of the present state of things here, and what we may of likelihood look for to come ; for I am sure, both for the common care of us all, and special love to me, you long to know what I do, what hope I have, how I proceed. Of other things that fell before, I wrote from St. Omers ; what has sithence happened now I will briefly recount unto you. It fell out, as I construe it, by God's special providence, that, tarrying for wind four days together, I should at length take sea the fifth day in the evening, which was the feast of St. John Baptist, my particular patron, to whom I had often before commended my cause and journey. So we arrived safely at Dover the morrow following, very early, my little man and I together. There we were at the very point to be taken, being by commandment brought before the mayor of the town, who conjectured many things,—suspected us to be such as indeed we were, adversaries of the new heretical faction, favourers of the old fathers' faith, that we dissembled our names, had been abroad for religion, and returned again to spread the same. One thing he specially urged, that I was Dr. Allen ; which I denied, proffering my oath, if need were, for the verifying thereof. At length he resolveth, and that it so should be, he often repeated, that, with some to guard me, I should be sent to the council. Neither can I tell who altered his determination, saving God, to whom underhand I then humbly prayed, using St. John's intercession also, by whose happy help I safely came so far. Suddenly cometh forth an old man, God give him grace for his labour. ‘ Well,’ quoth he, ‘ it is agreed you shall be dismissed ; fare you well.’ And so we to go apace. The which thing considered, and the like that daily befall unto me, I am verily persuaded that one day I shall be apprehended, but that when it shall most pertain to God's glory, and not before. Well, I came to London, and my good angel guided me into the same house that had harboured Father Robert [Parsons] before, whither young gentlemen came to me on every hand. They embrace me, reapparel me, furnish me, weapon me, and convey me out of the city. I ride about some piece of the country every day. The harvest is wonderful great. On horseback I meditate my sermon ; when I come to the house I polish it. Then I talk with such as come to speak with me, or hear their confessions. In the morning, after mass, I preach ; they hear with exceeding greediness, and very often receive the sacrament, for the ministration whereof we are ever well assisted by priests, whom we find in every place, whereby both the people is well served, and we much eased in our charge. The priests of our country themselves being most excellent for virtue and learning, yet

have raised so great an opinion of our society, that I dare scarcely touch the exceeding reverence all Catholics do unto us. How much more is it requisite that such as hereafter are to be sent for supply, whereof we have great need, be such as may answer all men's expectation of them! Specially let them be well trained for the pulpit. I cannot long escape the hands of the heretics; the enemies have so many eyes, so many tongues, so many scouts and crafts. I am in apparel to myself very ridiculous; I often change it, and my name also. I read letters sometimes myself that in the first front tell news that Campion is taken, which noised in every place where I come, so filleth my ears with the sound thereof, that fear itself hath taken away all fear. My soul is in mine own hands ever. Let such as you send for supply premeditate and make count of this always. Marry, the solaces that are ever intermingled with these miseries are so great, that they do not only countervail the fear of what punishment temporal soever, but by infinite sweetness make all worldly pains, be they never so great, seem nothing. A conscience pure, a courage invincible, zeal incredible, a work so worthy, the number innumerable, of high degree, of mean calling, of the inferior sort, of every age and sex. Here, even amongst the Protestants themselves that are of milder nature, it is turned into a proverb, that he must be a Catholic that payeth faithfully what he oweth, insomuch that if any Catholic do injury, every body expostulateth with him as for an act unworthy of men of that calling. To be short, heresy heareth ill of all men; neither is there any condition of people commonly counted more vile and impure than their ministers, and we worthily have indignation that fellows so unlearned, so evil, so derided, so base, should in so desperate a quarrel overrule such a number of noble wits as our realm hath. Threatening edicts come forth against us daily, notwithstanding, by good heed, and the prayers of good men, and, which is the chief of all, God's special gift, we have passed safely through the most part of the island. I find many neglecting their own security to have only care of my safety. A certain matter fell out these days unlooked for. I had set down in writing by several articles the causes of my coming in, and made certain demands most reasonable. I professed myself to be a priest of the society; that I returned to enlarge the Catholic faith, to teach the Gospel, to minister the sacraments, humbly asking audience of the queen and the nobility of the realm, and proffering disputations to the adversaries. One copy of this writing I determined to keep with me, that if I should fall into the officer's hands, it might go with me; another copy I laid in a friend's hand, that when myself with the other should be seized, another might thereupon straight be dispersed. But my said friend kept it not close long, but divulged it, and it was read greedily; whereat the adversaries were mad, answering out of the pulpit, that themselves certesse would not refuse to dispute, but the queen's pleasure was not that matters should be called in question being already established. In the mean while they tear and sting us with

their venomous tongues, calling us seditious, hypocrites, yea, heretics too, which is much laughed at. The people hereupon is ours, and that error of spreading abroad this writing hath much advanced the cause. If we be commanded, and may have safe conduct, we will into the court. But they mean nothing less, for they have filled all the old prisons with Catholics, and now make new; and, in fine, plainly affirm that it were better to make a few traitors away than that so many souls should be lost. Of their martyrs they brag no more now; for it is now come to pass, that for a few apostates and cobblers of theirs burnt, we have bishops, lords, knights, the old nobility, patterns of learning, piety, and prudence, the flower of the youth, noble matrons, and of the inferior sort innumerable, either martyred at once, or by consuming prisonment dying daily. At the very writing hereof, the persecution rages most cruelly. The house where I am is sad; no other talk but of death, flight, prison, or spoil of their friends; nevertheless they proceed with courage. Very many, even at this present, being restored to the Church, new soldiers give up their names, while the old offer up their blood; by which holy hosts and oblations God will be pleased, and we shall no question by Him overcome. You see now, therefore, reverend father, how much need we have of your prayers and sacrifices, and other heavenly help, to go through with these things. There will never want in England men that will have care of their own salvation, nor such as shall advance other men's; neither shall this Church here ever fail so long as priests and pastors shall be found for their sheep, rage man or devil never so much. But the rumour of present peril causeth me here to make an end. Arise God, His enemies avoid. Fare you well.

E. C."

Campion's "little man" was Ralph Emerson, a Jesuit lay brother. It is interesting to see that from the very first the society came into this country perfect in its proportions, and not docked of a very necessary member. More than twelve years after the date of this letter, April 17, 1593, the little man gives the following account of himself:

"Ralph Emerson, of the bishopric of Durham, scholar, forty-two years old, or thereabouts, examined before Sir Owen Hopton, Knt., Mr. Dr. Goodman, Dean of Westminster, Messrs. Dale, Fuller, and Younge, refuseth to be sworn, but saith:

1st. That he has been in prison these nine years, viz. three years and a quarter in the Counter in the Poultry, and the rest of that time hath been in the Clink, committed by Mr. Young for bringing over of books, called my Lord of Leicester's books, as he saith, and hath been examined before Sir Francis Walsingham, Mr. Young, and others, divers times, and was never indicted to his knowledge.

Item. He confesseth that he is a lay Jesuit, and took that degree at Rome fourteen years since, and was some time Campion's

boy ; and saith, when he took that order he did vow chastity, poverty, and obedience to the superior of their house ; and if he sent him to the Turk, he must go.

Item. Being urged to take the oath of allegiance to her majesty, refuseth the same ; and saith that he may not take any oath.

Item. He saith he hath neither lands, goods, nor other living, but will not set down by whom he is maintained and how relieved.

Item. He refuseth to be reformed and come to church, affirming that he will live and die in his faith.

Item. Being demanded whether, if the Pope shall send an army into this realm to establish that which he calleth the Catholic Roman religion, he would in the like case fight for the queen's majesty on her side against the said army, or on the army's side, saith he will never fight against her majesty, nor against the religion which he professeth.\*

In the examination of one Ralph Miller, the 9th Oct. 1584, is the following :

" There is a little fellow called Ralph, who is in England for Father Parsons ; he is a great dealer for Papists ; a slender brown little fellow."

He was committed to the Counter in the Poultry, Sept. 26, 1584, by Sir Edward Osborn, then Lord Mayor of London, and examined, probably with torture, by Topcliffe and Young (State-Paper Office, Dom. June 14, 1586). Bombinus, the biographer of Campion, mentions him in words considerably taller than the little man himself. "*Novus suo cum homulo mercator (ita enim Rudolphum a staturæ modo per jocum appellavit olim Campianus) pervigilio nascentis Baptistæ consensâ nave, ejusdem natali illucescente Dorobernium tenuit.*"†

The paper to which Campion alludes as deposited in a friend's hands, is the famous letter to the Lords of the Council, which he intrusted to Mr. Poundes, to be published in case of his arrest and imprisonment ; but which that gentleman prematurely gave to the world. In it he states that he has come from Bohemia by order of his superiors to aid in the conversion of his dear country. He owns that he is a priest of the Society of Jesus ; that he had just visited the general of his order in Rome ; that his charge was free cost to preach the Gospel, minister the Sacraments, and reconcile sinners ; and that he was forbidden to deal in any matters of state or policy, from which he entirely sequestered his thoughts. Then he demands to be allowed to address three sorts of indifferent

\* Harleian, vol. 6998, p. 65. (Puckering Papers.)

† Campion, in his new character of merchant, with his little man, as he facetiously called Ralph, embarked at Calais on the vigil of the Nativity of St. John Baptist, and reached Dover at dawn the next day.

audiences; to discourse before the council of religion so far as it affects the state and the nobles. Before the graduates of both Universities, to avow the Catholic faith by proofs invincible,—Scriptures, councils, fathers, histories, natural and moral reasons. And before the people, to justify the said faith by the common wisdom of the laws yet standing in force. He protests that it is not brag, but the justice of his cause, which gives him confidence; and that the kingdom of the Protestant preachers is only over raw youths and ignorant ears. He begs that the queen will deign to listen to the controversy; and that the council will not silence those who are willing to shed their blood for the good of souls. He declares that,

“As touching our society, we have made a league, all the Jesuits in the world, whose succession and multitude must overreach all the practices of England, cheerfully to carry the cross that God shall lay upon us, and never to despair of your recovery while we have a man left to enjoy your Tyburn, or to be racked with your torments, or to be consumed with your prisons. The expense is reckoned, the enterprise is begun; it is of God, it cannot be withstood; so it was first planted, so it must be restored.”

Finally, he declares, that if his offer is refused, he has no more to say than to recommend his own and his country's cause to God, and to pray that he and his persecutors may at last be friends in heaven, where all injuries shall be forgotten.

We shall have to allude further to this in a biographical notice of Mr. Poundes, which we propose to give in our next number.

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## Reviews.

### CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA, TARTARY, AND THIBET.

*Christianity in China, Tartary, and Thibet.* By M. L'Abbé Huc, formerly Missionary Apostolic in China, &c. London: Longmans. 2 vols.

THE name of the Abbé Huc has become a household word with us. From the elders of the family down to the youngest “literate” member of it, his genial writings have been read and re-read with delight. Among the small people, according to their respective ages, he takes rank with the authors

of *Robinson Crusoe*, *Little Snowdrop*, and *Puss in Boots*; and, in truth, it is no small gift to be able to rivet the attention of children on a genuine traveller's chronicle, however full of incidents. He has found the way to their sympathies and confidence. They would rejoice at a visit from the good father, receive him as an old friend, and plague him with all sorts of questions about *Samdadchiemba*, whose queer name trips over their tongues as easily as *Jack* or *Lizzie*. Our own feelings towards the intrepid missionary apostolic are very much the same, only tempered by high respect and admiration for his intellectual and personal qualities. We hail with the greatest pleasure every fresh contribution to our modern literature, striking as it is in quantity rather than quality, from the pen of a man who has really something to say, and who combines French vivacity and acuteness with English solidity. We know not how M. l'Abbé would accept this description, but we mean it as the highest compliment we can pay him.

Leaving the field of personal narrative, he now presents us with a history of Christianity in China, Tartary, and Thibet. No living man is more competent to undertake so important a task; with which short but emphatic preface we shall at once address ourselves to the examination of the two volumes containing the translation of the result of his labours and research.

By way of building up an *à priori* foundation for the probable authenticity of later and disputed records, the abbé commences with a careful detail and investigation of the proofs that orthodox Christianity was introduced into China in the first ages of the Church. Seven centuries before Christ the captivity of the Jews disseminated their books, doctrines, and prophecies over the whole of Asia. At length, according to Strabo, "the Jews were scattered into all cities; and it was not easy to find a spot on the earth which had not received them, and where they were not settled." Thus a current of the truth flowed over the entire surface of the globe; and no surprise can be felt at finding in any nation modes of worship, biblical fragments, and ideas that may be called Christian. The sibyls, the poets, and the augurs kept alive "the expectation of the nations;" and the Messiah was looked for at Rome, among the Goths and Scandinavians, in India, in China, and in High Asia especially, where almost all religious systems are founded on the dogma of a Divine incarnation. The great empires of Rome and China were in those days in close proximity. The arms of Pompey had extended the dominion of the former to the western shores of the Caspian, while the territories of the latter had nearly approached its

eastern shores. Thus the one people expected a monarch from the East, the other from the West; and in the birth of the Messiah at Bethlehem of Judæa the expectation of each was fulfilled. In the year A.D. 67, as recorded in the annals of the celestial empire, the emperor Young-Ping, moved by predictions, a thousand years old, of the future appearance of a great saint in the West, whose religion was finally to penetrate into China, actually despatched emissaries to obtain information respecting the doctrines of Buddha. These ambassadors, missing the spirit of their mission, executed it in too literal a manner; and returning with a statue of Buddha, and some Sanscrit books, so introduced Buddhism into the Chinese empire, in place of the religion which the dark words of the ancient sages had indicated. But the evidence that the faith was really preached there in primitive times may be thus summed up. A tradition, ascending to the very earliest ages of the Christian era, proclaims St. Thomas the Apostle to have evangelised the East, and to have suffered martyrdom in India. This tradition is supported by Greek, Latin, and Syriac monuments, by all the martyrologies, and by that most pure and authentic source of evidence, the ancient liturgies. In the Syriac Jacobite office of his day, he is commemorated as the apostle of India and as martyr; in the Nestorian office, as giving to the Indians the perfume of spiritual life, modesty, and chastity. Gregorius Bar-Hebræus, in his Syriac Chronicle, speaks of "Thomas the Apostle, the first Pontiff of the East," as preaching in the East and to the Indians in the second year after the ascension of our Lord. Then the Roman Breviary tells us that he proclaimed the faith to the Parthians, Medes, Persians, Hircanians, and Bactrians, and finally to the Indians, being at last pierced with arrows at Calamina. The tradition is carried on by Bishop Dorotheus, as quoted in the Paschal Chronicle, by St. Jerome, Theodoret, Nicephorus, Gaudentius, Sonhronius, and downwards in an unvarying course. It is found among the Arabs, in the kingdoms of Madura and the Carnatic, in short, throughout the Indies. The exclusive policy of China was not then developed; so the Christians of India, Persia, and Bactriana freely entered the celestial empire, carrying with them the evangelical light; while the Chinese, on their part, traded to the coasts of Malacca, the ports of Ceylon, the Persian Gulf, and the Red Sea. Thus it is impossible but that the Chinese must have been reached by the wave of Christian revolution, for the access of which, as we have seen, they had a certain preparation, whether St. Thomas preached to them in person or not. In the Malabar Breviary, however, his office dis-

tinctly propounds, that "by St. Thomas the Chinese and Ethiopians were converted to the truth;" and this, if nothing more, at least confirms the opinion that the most distant oriental churches regard him as their founder. But further, Christianity so flourished on the banks of the Ganges, that in 325 the Council of Nice nominated a primate of India. Arnobius, who lived in the third century, counts the Chinese among nations which had already received the Gospel; and Assemani, the learned orientalist, quotes from Amrus the list of metropolitans subject to the patriarch of Seleucia, reckoning the metropolitan see of China *with* that of India. Ebed-jesus, a great Syrian authority on Christian antiquities, says expressly, "The primacy of sees is determined by the priority of time in which the patriarchs lived who founded them." It is, then, a most fair inference, that the propagation of the faith in China and India was contemporary.

The Abbé Huc having detailed and insisted on these proofs of the early introduction of Christianity into China, proceeds to the examination of the evidence relating to the much-disputed inscription of Si-gnan-Fou. In 1625, some Chinese workmen found buried in the earth a large monumental tablet of dark marble, ten feet high and five broad, bearing on one side an inscription in ancient Chinese, and other characters unknown in China. It excited immense curiosity; and the Jesuit missionaries at that time scattered about the country visited it among the rest, and succeeded in tracing and sending to Europe careful copies of the inscription. Some of these still exist. The stone itself was removed by order of the emperor to a celebrated pagoda about a quarter of a league from Si-gnan-Fou, the place of its discovery. The inscription is too long to quote, but is to the effect that in 635 a religious man, Olopen, came from *Ta Thsin* (the Roman empire) to Si-gnan-Fou; that the emperor sent officers to meet him, and ordered the translation of the sacred books he had brought with him; and the doctrine being found good, a decree was issued permitting its publication. This decree is cited in the inscription, and states that the doctrine in question proclaims Aloho (God, in Syriac) to have created the heavens and the earth; that Satan having seduced the first man, God sent the Messiah, born of a virgin in the country of Ta Thsin, to deliver the human race from original sin, and that the Persians went to adore him to accomplish the law. Ninety lines in Syriac characters contain the names of the priests who came in the suite of Olopen.

As might be expected, a discovery so awkward for the theories of the *savans* excited all their animosity; and Vol-

taire, and the philosophical party in France "out of love for Voltaire and hatred of the Jesuits," together contested the authenticity of the inscription, declaring it to be a "pious fraud" of those religious to deceive the Chinese. The question, nevertheless, is definitively settled; and no candid mind can refuse to yield its conviction to the masterly chain of evidence, historical, geographical, and critical, which M. Huc recapitulates, strengthens, and closes, and which decides beyond a doubt that the inscription is truly of the date it bears, viz. "the second year of Kien Tcheoung, of the great dynasty of Thang" (A.D. 781), and that the propagators of the faith in Upper Asia in the seventh century professed the Nestorian heresy. The dynasty of Thang was the most celebrated and illustrious of those that have held the empire of China, which, in fact, reached a very high point of civilisation, and kept up full relations with foreign countries while under its sway. It is quite a mistake to suppose that any inveterate antipathy to foreigners existed before the accession to power of the Mantchoo Tartars.

Modern writers and travellers of "low" views, and wit to match, in their anxiety to start "Bible" missions in China with a clear stage, have blundered into objections like those of the French philosophers. We recommend to their notice the following short lesson, but with small hope of its piercing the fog of prejudice which broods perpetually over the dull level of such understandings.

"Voltaire knew his own epoch and his own country rather better than he did China, and his decisive argument against the inscription is this: 'The Jesuits have made us acquainted with it, therefore it is false.' But this mode of reasoning, though not without its value in France at that time, will hardly, it is to be hoped, be esteemed very cogent at present. We may have no great affection for the Jesuits, and yet not be willing to subscribe to mere absurdities in order to throw blame on them."

It should be added, while on the subject of the inscription of Si-gnan-Fou, that M. Huc, after exhausting historic and scientific testimony, relies on one consideration more conclusive than them all, and most cheerfully do we yield him our adhesion. It is this, that entire trust is due to the sincerity of the noble men, Franciscans, Dominicans, and Jesuits, from all the countries in Europe, who at the time of the discovery laboured for the conversion of the infidels in China amid privations and sufferings of every kind, at the hourly risk of their lives, and who unanimously attest its authenticity. Father Alvares Semedo, of the Society of Jesus, who was then at Si-gnan-Fou, says: "I have seen, read, and consi-

dered this stone at my leisure ; and have been astonished that it was so complete, and the letters so entire and well-formed, after the lapse of so many years." On what ground is Father Semedo to be accused of an abominable and useless falsehood ?

While this monument was being erected in China, a great religious movement was going on in Upper Asia, which has been much overlooked by those who contest the authenticity of the inscription of Si-gnan-Fou. The disciples of Mahomet and Buddha were alike animated with a fanatic fury of proselytism. The Mahometans were widely diffused, pushing their way by commerce where they could not by their arms, in India, in Ceylon, in the Straits of Sunda, and in China, where they promulgated the doctrine of the Koran in perfect liberty. The Manicheans also, and fire-worshippers, came in crowds ; and the Buddhists especially arrived in countless caravans, driven from India by a Brahminical reaction, which pursued them every where. They found a refuge in Tartary, Thibet, and China, where Pantheism had already made much way among the disciples of Lao-tze and Confucius, and where the dynasty of Thang tolerated all opinions with a most eclectic philosophy, which became characteristic, not only of the head of the state, but of the whole nation. Temples were raised, in which the statues of Buddha, Lao-tze, and Confucius were placed on the same level, and honoured by similar rites, an inscription in golden characters proclaiming, "The three religions are but one." In such a day, is it at all surprising that Christian priests should also freely preach their own doctrines, and receive an edict from a philosophic emperor, in which he most truly describes their religion as "mysterious, excellent, peaceful," and compares it to the metaphysical system of Lao-tze ?

From the year of the inscription of Si-gnan-Fou (781) the records of the Syrian Church still furnish authentic information respecting the propagation of the faith. Timotheus, who occupied the patriarchal see of the Nestorians from 777 till 820, sent religious men to preach in Upper Asia ; and one of them, Subchal-Jésu, traversed Tartary and China. Afterwards, seven monks of the monastery of Bethhobeh were consecrated bishops, some being sent to India, others to China ; and in a canon of the synod held by the patriarch Theodosius, in 850, these last are dispensed from an attendance on the patriarchal seat once in four years on account of the enormous distance. It is in the Arab literature alone that the track of the propagation of the faith in the far east is to be looked for ; and the search is not in vain. For ex-

ample, Assemani notices a book, probably of the eighth or ninth century, beginning thus: "This is what Abraham Bishop of Bassora says: I was passing one day near the cell of one of the monks of China." Again, in an Arabic narrative, translated by Renaudot, Abou-Zeyd Hassan de Syraf, speaking from the information of Ibn-Vahab, a Mussulman merchant of Bassora, tells us that Ibn-Vahab arrived at Singnan-Fou, and had an audience of the emperor, who said, "Should you recognise your master if you were to see him?" and receiving an answer in the affirmative, ordered a box to be placed before him, saying, "Show him his master." The box contained the "portraits of the prophets." First came Noah; and Ibn-Vahab said, "Here is Noah in his ark, he who saved himself with his family when the Most High commanded the waters to overwhelm the whole earth with its inhabitants: Noah and his family alone escaped." At these words the emperor began to laugh, and said, "You guessed rightly when you said it was Noah; but as to the submersion of the whole earth, that is a thing we do not admit. The deluge only affected a part of the earth, and not either our own country or India." Then came Moses; and after him, says Ibn-Vahab, "I resumed, Here is Jesus, sitting upon an ass, and surrounded by his apostles." The emperor said, "He, too, had very little time to appear on the stage; his mission did not last more than thirty months." Of course Ibn-Vahab saw, and did due homage to "the face of the prophet, on whom be peace;" and he also saw other figures, which he was told were the prophets of India and China. We can want no better proof of the indifference of the princes of the dynasty of Thang, than this hodge-podge of Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, and so forth. The Chinese emperor who held this strange dialogue M. Huc asserts to be Hi-Tsoungh, who ascended the throne in 874, when the dynasty was in its decline, and the empire pregnant with one of the tremendous revolutions which have so often convulsed it, but which have always ended by re-establishing things on the ancient basis. In the fearful sufferings caused by this revolution, with its attendant ravages and massacres, the decay and ruin of the missions, which had been so flourishing under the Thangs, began. That dynasty disappeared at the beginning of the tenth century, and with it nearly all trace of the Church in China; but a strong presumption is afforded that the faith had already extended beyond the Great Wall, and reached the Tartar tribes, who were about to play so great a part in the world.

At the beginning of the eleventh century, a prodigious

sensation was excited by the conversion of a prince who was termed *Priest*, or *Prester John*. The wonderful and monstrous heap of fables which was piled up in the middle ages respecting this priestly Cræsus is amusingly sifted by M. Huc, who arrives at the conclusion that the kingly pontiff was no other than the Khan of the Kéraïte Tartars, who became at that time a Nestorian convert, and whose conversion was treated by the Nestorians with a very exaggerated importance. The eternal longevity of Prester John he accounts for by the fact, that all the Kéraïte rulers in succession bore the title of *Khan*, which in the writings of western travellers became in turns Chan, Caan, Ghan, Gehan, and finally John. Our author may be wrong in his conjecture; but, at all events, his guess has a great air of probability, and it is indubitable that the tremendous cloud which was soon to burst in a tornado of fire, blood, and desolation on Poland, Russia, and Hungary, and to shake all Europe with fear, was then gathering together its rolling masses in the Tartar desert. The Kéraïte Nestorian missions were flourishing up to the beginning of the thirteenth century, when they were absorbed by the victorious Temoutchin, afterwards Tchinguiz Khan, the Scourge of God. With him the kingdom of Prester John comes to an end.

A few years had sufficed this cunning, perfidious, ambitious, and able chieftain to collect under his banner a crowd of the ferocious and turbulent hordes who had wandered with their flocks in the most elevated regions of Tartary. In 1206, at a *Kouriltai*, or general assembly, he took, at the instance of a renowned soothsayer, the name Tchinguiz Khan, or "Khan of the Strong," and commenced his career of devastation. First he ravaged China to the banks of the Yellow river; then desolated Transoxiana, Khorassan, and Persia; penetrated through Georgia to the northern shores of the Black Sea, poured over the Crimea, laid waste part of Russia, and attacked the Bulgarians on the Upper Wolga. Towns taken by assault were treated with incredible ferocity, every living thing being massacred to the very dogs and cats. The heads of men, women, and children were piled in immense separate pyramids. When places surrendered at discretion, they were treated with somewhat less barbarity; but while the invaders gave themselves up to brutal revelry, the chief of the magistrates, doctors of law, and religious persons were forced to tend them as slaves. This bloodthirsty demon died in 1227, with his last breath desiring his sons to walk in his footsteps. "My children," said he, "I have raised an empire so vast, that from the centre to one of its extremities is a

year's journey. If you wish to preserve it, remain united." History gives little information concerning his religion, that being a matter of small concern to him; but he appears to have believed in a Supreme Being. He strongly recommended his successors to give no preference to any religion in particular, but to favour each in turn, as it might suit the interests of policy. His son Ogotai followed his instructions to the letter; and the sovereigns of Europe and Asia felt themselves totter on their thrones. The Queen of Georgia, who had once before claimed help from Pope Honorius III., in her new distress wrote urgently to Pope Gregory IX.; but he mournfully replied that help he could not give, since the Emperor Frederick (Barbarossa) had just raised a tempest in the Church, which was attacked on all sides by Saracens, by Moors, and, worst of all, by false Christians. The Mongols continued their frightful course unchecked. In 1240 they sacked Kiew, the then capital of Russia, killing the inhabitants and burning the town. It was during this scene of carnage that St. Hyacinth bore away safely with one arm the Holy Elements, and with the other the statue of the Blessed Virgin; thus saving both Mother and Son miraculously from the insults of the wicked.

Poland was now attacked; but the Mongols met a repulse at the hands of Vladimir, Palatine of Cracow. Returning with new strength, they defeated Henry Duke of Silesia, with his army of thirty-five thousand men, and filled nine sacks with ears; cutting one only from each slaughtered Polish soldier. Hungary was next to feel the scourge; and King Bela IV., pious, but no warrior, took a few feeble measures of defence, which were swept away in a moment, and cities and fields covered with fire and blood. Many of his wretched people fled for safety to Varadin, a fortified town; but it was captured with ease, and the population beheaded. The ladies had sought refuge in the cathedral; but the furious barbarians, not even taking the trouble to burst open the doors, set fire to the building and burnt them without mercy. This sad history has been preserved by Roger, one of the canons of Varadin, who escaped the general fate, and has recorded the invasion and destruction of Hungary in his *Miserable Carmen*. While King Bela was continuing to implore for succour, the miserable divisions among the Christian princes of the West rendered all the efforts of Pope Gregory in his favour of no effect; the Emperor Frederic contented himself with rhetorical flourishes, and did nothing to organise any effectual combination. It was probably the death of Ogotai which alone saved other European nations from the deplorable fate of the

Russians, Hungarians, and Poles, by drawing away the Tartar chiefs to take part in a new election for sovereign.

In the East, the Christians had found in prompt submission something like rest and peace; a Syrian doctor, named Simeon, having attained influence with Ogotai, and been by him appointed administrator of their affairs, and provided with letters from the Kha-Khan, as warrants of his authority, addressed to the generals who occupied those countries. At last, in 1245, a general council assembled at Lyons under Pope Innocent IV., deliberated on the mode of defending Europe against Tartar invasion; and among other measures, such as solemn fasts and prayers, "in order to appease the anger of God," the fortification of towns and blockade of roads, the spiritual arms of the Church were also invoked, and missions determined on, to entreat the Mongols to shed no more Christian blood, and to be converted to the true faith.

When were volunteers wanting in such a cause? Four of the children of St. Dominic,—Anselm, Simon, Alberic, and Alexander,—chosen from a crowd contending for the office, threw themselves at the feet of the Holy Father, and received letters from him addressed to the Tartar chiefs, with orders to proceed to Persia to the camp of the Tartar general Baidjou. At the same time three children of St. Francis—Benedict of Poland, Laurence of Portugal,\* and John of Plano Carpini—were sent to Tartary. The religious ideas of the barbarians were thought not unfavourable to their conversion. It was known that they acknowledged one Almighty God, whom they named *Tengri*, heaven; and that to this belief they did not add any very precise accessory, or many superstitious practices.

In 1246 the two embassies started. We first follow the Franciscans in M. Huc's narrative. After some dangers and sufferings, John de Plano Carpini and Benedict of Poland alone reached the banks of the Dnieper and the advanced posts of the Mongols, Kiew, the then metropolis of Russia, being in their hands. No one was able to translate their Latin missives, so the monks were thence forwarded to the court of Batou, grandson of Tchinguiz Khan, and galloping every day for five weeks, changing their horses seven times a day, having no food but millet, and no drink but melted snow, at last reached the camp of that chief on the banks of the Wolga. To this proud barbarian, next in power to the Grand Khan, shrewd, cruel in action, dreaded by his own people,

\* There appears a little confusion as to this father; for in the succeeding chapter Friar Stephen of Bohemia is mentioned as the travelling companion of John de Plano Carpini. We have not the original French to refer to.

and affecting great luxury and imperial magnificence, the poor monks, kneeling, presented their letters, and begged that they might be translated by some interpreter. They were accordingly rendered into the Mongol, Russian, and Arabic languages; and again the missionaries, so weak that they could hardly sit on their horses, were galloped off on a fresh journey to the Yellow Horde, and arrived at the imperial residence. When they so arrived, the Khan Ogotai was dead, and his widow Tourakina was using every effort to obtain the proclamation of Couyouk, her son, at the coming Kouriltai, or general election. At this convocation were assembled all the Tartar princes in the full magnificence of barbaric pomp, and glittering with the spoils of recent conquest; and Couyouk, placed on a golden seat in the midst, answered their election formula: "We will, we pray, and we command that you have power and dominion over us," with the questions, "Are you resolved and disposed to do all that I shall command; to come when I shall call you; to go where I shall send you; and to kill all those whom I shall tell you to kill?" The reply being "Yes;" the khan rejoined, "From henceforward my simple word shall serve me as a sword."

After a month the Franciscans were admitted to audiences of this mighty ruler; but little notice was taken of them until, seizing the opportunity of a solemn audience given to all ambassadors, they put a home-question whether a report that the Kha-Khan had embraced Christianity were true. "God knows it," said he; "and if the Pope wishes to know too, he has but to come to see." They had, in truth, come to Tartary in the persuasion that the khan protected the Christians, of whom there were many in his service; but Father John was not long in perceiving "that this emperor, in concert with his vassals, had raised his banner against the Roman Church, and against all Christian kings and princes."

Finally, the Franciscans were sent back with a letter from the Tartar monarch, "Couyouk, by the power of God, khan and emperor of all men," conceived in a spirit of which the following sentence may serve as a specimen: "If, then, you wish to have peace, you Pope, and you emperors, kings, chiefs of towns, and governors of countries, do not delay to come to me and settle this peace. You shall hear our answer and our pleasure." The courageous Franciscans, mostly "sleeping in snow, or in a hole they had scraped for themselves in the ground," reached Europe in safety; and the archbishopric of Dalmatia having become vacant, Friar John was raised to it by Pope Innocent, who fully appreciated his labours. He did not long survive them; and no wonder, he being sixty-

five when he undertook his perilous journey, and "afflicted by painful corpulence."

In the mean time the Dominican Fathers, making their way along the southern shores of the Caspian, in August 1247, reached the camp of the General Baidjou. Boldly mentioning the tenor of their message, they were threatened with death; and it was suggested that the chief of the embassy should be flayed alive, his skin stuffed with straw, and thus sent back to the Pope by his companions; but the eldest of Baidjou's six wives interposed, and the crime remained unperpetrated. After nine weeks of contemptuous treatment and misery, they received a letter addressed to the Pope in terms very similar to those used by the khan: "Thou must come, thou Pope, in person to us, and afterwards go and present thyself to him who is the master of the whole earth;" and in addition, an impertinent and absurdly arrogant manifesto from the khan to his lieutenant Baidjou was transmitted to Innocent by Tartar messengers, who were, notwithstanding, well received by the Holy Pontiff, and given scarlet robes lined with costly furs. Ill as the Franciscans and Dominicans had been treated, the effect of contact with them was nevertheless such as to make the Mongols desire to enter into relation with the Franks against their Mussulman enemies.

In 1248, the King of France, St. Louis, in consequence of a written communication, said to be from Ilitchikadai, the successor of Baidjou in command of the Persian armies, but no doubt forged, or at least much sophisticated, somewhat prematurely sent three Dominicans with two secular clerks, and two of his own officers, as an embassy to the khan, with valuable presents, including a relic of the Holy Cross. When they arrived, Couyouk also was dead, and Ogoul, the queen-regent, received them with distinction, interpreting their coming into an acknowledgment that France was tributary to the Tartars. Our author remarks on this style of dealing with foreigners, that it is quite in accordance with that still maintained by the Chinese.

"St. Louis sends an ambassador, therefore he acknowledges himself tributary; his presents are a token of his submission to the Tartars. This has always been the mode of reasoning adopted at the court of the Son of Heaven; and the Mongols certainly employed no other." M. Huc should be taken into the counsels of Lord Elgin, beyond a doubt. The ambassadors of King Louis returned in two years with no result; and as to the embassy, says Joinville, the king "much repented of having sent it."

In 1252, the rumour of the conversion of a Prince Sartak,

the son of Batou, spread into Palestine, and greatly rejoiced all Christian hearts, especially the warm loving one of King Louis, who forgot the insults of the Regent Ogoul, and hazarded a new attempt, sending William of Rubruk, known as Rubruquis, and Bartholomew of Cremona, both Franciscans, with a fresh message of peace and charity. The narrative of Rubruk is charming in its vigorous and quaint simplicity; his details of the persons, manners, and customs of the Mongols being almost entirely applicable to the present day, when these formidable shepherds, after having ravaged the world, have once more become mere wanderers on their immeasurable steppes. The pictures given by the missionaries of their physical characteristics have the truth of photographs—broad flat faces, prominent cheek-bones, little oblique eyes separated by a great space, and beard scanty or entirely wanting. The travellers first reached the camp of Scakatay, one of Sartak's officers, and found him seated on a divan, with his wife by his side and a guitar in his hand. "And I really thought," says Rubruk, "that his nose had been cut off, so flat was it." The missionary could make nothing of him; he was as flat as his nose. Proceeding from camp to camp, through hardships and trials of all kinds, they came to the tents of Sartak, and gaining access to him, were soon undeceived as to the report of his conversion: they were told they must not say he was a Christian, for he was not, but a *Mongol*. However, having with him some Nestorian priests, who celebrated Christian rites according to their own tenets, he desired the monks also to bring to the audience their books and sacred vessels. Dressed, therefore, in their best vestments, and carrying missal, cross, and censer, they entered the tent, chanting the *Salve Regina*, and profited by the opportunity to present the letters of St. Louis, with translations into Syriac and Arabic. Sartak sent the missionaries on to his father Batou, who replied to their request to be allowed to remain in Tartary to preach the Christian faith, that he would not take upon himself to grant permission, but they must ask it of the Emperor Mangou, who had been proclaimed khan in 1250. Continuing their weary journey, and passing many Buddhist monasteries,—for already the active Lama organisation was outstripping the ignorant and immoral Nestorianism that dimly bore witness to the faith among these populous hordes,—they arrived at the residence of Mangou Khan, and on the 4th of January 1254 were admitted to an audience. They entered singing the hymn, *A solis ortus cardine*, &c., and found the place hung with cloth-of-gold, and in the midst a chafing-dish filled with a fire made of dried dung, the Grand Khan seated

on a small bed, and clothed in a rich furred robe. Kumys (fermented mare's milk) and rice-wine were introduced, and much honour done them, the khan regaling himself and his guests with equal assiduity. Presently he asked a torrent of questions of Rubruk concerning the object of his journey, the Pope, and Christian kings; but the kumys had so muddled the wits of the interpreter, that questions and answers got into the wildest confusion. "For my part," says Rubruk, "I understood nothing from what our interpreter said, except that he was very drunk, and the emperor, in my opinion, not much better." True to the policy of Tchinguiz Khan, this jolly toper favoured no one religion more than another, but actually got up a public discussion between Christians, Mahometans, and Buddhists for his amusement, and Rubruk was chosen the champion of the first. He acquitted himself so well, that he was declared by the umpires, three of the emperor's secretaries, to have gained the victory. The next day Mangou made a profession of faith to him. "We Mongols believe in one God. As God has given the hand several fingers, so has He prepared for men various ways by which they may go to heaven. He has given the Gospel to the Christians, but they do not obey it; he has given soothsayers to the Mongols, and the Mongols do what their soothsayers command, and therefore they live in peace." He then dismissed Rubruk, telling him it was time to return to his home, but did not forget to add an arrogant epistle, in the true Tartar vein, to be delivered to King Louis: "This is the command of the Eternal God! Such are the commands of the god of the earth, the sovereign of the Mongols," and so forth. Rubruk returned to the nomadic court of Batou, but at length quitted the Tartars, and, in August 1255, re-entered his convent at St. Jean d'Acre, whence he addressed to St. Louis the narrative of his journey. It abounds with interest and shrewd observation,—for the good monk's piety did not obscure his intelligence in worldly matters,—and it affords many a proof of the truth of Solomon's declaration, that there is nothing new under the sun. Teetotalism, we find, is but the re-appearance of a Tartar superstition; and in calling vulgar names, it may be that a pet formula of Mangou himself is used in the very unpolite sense in which it passed the royal lips. The peaceful religious measured the barbarians with a truer estimate than the terrors of beaten warriors had permitted them to make, and concludes his story with an opinion, that hereafter, not mere monks, but a bishop or prelate, with the rank of ambassador, should be sent, as more likely to impress this rude people; adding, that they are not really so formidable as has been imagined, and

that their conquests have been effected as much by trickery as by force of arms. "I positively declare," he says to St. Louis, "that if our peasants would live as frugally, and dress like these Tartars, they might make the same conquests."

We must here take leave for the present of M. Huc's delightful volumes. We feel that no apology is needed for thus presenting a somewhat full outline of their contents to our readers, many of whom will probably not feel disposed to make a personal acquaintance with the abbé's work until it pleases Messrs. Longman to issue it in a less expensive form. We propose to continue our notice in the next Number of the *Rambler*.

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#### A DOCTOR'S OPINIONS ON PHYSIC.

*Of Nature and Art in the Cure of Disease.* By Sir John Forbes, M.D., &c. Churchill.

A SENSIBLE book is a rare thing. It is a rarer phenomenon than a sensible man or woman. For when you call a man "sensible," you mean that he is sensible on the whole, though possibly on one or two points his common sense may in practice be rather thrust aside. A book, however, represents a man's views on one particular subject. It may prove to be the very thing to bring out the eccentricities or exaggerations of an author, who on all other matters would be a model of sobriety and sound discretion. In fact, books have a special tendency to call forth the eccentricities and exaggerations of their writers. People often take to scribbling on some certain topic from the sole cause that on that one point they *are* a little whimsical and singular. Finding their ideas unlike those of other people, they straightway conclude that these notions are of extraordinary worth, and that they will wrong their generation as well as themselves if they keep silence and leave an ignorant world untaught.

Especially rare, moreover, is a sensible book by a professional man on the subject of his profession. Of course we do not include under this category books in which the details of any matter are treated scientifically or didactically. It is when a man treats his own special subject philosophically, or with a view to be read by non-professional readers, that as we rightly look for common sense, so we are frequently doomed to be disappointed. One does not complain that a mathemati-

cian shows few signs of common sense when writing a treatise on conic sections or the differential calculus; but we do complain when he writes on the general study of mathematics as an element of liberal education, and treats his subject as a professional mathematician rather than as a philosopher and a man.

Above all, in medical books is the display of good sense extraordinarily rare. Nobody rides his hobby like a doctor. No class of men are regarded with such implicit veneration by coteries of worshippers as the medical practitioners. In every alternate household you enter, you find that it is an established axiom, that if you are ill, and have not consulted the intelligent Mr. Colocynth of the village, or the wonderful Dr. Opium of the next town, you have never given yourself a fair chance of recovery. And as doctors' patients delight to lay aside the rules of common sense in estimating the merits of their oracles, so it is a rare thing indeed to read a book from one of these oracles themselves which can address itself to miscellaneous readers, or treat the general subject of medical science without running riot in extravagancies which make the looker-on smile and wonder. If there is "nothing like leather" with the currier, still more is there "nothing like physic" with the doctor.

And the same tendency to push things to the farthest limits of exaggeration is discoverable in controversies on various systems of medicine. An opponent is synonymous with a rogue or a fool. If a fact tells against a certain theory, it is thought amply sufficient to deny it rather than disprove it. Medical sects almost equal in number, and quite equal in bitterness, the various sects who dispute about the doctrines of Christianity. One sect imagines that the final cause of the stomach is to imbibe mercury; another, that blood was created for the express purpose of being drawn off with the lancet; a third would wash out all diseases with water, and turn the physician into a sort of scientific laundress; a fourth holds that every dose of physic which is larger than the millionth of the millionth of a grain is just so much injury to the human system.

What a pleasant novelty, then, it is to find one of the oldest and most experienced authorities in the medical world coming out with a book, addressed to his brethren and the world at large, actually written on the principles of common sense! Strange as it may seem, here is an M.D., a D.C.L., an F.R.S., a Queen's physician, and what not besides, assuring mankind, after a lifelong experience, that Nature is the best of all doctors; that physicking is generally more or less

humbug ; that, in five cases out of six, doctors do more harm than good ; and that, though the medical profession is of great use, and might be of much greater, the doctor's chief business is to let Nature, on the whole, have her own way, to clear away hindrances to the operations of her powers, to comfort and soothe her in her struggles with disease ; and, above all, to set the mind of the patient at rest, and so stimulate his brain and nervous system to that healthy action which goes five-sixths of the way towards the cure of all the curable ills that flesh is heir to.

"Although," says Sir John, "no one doubts the power of Nature to cure many slight and even some severe diseases, there yet exists in the minds of the members of the medical profession, and still more strongly in the minds of the public, a most unjust appreciation of the extent of this power" (p. 134).

"A vast amount of evidence (of the power of Nature)—though, for obvious reasons, not formally recorded—exists in medical tradition and in the unwritten testimony of medical men. I could supply a good deal myself. When old Dr. Warren, in answer to the question, 'What will cure acute rheumatism?' replied 'Six weeks,' he merely expressed what his experience had led him to know of the relative power of Nature and Art in this disease. The same kind of testimony was given, and on a wider scale, by another celebrated professor, who, on being told that a new sect (the Homœopathists) had sprung up, which cured diseases by infinitesimal doses of medicine, replied that he himself had long been in the habit of doing more than this, viz. curing diseases by none" (pp. 155, 6).

He then details the various sources from which his conclusions are gathered, and thus sums up the result :

"The one great result obtained from the study of these various authorities is this, that the power of Nature to cure diseases is infinitely greater than is generally believed by the great body of medical practitioners and by the public generally. So great, indeed, is this power, and so universally operative, that it is a simple statement of the facts to say, that of all diseases that are curable and cured, the vast majority are cured by Nature independently of Art ; and of the number of diseases that, according to our present mode of viewing things, may be fairly said to be curable by Art, the far larger proportion may be justly set down as cured by Nature and Art conjointly. The number of diseases cured entirely by Art (of course, I omit in all these statements *surgical* art) and in spite of Nature,—in other words, the number of cases that recover and would have died, had Art not interfered,—is extremely small" (pp. 170, 171).

Sir John then proceeds to expound what he holds really is the use of doctors. First, he holds that the practical consequence of the improved knowledge of the *comparative* use-

lessness of physic, and of the curative powers of unassisted nature,—in which he holds that homœopathy, otherwise a farce, has done great good,—will be, that the principal occupation of medical men will be to advise in the prevention of disease.

“If the future more precise experience of enlightened physicians, and the sure advance of medical science, must tend, as it is believed they will tend, to lessen considerably the confidence in the powers of medicinal therapeutics at present entertained by medical men, it cannot be doubted but that an ample compensation, both to medicine and humanity, will be found in the proportionate development of the hygienic or preventive department of the art.

But however much overlooked and neglected from the beginning the hygienic department of medicine may have been, it has never been entirely lost sight of; and has, on many occasions, presented such brilliant results, as have, at the time, demonstrated its importance and dignity, and indicated, though perhaps only darkly, the high consideration it is destined to attain in the future.

During the present century, at least, statesmen, as well as the professors of medicine, have had their attention turned much more to sanitary measures of a general kind than in any previous period of man's history. The practical movement hence originating, though yet merely inchoate, has already acquired such an impulse as must issue in great results; and it cannot be doubted that such results in public hygiene must necessarily direct attention to domestic and individual hygiene; so that while the services of a large body of the members of the medical profession shall be claimed for the former, the attention of the private practitioners will be devoted in an equal degree to the latter, that is, to the prevention of disease in households and in the individuals constituting households” (pp. 181, 2).

How far all this will succeed with the multitude may, we think, be doubted. Men, and women too, dearly love a nasty dose. As there are people who think that the great use of sermons is to furnish occasions of self-mortification to an audience, so there are others who hold that it is a law of nature that one must suffer a certain amount of sickness, and that the more nauseous the remedy, the more efficacious its influence. Still, on the whole, it may be hoped that Sir John's prognostications will prove correct; and as we have heard a doctor allege that he once cured a patient of an apparently incurable chronic disease by simply forbidding him to eat the jam-tarts which formed a portion of his daily dinner, so the regulation of daily life, and the enforcement of healthy occupations and amusements, may come to be reckoned as the chief business of the family doctor. What a condition of wisdom, indeed, should we have reached, when, instead of the old style of apothecaries' bills,—“Monday, draughts, 4s. 6d.;

Tuesday, ditto, 4s. 6d.; Wednesday, draughts and powder, 7s.; Thursday, pills and lotion, 5s.,—we should receive a document running thus: “To making you get up at seven o’clock, 10s.; to advising an alteration in your drainage, 7s. 6d.; to cutting off two cigars per diem, 5s.; to calling for an hour’s gossip, and reviving your spirits, 21s.!” And yet, after all, what can pills and potions, except in rare cases, do for the cure of sickness half so useful as these latter kinds of remedies?

The chapter in which, after making the above admissions, Sir John Forbes discusses the relative merits of the various modes of treating diseases on the ordinary “allopathic” system of medicine, is one of the most curious collections of admissions on the part of a professional man which medical literature can supply. He discusses the four different modifications in use at the present day: the “extinguishing treatment,” the “active treatment,” the “auxiliary or mild treatment,” and the “negative or totally inert treatment.” The two first are called by their upholders,—still, unfortunately for mankind, a majority of the medical profession,—the “heroic” treatment, in a lesser or greater degree; though why they should be called “heroic,” except on the ground that the old-fashioned “heroes” of antiquity were awful destroyers of human life, we never could conceive. The third method is that which Sir John himself advocates, and on this ground, we shall allow him to explain it in his own words:

“AUXILIARY OR MILD TREATMENT: RATIONAL EXPECTANCY.—This modification of the indirect physiological method of treating diseases (more especially acute diseases), I regard as at once the most philosophical, the safest, the surest, and the most successful of all the forms it assumes in practice. Although in appearance it differs little from the last form of treatment, except in degree, it is based on a somewhat different principle, and seeks to fulfil different indications. In the first place, it completely recognises the autocracy of Nature in the cure of acute diseases, and proceeds on the principle that it is not only useless but injurious to attempt to suppress or greatly to modify the morbid processes by strong measures of a perturbative or exhaustive kind.

The indications which this mode of treatment seeks to fulfil are chiefly the following: 1st. To place the diseased body in the most favourable circumstances for the development and exercise of its own conservative powers, by the institution of a proper regimen, in the most comprehensive sense of that term. 2d. To endeavour thereby, or through the use of medicaments, to remove such obstacles to the favourable action of the conservative and restorative powers as may be removable without the risk of checking or injuriously perverting them. 3d. Applying these measures under a

watchful supervision ; not to attempt, by any vigorous measures, to alter the course of the morbid processes so long as they seem to keep within the limit of safety, and when they transgress or threaten to transgress this limit, only then to endeavour to modify them by such mild measures as, if they fail in doing good, cannot do much harm. 4th. To be on the watch against possible contingencies, which may demand the employment of measures of exceptional activity, whether in the form of regimen or medicine ; and, when required, to apply such measures with the necessary vigour. This last indication refers to such contingencies as great irritation or pain, exhaustion, sleeplessness, diarrhoea, vomiting, intercurrent local inflammations, &c., which often admit of great mitigation at least, if not of complete removal, by drugs, dietetic stimulants, &c." (pp. 238-240).

The fourth system he of course condemns ; but it is evident that, were he driven to a choice between its adoption and that of either of the more active methods, he would incline rather to do nothing than to do too much. The homœopathic system he includes under the class of the do-nothings. We remark also, what will surprise many persons, that he is far from denying the assertion of the homœopathists, that it is in violent and acute diseases that their method is most signally successful. Precisely so, says Sir John ; for it is exactly in those very cases that most mischief is done by an injudicious meddling with Nature in her efforts to work a cure. He reminds us, indeed, of what was once said to us by a Catholic priest who had been largely cognisant of the effects of the various modes of treatment adopted by different practitioners when the cholera was at its worst in the north of England. " If I had the cholera myself," said he, " I should send for *no doctor at all*."

On the whole, then, we look on Sir John Forbes's book as a most valuable contribution to the health of mankind. Whether it will contribute as powerfully towards the incomes of apothecaries may be another question. We do not see, however, that the value of medical advice is to be measured by the amount of physic which their patients swallow—By the way, what an expressive word is that term "patient," as used to describe a sick person in the hands of a doctor ! What sick people want, is to be cured of their diseases ; and there is just as much call for the physician to cure them by gentle and rational means, or by allaying their fears and enlivening their spirits, as by butchering them with calomel, or assassinating them with the lancet.

## DR. OLIVER'S COLLECTIONS.

*Collections illustrating the History of the Catholic Religion in the Counties of Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Somerset, Wilts, and Gloucester.* By the Very Rev. George Oliver, D.D. Dolman, 1857.

THIS is the latest work from one of the most authentic and most prolific sources of historical information that the Catholics of England have possessed in our days. The author's whole life has been dedicated to these researches; he has been personally acquainted with many of the most interesting persons, both lay and clerical, of whom he writes; his industry is unquestionable, his accuracy in noting down such facts as he discovers unparalleled, his temper in treating of them imperturbable to a fault, his personal amiability has given him access to many private stores of knowledge that are shut to other writers, his book has been long hoped for and long announced; but we must confess, now we have got it, it has given us quite as much disappointment as pleasure. This is an ungracious reception to give in return for so much conscientious labour, and some really valuable results from it; and we might easily avoid the disagreeable reproaches which our frankness is sure to earn for us by taking refuge under the usual complimentary platitudes, which, in ordinary cases, authors and publishers expect from reviewers; but we feel this to be an instance where even a compromise of opinion involves a dereliction of duty, and a great injustice to the public interests of the Catholic body.

We readily admit that we have here a book of "Collections," as announced in the title-page; but we think we had a right to expect from such a collector more than the appendix to his note-books. For many years he has been flinging to the Catholic public most dainty scraps in the periodical literature of the day, stimulating our appetite for the hour when we should sit down to the full banquet of his matured information about the great heroes of the faith in past generations of Catholics; and we cannot now be satisfied with a dry dish of dates, and a cool reference to some more savoury morsel formerly cooked up in the *Catholicon*, the *Orthodox Journal*, *Dolman's Magazine*, or some other fossil publication that lived in the days of the megatherium and ichthyosaurus, which perhaps exists in the British Museum, but which few living men have ever seen, and fewer can possibly possess. We would not wish to say a word that can be construed as unkind of the author's talents, capabilities, or industry; and

we cannot doubt, that if he *would*, he *could* make *history* of his *collections*. We complain that he has not done so. He jots down little isolated facts, often mere half-stories, valuable only as parcels of a whole, and does not trouble himself to joint his dry bones and breathe the spirit of life into them. It is not enough to imitate the industry of the ant in collecting little dry details, unless the chronicler will take the trouble to go beyond the style of architecture peculiar to that insect, and reduce his heaps into some cemented form. If we cannot have proofs that a man lived to some purpose, we care little to know the precise period at which he was blessed with a godmother. The accuracy of a day on which nothing particular happened does not interest us, though it has cost a world of trouble to fix it precisely. Now, with the exception of a few valuable original documents, and some general expressions which derive their chief force from what we know otherwise, we might read this book and go away believing that the great exploits achieved by the Catholics of the West for the faith mainly consisted in having birthdays and anniversaries. For our part, we think these are just the two days in a man's life which, however important to the individual, the public generally cares least to know, because these are probably the very two on which he did least that interested the public. We want the intermediate history between these limits of his earthly existence; and as we feel sure that Dr. Oliver could frequently give it if he would, we are impatient and disappointed to have received so little. While he was collecting materials for this book, and sending occasional hints of his subject to periodicals, any deficiency or reticence of detail was excusable, and inevitable; but this was a transitory state of things. We want the conclusion from all these premises; the fabric built of these masses of materials. What he has given in scraps is lost. History printed in periodicals is written in water. If he does not, as he best can, while there is yet time, fix his records in as complete a form as his matured information will allow, and bring together his *disjecta membra*, he neither does justice to himself nor to his subject, and he has merely spent his life in amassing collections that some dashing writer will hereafter appropriate and convert into literary capital in a more accessible form.

It may satisfy his modesty to be entered in the "Biographical List of the Clergy" as, Oliver, George, D.D., with ten lines of chronology after his name and (at, we trust, a remote date) a supplementary eleventh line of necrology; but it will not satisfy his duty to himself that the public should be obliged to annex to it a *Sic vos non vobis* epitaph; and though

"his only ambition is, that his name may be written in the Book of Life," we think it will look much better there with the praise of having glorified before men the hosts of saints and martyrs among whose chronicles he has spent his innocent and useful life. He has already done this partially; we urge him to do it completely.

We must make one incidental remark on the antiquarian portion of his book. Dr. Oliver has shown by his various publications how much may be done towards illustrating the history of the Catholic Church in England, by industry and perseverance, even under the disadvantage of labouring in a limited field, in a provincial town, almost exclusively among private sources of information. He has done wonders to save future historians the trouble of painful research; we give him credit for having, within the limits of his subject, exhausted the vein he has been working, though he has not brought all the rich ore to the surface. We are the more convinced that it is not in private stores, often poor, sometimes suspicious, always difficult of access, that are to be sought the great treasures of Catholic history yet extant. From all the results we have seen, we judge that these fields are almost barren in comparison with the rich harvests yet untouched among the more or less accessible archives of various public institutions at home and abroad. We have already given the readers of our late Numbers a few samples of these treasures. If it were in our power to command the co-operation of a few such industrious labourers in these fields as Dr. Oliver has proved in his, we might indeed hope to set before the reading world such a view of the iniquities of the so-called Reformation, and the heroic fidelity to their God and their country of the Catholics of these lands, as would create a revolution in the accepted history of these latter ages.

We wish we could heartily praise, or honestly dismiss without notice, that part of Dr. Oliver's book which relates to the present time. But it may not be. There is nothing perhaps in the whole range of authorship that requires a cooler judgment, or a stronger nerve, to steer a writer through its perils, than recent or living biography. Here we could have respected his difficulties, and have been contented with a bare chronological catalogue of names and dates; but unluckily this is the very part of his work where the author has preferred to go beyond these skeletons of history and to venture most hazardously upon biographical fullness. If he had suppressed all personal narrative involving character, we should have commended his prudence or his delicacy; if he had praised every body and every thing indiscriminately, we

could have winked at his simplicity, or his charity, or his over-anxiety to avoid giving offence, even at the expense of his courage or his judgment;—but he has just praised with indiscretion enough in some cases to destroy the value of many more panegyrics which were far better deserved, and exposed in some parts of his book transactions very discreditable to personages who elsewhere receive high general commendations. Now, to us, this does not seem a satisfactory mode of treating facts. There are revelations enough dispersed about the book to show that the old Western District (of which, with the addition of Gloucestershire, his book treats) has been in modern times the victim of grievous evils in the management of its temporal affairs, and the erratic ungovernable characters of the miscellaneous clergy whom the bishops, in their destitution of a regular succession of pastors, have been obliged to accept as occasional missionaries; and it would have been quite as well not to have fenced with such truths. All writers on such delicate topics are liable to be misled by partial or erroneous information; we cannot congratulate Dr. Oliver on having escaped this danger. We have under our eye at this moment one very elaborate and passionate eulogium on a person whom but a little careful inquiry, in an obvious quarter, would have placed in the deepest shadow of the author's picture. There are others of whom he has said both too much and too little.

We will pass over a certain number of minor inaccuracies, some of which may probably be attributed to the printer, in the hope that the author may be induced to re-edit the book in a shape more worthy of his fame, when they will doubtless be corrected. It would cost him but little labour to add, to what is here given of the history of past times, other facts of which he is evidently in possession, and some which he has formerly wasted upon periodicals and newspapers. As to that part of the book which treats of the present period of religion in the West, we would urgently recommend a cautious revision of it, but most especially of the biographical notices. Grave delinquencies may be shielded by silence, but never with unmerited praise. A bishop who ruins his diocese by his imprudence, and only escapes ecclesiastical censures for his writings by giving pledges of amendment, which he immediately and publicly violates, can hardly be called a luminary of the Church; and no amount of satire against his accusers will remove the stigma from a priest suspended for grievous wickedness, after the accusations have been fully proved and sentence pronounced by the competent tribunal. We entreat Dr. Oliver to be cautious, lest his unsuspecting good-nature

should allow his unblemished name to be used as the mantle to cloak iniquities that will inevitably tarnish it. Charity may cover any sins by silence; it ceases to be charity when sinners are defended at the expense of truth.

## Short Notices.

### THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

*Maxims and Sayings of St. Theresa.* Translated by the Rev. Canon Dalton. 2d edition. (Dolman.) We are glad to see a second edition of this remarkable little book.

1. *The Days of my Life.* By the Author of "Mrs. Margaret Maitland." (Hurst and Blackett.) 2. *Hidden Links; or the Schoolfellows.* (Newby).—We are sometimes asked to mention the names of a few novels which may be safely recommended, whether as unexceptionable in morals, or with Catholic personages concerned in a non-controversial story, or as furnishing a little pleasant reading with an absence of violent or unhealthy excitement, or as inculcating good principles without any of that distinctive "preaching" which is the vice of so much of the fiction of the present day. The two stories before us may be named as supplying one or other of these wants. One is by a very decided Protestant, and a Scotch woman to boot; the other is by an Englishman, and a Catholic. One contains few incidents; and its merit lies in combining a certain amount of quiet strength with an entire absence of rhetorical exaggeration. The other looks more to a variety of character and action for its interest, and for bringing the reader into contact with people too little familiar in their natural every-day life with the English public. We have so few novels of this kind written by English Catholics, that we regret that an accident has prevented our welcoming the first appearance of the author of *Hidden Links* until now; and we should be glad to see him as successful with the general public as he deserves.

1. *Willy Reilly and his dear Colleen Bawn.* By William Carleton. 3d edition. (Duffy.) 2. *The Works of Gerald Griffin.* (Duffy's National Edition.)—A line or two is all that new editions like these require. Carleton is one of the most taking and popular of the delineators of Irish life; and two years have brought his last story to a third edition. Gerald Griffin was a writer of great power, of the same class as Carleton and Banim, with this difference, that he was a devoted Catholic, and died while preparing to take the vows in a religious order. Duffy's re-issues of his works are as readable and good-looking as they can be at the price, and, in fact, far better than many of the cheap railway series. It is satisfactory to learn that it pays to bring them out in such a form, for they are really very fairly turned out.

1. *The Life of Mrs. Seton, Foundress of the Sisters of Charity in America.* 2d edition. By Dr. White, Baltimore. (Murphy.) 2. *Pauline Seward, a Tale.* By Dr. Bryant. 5th edition. (Murphy.) 3. *Goodwon, and other Poems.* By A. Dewar. 2d edition. (Partridge.)

4. *Evangeline, traduite de Longfellow par le Chevalier de Chatelain.* (Rolandi.) 5. *The Fishhof Saga.* Translated by Heckethorn. (Trübner.) 6. *Flowers from Foreign Lands.* By Father Charles. (Duffy.) 7. *Turkey and the Crimea.* By the Rev. E. Owen. (Hatchard.) 8. *The Young Crusader, and other Tales.* (Duffy.)—A word of notice must similarly suffice for all the above, as they are only new editions or translations, save the two last, one of which is interesting as coming from one of the Protestant chaplains who attended the army. It is a sensible and agreeable lecture, and tells a good deal in a small space. The other is a series similar to those which the same publisher has brought out before, and with the same merits.

*State Rationalism in Education. 2d Series. A Digest of the Reasons on which certain Members of the Clergy are unable to accept the Privy-Council Education Grants.* By the Rev. H. Formby. We are not willing to slay the slain, or to rake up old controversies for the sake of criticising a book; but we cannot help thinking that the whole cause of Catholic education suffers when the opinions of one party, however weak, are represented by such a pamphlet as this. Fancy being taught that the Government-grants to schools must be one of two things: either an alms, or a *douceur* given to promote a godless system! It cannot be an alms, because the Privy Council does not ask our prayers. Therefore it is only a wily *douceur*. The author forgets that people may act without a thought about religion, or about any particular system of teaching at all. A benevolent person, in cholera time, may distribute money for medicines without making himself a partisan of allopathist, homœopathist, hydropathist, or hygeist. He sees people perishing, he pities, he fears that the plague may approach his own doors, and he distributes his money by handfuls, begging the poor people to clean out their pigsties, whitewash their bedrooms, and send for the doctor. So our Government fears the increase of the criminal population that is brought up in the streets; it sees that the only remedy is education; it knows that the country will not allow a uniform Prussian or Russian state-system; the only thing left is to aid the ministers of religion in procuring means of education for their respective flocks. The grant is not an alms nor a wily *douceur*, but an assistance to enable us to bring up our children so as not to enlarge the terrible mass of the criminal population. Whether the grant to us is due to the fear of this evil, or to a growing sense of justice, or any such natural motive, it is a real boon, and though our own by the strictest distributive justice, may be received with that amount of gratitude which is due to all men who, when they might have done evil, abstained from doing it. Our own intrinsic strength is not sufficient to compel them to make these grants; the tradition, perhaps the feeling, of the country is against their being conceded to us; and yet they are given, and given in a manner which has hitherto satisfied those who have the commission to watch over our souls. We hope the controversy about them is settled for some years to come.

*Complaints of a Convert; or, our Religious Relations with the Continent.* By E. S. Foulkes, late Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Oxon. (London: Lumley.) The title of this little pamphlet is striking, and suggestive of unpleasant contents. The Catholic will be agreeably disappointed to find that the convert's complaints are not against the Church, but against his countrymen for their treatment of the Church, especially for their European ecclesiastical policy. The author is speaking to Protestants, and puts himself more or less into their position, and therefore makes every possible concession to them. But some of these

concessions are put into language that will easily bear a meaning offensive to pious ears,—as when he draws out the parallel between the rise of the English Constitution and the rise of the Papal power ; where the meaning is, that the right lodged with the successor of Peter from the first only gradually developed into action ; but where careless readers will be sure to find the admission that the *right* itself was but of gradual growth. And again, when he advocates political relations with the Holy See, in order that our Government may be able to have some control over the spiritual power of the Pope in the colonies (p. 91). Like the writers in the *Union*, Mr. Foulkes advocates “concessions on both sides,” and talks against “extreme opinions.” He has a notion that the Anglicans have a succession unbroken from the mediæval Church, and several other fancies, ordinarily harmless, but hardly so innocent in present circumstances. Yet, for all this, the pamphlet is well written, and calculated to do good among those to whom it is addressed, our Protestant fellow-countrymen, if it chances to reach their hands.

*Phantasmata ; or, Illusions and Fanaticisms of Protean Forms productive of great Evils.* By Dr. Madden. 2 vols. (London: Newby.) In these two goodly volumes Dr. Madden undertakes to discuss the phenomena of sorcery, possession, and all the various mental states which the common sense of mankind has hitherto referred to extra-natural agencies. Dr. Madden, in common with modern philosophers, takes a physician's view of these phenomena, and refers them to the mutual action and re-action of the imagination and the body. Imagination is the Proteus of these fanaticisms, by which he would, if he were not too good a Catholic to be consistent in his philosophy, account not only for the demonopathy of the Jansenist nuns, but also for the visions of St. Teresa. But the holiness of the saint overcomes his theory, and he is obliged to concede an objective reality for the unseen world with which she communicated. In all other cases the modern philosopher has it all his own way ; and a very unreasonable way it is. Because all spiritual disorders have certain effects on the body, because these effects can be tabulated, and presented in a statistical form, therefore—what?—therefore they are mere phenomena of nature, and are not caused by any preternatural influences. Whatever can be numbered is natural, not supernatural ; or, in other words, because two and two are four, therefore there is no God ; because God's own immediate creations are wrought in number, measure, and weight, therefore they are not His creations at all ! Because there is an average of crimes, therefore crimes are not the result of free-will, but of a natural law. “If one person in thirty thousand eats shoes or marries his grandmother, then one person in thirty thousand must eat shoes or marry his grandmother,” as we are told by an American philosopher. Dr. Madden's principle is not fundamentally different. He tabulates and reduces to statistics all phenomena of sorcery and possession, and finds their medical characteristics, and then at once, by a jump, for which we can find no logical justification, concludes they are natural, not caused by demoniacal agency. We are pained at this conclusion ; for we think that in this age it is almost as necessary to believe in the devil as to believe in God. Doubtless many such cases are mere illusions or cheats ; but to refer the whole class to such agencies, logically, we fear, leads to deplorable consequences in religion. As we said before, Dr. Madden's religion is too strong for his philosophy, and in consequence he has given us a valuable compilation, which the Catholic who takes an interest in this repulsive subject may, if warned, read with advantage.

# THE RAMBLER.

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PART XLIII.

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## ULTRAMONTANISM FOR ENGLAND.

ULTRAMONTANISM is a very ugly word. It is one of those ugly words, within whose undefined signification are supposed to lurk all those mysterious horrors in which ignorant selfishness delights to revel. As a Gallican Catholic is supposed to be almost as good as a Protestant, so an Ultramontane Catholic is supposed to be almost as bad as a Jesuit. The very suspicion of "Ultramontaniam" is held to be enough to disqualify a man for fulfilling the duties of a citizen, and enough therefore to disentitle him to the rights of an Englishman.

As Ultramontaniam has, however, undoubtedly made rapid progress among the Catholics of the British Empire during the last quarter of a century, it may be worth while to suggest a few considerations to our Protestant fellow-subjects, by way of quieting their doubts and relieving their apprehensions. The profession of what are termed "Gallican" views, is now a rare thing. Whether they are avowedly and consciously held in private by a good many persons, or no; and whether or not they are held in solution, so to say, by many who would be indignant at being called Gallicans,—is another question. The undoubted fact is, that old-fashioned Gallicanism finds few public exponents in our body at the present time. The thought of English Catholicism has for some time past tended in the direction of a distinct, dogmatic Ultramontaniam, which it would be foolish to try to conceal, and cowardly to attempt to disown. Bishops in their pastorals, preachers in their sermons, correspondents in their letters in the papers, journalists and periodical writers of all kinds, are continually almost going out of their way to avow a class of feelings and opinions, partaking more or less of the tone of this supposed un-English abomination. It seems, therefore,

almost a duty towards our non-Catholic fellow-countrymen, for those who profess these ugly sentiments now and then to vouchsafe an explanation of what they mean.

Every man, of course, can only speak for himself. Ultramontanism is not a doctrine of the Catholic Church in such a sense that every good Catholic must necessarily hold it. No one, therefore, has a right to do more than state his own notions on the subject, as being his own; or if he states what are those of other people, he can only do it as an historian, and not as a Catholic. When, then, we ask our Protestant readers' attention to the subject, we must beg to remind them that we are expressing our own opinions, and not those of any body else. We are not an "organ." Reviews, magazines and newspapers are never "organs;" though the world in general will persist in giving them the high-sounding title. When the present writer talks about Ultramontanism, he means his own Ultramontanism, and not necessarily that of all Catholics throughout the kingdom. At the same time, we must also beg the reader to understand this disclaimer in its literal sense, and not to tack on to it any ingenious deductions. For, as a matter of historical fact, we believe that our Ultramontanism is substantially the same as that of the great bulk of influential English Catholics; and that though, of course, on such a subject there will be occasional differences in detail, on the whole we are all pretty well agreed.

The essence, then, of the Ultramontanism of English Catholics we take to be this; that by divine institution no branch of the Church has any rights whatsoever against the supreme authority of the Pope: and that the "national" principle of action, on which all human affairs must be conducted in the secular order, is totally inapplicable to the affairs of religion. As a practical corollary to this doctrine, we hold that it is of primary importance to the well-being of Catholicism in any country, that no hindrance whatsoever should exist to the full, free, and easy intercourse between the See of Rome and the clergy and laity of that country, or to the direct action of the Pope upon his spiritual subjects in all spiritual things. This, as we have expressed it, we take to be the substantial nature of the Ultramontanism, which the British nation and government must recognise as vitally swaying the thoughts and lives of the Catholics of this island. More "extreme" views—so to call them—may possibly be found existing in some quarters; and there will always be found a wide difference of opinion as to the manner and regulations by which these views can be best carried out in practice. But, speaking historically, we do not ourselves

think that English Ultramontaniam is prepared, as a whole, to go farther in its ideas than as above expressed; nor, if difficulties arose, would it shrink from acting upon them with unflinching loyalty and courage. No doubt, that peculiar class of minds which loves to push every opinion to the length of paradox, and whose grand notion of orthodoxy is, that the more repulsive to every English idea a thing is, the more thoroughly Catholic is its nature,—such people as these would, we are convinced, wondrously modify their theories when they found themselves in practical troubles. Truly edifying are the conversions to common sense which take place, when a man is in a scrape. If adversity, as the proverb says, makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows, so does it also make him acquainted with “the other side” of a vast number of questions on which he had been wont to hold, that every body who differed from himself was very little better than he should be. It may be very pleasant to “ride the high horse” of paradox on a smooth turf, and go caracolliug away through an admiring crowd who applaud the skill with which we keep our seat; but when our nag suddenly kicks up his heels, and sends us floundering into a quagmire, we are mighty glad to scramble out of the mud, and trust to the common-sense pair of legs with which nature has endowed us, to carry us as fast as possible into obscurity.

Allowing, however, for all such modifications of extravagant theorising as we are speaking of, we have no hesitation in admitting, that this nation, in its dealings with the Catholic portion of England, has no present chance of diverting to itself a portion of that loyalty and undivided spiritual allegiance which, in our consciences, we hold to be due to the Pope of Rome. It is unquestionable, that the practical religion of Catholics of the present day is deeply tinged with feelings of this kind. In other days, or other countries, the case has been different. Men and women, ecclesiastics and laity, have sometimes been remarkable for their personal religiousness, for their austerities, for their devotion to their fellow-creatures; and at the same time have been little sensitive to a class of ideas which in England we Catholics now consider to be intimately allied with orthodoxy. Nationalism, in some shape or other, has had various adherents among devout and pious Catholics; and without the aid of persons of this class, it is possible that mere men of the world would have been unable to force it into the occasional influence which it has attained in Church-matters. But this is not the case in England at the present time. It is not often that you find a man or woman remarkable for practical religiousness,

who is uninfluenced by the prevailing instinct of the time, and insensible to the mischiefs of that theory which upholds the supposed "rights" of national churches. And it would be well for us all, if the more thoughtful class of Protestants would recognise this fact, and cease to draw inferences from past history inapplicable to the actual Catholicism of this age and country. We assure them that the English Catholic body is powerfully influenced by a substantial Ultramontaniam, and that its advocates comprise men of every possible variety of character, taste, and feeling among us. People often fancy that it is only the fanatical, the weak-headed, the Jesuits, the converts, or those who have been corrupted by a foreign education, who are resolved on making the authority of the Pope superior to the action of the ecclesiastical authorities of any country, or who think that the State has no functions in spiritual affairs. They imagine that whatever in English Catholicism is most solid, most masculine, most sober, most learned, and most practically religious, is therefore disposed to set up a counter-action to the despotism of Rome, and to call in the interference of the secular power by way of checking the extravagances of Ultramontane fanaticism. And hence an innumerable crop of misunderstandings and injuries great and small. In the expectation of being able to play off one section of Catholics against another, the nation and society go on at the old game; unable to recognise our strength, and unable to meet us on terms which would be as advantageous to them as to ourselves, and frightening themselves with bugbears having no existence save in their own distempered imaginations.

While, however, we take our stand in our country, with a determination to uphold the absolute independence of the Catholic Church as the basis of our position, we cannot allow our adversaries to draw conclusions from our principles, which are in no way necessarily connected with them. There is nothing to be gained for religion by forcing the Catholic faith into a needless antagonism with the instinct of society and the principles of secular government. So far from imagining that such a method of action is eminently Catholic, it appears to us that it is eminently the reverse. The Church herself, acting by her Supreme Visible Head, has never adopted this method in her treatment of temporal governments, or in her intercourse with civil and domestic life. If there is one special lesson to be learned from Church-history, it is this; that where men, whether as individuals, as societies, or as governments, can be conciliated, without loss of principle, it is the more Catholic part to conciliate them. There

is a certain practicalness, a certain desire to make the best of all things, a certain readiness to tolerate where nothing is to be gained by pushing things to extremity, to be discerned in the entire course of the action of the Church among men. It is a method of proceeding totally distinct from that cowardliness which apes Protestantism in order to be on good terms with Protestants; and which begins, in fact, at the wrong end, and, as it deserves, almost invariably defeats itself.

Ultramontanism, then, we conceive, has really no such practical consequences as would justify reasonable Protestants in regarding its adherents as questionable citizens of a free and loyal country like England. A free people commits an egregious blunder, when it prefers to have its Catholic citizens Gallicans rather than Ultramontanes. It is the inevitable tendency of a prevalence of Gallican views to throw the indirect influence of religious authority into the hands of the secular government. Any national division of the Church which is shy of the Pope, and prefers to set up a bastard species of episcopal action in quasi-opposition to Rome, inevitably succumbs to the blandishments of kings and parliaments, and becomes a tool in their hands for the moral coercion of the individual citizen. Whatever progress Gallicanism may make in a country by plausible statements against spiritual despotism, and against the errors into which a distant power may fall in its management of the spiritual affairs of a foreign people, it is certain that it becomes itself one of the most powerful engines of despotic power which can be placed in the hands of a secular government, whose sole object is to control and check the liberty of the subject. Every branch of the Church which forgets its natural allegiance to the Pope, and offers an unnatural allegiance to a secular authority, simply exchanges a sovereign for a tyrant; and from being the natural friend of the poor man and the reformer of all real abuses, becomes only an upper slave at the beck and call of a rigid taskmaster. Unthinking people, who glory in the name and power of England, may regard us Catholics as a race of unmanly fanatics, because we choose to let the affairs of our souls be settled in a city a thousand miles distant, and under the auspices of an Italian prince, who is only kept on his throne by French or Austrian bayonets. But we can assure them that it is this very fact, that our spiritual chief is not subject to English laws, and not paid by English gold, and not seen at the English court, the very complaisant servant of Queen Victoria, which prevents our ecclesiastical system from becoming an engine for warping our minds in political and social questions. It is because we are absolutely

and entirely free from the dictation of the State in spiritual things, and are neither dependent on it for its favours nor afraid of its frowns, that we are enabled to approach political and economical topics with free and unbiased judgment, and can steer clear of both revolutionism and Toryism more easily than any other classes of our fellow-countrymen. The spirit of our religion, no doubt, tends to make us lovers of order and of distinctions of ranks, and obedient to the laws; and it further indisposes us to change merely for the sake of change. We see no object in reforms, when no tangible benefit will be their result. But at the same time we do not find ourselves hampered by our theological creed or our foreign connections, in any such way as to interfere with the perfectly free formation of opinions on every possible subject of secular action.

Nor—to touch on another branch of the subject, only remotely, though still in some degree, interesting to those who are not Catholics—does Ultramontanism imply any systematic abolition of national tastes and peculiarities in the details of ecclesiastical life. Though it can hardly be said to concern Protestants, in the slightest degree, what we do in our own churches and private houses; still, so utterly unable is Protestantism to help a sort of mysterious attraction towards the Church, it is undeniable that people are irritated by the idea, that English Catholics deliberately conform all their religious proceedings to an Italian model. It is difficult to tell why it is so; but so it is, that many Protestants take a singular species of interest and pride in our Catholic proceedings, and are annoyed at the supposition that we must needs copy foreigners with the servility of slavish ignorance, and import into this northern country the fashions of the more impetuous and more indolent races of the south. All this, however, is mere fantastic invention. Here and there certainly you will meet with Catholics, more zealous than well instructed, who can see no distinction between a system which allows every nation to have its own tastes and habits in matters which have nothing to do with doctrine, and one which would allow national pride to erect itself a temple for its own glorification in the very sanctuary itself. But such persons are not common; and even those who thus, in reality, adopt a practical Gallicanism, disguised under the great name of Rome, rarely live long without shaking off these fancies, and arriving at views more in accordance with true Catholicism and common sense. A man may be the most strenuous of Ultramontanes, and yet be very far from wishing to exchange our cool, or cold, manners in re-

ligious worship, for the fiery exclamations of a Neapolitan crowd, when the blood of St. Januarius does not liquefy as soon as expected. Ultramontanism is neither Gallicanism, nor Neapolitanism, nor Anglicanism. It no more seeks to squeeze or elongate every individual character into one imaginary Procrustean type, than to establish one universal system of cookery among Catholics, founded upon the profusion and good quality of Italian oil. Every country has its own fashions, its own character, its own customs, its own temptations, its own advantages. It does not follow, because we are all Catholics, that what is a good thing, or a harmless thing, in one part of the world and with one climate, is necessarily equally good or harmless in other circumstances, or with another state of the atmosphere. Our Protestant fellow-countrymen need not fear that because we are Ultramontane Catholics, therefore we cease to be Englishmen and Englishwomen. Nay, we apprehend that there are few foreigners who have a keener appreciation of those points which are really estimable in the English character than the present Pope, his Holiness Pius the Ninth. It is notorious that he has no fondness for narrow-mindedness of any description whatsoever, whether in spiritual or secular affairs; and that that exaggerated nationalism, which commonly goes by the name of Gallicanism, but is also to be found with the less recognised title of Italianism, has been systematically discouraged by him ever since he mounted his throne.

The one grand stumbling-block, however, to Protestants, is the question of divided allegiance in any possible case of collision between the Pope and the British government. "Supposing," they say, "the Pope should do again what Popes have done before, and excommunicate the English monarch, or declare that he or she was not the lawful sovereign of England, how would you Ultramontanes act in the emergency? Or, supposing a more possible case, that the Pope, as a temporal sovereign, was at war with England, would you desert your colours, if you were soldiers or sailors, rather than fight against him? These things," they add, "are purely secular in their nature; but we know that you Papists have a way of your own of confusing spiritual and secular questions in a most dangerous fashion; which makes us extremely suspicious as to what your conduct would be, if the supposed emergencies *should* arise. We see very ugly-looking propositions in some of your theological books; and we are not half satisfied with your manner of explaining them away, when you are taken to task about them. You hold," they conclude, "that the Pope is the guide of your

consciences in all questions of right and wrong; now, we should like to hear you explain how you would reconcile this view about the Pope with your allegiance to the Queen, if he should assert that it was an unlawful thing, in the sight of God, to pay due obedience to the English government, as the lawful supreme secular authority in the kingdom." We will endeavour to answer these questions in a way at once honest and practically satisfactory.

In the first place, then, we must remind those who put them, that they are questions of an almost entirely theoretical character, and can scarcely be considered as legitimate in the present day. It is about as likely that the Pope will do any thing to interfere with the allegiance of British subjects, or go to war with England, as that he will attempt to substitute bows-and-arrows for musketry in warfare. Whatever may be the opinions, stated abstractedly by a few writers, on the rights of Popes over kings, it is ludicrous to suppose that they will become any thing but abstract propositions in modern times. Moreover, it is notorious that many eminent and influential theologians entertain views on the deposing power exercised by the Popes in the middle ages, which actually make it impossible, by the nature of the case, that such a power should be exercised in any possible condition of modern politics. The deposing power, they say, was a natural element in the feudal system of mediæval Europe; a system which, as it was without precedent in the earlier political relationships of nations, so is it impossible now that the relationships between man and man have so utterly departed from feudalism. The Catholic religion was, in those days, a constituent portion of the national life of every people, and also of the entire European "states-system;" and the Pope, by virtue of his being the Head of the Catholic Church, held a position in that system which placed him necessarily above every merely secular sovereign. He was, in fact, by virtue of his Popedom, the arbiter of nations. He only did, as the chief guardian of men's souls and of the rights of humanity, what every votary of modern philanthropy claims a right to do, by virtue of the common ties which bind man to man. He had as much right to dethrone kings, as England has to bully or argue foreigners into the suppression of the slave-trade, or as Lord Palmerston and the Emperor Napoleon have to reproach the King of Naples with his cruelties to the Neapolitans. And as this theory of the Papal power is one which will find many advocates, so, in replying to such questions as are put to us by reasonable Protestants, we are fully justified in using it as a *practical*

answer to their difficulties, even supposing we might not think that it fully accounts for all the particulars of the cases in question. For our object is not to give a theoretical answer to these difficulties, or to state any opinions of our own, but to discuss the probable bearings of Ultramontaniam upon the real actions of men. The whole subject of the relations between the pontifical and secular powers is one of extreme delicacy and difficulty, when viewed purely theoretically. It is one of those topics on which nothing is so easy as to blunder into exaggerations on one side or the other, when it is treated dogmatically or philosophically. Viewed, on the other hand, as a practical question, it presents few or no difficulties to the candid and sensible reasoner, and furnishes an illustration of the truth of the principle, that it is much easier to know what is one's own personal duty, than to lay down the law for the guidance of other people's consciences. As, therefore, it is not our office to handle abstract subjects as though we sat in the professor's theological chair, we consider that we are not shirking the questions occasionally put by Protestants to us Catholics, when we reply, that the subject *is* a difficult one, and that we prefer an historical to a theoretical solution of this and all other similar problems.

Our reply, therefore, is to the following effect: that, supposing a collision between the pontifical and the royal authorities, we cannot foresee the precise logical processes to which the Ultramontaniam of England would betake itself, in order to make up its mind as to its duties. What new ideas would introduce themselves into the reasonings of those most devoted to the maintenance of the papal power, we cannot tell; nor can we guess what would be the relative degrees of weight which the subjects already constituting the elements of the argument would assume when the question became an urgent reality, instead of a purely theoretical hypothesis. We know well how unlike a man's reasonings are, when he is in practical straits, to those which satisfy him when he is lounging in his arm-chair, or maintaining a thesis against some disputative friend. And, accordingly, we feel convinced in our own minds that the Ultramontaniam of the devout English Catholics of the present day furnishes but slight hints as to what would be its own developments in the event of the almost impossible occurrence of the clashing of the papal and regal authorities.

Of one thing only we are certain, namely, that the English government and people need be under no apprehensions whatever on the subject. The undefined nature of the barrier

which divides, or is supposed to divide, the spiritual from the secular order of things, will prove the very source of a practical solution of all difficulties in reality, as it is the source alike of extreme statements and of harassing difficulties, so long as the subject remains purely speculative. Seeing how impossible it is to draw up a dogmatic formula, defining the precise limits between the spiritual power of the Pope and the temporal rights of kings, it is not to be wondered at that, when men sit down to write philosophically on the subject, they are frequently either deterred from prosecuting it altogether, or attempt a ready solution on the Catholic side, by adopting the opinion, that the papal rights absolutely override all royal rights, on this one ground, that eternity is greater than time, that revelation is superior to reason, and that a government erected immediately by Divine authority is superior to one whose form is of human invention. No wonder, also, that on the Protestant we see the difficulties of the question disposed of so summarily as was the case in the Lords' recent debates on the Divorce Bill, when the very idea that the Anglican clergy could have a *conscience* in practical questions which were determined in one way by the State, was scouted as an absurdity by an overwhelming majority of the Peers, both lay and episcopal.

Bring, however, the question of allegiance to a practical issue in the case of Catholics, and, as a matter of fact, we believe that this very undefined outline of boundary between the spiritual and temporal will always give the temporal power an immense influence with those who are yet thoroughly Ultramontane on all questions which *are* recognised as spiritual. Again reminding our readers, that we are expressing no opinions of our own, we have no hesitation in avowing an expectation that Ultramontaniam in spirituals would not generally produce any inconvenience to the secular government, unless the conduct of the State were something so astoundingly monstrous as to exceed any thing that history records of portents in national crime. Admitting, people would say, all that is urged about the necessary superiority of religion to temporal interests, and of the hazard which Catholics run who attempt to limit the authority of the Church where it should even seem that questions of right and wrong might be imperilled; nevertheless,—they would argue,—it is a fact admitted by the Church, that secular government is in itself a thing of Divine institution, and that, as it had rights of its own over men's consciences prior to the advent of Christianity, so those rights cannot be destroyed by the fact that Christianity has come. The fact, that it is difficult to say

where the secular ends and the spiritual begins, is no proof that there *is* no distinction between the two, or that the secular is simply swallowed up in the spiritual. Hence,—persons who thus reasoned would conclude,—there is nothing un-Catholic in rendering due and loyal obedience to a sovereign who was declared deposed by a papal decree, or in paying taxes towards the expenses of a war in which the power of England was in direct conflict with the temporal power of the Pope. As one class of persons would fix their attention on the great truth, that the spiritual rights of the Church and her supreme Pontiff are indefeasible, and that if you once begin to question any papal decree, there is no saying to what it may lead you; so persons of another class would cling to the undeniable principle, that secular government, as such, existed prior to Christianity, and exists apart from it, with its own peculiar rights over those subject to it, which cannot be merged even in the authority of the Christian Church, without virtually denying that they had ever existed, or can exist, by an authority derived from the divine Author of all human society. And to which class any individual man would attach himself, when forced to take one side or the other and abide its consequences, would, we believe, be determined by a combination of influences, in which not only logic and conscience, but also temperament, interest, personal history, and personal experience of the ways of men would play a very important part.

Viewing the future, then, not as enthusiasts, or speculators, or devotees to paradox, but by the experience of the past, and the light which history throws upon the probabilities of human action, we look upon the possibility of a collision between Ultramontaniam and the British Government as a bugbear and a chimera. As to our obeying any special laws which the nation might enact, enjoining what is distinctly anti-Catholic, it is of course out of the question. All the acts of Parliament ever passed would not justify a Catholic priest in re-marrying divorced persons while the separated husband or wife still survived. Nor is it this class of questions that excites doubts in the minds of sensible Protestants as to the compatibility of allegiance to the Pope with loyalty to the Queen. The feelings of the immense majority of the country would be with a priest who refused to obey a law on such grounds as would be involved in the question of divorce; while they would be against him if he violated regulations which had nothing to do with distinct religious doctrine or positive morals. The Parliament will tolerate no free-will in an Anglican clergyman; but it knows too well what it is

about to meddle with the free-will of Catholic priests in such matters. The only real difficulties are in cases which are barely within the region of the possible; and in these instances, as we have attempted to show, there exists no practical reason why the world should be scared out of its propriety at the advance of a decided spiritual Ultramontaniam in the English Catholic body.

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### INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

WHILE tending flowers to-day in the garden of a gentleman's house situated in a thriving country-town, we noticed two lads approaching from opposite directions. Both seemed to be about fourteen years of age, robust, and healthy. One was dressed in a whole suit of clothes; soiled indeed, but decent, *non indecoro pulvere sordidus*, with stout shoes on his feet and a jaunty-cap on his head. He was an English boy, and came whistling home from his daily toil erect and active. The other wore rags, a battered hat, and no shoes. He slouched along, carrying in his hand some peddling wares, to conceal from a chance policeman his real trade of beggary. They met at the low wall which separated our garden from the highway. "What have you here?" said the English boy, as he snatched a box of matches from the hand of the other. "Give me back my matches," whimpered the Irish boy; "I'm trying to sell them to pay for a night's lodging." "And why don't you work like me?" quoth the English lad; "there's lots of work here." "I don't know how to work," replied the other; "but do give me my matches. O, give me back my matches;" and he began fairly to sob. "If you had not blubbered," cried the English lad, "I would have given you a halfpenny; but, here; look out." And he tossed back the matches, and walked whistling away. "I don't know how to work; but O, give me back my matches!" a cry how national, how lamentable!

Not far off lies a parish whose history is this. Some years ago there lived in this parish, remarkable for its natural beauties, many families of rich merchants belonging to a great commercial town. These Catholic families were munificent as well as wealthy. They distributed money freely among the poor; and the younger branches established the custom of adopting as pensioners a certain number of the indigent. The fame of the village spread rapidly in Ireland, until its

name became as well known as London; and multitudes unable or unwilling to work flocked to it. And what is its condition now? Among the police the place bears the very worst character for vice and petty crimes. The Catholic merchants are gone; but there remains a congregation of 1100 persons, of whom 900 rely upon the clergy for relief either constant or occasional. They don't know how to work, and cannot possibly live upon matches. One of the priests relates a striking anecdote. He was called to attend a labouring man, who had a fine grown son of eighteen. Speaking of this young man, in answer to inquiries about the prospects of the family, the dying parent declared, "Thanks be to God, he has never done a day's work in his life; but he has got a power of learning." What a satire upon the common complaint, that boys of twelve are taken from school and sent to work!

There is a sect of pseudo-political economists, who, while they scruple not to call in question the evangelical precept of almsgiving, seem to maintain that the end of man is to accumulate property. Far from us be such impious folly. Far, too, be rebellion against the Divine decree: *In sudore vultus tui vesceris pane. Si quis non vult operari, nec manducet.* We would not lessen by a groat the alms of the rich, but multiply them a hundredfold, provided judgment be exhibited in their application. We would not lessen by an hour the time bestowed by the poor upon the cultivation of the mind, or upon innocent recreation, provided the duties of their station have first been fulfilled.

"Spiritual men," says Father Faber, "have a particular inclination to idleness." Whether it be from spirituality, or from persecution, or from vicious tenure of land, certain it is that in England the Irish have a very decided inclination to idleness; an inclination which more than any thing else bars their social progress, deprives them of the esteem of their neighbours, and checks the material prosperity of the Church. God forbid that we should cast their faults into the face of those who are already despised and trampled under foot. It is not to revile them that we mention one of their characteristics; but to consider, in laying bare the truth, whether greater efforts cannot be made in their behalf.

If Great Britain contain 1,000,000 Catholics, it is certain that 800,000 of them are Irish, who gravitate towards idleness. Why are so many of them idle? Is it from want of physical power? the brawny dock-labourers answer, No. Is it from want of will? the Irish soldiers, inferior to none in her Majesty's service, answer, No. It is mostly from want

of knowledge. Like our match-selling friend, they don't know how to work; and if the richer classes desire to improve their condition, they must organise schemes for removing this ignorance and teaching them how to work. But it may be rejoined, "The English poor require no such assistance. They learn for themselves how to work, and ask nothing from the wealthy but employment and fair wages." Very true; but it must not be forgotten that English lads are at home, with their fathers, uncles, brothers, to imitate, with the goodwill of the neighbourhood to assist and cheer, with identity of manners and habits and speech, with homes like others, and clothes like others. For Irish lads, all is different. To them "Why don't you work?" is little better than a cruel taunt. They don't know how to work; and, what is worse, circumstances prevent them from learning how to work. The further evil, that idleness is the parent of vice and crime, upon which police-reports and prison-statistics are sufficiently eloquent, we omit to notice. We would not draw too black a picture. Sufficient for us to know that thousands upon thousands of our brethren of the household of faith are condemned to an enforced idleness, which seems contrary to the designs of Providence in their regard, and which we, perhaps, if we tried, might do something towards converting into honest profitable labour. For incompetent adults the time is gone by. Charity may employ or support them, but nothing can give them skill. The juvenile poor, however, are in our hands; what do we attempt to do for them? and what further attempts are we capable of making?

As far as regards instruction in elementary knowledge, the Catholic poor now occupy a position far in advance of what has heretofore been accomplished. The Catholic Poor-School Committee, during the ten years of its existence, has organised a complete system of building schools and training teachers; and, happily sustained by the hierarchy and liberally aided by the state, has placed poor-school education upon such a basis as to afford some ground for the growing opinion, that in reference to school-teachers, schoolrooms, school-books, school-furniture, school-apparatus, in a word, in every respect excepting school-time, the Catholic poor are better taught than the Catholic rich. For one class only are teachers skillfully trained in the science and art of imparting instruction; for one only are grand schoolrooms erected such as may be seen in Blandford Square, or Chelsea, or Westminster, or St. Xavier's Liverpool, or St. Mary's Newcastle, or St. Andrew's Glasgow, and a hundred other places, where the eye is not captivated by a gorgeous chapel, or an elegant library,

or a magnificent president's house, but where effect is produced by the teaching-room, and that only; by the organisation so conducive to good discipline; by the desks and benches, which show some thought of the structure and physiology of children; by the easels, blackboards, maps, and other apparatus indicative of dexterous methods of teaching; by the spacious area and complete ventilation. Compare, again, the dormitories of the training-schools, where the government regulations require 600 cubic feet of air for every bed, with the sleeping-places in some of our best boarding-schools, and it must be allowed that in every respect the young teachers of poor children receive at least as much consideration as their betters in rank. Nor is the Catholic body slow to mark the results. Second-year students from Hammersmith every where excite admiration for their attainments and skill. Numbers of the aristocracy apply to the Liverpool Training School for governesses. "What improvements in teaching since my time!" is the common remark of middle-aged gentlemen, who look back upon the universal reign of the theory, still, alas! applied to wretched pauper lunatics in Scotland, that intellect and virtue and religion are best promoted by brutalising blows.

We do not begrudge the pains bestowed upon the education of the poor. We rejoice in the assurance that the impetus given to this righteous work will daily acquire fresh velocity; and we entertain a comfortable conviction that the reform commenced in the lower education will certainly extend to the higher. If our sons derive little or no benefit from the movement, assuredly our grandsons will derive much. Inferior schools for the upper classes cannot long exist face to face with good schools for the labouring poor. Mean time we wish to consider what these efficient teachers, noble school-rooms, plentiful books and apparatus, are practically able to do for poor children.

In a religious sense, we are firmly persuaded that schools do *every thing* for our poor children. For without schools, where and what would they be? In the streets, associating with the idle and profane; learning the tricks of pilfering and begging; ignorant or unmindful of the very fact of their religion. Collected in school, they are kept, partially at least, from evil associations; are brought under the eye of the priest; learn their prayers and catechism; make—what is of no small value—a daily public act of faith by frequenting the Catholic school; and, in due time, are prepared for the sacraments. If any one contend that here lies the real importance of Catholic schools, his opinion accords precisely with our own conviction.

But we wish further to inquire, in an educational sense, what schools can do for poor children, whose bounden duty it is to labour betimes to earn their daily bread. Primary schools are either infant or juvenile. Morally, the infant-school possesses the highest value for its subjects; industrially, it is chiefly useful in relieving others of cares which hinder work. For children of tenderest years to overcome the drudgery of the mechanical arts of reading and writing, to learn something about figures and Scripture-history, to distinguish sounds and answer simple questions about pictures, to acquire habits of personal neatness and regularity, to be kept busy and amused, to get to speak correctly, to have the affections drawn towards teachers and companions, and to be brought generally under the influence of a tender religious mind,—all this is gain indeed; and industry may well be satisfied if a child of seven years has been taught to tie its shoe-strings, to thread a needle, and to knit or net. Then, again, the infant-school daily frees, for several hours, the mother or the elder sister from the care of the younger children; and enables the one herself to attend school, and the other to discharge her household duties,—to make, to mend, to wash, to market. A further extension of this use of the infant-school might be effected by the introduction into England of the *kribben*, or *crèches*: but we confess to a strong prejudice that, until able to walk to school,—at which age infant-schools generally receive children,—the baby must, in the order of nature, be left with its mother; and we think that schools of the class under consideration effect all that can be expected of them. In the best juvenile schools, children learn to read with facility and expression, and to enter into the meaning of their reading-lessons, so as to get a taste for books; they write well from dictation as well as from copies, and sometimes begin to compose, either at school or in the way of home-tasks; they understand the principles of arithmetic, and work readily and correctly sums in practice or fractions; they can take a sentence to pieces, clause by clause and word by word, and assign to each part its relative force and particular value; they draw with ease and accuracy outline-maps of England, Europe, Palestine, and perhaps a few more of the most interesting divisions of the earth, and answer questions on the leading features of physical geography; they know the succession of English monarchs, and the leading events of their reigns; a few read music, and begin to sing from notes; a very few practise freehand-drawing, and can dash off a serviceable sketch. We have described the standard of the highest class in the best primary schools; and it

cannot be denied that children of twelve and thirteen, who have reached this standard, are, as far as their age permits, well educated. Yes; but how can they earn a living? And what can be said for those—a very large proportion—who leave school without the power to read and write intelligibly, and without the wish to read and write at all, who can scarcely set down five figures, or work a sum in simple division? Is it impossible to accomplish something more for them?

There is a great difference between boys' schools and girls' schools in regard to work, and it is in favour of the latter. It is right that it should be so. The boy, whatever line of life he adopts, serves some kind of apprenticeship to it after leaving school. The girl is expected at once to discharge her domestic duties. In primary schools, then, boys learn nothing of labour; with girls, needlework at least is universal, and certainly, in schools of good standing, is carried to a perfection which is gratifying and creditable.

The question, What more in the way of industrial training can be accomplished in primary schools? deserves the gravest consideration. For boys, we are disposed to think that nothing of a direct nature can be done; and for this reason: if there be one sound principle in dealing with children, it is, that whatever you teach, you should teach thoroughly and well. Whether some particular subject of study be introduced or not, may be quite immaterial; how far to carry it, if introduced, may be of small moment; but, if beneficial results are expected, the teaching, whatever it be, and however far it may go, must be solid and real. Now all experiments in teaching industrial employments to boys, in connection with primary schools, so far as we have seen or heard, fail in this particular. The work is not well taught. It does not produce skilled workmen, but rather disgusts and alienates the lads from that particular employment which, after a dreary, listless, incomplete fashion—half work, half play—they have wasted their time in pursuing. Indirectly, we are equally persuaded that great improvement is possible. An extension of the half-time system has frequently been suggested, and the Government is understood to be anxious to promote it. Such a measure would be most salutary, and would solve in a satisfactory manner some hard problems springing out of the rival claims of work and school. The census of 1851 shows that, of the whole number of young persons under sixteen years of age, only one-eighth are industrially employed. It is plain, therefore, that all the work performed by juveniles might, by redistribution, be still performed, and yet every lad in the kingdom might attend school for three hours

a-day. Thus the nation would lose no productive labour, parents, on the whole, would not sacrifice the earnings of their children, and a larger number of juveniles would be trained to remunerative labour, and receive simultaneously an improved education. Catholics have, indeed, one danger to dread—that their religious liberty would not be respected. The danger, however, will be lessened by our knowledge of it, and a prudent firmness may possibly secure our rights. We cannot, however, forget that some of the largest master-spinners in Preston and elsewhere force the Catholic “half-timers” in their employ to attend Protestant schools; while at large iron-works near Glasgow there prevails a system which, if less injurious, is more unjust. From the wages of all the workmen, Catholic and Protestant,—and the former are numerous,—so much every week is deducted for schooling of their children. The money thus raised far exceeds the amount spent upon the works-school, which, moreover, is notoriously inefficient; and as for the Catholics, they pay their money, but of course they cannot permit their children to frequent the Presbyterian school; they send them to the Catholic school, and either pay a second fee for schooling, or draw upon the charity of the exemplary priest.

For any large extension of the half-time system, a legislative enactment would of course be necessary. But in country places—and here we earnestly ask the attention of the Catholic aristocracy, who still hold so many broad acres in every part of England—the landowners and farmers might, by common understanding, arrange to employ the lads of their village on alternate days, sending them on the intermediate days to school. Any plan of this kind will meet the approval of the Privy Council, and secure capitation grants for the school on one-half of the attendance ordinarily required. Short of a half-time system, much may be done to encourage industry, by recognising work as a valid excuse for absence from school for half a day, day, or even week; by freely allowing boys to carry their father's dinner, or the like; and by placing reputably such as are of a proper age for labour. Night-schools for those at work during the day ought to become universal.

In girls' schools, while we willingly allow the laudable attention paid to needlework, we think great advances in industry might be made. School-hours, it must be remembered, are short—five, or at the most six, during five days of the week; for Saturday is a general holiday. The parents do not return from work at three in the afternoon, nor do they stay at home upon Saturdays; and we cannot guess why the

children should do so. The tradition, however, has been firmly established, and will no doubt continue to prevail. But what we should like to see tried by one of the teaching communities, which have gained so much applause for their successful conduct of girls' schools, is, the following experiment: Choose a qualified sister for industrial superintendent. Open the school from four to six on the afternoon of the ordinary school-days, and from nine to one on Saturday morning. Invite the well-conducted girls of ten and upwards. Tell them to bring their own materials, and you will teach them to make articles of clothing required by themselves or their relatives. Keep a stock of cheap materials for the indigent. Saturday might be mending day, and darning and patching vigorously carried on. If the work produced were sold, as would often be the case, it would be indispensable that the entire profit be given to the actual sempstress. The accounts to be kept would afford some insight into the principles of book-keeping. Hymns and songs would afford happy recreation. A book of instruction or amusement might be read aloud for three-quarters of an hour. After an interval, lively lessons might be given upon the choice of clothing, food, cookery, fuel, management of a sick-room, duties of servants, and other points of domestic economy. If written answers could be produced, at home, to some questions upon matters explained in the lessons, the plan would be more complete. A religious complexion might be given to the work by the formation, under competent authority, of a pious association, with appropriate rules. Many convents are admirably qualified to realise the attempt which we have ventured to delineate, and the good example would soon spread. The times call upon religious to come forward and show what abandonment of self enables them to do for their neighbours' good. They are already unrivalled in the domain of primary education; and without intelligence, such as good teaching alone can give, our industrial experiment would be impracticable. Let them now supplement their labours by undertaking the charge of industrial education, without which primary schools cannot meet the wants of the Catholic population of our era.

Besides primary schools, we have a few institutions for the young of a marked industrial character— orphanages, reformatories, servants' homes, work-schools. Boys' orphanages are but few, that at North Hyde, near Hounslow, being, we believe, the only one of large size or old standing. The boys here are occupied in farm-labour. For orphan-girls more numerous establishments have been provided, as at Norwood, Kensington, Maryvale, Liverpool, and Manchester. In some

cases, the manufacture of lace has been introduced ; in others, ordinary domestic work forms the sole industrial employment. The successful working of an orphanage presents difficulties of the most serious character. Admitted when very young, diseased for the most part in constitution, deprived of the inestimable blessings of maternal care, the orphans are ignorant, irritable, perverse, and unloving. They imagine the outer world to be a paradise, their institution a prison, and their guardians tyrants. They cannot appreciate the charity displayed towards them, and they fail to attach themselves to the religious in charge of them—beings to them of another sphere, with opposite tastes and sympathies. There are men of judgment who consider that, were it possible to place orphans—truest objects of charity—one by one, in decent families of their own rank, with boys and girls of their own age, under an active woman gifted with a mother's heart, they would be more likely to grow up happy and virtuous, discharging satisfactorily their duties to God and their neighbour. They look upon the collection of poor orphans as an unnatural arrangement,—a school without holidays, maintenance without affection, life without love ; and they are not surprised that many so artificially reared, guarded on entering the world by no watchful eye, sheltered during temporary adversity in no kind home, adopt the too easy paths of vice. Much may be urged in favour of this view ; and in Catholic countries, and even in England, cases of adoption of orphans among the working-classes frequently occur ; but those who best know the condition and feelings of our population, deem insuperable the difficulty of finding a large number of Catholic mothers willing, for a moderate pension, to introduce into their own families a destitute and friendless child. Perhaps—the suggestion is thrown out for consideration—some few modifications in the management of orphanages might prove advantageous. Perhaps a class of cheerful active girls, from thirteen to sixteen years of age, might be brought in to perform the duties of an under-nurse in a good family ; to teach the children games, and to play with them ; to walk abroad with them daily, and to meet those instincts of little ones which appear abhorrent to the profession of a nun. Perhaps, when they leave the orphanage, more might be done by an emigration and dowry fund to settle the poor girls in life. Perhaps those who enter domestic service might be allowed, when out of place, whether by their own fault or not, to seek a temporary shelter in some separate part of the establishment. But we spare needless advice.

Servants' homes are valuable institutions, usually attached

to convents of Sisters of Mercy, and designed for the instruction and assistance of virtuous young women preparing for service. The industrial employment consists chiefly of laundry-work; and the objects of charity are commonly Irish girls, reaching this country in ignorance and destitution. They are taught their religion, to read and write, and to wash and iron. Useful as this kind of institution cannot fail to be, yet it appears amenable to remark. Laundry-work requires great muscular strength. Young women of average powers, and growing girls, are quite incapable of performing it. Thus the charity restricts itself to the hearty and robust. Then, again, while the Catholic body requires good nurses, skilful cooks, and handy housemaids, the demand for Catholic laundry-maids is very limited. The miseries of washing at home have been banished from most families, and the introduction of steam washing-apparatus seems likely to confine the practice within still narrower limits. Another difficulty arises from the reflection that mercy, lovely as it is, cannot in transactions between man and man entirely supersede justice; and that the washing in a house of mercy is either executed by experienced women, well able to support themselves out of the house,—and in that case the charity disappears,—or by raw learners, who of course outrage justice by bad washing. There is, besides, the interference with free labour created by collecting into one institution, supported by charity, the washing of a district, which, if left to the ordinary course of affairs, would help to maintain in comfort many honest industrious families. The scheme adopted in St. Elizabeth's Institute, Liverpool, avoids such objections as we have hinted at, and displays remarkable prudence. It is under the care of secular ladies, of whom one devotes her entire energies and time to the good work. It admits destitute girls of good character, between eleven and sixteen years of age. Frequently they are orphans; but unlike the infants admitted into orphanages so called, they have felt the wretchedness of life, and are of an age to value the privileges of their new home. They are received into an ordinary house, and perform the whole work of it, under constant supervision. They cook, bake, wash, scrub, serve-up dinner, wait at table, make and mend clothes, go to market or on other errands; in a word, they learn and practise all the duties of domestic service. And those who have been sent to place (they are not permitted to take inferior situations) maintain excellent characters. Why not multiply St. Elizabeth's Institutes? Another industrial establishment of great interest is St. George's Lace-School, under Augustinian nuns, in Everton Crescent, Liver-

pool. Lace-making, if it can be acclimatised here, will introduce a new employment for young women, which no machinery yet invented can disturb, and will thus become a national benefit. Serious difficulties, however, are not wanting. The art is not easily acquired; lace in small lengths cannot be sold; the manufacture needs patterns, implements, and a cleanly room. Still, as a means of training girls in habits of industry, the lace-making deserves encouragement and a fair trial. The Sisters of Compassion, in Dunne's Passage, Holborn, conduct an industrial school of two departments. In one artificial flowers are made, in the other the binding of boots and shoes is carried on. Though the present premises are mean enough, yet a visit to this institution excites deep feelings of hope for the poor girls, and gratitude to the good nuns. We should be glad to think that this simple notice, appearing in the height of the London season, might be the means of inducing some ladies of the great world to visit Dunne's-Passage School, and show sympathy in so meritorious an effort to instruct indigent girls in suitable branches of remunerative labour.

Reformatories in England are as yet but experiments. Happily the experiment is being tried under the most promising circumstances; and, unlike most of our efforts, criminal boys possess decided advantages over the girls. All persons concerned in St. Bernard's Colony and Blythe House and Arno's Court are sanguine of success. God grant their hopes may be realised! The real trial will arise when the time comes for leaving the reformatory. Success, so far as attained, will rest upon three conditions—religious influence, industrial employment, and prudent disposal.

While, however, we wish every success to reformatories, and regard—to adopt the abbot's phrase—as *felicem culpam* the legal crime which consigns many a boy and girl to their care, still we cannot blind ourselves to the fact, that reformatories do but afford a cure for evils which it would be far better, if possible, to prevent. They possess the advantage of liberal state support, so that after the first expenses of establishment they may be carried on without demands upon the Catholic purse. Yet admission can only be procured by perseverance in criminal courses, as proved by convictions before magistrates, and by violently sundering the natural ties between parents and children. It is too true that the homes of multitudes of children are quite unfit for their residence, defiled by every species of moral and physical dirt. *Maxima debetur puero reverentia* expresses a sentiment unknown in dens where vice in all its forms unblushingly exposes itself

before very babes. Surely children of twelve, desirous of work and lovers of virtue, do not err in leaving such homes as these. But how to lodge them elsewhere? In a report by Mr. H. G. Bowyer, one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Workhouse-Schools, and brother to the learned member for Dundalk, we lately met with the description of institutions which struck us as admirably adapted for imitation among Catholics. He is speaking of Norwich, where the "workhouse was, while all classes of adults and children were crowded within its walls, a perfect hotbed of pauperism and moral corruption. To the children especially it was inevitable ruin." The children have happily been removed; and now

"the two sexes are lodged in distinct establishments, called the Boys and Girls' Homes. The former is a house situated in the town, but provided with a fair piece of ornamental ground, a small part of which is cultivated by the spade. The establishment consists of a master and matron, the former of whom is also school-master, and four servants and assistants, two of whom are children. The inmates consist of about twenty working-boys, and forty-seven schoolboys. The former are boarded and lodged like the latter, but their industrial training is not carried on in the house. They are occupied in various employments in the town, and contribute from their earnings towards the cost of their maintenance. The payment of each boy averages 2s. 8d. per week, and the cost of his maintenance during the same period is 3s. 2d.; so that 6d. per week is the only part of his maintenance which he does not pay for. He remains in the Home, on an average, two years, after which his earnings are sufficient to enable him to provide for himself. (Mr. B. omits to state *how* the boys are employed.) The Girls' Home is a house outside of the town, possessing an excellent kitchen-garden and a small flower-garden in front of the house, separated from the road by a wall, in which is the entrance-gate. Its situation is cheerful and airy, and the interior arrangements of the establishment impart to it an air of homely comfort and industry, which forms a refreshing contrast to the bare and prison-like aspect of a workhouse. The internal organisation of the Home differs from that of the other, inasmuch as the matron, who is the head of the establishment, takes no part in the school-instruction of the children, which duty is performed by the schoolmistress. The former directs all the industrial occupation of the children, except the needlework, which is performed in the school under the superintendence of the schoolmistress. These consist in cookery, washing, ironing, and household work; and the whole system of combined instruction and industrial training is admirably calculated to unpauperise the children, and render them useful members of society. Carried out in a most judicious manner by the matron, its success has been fully equal to what might have been expected."

So long an extract justifies us in declaring that we admire Mr. Bowyer's English far less than his Homes. The former scarcely affords a model, even for workhouse children; the latter might be generally copied with the greatest advantage. Here he gives us a feasible inexpensive plan of promoting industry. In every large congregation establish a Home for working lads, under religious, if their services can be obtained; if not, then under exemplary lay persons. The application of the Government Education Grant has set free considerable sums of money formerly spent on schools. Surely Catholics will not retain for themselves money thus saved. Rather they will establish industrial homes with it. They will encourage Catholic boys every where to throw away their matches and learn to labour. And thus they will accomplish for their neighbour, for the State, and the Church, the rarest service which the times permit.

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#### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THOMAS POUNDES.

WE promised this month to give a biographical notice of Thomas Poundes, the friend of Champion. The materials for our purpose are numerous, his life having been written by F. Thomas Stephenson; and though we have never been able to find that work, yet there are copious extracts from it in F. More, and in F. Bartoli's *History of the English Province of the Society of Jesus*. We do not intend, however, to make much use of these published details, but rather to allow Poundes to describe himself by means of an autobiographical sketch, and sundry of his letters, preserved for the most part in the State-Paper Office.

Thomas Poundes was born May 29, 1539, at Belmont in Hampshire, twelve miles from Winchester. His father was William Poundes, a wealthy country gentleman; his mother Anne Wriothesley, sister of Thomas Earl of Southampton, who appears to have been godfather to his little nephew. The boy was brought up at Winchester College, where he laid the foundation of a great love of literature, and a still greater love for athletic exercises. At the age of twenty-three, he went up to London to study law; but we are afraid made himself more conspicuous as a fascinating lady-killer,

a leader in young men's games and mischief, and as a sharp-shooter in battles of wit, than as a conscientious student. On the death of his father, he plunged into all the extravagancies of the court, and spent a great part of the wealth that he inherited in the luxurious follies then fashionable. Here his poetical invention was called into play. He composed a masque, which was played at court at Christmas in 1564; Poundes himself was chief actor, and performed a *pas seul* with great applause. When he had done, the queen, who had always a tender eye for the health of her handsome and able-bodied courtiers, in dreadful fear lest Poundes should catch cold, snatched Robert Dudley's hat from his head, and placed it on the reeking forehead of the dancer. Proud of his success, Poundes was easily induced to respond to the queen's *encore*; but whether he was exhausted with his previous exertions, or intoxicated with the royal applause, his second attempt was by no means so happy as the first; and in the midst of one of his pirouettes down he came on his nose. "Rise, Sir Bull," said the laughing queen; and amid the jeers of the courtiers, he rose, sulkily knelt down before her, and digging deep in his memory for some apt repartee, found nothing forthcoming more pointed than the trite quotation, *Sic transit gloria mundi*, with which words he took his leave; and, as F. More tells us, soon afterwards left the court, having gained a jibe in payment for his wasted patrimony, and for his complaisance in religion. Poundes' discomfiture seems to have disarmed the jealousy which Dudley had probably conceived from the adventure of the hat, and the Earl of Leicester extended his patronage to the young courtier; for we find him at Kenilworth Castle, during the queen's visit there in 1565, acting the part of Mercurius in an interlude, and offering his own poetical effusions as a present to her majesty. During all this time he had doubtless experienced the truth of Rochester's saying, that "men at court are shut up in a drum; they can hear nothing but the noise at their ears." It was only as he gradually found this life distasteful, and stood aloof, that he began to perceive that there were grander harmonies in the world than the too-tooting of the court pipes, and the rattling of the court dice-boxes. To these new sounds he listened with all the simplicity of his open and reckless nature, and in 1570 he was reconciled to the ancient Church. The ardour with which he practised mortification and prayer made his scornful Protestant friends call him a madman, or a superstitious fool; even Catholics blamed him as going too far; but it is the prerogative of a generous spirit to slight the opinions of men. In his retire-

ment at Belmont, he was hospitable to priests; he communicated as often as he had opportunity; he collected congregations of young men in his chamber to hear Mass; he fed numbers of poor persons, and visited the recusants imprisoned in Winchester gaol, making them munificent presents, and encouraging an old priest who attended them to say Mass oftener, and to urge the practice of frequent communion on his flock. On his conversion he had inwardly determined to become a priest, after spending seven years in making similar reparations for the scandals of his youth.

Long before the seven years were ended he had formed the acquaintance of Thomas Stevens, an exemplary priest, afterwards a famous Jesuit missionary at Goa. With this man he travelled up and down the kingdom, getting into scrapes and getting out of them again, as we shall leave him to tell in his own words. At this man's exhortation, in the fifth of his seven penitential years, he sold off great part of his property, and went up to London to prepare for going over sea to the seminary. While in lodgings in the City, he attempted to convert his landlord, but was carried by a pursuivant before Sands the Bishop of London. As no proof of any overt act against the law was produced, he was dismissed on bonds to appear again when called for. The first use he made of his liberty was to comfort an afflicted merchant in Mark Lane; the bishop heard of this good deed, and thrust him into the Marshalsea for it. This was the commencement of a series of incarcerations, which he describes in the following document, now in the State-Paper Office; it has been endorsed by one of the lords of the council, "A malicious discourse of the sufferings of a recusant." The penalties inflicted by the Protestants were indeed so cruel, that the persecutors themselves could not believe the account of what they had done, and preferred to set it down as a malicious falsehood, rather than acknowledge it to be a true picture of their persevering ferocity.

"My God, my God, the eternal God of the Catholics, only to Thy Almighty Majesty (to whom the greatest earthly monarchs are but dust) I make my complaint to judge and discern my cause, and to witness between Thy enemies and me what their justice hath been towards me, and what my weapons or offences against them, almost these forty years. Thy admirable mercy it was which delivered my soul out of the very jaws of hell mouth about the thirtieth year of my age, perchance for the comfort and consolation of any sinner, never so great, never to despair. The favours of court and of all this sinful world I found to be but very mermaid's allurements to perdition. My age is now sixty-eight years complete, this 29th

of May 1606.\* The same year born into this world that F. Edmund Campion was . . . . . and to suffering some like disgraces, sweet Jesu, for Thy holy name's sake as he did. Half these sixty-eight years Thou hast accepted me to be for Thy Catholic cause in prison, and three times therefor to be put in irons. My first imprisonment was in the town of Ludlow, and the shortest of all other, but for one forenoon's space; but much the sweeter for my fellow and partner in that imprisonment, F. Thomas Stevens, these thirty-nine years since a famous preacher of the Society at Goa, where their colony of St. Paul's is, at the East Indians, of whose great favours there showed to many of our English Protestants there sometimes arriving, they have in the history of their navigation given good testimony. He and I going on foot, first to see the ground in Herefordshire which moved, and beyond that to Ludlow to try our legs in footmanship, because we walked out, while we rested our blistered feet for a few days in Ludlow, to see the high cliff called Olee Hill, we were suspected forsooth for spies come to view the country. My second imprisonment was in the Marshalsea, for certain months, by Mr. Sands committing me only for visiting and comforting the best that I could of a merchantman of London, one Whitelock, in Mark Lane, which was possessed. My third removing from thence was upon bonds, down into Hampshire, to my own mother's house, but not suffered there a year in quiet. My fourth removing from her and committing was by Horne, into the gaol of Winchester for a few months. My fifth removing was from thence, and from all other Catholic gentlemen of my own country, up by myself to the Marshalsea, and there kept five years. My sixth removing from thence was by Mr. Elmer, for a year to Starford Castle, in greater desolation, by myself alone, in revenge partly of my *Six Reasons*, and partly of my petition, which I put up at the same time in the name of all the Catholics, for public disputation upon even conditions to be granted for open trial of our cause. My seventh removing from thence was up to the Tower of London, when F. Campion was apprehended by Judas Elliot, (for which good service his red coat was given him,) and there kept four years. My eighth removing from thence was by the queen and the council, once more to my mother's house, first in Hampshire for half-a-year, and afterwards to the brick house at Newington, until the beginning of the tragedy of the king's good mother's death. My ninth removing again from Newington was for a year into the White Lion in Southwark, where, out of my window, I saw the bonfires and banquets in the streets for our king's mother's death; a justice there saying to me in derision, at sight of her picture in my chamber, that he was sorry for the loss to all Papists of so great a friend. My tenth removing from thence was to Wisbeach Castle, in the Isle of Ely, and there kept ten years. My eleventh removing from thence, —and three more with me, viz. Father Edmonds, Mr. Southworth, and Mr. Archer, priests,—the first into the Counter in Wood Street,

\* There is evidently a mistake of 6 for 9 in the Ms.; it should be 1609.

for six weeks; from thence into the Tower again, for my second durance there, for three years more close imprisonment, and that my twelfth removing: my thirteenth removing from thence was with Mr. Alabaster and Mr. Archer to Fremingham Castle, and there kept three years. My enlargement from thence was by the pardon of course at his majesty's coming to the crown; and afterwards my committing by the king himself to the Gatehouse for my fourteenth durance; and from thence to the Tower for four months, my fifteenth durance. From thence to the Fleet, at twice, for three months, my sixteenth durance. Of so many committings and manifold afflictions so many years for my zeal of the holy truth and honour of Thy house, sweet Jesu, send me some special comfort in Thee at my last hour against all the enemies of my soul, for Thy accepting of me so oft and so long to some partaking with Thee in Thy sufferings. Some defamation besides Thou knowest that I have endured, and besides all privy crosses; moreover, of worldly substance no small losses by most intolerable oppressions, even to distressing of some orphans and innocents, whose dependence, under Thee, is wholly of me, to our great distressing, I say many times, but most of all at this present, for repayment of that which of creditors we have borrowed for our poor maintaining, while this ravening state hath robbed us these many years of two parts of our poor revenues, taking away the children's bread, and giving it, Thou seest to whom. Thus groaning, we lie under as grievous afflictions as ever did the Israelites under the Egyptians. Vice is advanced, and virtue punished; falsehood is impudently maintained, and truth obstinately resisted, yea, as their fleeing from any open trial of their cause manifestly betrayeth most certainly against the contradictors' own conscience. The godly under persecution are still in misery, the ungodly they flourish still in prosperity. This makes the atheist to think in his heart there is no God; and from the grievous scandal lately given by a few, in whom Abner his words to Saul were verified, that it is a perilous thing to put men in desperation, and whether any other were in it, God knoweth, the most innocent of Catholics do stink now in his majesty's nose, his heart being much hardened against them, whom his royal mother at her last hour so well wished to, specially commending them for her sake to his favour whensoever he should come to reign, as now he doth in her right over them. Were we not recomforted by daily meditating how far greater indignities Thy own majesty, sweet Jesu, suffered for us, it were able to shake our confidence in Thee. But Thy own blessed Mother's heart was pierced with many sharper swords of sorrow, and Thy great apostle St. Paul was five times whipped with whips, and three times with rods, besides public stoning once for a blasphemer. Therefore, what are all the despisings and disgracings in this world now to such moths and worms as we are in comparison of Thyself and thy greatest saints. Neither can all these heavy crosses inflicted by him upon us, which promised more Christianity to protect us, make us to cease our prayer for

him and his prosperity. *Maledicimur*, said the apostle, *et benedicimus, blasphemamur et obsecramus, persecutionem patimur et sustinemus tanquam purgamenta hujus mundi, facti sumus omnium peripsema*. They which curse us, we bless them; they which blaspheme us we, pray to God for them; of them which persecute us we take compassion. We are become as the outcasts of this world, contemptible as the pavings of pavements under men's feet. What remaineth for them which any means have to flee out of this Egypt into any Catholic country, more flowing for them with the spiritual milk and honey, but all speedy despatch thereto? *Exi de terrâ et de cognatione tuâ*, said God to Abraham, *et veni in terram, quam monstravero tibi*. If God's sweet providence in all extremities have wonderfully provided for us here in this land of such desolation, where every man in his own country is of least estimation, His blessing and comfort may more be with us in foreign peregrination for His more honour undertaken; He loving the pilgrim as ever He did, suffering him to want neither food nor clothing; and O how piercing are His callings thereto, how sweet also His promises therein to provoke us! 'If any one come to Me,' saith our Saviour, 'and hateth not father and mother, wife and children, lands or livings, yea and his own life, he cannot be My disciple.' Again, saith He, 'Except a man do renounce and forsake all that he hath, he cannot be My disciple.' Again, 'Whosoever shall forsake father and mother, wife and children, house and land, for following of Me, shall receive a hundred-fold in this world, and in the world to come life everlasting.' Yea, moreover, as He assured St. Paul, when he asked Him what their reward should be which had forsaken all that they had and followed Him, 'Verily,' said He, 'when the Son of man at the dreadful day of judgment shall come in His glory to judge men of the world, you shall be so secure from damnation, that ye also shall sit with Him upon the judgment-seat, as judges with Him upon the world.' Is it so, my good king? Is it so, my good lords, ye which here devour unstable souls like bread as it were into excrements, which neither will come yourselves into the only ark of safety, nor suffer any others, if you can keep them back from it? Do ye believe the Scriptures or no? or can ye forget that ye are but mortal men, to give account of all your doings, and the more mighty ye be, if ye abuse your authorities, to suffer most mighty torments? O, what will your judgment be for so long resisting against the Holy Ghost, from so long sinning, not only yourselves, but making so many millions of souls to sin with ye! My heirs be of age to enjoy the gift which I have given them, of all that I have, to be as loyal subjects to the crown in all temporal things, as who is most, their obedience to God and His spiritual Vicar, in all spiritual causes concerning their soul's everlasting safety, first reserved. My dear country, God convert thee out of this pitiful captivity of schism and heresy. My sovereign liege lord, with so fair issue blessed of God, how gladly would I give my life for your conversion, that ye might reign for ever, both in earth and heaven! I envy not your majesty's great-

ness; I hope you will not malign at my fleeing and abjecting of myself rather to be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, to which, in my heart I have these many years been dedicated, than to be, if I might, among the highest in your majesty's favour."\*

Though contemporaries refused to credit the truth of this document, there are plenty of evidences extant in the various record offices to confirm it paragraph by paragraph. It was in 1574 that he was first committed; his fifth committal was to the Marshalsea, March 11, 1576. He and several other Catholics had been carried before Horne the Bishop of Winchester, in January, and advised that they would be treated more mildly if they did not utter a word. They tried this plan, and were therefore called by the prelate dumb dogs and ignorant beasts. The next day they were brought up again in a court crowded with men of all religions, when Horne entertained them with an erudite discourse, quoting Vincent of Lerins, and his famous rule, *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*. Poundes suggested that this rather made for the Catholics than for a religion not yet a century old; to which Horne answered by committing him to Winchester gaol, whence, after two months, he was removed as a close prisoner to the Marshalsea, where he remained four years and a half, till Sept. 17, 1580.

F. More preserves a letter in which Poundes describes his treatment at the beginning of this long incarceration: it is written to his companions whom he had left in Winchester goal.

"I have been often examined by Justice Young; twice in private before five or six commissioners; once in open court, and in irons. My words, it seems, had been too free for ears that disliked the truth. When I was taken to Newgate, the keeper took away my hat and coat, as though I had been convicted; he left my head on my shoulders, to my grief not less than his. Without a hat, I had to drag my heavy chain through the street, the people saluting me with, *Hang him!* I had a liberal allowance of the Newgate widow (a torture). Till four o'clock after noon I was expecting my sentence, when I was suddenly called for; my fetters were removed, my coat and hat restored, and I was taken to Lincoln's Inn, my old lodging, where five commissioners, with Topcliffe, the torture-master, were waiting for me. The queen had commanded them to try first kindness and then threats to win me over. Both were bootless. I was told, that as a faithful and loving subject I was bound to give up the names of the persons and places I frequented. I told them that I was ready to make oath of the loyalty of every one of my friends; but as a good man, a Catholic, a gentleman, and one who had a conscience, I would not get innocent people into

\* State-Paper Office, Dom. Jas. I. vol. xxi. art. 48.

trouble by naming them. They extracted nothing out of me, but sent me back to prison with very civil speeches. Two days afterwards, Topcliffe and the keeper of the prison came to me in a friendly way, to put my stedfastness to the proof. There was much disputing, small profit. They were prodigal of their pity, especially about my faith, and my sufferings for it, the very things in which I most glory. When these people were gone, Young sent for me, and asked me what Topcliffe had said to me. He was civil and courteous, and told me he feared that sour and crabbed fellow had been rude and unmannerly. He was very insinuating, and tried to coax me into betraying my friends, or at least into letting slip some secret of which he might take advantage. He extracted nothing. At length he advised me to write to the lord-keeper to ask his favour; I did so; all that I got for my pains was to be utterly forgotten, and left here as an obstinate fellow, a greater enemy than any other gentleman to the safety of the realm, that is to heresy. So I am here, a close prisoner, with no hope of relief, except that I may be brought up again at the next Old Bailey sessions, and condemned for keeping the old faith, and for worshipping God. I write this to you lest you should be scandalised by malicious reports about me, and to encourage you to the same constancy which I hope to show. Farewell."

He was not kept close all these years; we cannot tell how long his solitary confinement lasted, but before the end of the term, not only had his friends access to him, but he was even allowed to make short excursions into the city and neighbourhood of London. Among the rest, he was visited by his old friend Thomas Stevens, who communicated to him his intention of joining the Society of Jesus forthwith. Poundes was of the same mind, and they sent a joint letter to demand admittance. Stevens went over sea at once. Poundes still remained in prison, but was comforted by a letter from F. Everard Mercurianus, the general of the Jesuits, dated Dec. 1, 1578, in which he was told, that though the institution allows a man to be received only after long probation, yet Poundes' long imprisonment would be accepted instead: "Wherefore by the authority committed to us, we accept you as a son and brother, and a true member of our body, partaker of all our labours and prayers."

In the mean time he whiled away the tedious hours of his confinement with prayer, reading, and writing. His literary productions were by no means contemptible; Stephenson mentions with great praise his *Four Proofs of the necessity of Penance*, and his *Ten Comforts for Death*. But his great work was the *Six Reasons*: the occasion of its being written was the following. When Parsons and Campion were sent into England, at Midsummer 1580, they were commended to

the care of Mr. Poundes, who, though in prison, might be visited, and could direct them into places of safety. Poundes did all he could for them, and when they were compelled by the strictness of the search to leave London, Poundes, who had managed to bribe his keeper, came after them at dawn to their retreat at Hogsdon, and told them that he had not been able to sleep all night for thinking of the danger they were in; that his anxiety was not for their life, so much as for their good name; for it was reported that the Jesuits had come over to subvert the realm. In this state of things, if they were taken, they would assuredly be hanged as traitors, the truth would be smothered, and the cause deeply disgraced. He advised them, therefore, to write a letter to the council, explaining the motives of their mission, that in case of accidents an answer might be forthcoming, even although they were not suffered to speak. Campion immediately took his pen, and scribbled off the letter, of which he made two copies; one he kept about him, the other he delivered to Poundes, to be kept safely, and only published in the event of the capture of the fathers, and of false reports being spread abroad concerning their designs.

Poor Poundes! hot combustible fellow as he was, he had better have put a stick of phosphorus into his pocket than that "brag and challenge" of Campion's. The great martyr himself, the sweetest and gentlest of men, and of extraordinary tact and skill in dealing with those who consulted him, was yet formed after the type of those intellectual knight-errants of the middle ages, who wandered about from university to university, sticking theses on all school-doors, and touching the shield of every opponent they met with the sharp end of their argumentative lance. At whatever hour of the day or night Campion met a parson, he would approach him with some such salutation as, "God save you, sir; pray who is the head of your Church?" And Poundes was of congenial temper. We can easily imagine, then, with what feelings of pugnacious exultation he would go back to his prison with the letter to the council in his pocket; how soon he would break the seal, and make himself master of its contents. And he had not long to bottle up his excitement. In August or September this year, the government had given permission to two hypocritical knaves named Tripp and Crowley to visit all the imprisoned recusants, and to try the effect of cant and cajolery upon their consciences. With these two ministers, says Strype,

"He talked notably; and observing them to insist much upon Scripture, he warily required them to lay down some sure principle

for both parties to proceed upon. He also then proposed to them (though he were a layman, and not deeply versed in divinity) six firm reasons, as he thought, of his opinion, and required those ministers to answer them, and that afterwards he might have liberty to confute their answers, either by speech or writing.”\*

These six reasons were inspired by Campion's letter to the council, and they in turn influence Campion's much more celebrated *Ten Reasons* addressed to the two Universities. We regret that we can do no more than give an outline of the little tract, which well exemplifies the argumentative powers, as well as the nervous but somewhat obscure style, of this accomplished layman. He called his pamphlet “Six Reasons to prove that in controversies of faith the appeal is not to be tried only by Scripture, but by the sentence and definition of the Catholic Church.”

He begins by saying, that the words, *Search the Scriptures, for they bear witness of Me*, show that Scripture is the witness-bearer, not the judge of truth. The witness is not the judge, though he is as a rule to direct him in his judgment. The witness may be corrupted; but there is promise made to the judge that the Holy Ghost shall be given to him, to enable him to discover and reform the corruption. Now this judge is the Church. Then follow the reasons: First, because the written text is mute and dumb, unable to overrule the conceited mind of an opiniative man, who will construe it to his own understanding against the world. Secondly, because it is folly to assert that the mysterious Scriptures can be understood without an instructor: granted that a comparison of texts sheds great light on certain points, yet it can never prove the primary point, What is Scripture, and what not? There are, he says, atheists in England who deny the Scriptures altogether, against whom even the Protestants are obliged to appeal to the tradition of the Church. If we fly from the Church to the Scripture only, Scripture must come to be denied, and then the infidels will laugh the heretics to scorn for having deprived themselves of their defence. Then again, if conference of texts gives sufficient light, how comes it that the sects which use that conference never agree together? And yet these arrogant self-contradictors, in their intolerable pride, must needs instruct the Church what it is that God revealed to her. O but, they say, we pray: that is, they presumptuously tempt God to reveal to them alone that which, if a revelation at all, was revealed centuries ago to the universal Church. Thirdly, no

\* Life of Aylmer, cap. ii.

Scripture is of private interpretation. Fourthly, Protestants themselves retain several traditions never clearly revealed in Scripture; as the substitution of Sunday for the Sabbath, the reversal of the decree against eating blood, and several of the statements in the creeds. Fifthly, if the Church lacks the right of judging, she is worse off than civil governments; the kingdom of Christ is worse organised than the kingdom of Elizabeth. Fancy a grave burgess in parliament trying to persuade the House that forasmuch as we have a noble and ancient written law, we no longer need rulers, nor judges, nor magistrates, but that every man should henceforth be content to govern himself by the written law, which seems to him plain enough. Sixthly, to refuse the judgment of the Church, and to reject her teaching as false, is to make the Holy Ghost a liar, who promised to lead her into all truth. Poundes concludes his reasons, which he fortifies by several quotations from the Fathers and by lively illustrations:

*"O insensati, O ye foolish fellows, who has bewitched you not to obey the truth, which even sucking babes can discern as clear as the sun? So, Mr. Tripp, you must not disdain to be tripped as a silly seducer, to maintain as you do so gross an opinion. But this is the forest where you foxes that destroy the grapes litter your whelps. Answer, therefore, as well as you can, lest you be justly suspected of denying the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Church, when you refuse the sentence of the Church, to whom the Holy Ghost is promised always to remain and direct her into truth.*

*"Hæc est fides mea, quia est Catholica. This is my faith, because it is the Catholic faith.*

THOMAS POUNDES."

This paper he delivered to Mr. Tripp on the 7th of September 1580. But Campion's "brag and challenge to the council" had not yet done all its work. Poundes was itching to make the challenge known; yet he was under obedience to do no such thing; so he took the middle course of making the challenge in his own name, saying, that he was perfectly certain of the consent of all English Catholics, and of the assistance of certain priests and Jesuits to whom he only alludes obscurely, but who of course were Campion and Parsons. Poundes' letter to the council is in many parts merely a transcript of Campion's.

"To the right honourable the Lords of her Majesty's Privy Council, by all the Catholics in England with one consent, so far as a few may presume of the minds of the rest.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,—Whereas our Catholic prelates and pastors are and long have been either put to silence in prisons, or else in banishment, and all their books (God knows for fear of what) also forbidden, though at first they were challenged to write them, as

though we had no learning on our side, whereby hundreds and thousands begin to suspect our adversaries to be unable to answer if the learned on our side be admitted to any kind of encounter in open conference; nevertheless there is now some show made as if they were not afraid of argument, in that of late the preachers come and urge us unlearned laymen here in our chambers within the prisons to have some conference with them. But when was it ever heard that truth with power on its side fled the daylight and crept into corners? *Ego palam locutus sum mundo*, said our Saviour, for the example of preachers: I have uttered My doctrine openly, I have ever taught in the synagogue and in the temple, where all the Jews frequent, and in angles I have used no speech; why ask you Me? Ask them who have openly heard Me, what My doctrine hath been. This noble answer did indeed cost our sweet Saviour a blow on the ear (pardon the remembrance); yet in this cause, which is that of God, and of so many thousands of innocent people in this lamentable time of famine both of truth and virtue, on our knees we beg of her majesty and of you with one common cry, and with more boldness we require of the preachers that they will likewise speak openly unto us, and not in corners, where if themselves be confuted, yet their shame is covered, and their seductions left undetected. So our humble suit to your honours is, that they may not only speak in open place to us, but that our preachers may have free leave and license to speak in the same place as openly to them again. If this equal permission is not given, but only close conference allowed, it is evident that the truth is not sought, but only glory without victory, or our discredit as obstinate and ignorant men, so reported by their good tongues whose envy against us we are acquainted with. But if her majesty, whose princely uprightness with zeal of truth, love of her people, and learning also, we honour on our knees, will vouchsafe to proclaim free license to any of our side in prison or abroad to come before her in open audience, either with disputation or preaching by turns, whichever way our adversaries dare accept, giving the honour of a prince's word for our safety, we will risk any throwing of daggers or shooting of daggs\* that may ensue to our weaker side by the malice of detected spirits; and if there be not forthcoming within forty days after, either four of our side against four, or six to six, or two or three, who will challenge all their side, and give them leave to send to Geneva for Beza and all his brethren, then do I, the penman hereof (though unworthy of the service, as being already in your hands at your mercy), most willingly yield my head to you to be cut off, and my quarters to be set on London gates at the forty days' end.† If our adversaries be afraid, as most certain it is they

\* Pistols.

† This was no idle promise in those days. We have seen several letters to Walsingham, containing offers of service with similar guarantees, which Walsingham always scores and underlines, as if, like Shylock, he intended to exact all that was contained in the bond.

are, to come to such an open conference, then we humbly beseech your honours, let them not like vain men, to our uncharitable vexation, offer here in angles that which, not we, but they, do obstinately refuse in open place; but let this petition, made in the name of all the Catholic fathers of our nation, remain for a perpetual record and testimony even to our enemies of our indifferency and their insufficiency. Muse not at this challenge with a counter-buff, as the soldier saith; for it is made in the further behalf (as it may be presumed) of a perpetual corporation and succession of most learned fathers without comparison in the world,\* with the aid of another good race besides which cannot die,† who have all vowed as charity hath inflamed them either to win this realm again to the Catholic faith, and that without any bloodshed except their own at God's permission, or else to die all upon the pikes of your sharpest laws, and win heaven for themselves. The wisdom of God inspire your hearts, and preserve you everlastingly. Your humble prisoner, prepared as I hope for weal and woe.

T. P.

There are two things which have the more emboldened us to put up this petition: First, because the parties who came to confer with us at the Marshalsea seemed to like well this way, and promised to move our suit therein to the Bishop of London, for him to prefer higher. And secondly, because this bishop answered Mr. Tripp when he told him of it, that he himself had made the like suit to her majesty for many years past, and will do so again, especially if we desire it. This answer binds us in credit to show how far the learned on our side notoriously are from disagreeing to such a trial."

This brave appeal was sent enclosed in the following letter to Mr. Tripp, dated Sept. 8, 1580:

"Forasmuch as I made request yesterday upon my knees to you and to Mr. Crowley,—not, indeed, to you, as I told you, but for you to witness and present it to the Queen and Council as the common petition of all God's afflicted for the Catholic faith in England, that they would admit the learned of your side with the best learned of theirs to open audience, with disputations according to the laws of an orderly conference,—and as you pretended to like well of it for your part, and promised all our company to prefer and further the petition, I have therefore written our application in the names of all the Catholics, to save you the labour of laying it before every one of us. We heartily pray you to prefer it to the Council according to your promise, asking at the same time for free license for the choice of our side, either within or without England, and for safe-conduct for them on the honour of the Queen's printed edict; or, if

\* He means the priests of the Society of Jesus.

† The seminary priests, of whom Campion says, in his letter to the Council, "Those English students whose posterity shall never die, which beyond the seas gathering virtue and sufficient knowledge for your purpose, are determined never to give you over, but either to win you to heaven or to die upon your pikes."

that be thought too much, at least for choice of our side within the realm from whatever place they may be to be removed, or may offer themselves voluntarily for this purpose. Otherwise, we are not so simple as to be satisfied with your challenging us the inferiors now left about London in prison to such a conference, nor so presumptuous as to imagine ourselves to be the fit men for such a match.

Concerning the six reasons which I delivered you yesterday, wherein all the contentions between us are knit into one knot, and your absurdity, your strongest castle, exposed; seeing the Bishop of London's warrant was made out a week ago for me to be removed very shortly to Stanford Castle, there to be kept close prisoner, all alone; and seeing that I have no great hope of the warrant being stayed, but rather of less favour for this plainness in truth, which usually, as you know, breeds no friends,—I therefore beg you to answer my reasons sincerely, so as to stake the reputation of your most learned men on the reply, without their pleading ignorance and unprivity of your penman's handling the matter. All mine together is but a sheet of paper; so before I am mewed up, in God's name, bring it to the hammer, and turn it and weld it as you list, but yet save the poor man's neck whole if you can, in spite of Mr. Crowley's watchword, that the sword was nearer our necks than we thought—for of all syllogisms, a sliding knot, you know, is the crookedest to be answered. We are so weary of pining in prison so many years without seeing the conversion of our country, that we are enforced to be plainer with you than if we were at liberty, and not so tainted in stinking prisons as most of us already are, and all of us shortly may look to be. If I tripped you up somewhat sharply in the latter end of my defence, you must impute it to your own provoking us all by the vociferous blasphemy of your companion the day before against the Mass, and against Saint Francis, to whom he imputed nameless wickedness, he being one of the miracles of the world for sanctity both in himself and his posterity, though among so much corn there may be some cockle, as well as there was one weed among our Saviour's twelve holy flowers. But to make you some amends, I humble myself to you this good day\* upon my knees, if that will assuage you, beseeching you for Christ's sake to dwell no longer in heresy, nor to be one of the foxes that undermine the vineyard, but to yield to the truth in time, to which you must either yield at last, or it will crush you all to pieces. For the city of God is built on so high a hill, and a rock so invincible, that the weakest soldier within it may throw a stone to beat down any Goliaths among you. Give over your siege therefore, if you are wise, and cease battering in vain against the rock, against which whosoever setteth his force doth but batter himself to pieces. When hell-gates shall not prevail against it, what can the force of a few fleshly men avail? God illumine you and bless you, even as I

\* It was the Nativity of the B. V. Mary.

would wish to mine own soul. The 8th of September. Your well-willer. T. P.\*

Poundes' great mistake in these matters was his attempting to deal with Tripp, Bishop Aylmer, or the lords of the council, as men of truth, honour, or conscience. We shall see into what a scrape he got by taking these men at their word, and by acting on the supposition that they intended seriously even that which they declared most solemnly. But as this paper has already extended to the limits of our space, we must put off the sequel of this story to our next number.

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### THE DIVORCE BILL.

WE cannot imagine a greater degradation to the Establishment and its divines than to be forced not only to accept but also to administer this pagan law; except, perhaps, a still deeper degradation has already been inflicted upon it by the contemptible conduct of its archbishops and of the greater number of its bishops in the debates upon the bill. Men who will with the same breath vote *against* a proposition as being contrary to the law of Christ, and *for* forcing their ministers to carry out this proposition in spite of their consciences, must be the most supple of parasites and the most dishonest of hypocrites. Here is a bill for destroying the *status* won for women in this land by the Church—for destroying those safeguards of morality which have been built up by a thousand years of Christian labours and sufferings; and those who pretend to be the guardians of the national Christianity and morality have scarcely lifted up a finger against it; their disunion, and the treachery of the majority of them, have neutralised the efforts of the honest few; and now, betrayed by their false and craven clergy, the ladies of England must consult for their own safety, and adjure the Queen, for the sake of humanity, to use her prerogative for protecting the honour of her sex from the threatened degradation.

It is a farce and falsehood to say that the bill is demanded by the nation; we are persuaded that the pure-minded women

\* These letters are from a Ms. in the State-Paper Office, transcribed in a great hurry by two amanuenses of the Sheriff of Wilts, who worked alternately to finish for the council a copy of some seditious correspondence, found probably on some captured recusant. It is full of mistakes; and we have taken the liberty to rectify the English, and sometimes to abridge, or to do away with, needless inversions.

of England, in whose behalf it is hypocritically said to be drawn, are nearly unanimous in condemning it. The real grievances of which the nation has a right to complain are, the insufficient security of the persons of married women, and the precarious tenure of their property, even of their separate gains, against brutal and debauched husbands. But no grievance has ever been brought forward that could not find its appropriate remedy in some extension or simplification of the means for obtaining separation *à mensâ et thoro*, or in some law for leaving women's earnings under their own absolute control. The tampering with the *vinculum* of matrimony is a mere cheat; it is a ruse of interested parties to render respectable a practice which is still deservedly reprobated by all the religious feeling left in the country. A cursory examination of that Bible of the respectable, Dodd's *Peerage*, will soon suggest a reason why the lords should be so anxious to introduce this abominable measure. While the middle and lower classes of this country have contented themselves with the law of Christ, and have suffered the effects of an unhappy marriage, as they have suffered fevers, losses, deaths, or other visitations of God, not perhaps virtuously or contentedly, but certainly without a thought of making God bend to their private cravings, without an idea of asking Heaven to annihilate both space and time to make two adulterers happy,—the aristocracy, on the contrary, has set itself up above God's law, and has bent it to the uses of the horned cattle of the pen at St. James' Palace. And thus a considerable proportion of our nobility drags after it dirty pedigrees, and boasts of blood defiled by the contamination of spurious marriages.

And even if the good of the nation requires that the upper ten thousand should have every facility for providing successors to their honours and estates,—even if, as Mr. Froude tries to show in his panegyric of Henry VIII., true patriotism requires male progeny,—*si possis rectè, si non, quocumque modo*,—need the whole nation be defiled to keep such patriots in countenance? If one fox loses his tail, shall all other foxes cut off theirs? Surely a provision might be made for erasing bars sinister from noble and gentle coats, and for allowing base-born children to succeed to their father's property, without degrading matrimony by compelling us to confess their parents' union to be honourable. The law could surely find some other way of not punishing the children for their father's crimes than by dealing with crime as if it were no crime, or by setting at naught the express words of our Divine Saviour and legislator. We have had bastards to rule

over us before now: William the Conqueror and Queen Elizabeth were no worse esteemed by the nation for their base birth. The Princess Charlotte would not have had her title to the throne disputed because her father happened to be married to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and not to Queen Caroline. We could bear with great equanimity the advent of peers into the House of Lords, even though their parents were not honest; what we object to is, the applying the remedy in the wrong place—to the patching-up the sinful union, instead of the unfortunate birth—to trying to cure the incurable disease of the parents, instead of the slighter malady, attaching not to the person, but to the name of the offspring. But our rulers are not contented with this; nothing will satisfy them short of the state declaring the union of the parents to be respectable, and compelling an unfortunate poltroon, whom they affect to consider a Christian minister, to go through the blasphemous farce of blessing in God's name that which our Lord has in direct words declared to be adultery.

On the other hand, however much we pity these poor parsons, we cannot help owning that they fully deserve the disgrace of their position; they have acquiesced in the Church being made a function of the state; Government has made them mere civil functionaries, ministers of those civil contracts which the state, following the temper and tradition of the people, chooses to invest with some religious *prestige*. Marriage is such a contract; they must therefore perform the behests of the state in marrying all those whom the law rightly or wrongly permits to marry. This is an idea which the Bishop of Oxford has but imperfectly mastered; he may possibly have been somewhat enlightened when his amendment was rejected, the House of Lords exploding with laughter at the idea of parsons having a conscience superior to the law. They are by law established, and the law is their foundation; the law they have to administer is not the law of Christ, but so much of it as the law of the land allows. And they are paid by the state to inculcate this, as if it were the whole law of Christ. They are, it seems, a hundred-and-fifty years behind the time, when they quote our Lord's express words: "He that marrieth her that is divorced committeth adultery." For that period at least, even according to its own profession, the legislature has been progressing upon Christianity, and yet the Anglican ministers have deliberately tied themselves to the chariot-wheels of the state, and professed that their allegiance is due to it as supreme. Now they must take the consequences. But they will tell us, the words of the Anglican liturgy are still left; people married in their churches

will still vow life-long fidelity without any reservation ; the legislature dares not alter these words ; while they remain, the consciences of the parsons are safe. Indeed, the legislature dares alter any thing, but feels that it needs not. English churchmen are too much accustomed to non-natural interpretations of self-contradictory formularies to boggle at this addition to the dose. The legal formula in the mouth of a minister of the law can mean nothing more than the law means. Now if this bill passes, the law will mean henceforth that parties contracting themselves to each other do not make an absolute contract to last till death parts them, but a contingent one, terminable by adultery. The vinculum of matrimony is no longer indestructible except by death, but is dissoluble by other acts depending on the free-will of the parties. Doubtless all that marry in the Establishment will still vow mutual fidelity "till death us do part ;" but this will be mere words ; a bare liturgical formula, not absolutely, dogmatically, and rigidly accurate ; it will be an expression of a feeling or a hope, not of a fact, or of an inviolable resolution and vow ; it will mean no more than the comfortable words of assurance which the parsons are by law forced to read over the bodies of infidels, blasphemers, or suicides whom they commit to the ground. Liturgical formulas take their meaning from the law which interprets them ; they throw no doubt on a law otherwise clear.

The most dismal consequence from this is, that from henceforth wherever the law is published, known, and acquiesced in, there Christian matrimony is abolished in Protestant England. Protestants are not taught any doctrine of intention ; on the contrary, they scoff at it as popery and priestcraft. It is therefore only charitable to suppose, that they have no intentions in religious matters ; they do or say what is set down for them to do or say, without thinking of it otherwise than as the legal introduction to the enjoyment of the rights which the action or the pronouncement of the formula confers upon them. But hereafter, unless brides and bridegrooms distinctly intend to make a contract different from that which the law appoints, no Christian marriage can take place. In Christian matrimony the parties take one another for better, for worse, till God parts them by death. By this new law, they mutually contract themselves for the better, or for the same, but not for the worse, or at least not for the worst, and not till God parts them by death, but only till they part themselves by a crime which is henceforth to be the recognised mode of dissolving a partnership which has become tiresome. We do not mean to say, that this miserable

change will make itself palpable immediately the bill is passed. We dare say that not one in a hundred of Anglican ministers now living will ever have to decide whether he will perform a marriage between divorced persons; men of the last-my-time school may comfort themselves that all things are as they were, and will continue so for years to come. But the dyke is broken, the water is overflowing, and in due time the flood will come. As surely as the particular cases of divorce à *vinculo*, allowed by private acts of Parliament, have in a century and a half led to the present act, which generalises the practice, and declares the vinculum in itself to be dissoluble, so surely must this act lead to extensions of the principle; not only adultery, but five years' absence, any thing that renders married life uncomfortable, even incompatibility of temper, will be allowed to be a legitimate cause of divorce. And why not, if marriage is what our rulers have decreed it to be? This is, after all, the logical conclusion of denying marriage to be a sacrament. The practice of the country has hitherto been better than its theory; and those who followed the doctrines abjured the licentiousness of Luther, Melancthon, Cranmer, and Milton. But now this remnant of Catholic feeling has worn itself out, and the contract which has been the life of the English home, and the stability of English society and character, is to be wantonly relaxed, so as to bring down English law to the level of Protestant theology. Henceforth, except each person for himself makes a supplementary intention to supply the defects of the law, there will be no real marriage. The modest Englishwoman will have to surrender herself to her husband without the sanction of Almighty God, in a union different from that which, being instituted by God, cannot be put asunder by man, in a pagan and dissoluble bond (dissolute would be a better word), with which God has nothing to do. For how can He be said to join those whose union is only to last till they part themselves, not till He parts them? The very essence of a vow is destroyed when the man who makes it knows that it is only valid till it is broken,—knows that the way to get rid of it is to sin against it—that the conscience is delivered from the responsibility by being defiled with the breach—that the vow is but a bubble, which vanishes as soon as it is broken; not a feature of the soul, which bleeds the more the more it is pricked and torn. Our legislators are teaching us the lesson that a right to sin is established by sinning; that if we will but sin boldly, our consciences will be illuminated, and many things that we now think highly criminal will appear equally pleasant and right. Doubtless they wish to make us happier and

more moral; but they follow the quack method of coaxing a man into virtue by making sin easier, and by surrounding him with temptations to vice.

But we shall be told, this same law exists both in Catholic and Protestant countries, in Prussia and in France. Have the evils we fear resulted there? If not, why should they in England? Is the English character so inferior to that of Prussians or Frenchmen that they cannot be trusted with the same liberty? We answer boldly, that in Prussia society is fearfully degraded by the facilities of divorce; that in France the case is the same, though within the Church the law must always remain a dead letter. Wherever the Catholic Church is the national religion, the effect of such a law upon national morals must be more or less neutralised. In the first place, the clergy must always stand in an attitude of opposition to it, ready to suffer martyrdom rather than to administer it. The law may allow divorce, but the national church emphatically condemns and repudiates it. Then it must be considered, that whereas here the law is the recognised standard of morality, there the Church fills that office. The law may permit, but if the Church forbids, the permission is not recognised by respectable people. Here the contrary is the case. This is the reason why, in our eyes, Catholic countries are so much happier than our own; it is not their government, their rulers, their police, their bureaux, their prisons, passports, spies, censorship, or the like, that we admire; we detest these institutions as cordially as any Protestant can: it is not even their national character of which we are enamoured; we can live on infinitely better terms with Englishmen than with foreigners. But we love the religious public opinion, the unquestioning facility with which the Christian law is made the standard of morals and doctrine. Against this silent all-pervading influence for good, laws that merely permit evil are almost powerless. In England the civil law is supreme; the Church does not stand in opposition to the state as teacher of Christianity, but in subserviency to the state, as teacher of just that kind of Christianity which the state wishes to have taught. Such a Church may easily become the organ of irreligion and immorality; her clergy receive the dictations of the state, and have to harmonise them with the Christian law as well as they can. Their calling is, to make the religious feeling of the country acquiesce in the dicta of parliament,—to smooth down opposition, to recommend moderation and suspension of judgment to the scandalised Christian, to discourage all enthusiasm for religion, and to counteract all opposition to the laws, however

unchristian. Such an establishment, when the law once falls below the Christian standard, becomes a mere pander to vice. When the laws allow laxity, she is forced to preach it, and make it a point of her religion. The man who desires to keep up some semblance of Christianity, and yet to live more loosely than he can in the Catholic Church, finds the Establishment a convenient retreat. She is the devil's net spread beneath the tree of life to catch the windfalls that drop from its branches. But this tree, in Catholic countries, occupies the room and reigns alone, so far removed from rivals, that there is little fear of the fruit that drops being intercepted and carried away; there it lies on the turf beneath her. Those who break loose from her take root nowhere else; or, if we may abruptly change our metaphor, as the sun that rolls apart in space, may let its planets and comets wander to enormous distances, secure that they will fall back to the body whence they were projected; but the sun that is a member of a closely-packed nebulous system must keep its satellites close around it, or they will be carried off to dance attendance on a rival sun, and will be lost for ever to their parent system. So, where the Church reigns alone, a man may be a cold Catholic for half a life, but on his death-bed he will return to the long-forgotten religion which he learned at his mother's knees; while here there is a system established for the purpose of attracting all that falls away from religion through coldness, or through love for looseness of life. Into this system a person falls naturally as soon as he loses grace, dragging with him wife, children, servants, and dependents; that which in Catholic countries is but the temporary coolness of an individual, becomes here the permanent apostasy of a family. This is the evil of a false state-religion. Without the aid of the state, indifferentism and coolness could not form a church, but would be only an outside aggregate of neutrals, infidels, sceptics, scoffers, and libertines; an unblushing fourth estate, feeling no need of any hypocritical pretence of religion to conceal its true character. Then religious bodies would cohere only by faith or by fanaticism, and self-preservation would be sufficient motive to prevent them recruiting their ranks from the lukewarm leavings of other bodies. That worst of our evils, the net which is spread for those among us who, by any accident, grow cold, and which with them secures also their families and dependents, would be broken. At present, if two persons of contrary religions fall in love, the Establishment is the neutral ground where all differences are sunk, and the point of indifference attained. Such an institution must exist; our complaint is,

that in England it is invested with a religious character, nay, that it calls itself *the* national religion. It should be only a passive receptacle; it is a paid propaganda of laxity and faithlessness. Bad Catholics here go naturally to the temples of the Establishment, and send their children to its schools, instead of remaining in the ranks of pure negation till something positive attracted their newly-awakened souls. And we have no fear that the vulgar fanaticism which constitutes the positive element of all false forms of Christianity should prove alluring to a mind that is only cooled, and tired of religion. We cannot fancy a man who from mere inanition had dropped off from the observance of our worship, entering forthwith the ranks of a fanatical sect, prophesying, speaking with tongues, addressing a Quaker-meeting, visiting Lord Shaftesbury's ragged schools, going about as Bible-reader, spouting at Exeter Hall, diligently frequenting expository tea-parties, or painfully sitting under the preachers of Ebenezer. He may do it for love or money, but for religion never. Do away, then, with the establishment of moderation, with the sham religion of worldliness, and then worldliness will make itself decent in some other cloak, not that of religion; then there will be no fatal deception practised upon the repentant sinner, there will be no ecclesiastical vortex to swallow up Christians unattached; they will remain unshackled till grace comes to them, and they once more take their choice.

Now the new divorce bill strengthens beyond measure this repulsive feature of the Establishment. Protestantism from the first has had lax views of marriage, but its license has been checked by the conservatism of the lawyers. This restraint is removed, and Anglicanism is to be allowed its congenial libertinism. Even now, in spite of these legal restraints, a large proportion of apostasies from the Church arises from matrimonial causes. Lovers rush from the rigidity of Christ's law to the more convenient complacency of Anglicanism. But hitherto the Establishment has ordinarily opened her broad bosom to laxity only; now she is to open it to crime, and to invite adulterers to patch up their infamy by a union which she will pretend to bless for them. Nor is this the greatest of the evils which we must expect. When divorce becomes a national institution (as we may be sure it will), who can tell how many Catholics will fall away in order to take advantage of it? We have no difficulty in allowing that the law of God often presses with great apparent hardship on individuals. On many occasions divorce will recommend itself as the only method of setting things straight.

Still it is forbidden, and that ought to be enough for us. We do not quarrel at any amount of indulgence shown by the civil law in such cases of hardship, *after the offence has been committed*. But we do object to declaring *beforehand* the offence to be the one means of destroying the vinculum of matrimony, for such a law destroys Christian marriage altogether. We have also heard priests enlarge upon the difficulties that will beset the reception of converts when divorce has become common. There will be no knowing who is married to whom; and the necessity, and yet impossibility, of returning to the first marriage will deter many a soul anxious for the sacraments. But if the new marriage is no marriage at all, this difficulty vanishes. As the pagan polygamist convert may select for his wife any one, or none, of his numerous squaws, so the Protestant convert will surely be allowed to marry any one, or none of those with whom he has entered into the contingent contract. Where no true marriage has been, the Church has nothing to enforce with regard to it—there is no religious contract; all parties are free.

Though we have no words sufficient to express our grief and disgust at this wanton destruction of the edifice of Christian civilisation which it has taken so much blood and sweat to cement, we yet own that, though the principle is sacrificed, the practice is for the present railed off with a good strong fence. To make the adulterers liable to imprisonment and fine up to 10,000*l.* is to hedge-in the path with thorns, which will, while they remain sharp, deter many from following this road. It will be some time before the practice in England begins to lag behind Christianity; though the connection between the train and the engine is severed, yet the carriages will roll on for miles by the impetus they have acquired. Again, we must own that Protestant England, which has long ago denied the sacrament of matrimony, acts logically in no longer treating it as a sacrament. Why should it be a sacrament, except that grace is needed to enable persons to fulfil its conditions? And if grace is needed, how can we expect those to fulfil its conditions, who have wantonly cut themselves off from the sources of grace? There is a mysterious connection between these seven sacraments; where one is lost, the others must decline and languish. The priesthood was abolished by parliament three hundred years ago. With it of course went the Eucharist, Confirmation, and Extreme Unction, which could not be administered without it. Baptism and matrimony were left as founts of grace to souls of good will in invincible ignorance; but the one is now falling into neglect, the other is destroyed by the present bill. This

is not to be wondered at; rather the long time these remains have lasted is a proof how deeply the traditions of Catholicity had penetrated English life.

In the foregoing pages we have considered the general principle of the bill, not its details; we have attempted no answer to the arguments which are adduced for it, and which seem logical enough, once granting, not the truth, but the practical tenability of Protestantism. If Protestants have a right to live and govern themselves, why have they not a right to make their own marriage-laws? If, like Jucundus in *Calista*, they will be hogs, what right have we, or any body else, to prevent them? We must reserve these questions for a future time; merely observing that whichever way logic inclines the balance, charity compels us to do all we can to persuade or provoke our countrymen to retain one of the two Christian sacraments that are still left to them.

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## SEYMOUR'S CURSE;

OR,

### THE LAST MASS OF OWSLEBURY:

A Legend of Edward the Sixth's Reign.

BY CECILIA CADDELL.

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"My son," resumed the Lady Seymour after a pause, during which she had evidently been occupied with the memories that her tale awakened, "I must not go over with thee now the sorrows that ever since the death of Alice have beset me on my path through life; almost indeed hath it sometimes seemed to me as if the curse which she was all too gentle to speak or even to think against us, hath yet been visited upon us all by the sentence of a great avenger. How many of my fair children have perished in their infancy, nipt like buds by some untimely frost! And of those who have survived the age of childhood—two have perished on the scaffold; one, woe is me, by the envy of a brother, while the fair girl upon whose brow the diadem of England had descended, died at the very moment when, by the birth of a royal boy, she had fulfilled the most sanguine wishes of the nation and the king. Each of them touched the uttermost point of his ambition,

and then fell into the grave. Seemeth not this the vengeance of God, my son ? Shall it not make us tremble lest our own destiny is waiting to be accomplished in our blood ? So have I thought ever since the death of the queen, my daughter and thy sister ; and yet (for I will not wrong myself) my kindness to the orphans arose not from fear or hope, but from my affection for their mother. So long as my husband lived, I could only educate and befriend them to the utmost of my ability, taking heed (as she had besought me) to have instilled into their minds the old religion of the kingdom ; but when some six years ago he died, leaving me lady and mistress of Marwell manor, then sent I for the youthful Bernard, and told him the very tale you have heard from my lips this hour. Part of it he knew already, but much had he forgotten ; and when I pressed upon him this manor, which I had never considered as other than his own, bidding him at the same time be under no pain for thee, my son, seeing that by my care I had secured to thee possession of many other domains as fair, and many other mansions as goodly, and as strong to dwell in ;—what thinkest thou made he answer to this offer ?

“ He made answer,” continued the Lady Seymour, finding that her son either could not, or did not care to express any curiosity on the subject, “ he made answer, that he could by no means in conscience accept of mine offer, noble and generous as he counted it to be ;—that it would be unfair to deprive thee of an inheritance so goodly, which even from thine infancy thou hadst been taught to consider as thine own, and which of a verity was so in justice, sith albeit the law of the land that gave it thee was cruel, still that fact could not hinder the rights of those who only abided by its decrees. Therefore, for all these reasons, and many more, he declined the disturbing thee, either on his own account or that of his young sister, in thy possessions. And moreover he added,—partly, as he said, for the satisfaction of his conscience, but greatly, as I think, for the sparing of mine own,—that for his own part he had no other ambition than to serve God at the altar, for the honour of which his father had laid down his life ; and that as for his young sister, should I hereafter choose to give her such a moderate portion as would suffice her to marry, or to pass over to a convent in France, I should have done all that he or the maid herself could desire to be done, and all that God Himself would ever demand of me, as the due fulfilment of my promise. And now, my son,” continued the Lady Constance, raising herself on her couch, and laying both her hands upon Sir Henry’s shoulder as he leaned above her pillow,—“ what sayest thou to the conduct

of De Mowbray, or Montgomerie, as I should rather call him."

Sir Henry was silent for a moment; every better feeling of his nature was indeed aroused, and yet it required a short struggle with himself before he could overcome the bitter jealousy which all his lifetime he had cherished. At last he raised his head, and, "It was noble, mother," he was just beginning, when the door of the chamber opened, and Katherine Mortimer stood before him. In an instant all the fierce passions he had been endeavouring to subdue burst forth again, and he started to his feet, exclaiming, "Ah, Katherine! well come, my cousin; thou art just in time to aid me. Hast thou followed the steps of this coy maiden, and hast thou assured thyself of the truth of those suspicions which thou wert hinting to me this morning?"

"Katherine!" cried her aunt, before the maiden could reply. "Beware, wench, of saying that now which by and by it will be all too late to endeavour to recall. Wouldst thou provoke thy cousin to the shedding of innocent blood? Thou mayest do it all too readily, alas! by any rash disclosures touching this young maiden."

"Blood!" cried Katherine, with a look and voice of alarm. "Nay, heaven forfend that the blood even of the most guilty should lay upon my conscience. Natheless, in regard to this young maiden, whom, it seems to me, madam, you do at times affect in a way not altogether flattering to your own flesh and blood, little less than a matter of conscience seems it to me to disentangle this cunning coil by which, under the tutelage of her priestly brother, she is seeking to ensnare the fortunes of your son. Advice in such a matter it would be unseemly for me to offer; but yet, if my noble cousin will deign to hear me, I look to show him that which will enable him to steer his course, with his usual sagacity, in the ordering of this untoward business."

"I cannot prevent thee saying whatever it may like thee, minion," sternly replied the Lady Seymour. "Wherefore, only thus much do I pretend to urge upon thy conscience, that it should needs be a weighty cause indeed which induces a well-nurtured maiden to favour such quarrels among kinsmen as may end in murder."

"In sooth I am sufficiently aware already," Kate responded, with a haughty inclination of the head, "that naught that I could do in this matter, or, perchance, in any other, is like to find favour for me in the eyes of my father's sister; natheless am I strong enough, I trust, withal to do that which I esteem a duty, regardless of any evil conse-

quences to myself, especially when any omission of that duty trenches on the happiness of one whom I love and honour as I do Sir Henry."

"Well said, brave Kate!" exclaimed the knight. "By your leave, good mother, I have somewhat to say in private to my cousin; wherefore, an it please you, we will say adieu, and taste the evening air together on the battlements."

"Go your ways, both of you," said the Lady Seymour sadly. "But remember, Henry, the tale that I have told thee, and judge by Bernard's conduct with thee what thine should be in regard to himself. And think not," she added, suddenly catching a glance of intelligence passing between Katherine and her son,—“think not to do such a deed as this unpunished either of God or man. Flatter not yourselves that a judgment will not follow it to darken all your days, and all the deeds of your future life. Henceforth Bernard shall be hostage for the love between us; for I swear to thee, that from the day thou liftest thy hand against him, thou shalt have no mother. Now thou knowest the worst; go and do as it likes thee. To-morrow will decide if thou art parentless altogether."

Lady Seymour ceased to speak, and her son looked for a moment as if he would willingly have lingered to deprecate her anger, but the wily Katherine drew him towards the door; and his mother at the same moment sounding the silver bell, which was the summons for her woman, he was fain, albeit reluctantly, to quit the chamber with his cousin.

"Thou hast followed her?" cried Sir Henry, almost before he had set his foot upon the battlements, and turning back at the same time, that he might look his cousin more entirely in the face. "Brave girl, almost could I find it in my heart to worship thee for the noble courage thou dost ever show in the service of thy friends."

"Gra'mercy for that insurance, cousin," cried Kate, with an affected air of maidenly demureness. "And yet, perjure not thy precious soul, I pray thee, by such idle protestations. Know I not too well already that thou lovest Amy, and that none less fair or gifted may hope to drive her image (however unworthy the reality may prove) from thy too trusting, and yet most knightly bosom?"

"And thou, Kate," Sir Henry retorted,—“hast thou not also loved the brother?"

"Nay, I deny not that I did," Katherine began, and then she stopped short suddenly.

"Did?" repeated her cousin, for the first time in his life roused to interest and curiosity in her regard.

"But now, in sooth, I do not," she replied, in such a way as excellently conveyed the idea that she was hesitating between the wish to be silent and the impulse, nevertheless, to speak. "I loved for that I deemed him. I may not love him for that I find him. The gallant knight, the noble gentleman, the high-hearted youth, that would dare all things for glory,—it was thus I ever deemed of Mowbray; and had I found him thus, in sooth, my cousin, I had loved him still. But woe is me! seldom are women happy in their loves; and, therefore, if still I love, or whom, ask it not, I pray thee; only, of this be certain, that now it is not De Mowbray."

"If thou lovest?" repeated Seymour, his interest increasing with every word she uttered; every word, in fact, being nicely calculated to persuade him that the sentiment she had once entertained for Bernard had been, by reason of his own superior merits, transferred unwittingly to himself; Katherine having quite made up her mind to be herself his bride, if Amy, by any unexpected firmness, should escape from his addresses. "If thou lovest? Surely thou couldst never love in vain, my cousin? But tell me," he added, checking himself suddenly;—"tell me, for in troth I had well-nigh forgotten, what news hast thou of Amy, and of her appointment with her brother?"

"After that I parted from thee, Henry, I followed this coy damsel even to the little hamlet yonder, where she met her brother, as thou knowest, by assignment."

"And thou hast heard what passages took place between them?"

"Ay, many have I; the Twyford yew-tree hath room enow for more than one such eavesdropper as I am beneath its massy branches. St. Mary! but I could have laughed outright to hear him (little dreaming of the ears that were drinking in his words) vehemently protest him that naught in heaven, or on the earth, should induce him to yield those lands to thee, which are thine own already, if the laws of England have power to give them."

"The foul fiend seize him! He hath already said so much to the pursuivant whom, as thou wottest, I let loose on him yestereven. But what said Amy to his protestations?"

"What said Amy? Why, then, our milk-faced maiden bashfully did reveal to him how thou hadst become a suitor for her hand, and how thou hadst been rejected."

"Sdeath, she told the shaveling that?"

"Ay, sir knight, with all the circumstances she told it."

"Did she say?—nay, Katherine, by all thy hopes of

heaven and earth, narrate me truly,—did she say wherefore she thus acted by me; for notwithstanding that accursed No, which methinks is still ringing in mine ears as loudly as when it first assailed them—notwithstanding *that*, Kate, there was somewhat in her voice and eyes the while that seemed to say I was in no such ill favour with her, after all, as her words were intended to betoken."

"Good, my cousin, thy knightly imagination hath not entirely misled thee, as thou wilt perceive anon, if thou wilt permit me to put a conclusion on my story. Having told her brother thus much, the coy damsel went on to say, using many protestations withal for the quieting of her conscience, that she neither had, nor meant to have, other will in this business than his own; and therefore that she had played thee off with a yea and a nay, a will and a won't, until she could learn his good pleasure in the matter."

"A pirage upon them both," muttered Seymour between his teeth. "And the monk, what said he to this maidenly avowal?"

"He said—Nay, Sir Henry," Katherine interrupted her narrative to ask, "hast thou patience withal to hear me if I proceed?"

"Ay, by the Mass!" replied Sir Henry. "Go on, good Kate, I pray thee, for I swear that I will hear all,—yea, though I stand here until the judgment-day but to wring it from thy lips."

"Well then, an it must be so, and thou wilt know it, he commenced his homily by demanding whether that she did love thee, Henry."

"Ha! and she, what said she?"

"She, sweet innocent, she made answer meekly that, an it was pleasing to his reverence, she did love—"

"My gentle Amy!" cried Sir Henry, interrupting his cousin in his delight; "I knew it—that she did love me!"

"Passing well, taking houses and lands and thee together," continued Katherine, willing to throw cold water on an ardour that might prove injurious to her schemes.

"Katherine, on thy life, it is not true."

"On my life it is! But console thee, Henry; it was under the influence of her brother she spoke thus, and therefore did she add, almost in the same breath, that her wishes should ever wait vassal-like on his. Howbeit, no sooner had she reassured his priestly love of power by this concession, than straightway her woman's heart spoke out, and she pladed, in favour of her love, 'how from this union with thee the old religion might receive good service, both by thy

wealth, which she pledged, as much as might be, to employ for the necessities of the faithful, and by thine influence, which she hoped finally to bring to bear favourably on the fortunes of the Church.' All this, and much more besides, she did whisper with such a pretty air of earnestness in his ear, that I marvel he could listen to it coldly; nor may I in sooth deny, my cousin, that she hath the air of loving thee as much as one so passionless and cold of nature has power to love at all—yea, even where the object of their affections be one so fitted to command, as thou art, the worship of a woman's soul."

Never before had it entered Sir Henry's mind to consider the impulsive and sensitive Amy as passionless or cold; but now his wounded pride seized gladly on this notion, and he answered:

"Of a surety there must be such a coldness as thou dost speak of in Amy's nature, or never could she have withstood the words of passion that I addressed to her the other day. But he, the close-shaved hypocrite, what said he to all this?" And Sir Henry suddenly changed the musing manner in which he had commenced this speech for one of fierce and angry inquiry of his cousin.

"First, he carefully did commend her maidenly submission; then he bade her play fast and loose in this game of matrimony with thee, using all the while her influence to the utmost for the well-doing of his church. Lastly, he forbade her, under all the penalties that Rome, like a cruel step-mother, doth love to launch upon her children, to share either bed or board with one who, by his sacrilegious sequestration of the property of the monks, had made himself liable to every curse of this world or the next, that, according to Bernard, doth wait upon the heretic."

An oath, deep, not loud, here fell from the lips of Sir Henry; but he made no other answer; and Katherine, after a moment's pause, went on—

"And now, my cousin, in so far as I can remember me, I have related to thee most truly all the chief passages that took place between Mistress Amy and that brother of whom methinks thy lady mother so strangely is besotted. I have told the tale; it is for thee to say what should be the answer of thy conduct to it."

"What answer?" Sir Henry burst forth, in a voice of thunder. "Mother of Heaven! what answer dost thou look for, excepting that I cast this false minion off for ever, to crouch and fawn, sith so it likes her, at the feet of her priestly brother?"

"Now art thou all too sudden, Henry, or too rash in thy resolves," replied his cousin. "The girl loves thee, as I have already hinted—well as one so poorly gifted in the natural affections hath power to love at all; and were this priest no longer here to prompt her.—But mark me well, *here* he must be no longer, if thou wouldst not have both thy life and thine honourable possession of this fair domain endangered by his cunning,—but were he here no longer, and she thus made to feel herself entirely in thy power, then I say not, Henry, but what she might make a good and loving help-mate unto thee,—as good, at least, as may be looked for from such a pale-faced languid chit as she is."

"Here no longer," Sir Henry doubtfully repeated; "ay Kate, I thought of that, as thou knowest, both yestereven and the preceding day—but to-day. Thou didst not hear the tale my mother even now has told me, or how, as she declares, he rendered up his rightful claim upon Marwell unto me."

"And thou wouldst accept it at his hands?" Kate answered, with a look of unutterable scorn. "Thou wouldst stoop to be his debtor?"

"Nay, tell me, I pray thee, how can I avoid it, wench, seeing that he hath yielded it already of his own free motive, and without any solicitation on my part,—yea, and that it is on this very relinquishment of his natural rights my lady mother doth ground her argument for the staying of the quarrel that is between us twain."

"His right!" cried Katherine. "He has no right, he could have no right, the coward hilding! over thee—or none, of a surety, that the sword were unable to untie. Marry, it is not for me; yet I swear, that were I but a man like thee, naught save vengeance would I owe to one who had deemed his beggarly sister too goodly a gift withal to be added to the wealth he has flung in so scornful a fashion at thy head."

"Thou art right, as thou ever art," cried Sir Henry. "Thanks to thee, wench, for minding me of that which toucheth so nearly on mine honour. Yes, by the Mass! such insolence may not be borne unpunished by any one calling himself a knight and gentleman. And yet, Kate, if all were known, would not the world cry shame upon me?"

"A pirge upon the world!" responded Katherine. "An' prithee, good cousin, let it cry out how it pleases, so only thou dost hold thy bride and thy goodly lands free of the permission of this base usurper. Nay, an' if thou art still so thin-skinned, wherefore, I pray thee, need the world be called in to share thy councils. Thou who art usually so quick of

wit, I marvel that thou dost not take me! Marry, to-morrow he will do a deed that will put him at once in opposition to the law, say even that thou dost not wag a finger in the business."

"Ay, but he will be accountable, my cousin, in his freedom to his goods alone."

"And who dost thou think will care to ask whether his recusancy hath been punished by fetters or the sword? But even say that a stir be made about it, why, it was but a chance blow at the worst, and death often comes in such a scuffle; who may say or swear that it was not by the merest chance inflicted upon his person?"

"By Heavens, thou art the bravest wench!" cried Sir Henry, his passions now lashed into their wildest mood of frenzy. "Ay marry, thus it should be, thus it shall be! He shall not live to hang as an avenging sword above mine head, ready at the first change of measures or of men to descend and clip me of my fair possessions, the which I shall thus have been only holding until it might suit his good pleasure and ability to resume them."

"Nor were it easy to declare how soon that change thou speakest of may come," said Katherine, "sith that the most godly youth, our fair King Edward, whom Heaven would long preserve, did it but listen to my prayers, is nathless in failing health they say; and should the Lady Mary be appointed to succeed him, her late refusal to give up the ungodly service of the Mass doth sufficiently indicate whither the measures of her reign would tend."

"And then, I warrant me," cried Sir Henry, "will step me in this man,—whom methinks I hold in yet deadlier detestation for the obligation that perforce, as it were, he hath put me under,—then will he step me in, with his shaven skull and mumming garments, to claim the domain that was his father's, and to make a merit to his popish queen of the many years that he has been kept out of its possession."

"Troth, wilt thou be fortunate, my cousin, if thy loss be of Marwell only."

"So hath it been whispered in mine ear, that with my loss of the living that I hold of Poynet, and with this knave's claw upon the estates of Marwell, I should be reduced to a stand as low as many a knight-expectant that rides thankfully in my train to-day."

Thus spoke Sir Henry, forgetting in his fury that the ills he so vexed himself by supposing, were not merely of the future only, but were even, so far as Bernard was concerned, absolutely contradicted by the whole tenor of his past conduct.

"Lower," murmured Katherine, ever ready to cast fuel on the fire,—*"lower, inasmuch as he that falleth from a height judgeth better of his misfortune than the hind who hath never ventured farther than the valley."*

"And he serves the church of Owslebury to-morrow, sayest thou?" Sir Henry asked abruptly.

"For certain, Henry. So at least hath he said to Amy."

"Ha, Amy!" cried Sir Henry as he caught the word. "St. Mary! I had well-nigh forgotten. But what sayest thou, Katherine—will she ever wed the man who hath done her only brother, and his cousin, unto death?"

"Will she?" Kate musingly repeated. "And wherefore not, I pray thee? The murder of a cousin, or even of a brother-in-law, is no such wondrous deed in the days we live in, or the race whence we are all descended; sith that Somerset killed Seymour, and Edward, their nephew, signed the death-warrant of the twain. Natheless it were well, for the guarding against any sisterly scruples that might arise, that she should remain in thy lady-mother's chamber; or should she refuse herself to this restraint, marry, there be many here whom I can procure to mislead her as to the hour of service, so that all shall be over ere she gain the church. And once that the deed is done, and she thy bride, who dost thou think will dare to tell her that the hand which she took in wedlock is red with her brother's blood?"

"Beshrew me, but thou art as quick-witted as thou art brave, sweet Kate!" exclaimed her cousin. "Nay, I will forth this moment, and choose out from among my people such as are best fitted for the emprise in hand."

"Ay, thou art in the right track now," Katherine triumphantly rejoined. "But the evening draws on apace. Away my cousin, away! It is the hour for action, not for dreaming; why dost thou linger still?"

"Because there is that in thine eye which I never saw there before," he murmured passionately. "And while I look upon that queenly brow of thine, my cousin, it seems to me as if with thee at my side I could rule the world."

Katherine only answered by a look that spoke more eloquently than many words to the impulsive being at her side; and kissing the hand she gave him with as much fervour and devotion as though it had been that of an enthroned empress, Sir Henry hastily descended to the interior of the castle.

The lady did not attempt to follow him; on the contrary, she turned to pursue her walk, with a look of such mingled scorn and triumph on her brow, as, had her cousin seen it,

might have been a wholesome antidote to the tumult of vanity into which she had contrived to throw him.

"Fools all!" such were the unflattering thoughts that passed through her mind, as with a light proud step she swept along the battlements. "Fools all! Marry, it were passing strange indeed had he ever known the colour of mine eyes before, seeing that he never deigned me smile or glance while that pale-faced trembler was at his side. But, gra'mercy to Him who made us! the strongest man has his weakness like the rest of us; and so by his vanity this doughty knight is mine—mine own, to work with as I list, for ambition or revenge!

It was Sunday morning. The chimes of the Twyford bells, celebrated in those days for the silvery sweetness of their tone, were the only sounds upon the air, and yet they were vainly ringing now; not a creature obeyed their summons to the church, though hundreds might be seen flocking in an opposite direction. Rumours had, in fact, gone forth, that, from his prison-walls, Bishop Gardiner had contrived to appoint a priest of the old religion (as Catholicity, even in those early days, had begun to be distinguished) to the neighbouring church of Owslebury; and it was also whispered that, instead of the newfangled service, the forcible introduction of which had already caused bloodshed in half the English counties, the new incumbent of St. Mary's intended, at the peril of his life, to perform the old legitimate Mass of Rome; therefore were people hastening hither that they might see once more and worship at a service endeared to their hearts alike by the traditions of centuries and the recollections of their childhood.

There were many eager faces, of course, among that crowd, but there were anxious ones as well as eager; for word had been passed from one to another, that Sir Henry Seymour, a man of blood and lawless habits, would be at the church that day, accompanied by a picked party of his myrmidons, for the express purpose of opposing the priest in the execution of his office. They doubted that bloodshed would be the consequence; for, young as he was, the cruelty of Seymour had already become a kind of proverb in the county; yet was there evidently no idea of opposing him, or of endeavouring the rescue of his intended victim. In fact, the chastisements with which every previous attempt in favour of the Latin service had been visited by the crown were far too severe, and too recent in the memories of the people, to admit of their again contemplating any thing of the kind; and as to saving the life of their young incumbent, the men

of Hampshire judged with Katherine, and judged correctly, that they would probably win but rough thanks from England for such unsolicited interference, since the mere murder of a priest would never be judged as a delinquency worthy the attention of this enlightened nation. Albeit, however, they did not intend risking their precious lives in his defence, they had known and loved him since boyhood, and many an eye was bent with affectionate anxiety upon him, as for the first time in his official capacity he entered his parish-church. Yet he himself was entirely unaware of the feeling with which he was regarded; for so filled was he with a solemn consciousness of the greatness of the act he was about to accomplish, that his soul could admit of no other thought; and while his eyes were directed towards the altar, it yet almost seemed as if they were looking through it, and beyond it, into the unfathomable heavens, whose Lord he was about to call down to earth for the sanctification of His people. He had passed with that face unchanged through the crowd in the churchyard, though some among them bid God bless him, and others, with scowling looks and hands ostentatiously fingering their weapons, proclaimed themselves to be of that lawless band whom Sir Henry kept in pay, and whose very presence at that moment within the sacred building betrayed the nature of their errand. He had passed through them all, both friends and foes, as one unconscious of their presence, and he had set his foot upon the very threshold of the chancel, when a woman, clad in a muffler that concealed her figure, stepped suddenly from behind a pillar, and laid a finger on his arm. It was Katherine Mortimer! For a moment she gazed upon his face with that sense of involuntary awe which so often crept over her in the presence of the young priest; and then, shaking of, by an evident effort, the unwilling feeling, rapidly, but yet distinctly, she whispered in his ear:

"Bernard, I repent me that I have contrived this coil against thee. Go back, go back! as yet thou art not committed, as yet it is not too late."

"I am here because of my duty, lady, nor may I go back until it is accomplished. Wherefore, I pray you, to let me pass, without this further and most useless parley."

"Pass, then, in the fiend's name, and be thy blood upon thine own head!" cried Katherine passionately, her last moment of repentance gone, and stepping at the same time sufficiently on one side to allow of Bernard's pushing his way to the altar, which he did, with a face and manner as perfectly recollected as though nothing had occurred to distract or disturb him. By this time the church was filled to overflowing,

and the service, accordingly, was almost immediately commenced. At first it proceeded so quietly, that it hardly seemed as if violence could be intended; yet any one not particularly attentive to what was going on at the altar, might easily have perceived that the ill-favoured crew, individuals whose presence we have already noticed, contrived, separately, and as if without any previous understanding between each other, to make their way gradually through the body of the church, until they stood in considerable numbers round the very entrance of the sanctuary. Whether Bernard saw them or not, was a matter of speculation among many of the more anxious of the assistants, but neither by look nor gesture did he betray any knowledge of their presence. Before he commenced the canon, he paused for a moment in deep thought, as though gathering himself up for the coming struggle; and then, with redoubled earnestness, and a face lighting up more and more in gladness and devotion, until it glowed almost with the glory of the seraphim, he pursued the service until he arrived at the moment of the consecration. There, again, he paused: the circle of armed men around the altar was each instant becoming more dark and dense, their gestures more fierce and threatening, while the clash of their arms, and the impatient stamping of their feet, as they pressed nearer and nearer still, showed them eager as tigers to pounce upon their prey. Therefore it was he paused; for he feared they might interrupt him before the conclusion of the Divine Mysteries; and he would not pronounce the awful words which were to bring the Lord of heaven and earth face to face with His rebellious creatures, if he could not insure Him from insult and sacrilege during the brief space that He was to remain upon the altar. And yet, though he might not conscientiously proceed, the soul of Bernard was thirsting that day to receive his Master before the hour of his own sacrifice should arrive; and, acting suddenly upon this impulse, he turned to address the men who were there for no other purpose than the accomplishing of his doom. Some among them fancied he was about to implore their mercy, and cast questioning glances towards their leader; while a few terrified ejaculations from the body of the church told how anxiously the bystanders were awaiting the result of this appeal; but they were all mistaken. Far as heaven from earth was the thought of that young priest from any dread of death, or any desire save of that glorious immortality, whither he knew that he was tending; and if his cheek did flush, and his eye for an instant grow less calm, it was not for any emotion of hope or fear that stirred him, but solely because at the side of Sir

Henry, who, for all that he wore his visor down, was easily recognised, Bernard beheld the muffled figure of the woman who had met him at the porch, and knew that Katherine Mortimer, whom he once had hoped to see consecrated as the bride of Heaven, had not hesitated to sanction by her presence a deed of sacrilege and blood. The startling effect of this discovery, however, passed away almost ere it could be perceived; and then he addressed his intended murderers in a strain of hope and love, such as the Roman soldiers must have often heard from the martyrs whom they crowned in death.

[To be continued.]

### CAMPION THE MARTYR TO CHENEY, ANGLICAN BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER.

CAMPION, while fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, though troubled with grave misgivings about the Protestant sects, suffered himself to be over-persuaded by Cheney, then Bishop of Gloucester (the first episcopal representative of the school that grew into power in the time of James I. and Charles I., and which, under the names of "High Church," Tractarian, Puseyite, &c., has been continued to the present day), and to be by him ordained deacon. The trouble of conscience that ensued was a great occasion of the conversion of the martyr. After he had escaped the dangers of apprehension, and had come to anchor in still water in the English College at Douai, he wrote the following letter to his old friend, which we translate and publish, because it exactly meets the case of High Churchmen and Unionists of the present day, and we beg those that read it to remember who the writer was,—one, namely, who laid down his life for the truth just as bravely as St. Stephen, St. Polycarp, St. Ignatius, or St. Laurence, whose voice comes to us from the ranks of the white-robed army of martyrs, sounding with a power, authority, and persuasiveness, that no man on earth, however great his talents, or his apparent goodness, can claim for even his weightiest words.

Edmund Campion's Epistle to Richard Cheney, Bishop of Gloucester, written from Douai in 1572.

"It is not now as of old the dash of youth, or facility of pen, nor even a dutiful regard of your favours, that makes me write to you. I used to write from the mere abundance of my heart;—a

greater necessity has forced me to write this letter. We have already been too long subservient to men's ears, to the times, to our hopes of glory ; at length let us say something for the service of our soul. I beg you by your own natural goodness, by my tears, even by the pierced side of Christ, to listen to me. There is no end nor measure to my thinking of you ; and I never think of you without being horribly ashamed, praying silently, and repeating the text of the Psalm, *Ab alienis Domine parce servo tuo*. What have I done ? It is written, *Videbas furem et currebas cum eo* ; and again, *Laudatur peccator in desiderijs suis, et impius benedicitur*. So often was I with you at Gloucester, so often in your private chamber, so many hours have I spent in your study and library, with no one near us, when I could have done this business, and I did it not ; and what is worse, I have added flames to the fever by assenting and assisting. And although you were superior to me in your counterfeited dignity, in wealth, age, and learning ; and though I was not bound to look after the physicking or dieting of your soul, yet since you were of so easy and sweet a temper as in spite of your gray hairs to admit me, young as I was, to familiar intercourse with you, to say whatever I chose, in all security and secrecy, while you imparted to me your sorrows, and all the calumnies of the other heretics against you ; and since like a father you exhorted me to walk straight and upright in the royal road, to follow the steps of the Church, the councils and fathers, and to believe that where there was a *consensus* of these there could be no spot of falsehood, I am very angry with myself that I neglected to use such a beautiful opportunity of recommending the faith through false modesty or culpable negligence, that I did not address with boldness one who was so near to the kingdom of God, but that while I enjoyed your favour and renown I promoted rather the shadowy notion of my own honour than your eternal good.

But as I have no longer the occasion that I had of persuading you face to face, it remains that I should send my words to you to witness my regard, my care, my anxiety for you, known to Him to whom I make my daily prayer for your salvation. Listen, I beseech you, listen to a few words. You are sixty years old, more or less, of uncertain health, of weakened body, the hatred of heretics, the pity of Catholics, the talk of the people, the sorrow of your friends, the joke of your enemies. Against your conscience you falsely usurp the name of a bishop, by your silence you advance a pestilential sect which you love not, stricken with anathema, cut off from the body into which alone the graces of Christ flow, you are deprived of the benefit of all prayers, sacrifices, and sacraments. Who do you think yourself to be ? What do you expect ? What is your life ? Wherein lies your hope ? In the heretics hating you so implacably, and abusing you so roundly ? Because of all heresiarchs you are the least crazy ? Because you confess the living presence of Christ on the altar, and the freedom of man's will ? Because you persecute no Catholics in your diocese ? Because you

are hospitable to your townspeople, and to good men? Because you plunder not your palace and lands as your brethren do? Surely these things will avail much, if you return to the bosom of the Church, if you suffer even the smallest persecution in common with those of the household of faith, or join your prayers with theirs. But now whilst you are a stranger and an enemy, whilst like a base deserter you fight under an alien flag, it is in vain to attempt to cover your crimes with the cloak of virtues. You shall gain nothing, except perhaps to be tortured somewhat less horribly in the everlasting fire than Judas or Luther or Zwinglius, or than those antagonists of yours, Cooper, Humphrey, and Samson. What signifies the kind of death? Death is the same, whether you are thrown from a tall rock into the sea, or pushed from a low bank into the river; whether a man is killed by iron or rope, by rack or bullet, by knife or axe; whether pounded by stones or by clubs, whether roasted with fire or boiled in scalding water. What is the use of fighting for many articles of the faith, and to perish for doubting of a few? To escape shipwreck and to fall by the dagger? To flee from the plague and die of famine? To avoid the flames and be suffocated with the smoke? He believes no one article of the faith who refuses to believe any single one. For as soon as he knowingly oversteps the bounds of the Church, which is the pillar and ground of the truth, to which Christ Jesus the highest, first, and most simple truth, the source, light, leader, line and rule of the faithful, reveals all these articles,—whatever else of Catholic doctrine he retains, yet if he obstinately depraves one dogma, that which he holds he holds not by orthodox faith, without which it is impossible to please God, but by his own reason, his own conviction. In vain do you defend the religion of Catholics, if you hug only that which you like, and cut off all that seems not right in your eyes. There is but one plain known road, not inclosed by your palings or mine, not by private judgment, but by the severe laws of humility and obedience; when you wander from this you are lost. You must be altogether within the house of God, within the walls of salvation, to be sound and safe from all injury; if you wander and walk abroad ever so little, if you carelessly thrust hand or foot out of the ship, if you stir up ever so small a mutiny in the crew, you shall be thrust forth,—the door is shut, the ocean roars, you are undone. He who gathereth not with Me, saith the Saviour, scattereth. Jerome explains, He who is not Christ's is Anti-christ's. You are not stupid enough to follow the heresy of the Sacramentarians; you are not mad enough to be in all things a slave of Luther's faction, now condemned in the general councils of Constance and Trent, which you yourself think authoritative. And yet you stick in the mire of your imagination, and wish to seem to hit the bird in the eye, and to sit as a friendly arbitrator in the petty disputes of your brethren. Do you remember the sober and solemn answer which you gave me, when three years ago we met in the house of Thomas Dutton at Shireburn, where we were to dine? We

were talking of St. Cyprian. I objected to you, in order to discover your real opinions, that synod of Carthage which erred about the baptism of infants. You answered truly, that the Holy Spirit was not promised to one province, but to the Church; that the universal Church is represented in a full council; and that no doctrine can be pointed out, about which such a council ever erred. Acknowledge your own weapons which you used against the adversaries of the mystery of the Eucharist. You cry up the Christian world, the assemblies of bishops, the guardians of the deposit, that is, the ancient faith; these you commend to the people as the interpreters of Scripture; most rightly do you ridicule and refute the impudent figment of certain thieves and robbers. Now what do you say? Here you have the most celebrated fathers and patriarchs, and apostolic men, collected at Trent, who have all united to contend for the ancient faith of the fathers. Legates, prelates, cardinals, bishops, deputies, doctors, of diverse nations, of mature age, rare wisdom, princely dignity, wonderful learning. There were collected Italians, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Portuguese, Greeks, Poles, Hungarians, Flemings, Illyrians, many Germans, some Irish, Croats, Moravians,—even England was not unrepresented. All these, whilst you live as you are living, anathematise you, hiss you out, excommunicate you, abjure you. What reason can you urge? Especially now you have declared war against your colleagues, why do you not make full submission, without any exceptions, to the discipline of these fathers? See you aught in the Lord's Supper that they saw not, discussed not, resolved not? Dare you equal yourself by even the hundredth part with the lowest theologians of this council? I have confidence in your discretion and modesty; you dare not. You are surpassed, then, by your judges in number, value, weight, and in the serious and clear testimony of the whole world. Once more consult your own heart, my poor old friend; give me back your old beauty, and those excellent gifts which have been hitherto smothered in the mud of dishonesty. Give yourself to your mother, who begot you to Christ, nourished you, consecrated you; acknowledge how cruel and undutiful you have been; let confession be the salve of your sin. You have one foot in the grave, you must die, perhaps directly, certainly in very short time, and stand before that tribunal, where you will hear, *Give an account of thy stewardship*; and unless while you are on the way you make it up quickly and exactly with the adversary of sin, it shall be required to the last farthing, and you shall be driven miserably from the land of the living by Him whom you will never be able to pay. Then those hands which have conferred spurious orders on so many wretched youths shall for very pain scratch and tear your sulphurous body; that impure mouth, defiled with falsehood and schism, shall be filled with fire and worms and the breath of tempests. That high pomp of your flesh, your episcopal throne, your yearly revenues, spacious palace, honourable greetings, band of servants, elegant furniture,—that affluence for which the poor ignorant people esteem you so

happy, shall be exchanged for fearful wailings, gnashing of teeth, stink, filth, dirt, and chains. There shall the spirits of Calvin and Zwinglius, whom you now oppose, afflict you for ever, with Arius, Sabellius, Nestorius, Wiclif, Luther,—with the devil and his angels you shall suffer the pains of darkness, and belch out blasphemies. Spare yourself, be merciful to your soul, spare my grief. Your ship is wrecked, your merchandise lost; nevertheless, seize the plank of penance, and come even naked to the port of the Church. Fear not but that Christ will preserve you with his hand, run to meet you, kiss you, and put on you the white garment; saints and angels will sing for joy. Take no thought for your life; He will take thought for you who gives the beasts their food, and feeds the young ravens that call upon Him. If you but made trial of our banishment, if you but cleared your conscience, and came to behold and consider the living examples of piety which are shown here by bishops, priests, friars, masters of colleges, rulers of provinces, lay people of every age, rank, and sex, I believe that you would give up six hundred Englands for the opportunity of redeeming the residue of your time by tears and sorrow. But if for divers reasons you are hindered from going freely whither you would, at least free your mind from its grievous chains; and whether you remain, or whether you flee, set your body any task rather than let its grossness oppress you, and banish you to the depths of hell. God knows those that are His, and is near to all that call upon Him in truth. Pardon me, my venerated old friend, for these just reproaches, and for the heat of my love. Suffer me to hate that deadly disease, let me ward off the imminent danger of so noble a man, and so dear a friend, with any dose, however bitter. And now, if Christ gives grace, and if you do not refuse, my hopes of you are equal to my love; and I love you as passing excellent in nature, in learning, in gentleness, in goodness, and as doubly dear to me for your many kindnesses and courtesies. If you recover your health, you make me happy for ever; if you despise me, this letter is my witness: God judge between you and me, your blood be on yourself. Farewell.—From him that most desires your salvation,

EDMUND CAMPION."

The following quotation from Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses* (ed. Bliss. vol. ii. p. 792), forms the appropriate colophon to the preceding letter:

"One of Cheney's successors in the see of Gloucester, named Godfrey Goodman doth wonder why his master William Camden should say that Cheney was *Luthero addictissimus*, whereas it is certain that he was a papist, and bred up his servants papists, as he had been informed by one of them with whom he had spoken. He tells us also, that it doth appear upon record in the Arches that he was suspended for Popery, and died so suspended, and never would make any recantation."\*

- \* It is but fair to give the *per contra* to this, which we have but just dis-

He died, April 25, 1579, just one year and two months before his correspondent returned as a Catholic priest to run his glorious course of thirteen months' labour; or (to use his own words) to carry whatever cross God might lay on him, and never to despair of the conversion of his country, while a man could be found to enjoy its Tyburn, to be racked with its torments, or to be consumed in its prisons.

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## Review.\*

### CIVILISATION IN THE FIFTH CENTURY.

*La Civilisation au 5me Siècle.* Par A. F. Ozanam. Œuvres complètes: tom. I. and II. Paris: Jacques Lecoffre et Cie. 1855.

THE name of Frederic Ozanam is one that merits respect and gratitude from all those to whom the religion of Christ is a prized inheritance; and there is something in the tone of his writings so pre-eminently truthful and straightforward, that we cannot but think he ought to be a special favourite with our countrymen. His chivalry and adventuresomeness almost remind one of the late Lieutenant Bellot, a navigator in different but hardly more inhospitable or inaccessible seas; while both were cut off equally in the prime of their days, universally beloved and regretted by those who had been fellow-sharers of their trials, and who consequently were most unexceptionable witnesses to their courage and constancy. It is difficult indeed to understand how a man occupying the position which Ozanam did for so many years, in such a country as modern France, should have managed to secure and to keep to the last the good will, the warm affection, of so many

covered. Campion, in his *Ten Reasons* (published in 1581), speaks thus of a sermon preached in London in favour of omitting the clause, "He descended into hell," from the Creed. "This was told me by an ear-witness, Richard Cheney, a most miserable old man, who was cruelly used by robbers without, and yet would not come within his father's house." I though these words in their construction only apply to the time when Cheney told the story, yet we must confess that, if Campion had known that he had died a Catholic, he would not have spoken in this way about him. The question still remains, did he die a Catholic, "but secretly, for fear of the Jews?" A thing not at all improbable in those times, and for which there is the direct evidence of Goodman his successor.

\* Accidental circumstances prevent us from giving the continuation of the Review of Huc's *Christianity in China* this month.

great and good men differing with each other, as with him, upon one or more grave fundamental principles, without ever in the smallest sense compromising his integrity. Yet such was the case. He pursued his own line fearlessly and consistently, but he never spoke disrespectfully of those who differed from him, provided they did so conscientiously; and hence the consequence has been, that he left no enemies, and in every page that has been written and circulated in his praise, first and foremost is placed his honesty.

We do not wish our simple word to be taken for the merits of a character so rare. We can produce abundant evidence from the testimonies themselves. His entire works have been published at the expense of his friends and admirers. Among his panegyrists, figure the names of M. Ampère, Comte de Montalembert, the Père Lacordaire, M. Villemain, M. de la Villemarque, M. Alfred Nettement, besides writers in the *Journal des bons Exemples*, *Civiltà Cattolica*, *Ami de la Religion*, *Correspondant*, *Revue Contemporaine*, and the *Revue des deux Mondes*. In the last he is designated as that "excellent man whom nobody ever knew without loving,\* as

one who never employed any other language than that of persuasion for the purpose of setting forth his own personal convictions, . . . one who never confounded genuine doubt with hostility and bad faith; who knew how to honour probity and talent wherever he encountered them; than whom nobody ever attached himself more scrupulously to the practice of that admirable precept, *In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas*; one, finally, who, being a fervent Catholic, was at the same time a partisan of liberty, and a defender of the vital idea of progress."†

It is true both that he was the darling of what may be called the "High Church party," and that he was offered a professional chair by M. Cousin. Without any other *prestige* than that of his own literary reputation and high-souled character, he was elected to the professorship of foreign literature in Paris at the age of thirty-two. M. Guizot did not attain to the same distinction till he was thirty-eight; and three years after his death, as though to show that his memory had not slept, we find M. Villemain, perpetual secretary of the Academy, offering in the name of that society "to the deceased, upon his tomb, the new prize founded to the honour of high literature."‡

But there is another trait in his history, and another monument to his memory, of a far higher and more durable na-

\* Tom. viii. Oct. 1, 1854.

† pp. 197-201.

‡ Rapport de M. Villemain, 1856, p. 18.

ture than all his literary efforts put together, and which raises him at once above every other *mere* writer of his own, or, indeed, of any other age. He was one of the principal instruments in the foundation and organisation of four distinct societies for the regeneration, moral and religious, of his country, and of the world. These were the "Conferences of Notre Dame," the "Circle," the "Conferences of St. Vincent of Paul," and the "Work of the Propagation of the Faith." The two former, indeed, are rather of the nature of local or national institutions; but the two latter have already produced vast and salutary effects in every quarter of the globe. Speaking of the last of them, M. Ampère says:

"The success of Christian enterprise shows how much may be done by the re-union of a large number of small efforts animated by the same spirit. The members of the association contribute one sou weekly. The first collections were made in 1820 amongst the workmen of Lyons. The annual budget of the society amounted in 1852 to five millions.

We cannot refrain from adding what follows:

"Ozanam never did more for this evangelical undertaking than in the year when, in the midst of his laborious preparations for the examination (*concours*), on which depended his whole future, whilst writing his book upon Dante, and composing his lectures upon commercial law, he found time to take an active part in the work of the missions, and to go besides of an evening to teach the soldiers to read. . . . I cannot abstain from mentioning these things. It should be known, what his modesty concealed from his best friends, namely, his twofold life,—the one, that of the learned, the author, the professor; the other, that of the saint. Of this second existence, that fertilised the first, by nourishing those high-souled sentiments which his books and lectures accordingly revealed, I was but imperfectly aware; and thus in esteeming and honouring Ozanam as much as I did, I knew not to what extent my admiration for him was due."\*

In the hidden man lies the key to the public man. Ozanam seems to have been animated by a single object throughout his whole life—the glory of God. On this he concentrated, and to this he consecrated alike the labours of his study, and the more varied pursuits of his active existence. Whether he read, wrote, taught, travelled, it was all one. He saw it in the beauties of nature, in the marvels of art, in the sublime flights of Plato, and in the moth-eaten Mss. of the middle ages. When you have read one of his works, you have read them all, as far as principle or moral application is concerned. Never had the Christian religion a warmer or a more single-hearted champion. His imperturbable sted-

\* Notice Biographique, p. 15.

fastness to the one idea that inspired him almost amounts to what was said by Gibbon of the great St. Athanasius,—and this it is, coupled with his exceeding candour and remarkable forbearance towards others, that so much enhances his value as a writer of the nineteenth century. Speaking of his *Etudes germaniques*, his biographer, already quoted, says :

“ To show barbarians disciplined by Roman cultivation, civilised by Christianity and by the Church, such is the design of this work. Ozanam has embraced there researches the most laborious, and kinds of knowledge the most varied. He begins with the barbarians; and, in order to know them, ascends to their very cradle; he plunges courageously into German early history (*origines*). With native sources he ever associates information drawn from Latin writers; for Roman civilisation, he consults historians and rhetoricians; he applies to the study of this civilisation in its decadence the light which, as doctor-in-law, he borrows from Roman jurisprudence. As for Christianity, he has only to allow himself to be carried forwards by the predilection of his studies and of his faith. There results from this association of studies so diverse a triple light, that, till he wrote, had never in the hands of any one else been concentrated upon the great and obscure subject of his choice. Men versed in Scandinavian antiquities did not ordinarily go deep into the state of Roman legislation and of society; historians of Rome never occupied themselves seriously with the antiquities of the North, the historians of Christianity still less. This is not all. Not only has Ozanam studied these three great facts,—Germanism, Roman civilisation, and the Church,—but also, in their turn, though not in the same degree, has he been enamoured of them all, and his work of erudition is perpetually animated by this triple enthusiasm. The savage majesty of the Edda transports him; he loves the rude virtues of the Germans; he bends before the grandeur of Roman polity, imposing even in its ruins; he prostrates himself before the charitable genius of Christianity and the triumphs of the Church, whose pious child he is.”

Then, referring to his *Civilisation chez les Francs*, he continues :

“ Without departing from the truth, Ozanam employs all the charms of his imagination in the recital of the apostolical conquests of the grand servants of Catholicism, who go forth to the pacific subjugation of barbarian nations; at the same time, arrived at an epoch when ancient Rome is fallen, when paganism is no longer dangerous, he generously lays aside all hatred in presence of a vanquished foe, and treats him with a courtesy which itself springs from charity. He even takes pleasure in bringing out the classical and literary side of SS. Columban and Boniface; side but little known in the heroic lives of these pious apostles, and which had never been set in relief by hagiologists or philosophers, but which nevertheless

imparts a naïve charm to their austere physiognomies, by, as it were, introducing into them a smile and a grace without disparaging their virtues. St. Columban is not the less the intrepid Bridene of the court of Brunehart, the destroyer of the last idols of Germany, the founder of a vast number of monasteries, because he has written, for amusement's sake, a letter in adonic verse; wherein he prays his friend not to despise 'these little verses, these short strains, in which Sappho, the great Lesbian muse, used to cast her melodious notes; and because,' he says, indulging in the innocent pleasure of mythological allusions thenceforward without danger, 'the shower of gold has penetrated into the tower of Danæ: for a collar of gold, Amphiaras was sold by a treacherous spouse.' St. Boniface ended the life of a missionary by a martyr's death. He did not cease to be austere, because he received with kindness the verses which, from the recesses of a cloister, his relative St. Lieba addressed to him; or because he answered her in a poem composed of twelve enigmas, which he accompanied with this graceful message: 'I wished to send to my sister ten apples of gold, plucked from the tree of life, where they hung among the blossoms.' The poem of Boniface, it is true, ran upon the virtues; but, then, what language does justice use?—'They say that the thunders of Jove gave me birth; and that, being a virgin, I quitted the profane earth on account of its crimes. The day that I was despised, a swarm of evils flung themselves upon the people; they threw down, without repenting of it, the precepts of the veritable Master of thunder, the laws of Christ. See why they go down sadly into the night of Erebus, and proceed to inhabit with wailing the flaming realms of Pluto.' One sees that, like the fathers of the Church, the missionaries of the eighth century were far from being severe towards classical studies,—a fact that should be taken into consideration in the nineteenth century,—and how foreign any such severity was to Ozanam himself! He who speaks of 'the sequence of letters' as no less useful to study than the sequence of empires by Bossuet, found, in his rigorous orthodoxy, no anathemas against the great works of antiquity. On the contrary, he saw in these great works a secondary instrument of God for the education of the human race, of which Christianity was the Divine complement. . . . As I have said, the *Etudes germaniques* were intended to make part of a great whole, destined to fill up a chasm in the history of the human mind, and to connect antiquity and modern times—by showing that, under the influence of Christianity, ancient civilisation had not only been never interrupted, but had received a new and fruitful principle, which, along ages of the greatest barbarism, had propagated itself up to the thirteenth century, the *apogée* of the middle ages. This work, one in thought, but composed of several pieces not having the same form, should be called 'History of Civilisation in Barbarous Ages.'\*"

Of this whole, the work to which we have proposed call-

ing attention in the present instance would form the first part; the two works on France and Germany would form a continuation, unhappily never completed; while the work on Dante would be a kind of colophon, giving finish and consistency to the entire series. Smaller works, like his *Franciscan Poets in Italy in the Thirteenth Century*, are so many decorations and embellishments. It is exactly the plan which our own Wordsworth sketched out as affording a key to the consecutiveness and interdependence of his own poems,—the Gothic edifice, with cloisters, aisles, transepts, side-chapels, triforia, porches, crypts, as so many harmonious embellishments or after-thoughts.

We are aware of no study that has been attended with more eminently successful results than this one of the course and progress of civilisation. Already has it uprooted a heap of ignorant prejudices in the public mind, and disseminated kindlier feelings in favour of the Catholic Church. It is seen how much of modern civilisation is due to her strong remonstrances addressed to the emperors of Rome and of Constantinople; to her assertions and triumphant vindications of the prerogatives of moral over brute force during the first inroads of the barbarians; to the counterpoise which she erected against the iron grasp of feudalism; and to the undaunted front which she has opposed in all ages to kings and princes in their licentious excesses or cruel tyranny. It is seen that she sowed the seed of almost every moral advancement, almost every amelioration in the social or domestic scale, of which we are reaping the advantages in the present day. It is seen that she preached peace and promoted it; encouraged the arts while she Christianised them; not only guarded literature, but resuscitated it, as soon as time would permit. Dr. Gieseler is obliged to admit the wholesome changes that were made in the imperial code, owing to representations from the bishops, for the protection of women and children, for the better treatment of slaves and prisoners, for the punishment of vice, and for more humane measures generally. Mr. Hallam is constrained to admit that religion alone made a bridge over the chaos of barbarism, uniting the two periods of ancient and modern civilisation; while M. Guizot exclaims loudly that it was the Christian Church, and not merely Christianity, that did all this; for, to use his own words, "had Christianity been no more than a belief, a sentiment, an individual conviction, we may believe that it would have sunk amidst the dissolution of the Empire and the invasion of the barbarians." It is not fifty years since this study commenced, and we already see the fruits of it in every new

history that is published. Every new writer on medieval history is more liberal than his predecessor. Nobody now talks or writes about the dark ages as they used to do; justice is beginning to be done even to the monks and schoolmen, while medieval arts and architecture have become a positive fashion. It was writing a history of civilisation that converted F. Schlegel; it was writing the history of the thirteenth century, or rather the life of Innocent III., that converted Hurter; it was writing the history of civilisation generally, and of the Franks in particular, that has almost made a Catholic of that profound statesman and politician, M. Guizot. What a theme, therefore, for one so devoted to the profession and practice of his religion as F. Ozanam! With him head and heart go hand in hand; his piety deepens his eloquence, and his eloquence commends his piety in guise the most attractive. Thence arises a moral force which is perceptible in every page that he writes; the weight of the whole man is thrown into the cause; his argumentation is not merely that of the reasoning faculty, it is a power transcending and altogether independent of the syllogism. It is in this respect that Ozanam appears in striking contrast to M. Guizot. In philosophy, in erudition, M. Guizot is beyond all question his superior; in eloquence and fertility of topic, they diverge in two opposite directions; in Ozanam, imagination transports him into the poetry of his subject; in M. Guizot, intellect erects a vast system of philosophy from historical facts. But Ozanam thinks and speaks with the fervid conviction of a man who feels what he says; M. Guizot looks on, not indeed with the cold indifference of a bare spectator, but with the lofty impartiality of a judge who is summing up all that can be said on both sides.

With regard to the subject itself, it is one that presents an aspect altogether peculiar. The history of the civilisation of the last 2000 years differs essentially from the histories of all former civilisation. Each of its other great epochs may be described as a progress westwards, with a retrospect eastwards. The cradle of civilisation lay in the east; and each new development, as it arose, referred itself instinctively to the land of its original birthplace. Persia looked back to Assyria; Greece to Persia; pagan Rome to Greece. In the history of civilisation of the last 2000 years, there was no looking back at all; Christianity took possession of the ancient seat of empire; and from thence, as from a centre, germinated a succession of rays that shot forth eastwards and westwards, and northwards and southwards. The east received back again all that she had ever given, and some-

thing more; the west reaped a harvest, in all essential respects, of her own sowing. Europe was not civilised from Constantinople, as pagan Rome was from Athens. All the most important, most characteristic, elements of her civilisation were of native origin—native, not because there was any thing in the national character of the European family which raised them above their predecessors in the annals of mankind, but native because the old stock had been resuscitated by a supernatural graft, whose intrinsic energy infused new life into both root and branch.

Such, then, in a few words, was the civilisation of which Ozanam treats, unique to the extent just noticed in the world's history. We regret that we have neither time nor space for copious extracts from his very valuable work. The decadence of paganism, its law, literature, poetry, traditional usages,—all these are details of the highest interest; and he has pursued them to their utmost limits without ever failing to notice any thing that might be said in their praise: they are the jewels of gold and silver which Israel was able to borrow from the Egyptians. He enters copiously into the particulars of this appropriation. He shows how far Christian literature and philosophy may be said with reason to have drawn from supplies external to themselves, while their own fountain-head is traced to a higher and altogether independent source. Christian theology stands forth in all its sublimity as the basis of the new system; on it the foundations of society are relaid; from it every art and science that adorn man derive supernatural inspiration and new impulse; the superstructure that results therefrom is far the noblest and most humanised that has ever been witnessed upon earth. It is only necessary to contrast it in all its details with the various systems that had preceded it, to be convinced of its immense superiority over them all, and to be made to confess its intrinsic merits. Every where it is found to have advanced the cause of humanity, and to have raised and purified the tone of the mind of society, and of our domestic relations. The barriers of caste have been broken down; kings and potentates have been reminded of their responsibility to a superior Power, though invisible; the arts of peace have been invested with honorary distinction over the arts of war; the meanest slave has been shown entitled to a full participation in the rights of humanity, till the chains that bound him were allowed to fall off gradually by universal consent.

"Seneca," writes Ozanam,\* "had in some sense ventured to propound the rash view, that slaves might well be men like ourselves.

\* Vol. ii. p. 49.

He nevertheless possessed 20,000 slaves himself; and it is nowhere recorded that his stoicism led him to emancipate one of them. It was in effect a received proverb to say, that Jupiter took away one half of their intelligence from all those from whom he took away liberty. The slaves themselves were persuaded of its truth; they believed themselves doomed to this eternal condemnation, under the weight of which they perceived themselves crushed and bowed; and from thence arose those bursts of passion and gross shamelessness to which they abandoned themselves, as we perceive, above all, in those scenes with which Latin comedy abounds."

Christianity put forth principles immediately antagonistic to this unnatural degradation of human beings; and, having done so, left them to work their own way by the silent force of truth and logical inference. Both oppressors and oppressed required to have their eyes opened to the real facts of the case.

"It was, in a word, for this reason that Christ had begun by taking upon Him the form of a slave and dying upon the cross. Every man, after His example, by the fact of becoming a Christian, became a voluntary slave: 'He that is called free is the servant of Christ.'"

There was another spectacle that was more convincing still:

"All those who died martyrs, died veritably and legally slaves—'servants of punishment.' Thus, from the first, the chain of the slave, already bathed in the blood of Calvary, was purified, was consecrated anew in the blood of the martyrs; the slaves themselves came to steep their irons there, to dispute with their Christian masters the honour of dying for the immortal inviolability of the conscience. Among the bands of martyrs who braved punishment during the first ages, were always some slaves who represented that fallen and accursed portion of the human race. At Lyons, it was St. Blandina; in Africa, St. Felicitas; St. Potameana of Alexandria, when summoned by the judge to submit to the empassional desires of her master: 'May it never please God,' she exclaimed, 'that I should find a judge so iniquitous as to compel me to obey the licentious appetites of my master.'"

Silently but surely was society leavened by these illustrations of the first principles of Christianity; nor was it all at once that their full application was suggested to minds the most advanced. A touching instance of this is mentioned in a subsequent page (53).

"S. Paulinas, in a letter, in which he thanks Sulpitius Severus for a young slave just received, is overwhelmed at the thoughts of having accepted the services of this young man, in whom he recognised a great soul. 'He has been my slave, then; he has served me, I say, and woe is me that I have permitted it. He who never served

sin has been servant of a sinner. And I, wretch that I am, have allowed myself to be waited on by a servant of justice. Every day he washed my feet, and, had I permitted him, he would have cleaned my shoes, eager to perform every servitude of the body, jealous of the empire of his soul. Ah, it is Jesus Christ that I venerate in this young man; for every faithful soul comes from God, and every one humble of heart proceeds from the very heart of Christ!"

On the other hand, St. Chrysostom meets a very obvious objection that some made to their emancipation in a manner that would be warmly applauded, even in this cavilling age. (p. 55.)

"If you acted thus from charity, you would *teach them a trade*, and *then* set them free; and this is just what you take care not to do. I well know," he adds, "that my discourse is burdensome to you; still I know my duty, and will not cease to speak."

On the origin of hospitals for the poor and sick, schools for the youth of all classes, on the elevation of woman to her proper place in society, and on the domestic charms of a Christian fireside, Ozanam is equally minute and eloquent: he shows by what means labour came to be considered honourable; and how every trade that could be lawfully exercised was rescued from the contempt which pagan philosophy had attached to it. He contrasts the manners of the ancients with those of the nascent church.

"Antiquity," says he, "has certainly surpassed us in the monuments which it erected to pleasure . . . . Those men understood far better than we the art of enjoying themselves; it cost them nothing to raise their coliseums, their theatres, their circuses, where spectators to the number of 20,000 could find sitting room; they knew far better the art of enjoyment: but we crush them by the monuments which we have erected to pain and infirmity—by those innumerable *Hôtels-Dieu*, which our fathers have built to the honour of suffering and of weakness." (p. 71.)

We will conclude with a few extracts on the origin of Christian art, for which purpose he makes his reader descend with him into the Catacombs, and on which he dwells with rapture. (p. 266 *et seq.*)

"It is because religions are necessarily symbolic that they become the source and cradle of the arts; all arts have grown up under the shadow of some religion. Nor does this circumstance surprise me; for if man, in order to say, no matter what, is constrained to have recourse to signs, which, precisely because they are material, remain always inferior to his thought, with far more reason ought it to be so when he undertakes to speak to God, of God, of things invisible, of all those infinite conceptions, which intelligence can but scarcely attain to, and only for a moment contemplate—which pass as so

many flashes which it would make permanent, but which have disappeared even before it has been able to compare its imperfect expression with the idea which it was desirous of rendering. It is for this reason that, when man tries to speak of things eternal no sign suffices him or satisfies him: every means is employed, and comes, so to speak, at one and the same time under his hand. But all that the chisel and the brush—all that stones raised one above the other to a height almost inaccessible, almost to heaven, can effect—all that the world of illusion and of harmony, when sustained by song, can produce—all is employed by man; and nothing can serve to content the just exigencies of his spirit when occupied with these great and immortal ideas . . . . . You comprehend that Christian art will have its cradle in the very cradle of the Christian religion—in the Catacombs. It is there that you must descend to see the origin of that poesy which we have searched out in books . . . . . You must represent to yourself the Catacombs as a labyrinth of subterraneous galleries, extending at considerable distances under the 'faubourgs' and 'campagna' of Rome. There have been counted no less than sixty of these Christian cemeteries, and the circumvallations which they form round ancient Rome, according to the popular traditions which the herdsmen of the campagna repeat, extend to the very sea. But, when you descend into these obscure localities, you are even more struck with their depth than with their extent. You enter commonly by the ancient quarries of pouzzolane, which have, beyond doubt, served for the construction of the monuments of Rome, and were the work of the ancients. But, beneath or alongside of these quarries, the Christians themselves have dug, in the granulated tufa, other galleries of a form wholly different, which could serve no longer for the extraction of stone, but only the purpose intended by them. All these galleries descend to a second, third, or fourth story below the surface of the soil; that is to say, to eighty or one hundred feet, or more. They meander in infinite windings, at one time mounting, at another inclining, as it were, to fly the steps of the persecutors involved in them, who were pressing upon the crowd of the faithful, and whose approach has been made known. On the right and on the left, the buttresses of the wall are pierced with oblong horizontal niches, as the shelves of a bookcase—for I can find no comparison more exact; every shelf forms a burial-place serving, according to its depth, for one or more bodies. Once the burial accomplished, they closed the shelf with blocks of marble, with bricks—with every thing that chance put into the hands of those persecuted workmen. At certain distances these long corridors opened upon the chapels where were celebrated the mysteries, and upon the rooms where instruction was given to the catechumens, and where the penitents performed their penance. . . . Try some day, in your youthful pilgrimages, to descend to these vast subterraneous places; and when you re-ascend, tell me whether you have not experienced certain emotions, which none of those mighty works of antiquity, those ruins of the Coliseum, of the Par-

thenon, and of those other edifices that seemed built for immortality, could ever have produced in your soul.

Nor is this all ; these oratories and tombs are covered with paintings, often, doubtless, very rude. . . . In re-ascending, especially to those catacombs which appear to have been scooped out in the earlier ages, you will find a faithful and well-observed tradition of the arts of antiquity ; you find paintings, of which it can be said, without exaggeration, that they have something of the ancient grace, and that they do not as yet evidence that decadence of Roman art, which did not show itself in a definite manner till the second century.

Thus the paintings themselves give evidence of the antiquity of the walls on which they have been traced, and of the doctrines which they express."

We must refer the reader to the work itself for these interesting and gracefully-told details. Till Mr. Northcote's little book on the *Catacombs* came out, there was no better sketch to which the ordinary reader could be referred. It is comparatively a new topic in controversy, and likely to prove a formidable one, if, in its study, the laws of induction and impartial enlightened criticism are not sacrificed to the hasty conclusions of enthusiasm. It is our firm belief that in these days the Catholic cause will be best subserved by the study of facts, by careful examination of the manners and customs of our forefathers : and enumeration of all those benefits which Christianity, in the hands of the Church, has conferred upon society—upon humanity. Theology is no longer the dominant science that it was during the middle ages ; and the authority of the syllogism of Aristotle has received a counterpoise in the inductive method laid down by Bacon. Practical considerations reign in the minds of the men in the nineteenth century ; and the race will be won by those by whom the moral position of our species has been most advanced, and its sufferings and imperfections most alleviated. The Church will take her stand upon her philanthropic tendencies, past and present ; she will plead what she has done and is still doing for fallen man ; she will redouble her works of mercy—pray, not dispute ; minister, not dictate ; insist upon her good deeds, and not her privileges. It will not be long before the tide of public opinion will set in her favour. It is for these reasons that we attach so much practical importance to the works of the late Professor Ozanam, and recommend them to the notice of our Catholic friends so heartily.

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## Short Notices.

### THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

*The Church of the Bible ; or, Scripture Testimonies to Catholic Doctrines and Catholic Principles.* By the Rev. F. Oakeley. (London, Dolman.) This is an excellent book ; the argument which the lecturer handles is in itself so strong, that he can well afford to be liberal, even extravagant, in his generosity to his opponents ; giving them, in every case, credit for the best intentions, allowing their difficulties, not insisting on interpretations which may be controverted, admitting to a certain extent their sophisms ; and yet showing that, after all, the scriptural picture of the society and the religion which our Saviour came to found upon earth is the photograph of the Catholic Church, while all other sects that claim to represent it are wanting, not in one or two, but in very many most important features which the picture contains. Protestants, keeping their eyes on a few texts and forgetting the rest, may consider their caricature of these texts to be the scriptural Church ; but their Church is as imperfect and monstrous as their Bible is mutilated, consisting but of these few texts, all else being repealed or dead. Mr. Oakeley, in developing the whole scriptural idea of the Church, affords a touchstone by which Protestants can test the adequacy of their imitation. Influenced by these considerations, Mr. Oakeley holds the dissemination of the Bible among Protestants to be not only a great fact, which the Catholic would be foolish to ignore, but a providential disposition, which it behoves him to use as such. There are, however, two or three points in the book, which do not detract from its value, but which have somewhat tickled our critical noses. In the first place, every one who is conversant with the announcements of Catholic functions in the papers, must have often noticed the unctuousness of the descriptions of those that take place in St. John's, Islington. The *genius loci* seems to be one that tends to put every body and every thing into surplices and copes, and to administer the simplest rites solemnly and functionally. We cannot, therefore, wonder, that when, in setting forth the scriptural idea of the Church, the lecture in the pulpit of that church commenced with the Cross—that is, the *material, external* sign of the Cross. “The religion of the New Testament,” says he, “is the religion of the Cross ; the religion of the Cross is that whose emblem and sign is the Cross, as the religion of the Crescent is that which sticks the moon above its mosques ; but the religion whose emblem is the Cross is preeminently the Catholic Church ; therefore the Catholic Church is the religion of the New Testament.” There is great common sense and facility of application in this argument. In its simplicity it reminds us of St. Augustine's directions how to find the true Church : “Go into any town where churches and conventicles are numerous, and ask the chance passengers, the common people, which is the Catholic Church ? that is sure to be the Catholic communion, which the common consent of nations calls so ; for though sects may try to assume the name, they can never make the assumption popular.” As simple is Mr. Oakeley's argument. The fault we find with it is this : Protestants accuse us of placing our

religion in externals; that is one of their deepest prejudices against us. Mr. Oakeley's genius has led him, while arguing with Protestants, to put in the first rank an argument which tends to confirm, not to soften or remove, the prejudice. This seems a pity. It is the only lecture which leaves such an impression on the mind; and, for that cause, we think, either the argument should have been differently treated, or the lecture put later. The other observation which these lectures suggest is, that the writer seems to forget that the sinews, muscles, bones, and marrow of our language are its Saxon elements. He is much too prodigal of six-foot words; the music of his periods loses by them, and his style gains not dignity, but darkness, by their use.

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### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

*The Newspaper Press reviewed.* By a Quarterly Reviewer. (London, Dolman.) This pamphlet tells its own tale; written by a (would-be) Quarterly Reviewer for the *Dublin*, it was printed with the types of that periodical: but afterwards, by some *coup-d'état*, eliminated therefrom (not without excellent reason), and at last given to the world by an indignant author, in another shape, and under the auspices of a different publisher. It is dedicated to "the most Eminent person" in England, at whose request it was penned, and contains an account of the London newspapers, ending with the *Weekly Register*, which is characterised as a stupid production; though, we are told at the same time, as it has just got into the hands of a talented literary gentleman, it may be expected soon to take its proper place as the organ of English Catholics. "Own Correspondents" have somehow ferreted out this statement, and have enlightened country readers on the subject, passing off the judgment of the pamphleteer as that of the person to whom the pamphlet is dedicated. Reports have been industriously spread that the *Register* was for sale,—nay, had been sold to a man of talent, who had himself affirmed that he had bought it. It would be curious if the "Own Correspondent," the whisperer of the report, the writer of the pamphlet, and the person who is said to have affirmed that he had bought the paper, should turn out to be one and the same man,—cheapening property which he wished to buy, and at the same time most ingeniously puffing his own powers; a wise trick, worthy of the generation of "talented literary gentlemen," but scarcely worthy of the children of light.

With respect to the report itself, there were features in it that we must say pained us. It is said that statements were made in high quarters, that at last a gentleman was found worthy of the confidence of the Catholic body, and able to conduct the "organ" with satisfaction to all parties. A person was mentioned, against whom we do not utter a word, but who is known to have left his religion in Dublin, and to have joined the most rampant Orange societies, to have spoken and published the most raving blasphemies against the highest mysteries of Christianity; that such a one should repent, we heartily thank God; it is the glory of the Church, that she rejoices with the angels when such a prodigal returns, and saves his soul. But why at once make him an "organ" of the Church? Why rejoice that he should supplant another who now holds that place?

*Edith Mortimer.* By Mrs. Parsons, author of "Thornbury Abbey," &c. (Dolman.) Mrs. Parsons is one of our best writers of Catholic fiction. There is a heartiness and energy about almost every thing that comes from her pen which is quite characteristic, and which has no doubt contributed to make her stories as popular as they deservedly are. She also prefers to exhibit the attractiveness of Catholicism in practice rather than by controversy; and, above all, she has that genuine sympathy with the life of the poor which is often counterfeited by writers of all creeds in the present day, but which is usually a much more theoretical affair than it evidently is with her. *Edith Mortimer*, if not one of her best stories, has some of her best characteristics, while parts of it are excellent. In one sense, it is a thoroughly "religious story;" for though it turns on the ordinary affairs of daily life, and laudably eschews (for the most part) all controversial talk, the practical character of the Catholic religion is incessantly brought before the reader in the conversations and actions of its personages. If any thing, indeed, there is a little too much of this to be altogether true to nature. Her ladies and gentlemen, too, are not equal to her labouring men and women, though they are not without an occasional effective bit of colouring, even when the drawing is not very exact. As a whole, the book is decidedly lively and clever, and will find, as it deserves, many readers.

*The Life of Charlotte Brontë.* By E. C. Gaskell. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) The life of the low-statured, sickly, fragile woman, who, amid the savage sterility of a Yorkshire moor and its rugged population, produced works of such power and finish as *Jane Eyre*, *Shirley*, and *Villette*, must not be passed over in silence. We simply, however, direct the attention of our readers to a biography which would afford ample scope for an extended analysis, were we willing to enter on the career of the wayward spirits that have so rapidly passed away; for in Charlotte Brontë died the last child of a family highly gifted with intellect and endowed with an iron will. That an ill-omened system of training entailed wretched consequences on the minds and bodies of this family is a subject for much pity, and much condemnation also. Mrs. Gaskell, herself a successful novelist, tells her friend's sad story with an affectionate and sympathetic care, but winds up with an appeal from the "critical, unsympathetic public" which does not accept her conclusions, to "that larger and more solemn public" which does. To our ears, this sounds very silly. Mrs. Gaskell and Miss Brontë profess to instruct the world, and must abide the consequences. It is childish to whine about the severity, harshness, or cruelty of strictures which are the test of truth, and moreover are courted by ninety-nine out of every hundred book-makers as an advertisement. If women write as men, they must be judged as men. Like most other "strong-minded" ladies, Mrs. Gaskell does not see that a moody and masculine sentimentalism in urging "women's rights" is as absolutely a conventionality in the clique to which she belongs, as any one of the real or assumed social grievances against which writers of her school wage a relentless warfare.

*Alice Sherwin (Popular Library).* (Burns and Lambert.) This volume is one of a class of which we have hitherto had but too few specimens in our Catholic literature. It is an "historical tale" of the days of Henry VIII., and truly deserves its designation. The author possesses an eminently historical mind, with a rich imagination and a vigorous masculine style. The personages introduced are no mere *automata*, but perform their parts naturally, as if they were acting over again the real drama of their eventful lives. Many of the chapters, indeed, not only have an historical basis, but are a compendious and

striking narrative of actual occurrences: as, for instance, the riot of Evil May-Day, with which the story opens; the trial of Sir Thomas More, his execution, and that of Bishop Fisher; the martyrdom of Father Forrest and the Carthusian monks; the visitation of the nunnery at Godstow by the royal commissioners, &c. The author has succeeded in catching the *idea* of the several facts, and transferring it to the canvas in a manner calculated to give them their full effect, without exaggeration or undue colouring. Many of the quieter scenes, as well as those which are the creation of the author's fancy, are equally well drawn; and the minor incidents, and what may be called the general paraphernalia of the romance, show considerable reading and accuracy of observation. On the whole, the work exhibits powers of description and of idealisation far above the average of ordinary writers of fiction. One merit we may particularise, which is, that the *dramatis personæ* do not tell the reader their dispositions and the motives of their proceedings, but *act* them out before them like living human beings. Of all those, however, who play their part upon the scene, the central figure, and that on which we should say the author has bestowed most pains, is that of Cardinal Wolsey; we do not remember any work which in so few touches gives a better or more exact description of his appearance and character; and we believe the conception formed by the writer of that great but worldly prelate to be the one most strictly in accordance with the truth. As a work of art, the defect of the composition lies in the little comparative connection which the actors in the story, or the movement of the story itself, have with many of the celebrated persons and events with which a large proportion of the book is occupied; yet the tale is well executed, and is sufficiently full of adventure to keep alive the interest of a reader who looks for entertainment as well as for a graphic representation of the times. Still, it is rather as a series of historical episodes, or separate paintings, than as a continuous and compactly-constructed story, that we are disposed to award the volume a large amount of praise. As a picture of a most miserable but ever-memorable epoch in the annals of our Church and country, the work is worth to the multitude more than many volumes of history, properly so called; for it gives the pith of the whole matter, in a form and style which must leave a deep and lasting, and, what is of infinitely more consequence, true, impression on the mind. There is also an historical inaccuracy of some importance, which ought to be corrected in any subsequent editions. The writer speaks of the conduct of "the Dominicans," with respect to apostasy from the Holy See, in a manner quite contrary to the facts of the case, and unjustly identifies the whole English province, at least by implication, with the acts of a few individuals,—possibly even only one or two. We do not ask, of course, for absolutely faultless historical accuracy in books of fiction, but this is too serious an error to be overlooked.

*Music, the Voice of Harmony in Creation.* Selected and arranged by Mary Jane Estcourt. (Longmans.) The exact meaning of the title of this volume is a puzzle to us. Not so its contents, which are a series of extracts from writers of all classes and schools, chiefly in verse, who have written the praises of music. It is as pleasant a "lounging book" as we have met with for a long time. We recommend it to our readers as a very agreeable companion for the present summer time.

# THE RAMBLER.

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## THE FRENCH EMPEROR.

WE have never been either vehement partisans or vehement enemies of the Emperor Napoleon III.; and it is therefore with no personal feelings either of disappointment or exultation that we have watched the signs by which his true character has now for some years been unfolding itself, and which the recent French elections induce us briefly to review. Not that any reflecting person can contemplate his career with an interest any thing less than profound. The peace of Europe depends in so large a degree on the stability of the imperial *régime*, that we contemplate the proceedings of the French government with feelings akin to those with which we should watch the habits of the owner of a firework-manufactory carried on next door to our own house. Moreover, the Emperor himself has personally deserved so well of the English nation, that from mere good-will an Englishman can hardly help viewing his system of government with a more than common amount of anxiety.

Viewing his career, therefore, at once with the deepest interest, and without any special personal feelings of disappointment or gratification, we cannot help entertaining an increasing conviction that the Emperor Napoleon is not destined to fulfil the hopes which were formed regarding him, as the saviour of the French nation. Year after year goes on, and furnishes fresh signs of his deliberate adoption of a system, which, in our eyes at least, is far from calculated to rescue France permanently from her perils, or to impart to her those elements of prosperity without which neither can the Napoleonic dynasty survive, nor the empire remain in internal peace. The truth, and a most unwelcome one it

is, is forced upon us, that the present ruler of France is a brilliant despot, but not a great statesman nor the regenerator of a people.

When Louis Napoleon first mounted his throne, his course for a few months was clear to every man, of however ordinary a capacity. There could be no doubt what ought to be the new sovereign's first object; the only question was, how to attain it. That object was simply the enforcement of order; order absolute and supreme. Whatever was to be the future of France, her instant necessity was repose; at whatever cost, and by whatever means, revolutionism must be crushed. Whether by the force of arms; or by the abolition of every thing like parliamentary independence; or by the gagging of the press; or by the exile of dangerous men, however personally eminent or respectable; internal tranquillity must be first secured. The new emperor adopted all these means, with more or less severity of detail. He did his work perhaps as quietly, and with as little offence to individuals, as was possible. He grasped France with the iron hand; but he put on something very like the velvet glove, which it was said that his uncle did not always remember to put on when he seized the French people in his gripe.

Another, and a very difficult duty which lay before him, he also accomplished with irreproachable power and self-control. He cultivated the English alliance. He had the good sense to value the furious onslaughts of the English newspapers at their proper value. He simply overlooked them. He neither struck at our pride nor irritated our vanity; and the result followed, that, when he visited our country, he was met with a reception such as perhaps had never before been accorded to a foreign sovereign. The consequences were immeasurably beneficial to himself as the restorer of his dynasty. He was saved from the necessity of throwing himself into the hands of Russia; he shared with us half the difficulties of the late war, and obtained the lion's share of the glory: and he was in a position to put an end to the campaign just at the moment when it was of paramount importance to France to back out of the struggle, while this country was more ready than ever to continue it. Thus, by one tacking of his vessel, he took the wind out of the sails of his enemy, Russia, and of his friend and rival, Great Britain. Few new sovereigns have been favoured by fortune with such opportunities for consolidating their power and magnifying their reputation.

The Russian war was, however, but an episode in the emperor's history as the sovereign of a people still palpitat-

ing with the effects of seventy years of revolutions. So soon as tranquillity was established in France, and a "constitution" inaugurated calculated to ensure administrative quiet, whatever else might be its functions and deficiencies, came the time for remedying the national revolutionary disease, by attacking it in its causes. The external paroxysms were stopped by the obvious expedient of clapping the patient into a strait-waistcoat; what, then, was to be done to give sanity to the brain, and a healthy action to all the organs of the body?

Two courses lay open to Louis Napoleon: he might either trust to the mere effect of continued tranquillity, obtained at however terrible a cost, but accompanied with material wealth and prosperity; or he might seek to influence the *mind* of the French nation, in its various ranks, in such a way as at once to conciliate its friendship towards his system, and to cure it of its characteristic faults. The former system would necessarily be accompanied by the adoption of various devices for gratifying the caprices and passions of the more formidable and reckless portions of the people: the latter would require the gradual erection of national institutions of a kind to last by their own nature, and to work themselves by the very laws of their construction. The former is the system of the despot, the latter is the system of the statesman.

Unhappily for France and for the world, the French emperor has chosen the former, and rejected the latter system. Nor even in the method of governing which he has adopted, has he displayed any thing like the qualities of a mind of the highest and most prophetic order. Material prosperity is, of course, the one grand object of the legislation and administration of the intelligent despot. But it is very possible to force on a period of apparent national wealth at a cost and by means which, if not absolutely ruinous to the permanent prosperity of a people, are yet of a most perilous kind, and which tend directly to the deterioration of the national character. It is far easier, but it is far more dangerous, to govern a nation through its passions and infirmities, than by a sound and vigorous regimen which shall issue in a state of enduring health and manhood. There is nothing like an unlimited allowance of sugar-plums in a nursery, or of holidays and pocket-money in a school, for keeping children and boys quiet, and making yourself a popular nurse or schoolmaster for a few weeks; and of all nations in Europe there is no people whose foibles and whose inclinations are so manifest to the observer, and so easy to administer to by any government that happens to be holding the reins of power, as the

French people. They may be a most difficult people to discipline and to educate for better things, but they are the easiest in the world to quiet and to keep amused for a time, when once your troops are sufficiently numerous, and your exchequer has a balance at your command. The very facility of disposition with which they plunge into revolution leads them with habitual ease into all sorts of passionate or volatile excitement. The very recklessness with which they scorn the notion of law and authority, as such, and apart from the personal qualities of those who are the holders of office, disposes them to submit with the readiness of the lower animals to any power which is strong enough to put a bit in their mouth and a saddle upon their back.

No wonder, then, that Louis Napoleon was tempted to forget the dictates of sound policy, however clearly he understood them himself, and to sacrifice every thing to present quiet and a freedom of unlimited personal indulgence for his own tastes and pursuits. When he mounted the throne, he found existing in France sundry elements of national weakness and disaster in full operation. Of these the most important were: a tenure of land fatal to the extension of agriculture, accompanied with an urgent necessity for that extension; a debasement of the aristocratical class, very much the result of that same vicious territorial system; a morbid tendency to money speculation and gambling; a deep-seated prejudice against free-trade, of a specially suicidal influence in a country like France; an exaggerated fondness for military shows, and for external displays of all sorts and kinds; a deficiency in moral courage even in persons conspicuous for personal bravery, and that want of self-respect which is invariably the attendant of want of respect for others in the carrying on of public affairs; a vehement desire for the expression of thought and feeling through the medium of the periodical press, with a very faint sense of the responsibilities which attach to such expression; and crowning all, a general forgetfulness of the rights of law and authority, as such, an eager spirit of place-hunting and official immorality, with a habit either of opposing all government, or of trusting every thing to official energy and resources. Added to these elements of difficulty, there was the fact, that the intellect and moral strength of nearly all France was in no degree connected with the new *régime*,—either standing aloof from it, or regarding it with suspicion, disgust, or hatred. The new emperor stood alone among his countrymen. He had a few friends, but in the nation they were nobodies, and a host of satellites, who in the nation were worse than nobodies. The

intelligent *mind* of France, with few exceptions, held itself apart. It accepted his rule, as a refuge from anarchy; but it lent him no helping hand. It suspected him, or it abhorred him, or at best it knew nothing about him. Literature, science, and statesmanship united for once with the prejudices of the legitimists and the *hauteur* of the aristocracy, to show to the new emperor that there was no connection between him and them; and that as he had raised himself on his own claims alone, he must prove himself something more than the nephew of his uncle before he could claim to represent whatever was great, noble, and honourable in the French people.

Such were the gigantic social and political evils which the new sovereign found existing in the people whom he undertook to govern, and to govern well, and moreover to secure from future revolutions. What, then, has he actually done, or attempted to do, by way of radical cure for these elements of anarchy and decay? Literally nothing, or little better than nothing. If he has here and there slightly diminished the action of some perilous habit, in other points he has systematically fostered the causes of national disease; so that, except in the two points of tranquillity and a partial increase in the distinct religious sentiment, the French people, as an aggregate of living men and women, are perhaps in a less vigorous and healthy condition than when they submitted again to the Napoleon rule.

Take, first, the all-important subject of the tenure of land and property generally. The French law on the subject of the testamentary disposition of possessions is such, that the creation or continued existence of any thing approaching to large territorial property is practically out of the question. The French system is the extreme opposite of our own. The land of France, as a whole, is in the hands of petty proprietors, often descending to the level of mere peasantry. The result of this system is twofold: agriculture is kept in its infancy; and the existence of a class of gentry and aristocracy, whose position and power throughout the empire would check the frightful power and fierce red republicanism of the towns, is simply impossible. The calculations recently published in the valuable work of Latour Lavigne, the gentleman sent over by the emperor himself to inquire into the condition of British agriculture, show, that with all the advantages of the French climate, their agricultural knowledge is so defective, that it takes about three times as much land to keep a sheep in France as it does in this country. Similar disadvantages, of course, affect the produce of grain-crops.

Now the merest tyro in agricultural matters is aware that farming cannot improve, in countries like England and France, except through the increase of live-stock; in the next place, that the multiplication of live-stock requires an outlay of capital which is totally out of the reach of such small proprietors as the general class of landowners in France. Consequently, in spite of all the artificial machinery of agricultural shows in Paris, nothing national, nothing practical, is done or can be done, so long as it is impossible for large capitalists to expend their wealth upon farming.

To meet this enormous evil—this fruitful source of revolutions and decay—the emperor has done nothing but send a commissioner to England, and get up a few shows to amuse the *dilettanti* in cattle and sheep. He has not so much as laid his finger on the evil which is at the root of the whole. His courage, so much vaunted, evaporates the moment it is a question of affronting the peasantry, who believe in him as the incarnation of all wisdom and all glory. He has contented himself with the ignorant adulation of a multitude, by which he personally keeps his throne, though at the cost of fostering a diseased condition of the whole nation of France. A patriot, a statesman, whose object was the good of his country, would have aimed instantly at the gradual counteraction of that deadly system which was first consolidated by Louis XIV., and whose foundations were laid deeper than ever by the revolution of the last century. France can never be permanently and healthily rich and peaceful but by the vigorous development of her natural resources on sound principles of political economy, and by the creation of that manly, self-respecting, conservative element in her society, which can never exist where there can be no such thing as a territorial aristocracy and gentry. Had the emperor been a patriot, instead of dreading the erection of a class of men like the English gentry and aristocracy, among whom he would have moved as *primus inter pares*, and not like an oriental despot amidst a herd of courtiers, he would have bent his whole energies to objects very different from the pampering the passions of greedy stockjobbers and daring speculators.

This latter class, on the contrary, he has at once used as his instruments, and aided in their rashness. Probably since the days of Law and the celebrated South-Sea Bubble, the spirit of commercial gambling has never been so rife in France as it is at this moment. It has always been a weak point in the French character; and corresponds, in civil life, to that dash and brilliancy which Frenchmen display in war, and where dash and brilliancy are often as completely in place as

they are out of place in matters of trade and commerce. Paris is now the very paradise of stockjobbers and schemers; and, unhappily for the emperor and for France, they not only rule in their natural haunts, but they hold a place in the councils of the nation and in the court of the sovereign, where their pernicious habits will produce, and are producing, results the most demoralising and perilous.

These men, too, aid the emperor in his unfortunate taste for extravagance of display in externals; an extravagance which will go far to neutralise the undoubted development of French trade which has taken place during the present *ré-gime*. It is one of the various points in which the emperor is unlike his uncle, that his taste is destitute of simplicity, and that his personal habits are of that luxurious and costly kind which rapidly degenerates into the simply vulgar, and too readily falls in with the national fondness for sacrificing the permanent and the useful to the temporary and the showy. The habits of Napoleon's court, his theatrical imitations of the sham sports and hunting parties of the *grand monarque*—a piece of trifling which is surprising in a man who has hunted at Melton, and really can ride across a country (especially when it is remembered who and what this herd of courtiers are)—is a sign of a hollow and vicious system, for which no present tranquillity can permanently compensate. It betrays a want of true moral and intellectual greatness in him who is the author of the whole, and must make every enlightened and patriotic man tremble for his country's future.

A similar indolent unwillingness to provide for a real future prosperity at the cost of present trouble, is to be seen in the emperor's conduct on the free-trade question. No one perceives more clearly than himself the necessity of the introduction of a free-trade policy, if France is to develop her own capabilities, and attain a healthy and self-sustaining commercial and manufacturing existence. The resources of her soil and climate are great; but the prejudices of many of her people are vehement in proportion to their ignorance. The same petty jealousy which once ruled in England, under the name of protection, is still dominant in France. Few of her staple productions are in a sound condition; the rest being, for the most part, either hampered by restrictions or forced by government nursing. The wine-trade has no fair chance in the markets of Great Britain, while all France is compelled to buy bad sugar at a high price, in order to keep up the beetroot interest; a pet scheme created by the first Napoleon, against all sound notions of economy, but necessi-

tated by his blind opposition to English interests. And so in other details. France suffers from the influence of a system utterly exploded by wise economists, and by none more cordially than by Napoleon himself. Yet he will not risk the loss of a breath of popular applause, or take any efficiently practical means for opening the eyes of the people to their own true interests. Boundless energy can be devoted to the getting up of spectacles for the mob, or for despatching troops to the seat of war, or for annihilating the freedom of a press which only whispers discontent; but at the first symptoms of dissatisfaction shown by a commercial clique, the imperial nibblings at free-trade are stopped, and no single measure of any kind is adopted to ensure the gradual formation of wiser opinions in the nation. Like an ill-managed nursery, full of naughty children, the French people are to be governed by being alternately silenced and spoilt. To train and educate them for a wise and virtuous life of their own, is a task too troublesome to be ever contemplated.

Paris, however, say the emperor's admirers, is becoming a gorgeous city of palaces. Were this true, what does it prove? Simply that an immense sum has been raised by taxation, and spent on bricks and mortar, while the condition of the people and the institutions of the country are left exactly where they were. By what abuse of language can we apply the term "statesmanship" to a scheme which merely keeps the republicans quiet by employing them to build buildings for the rich, and forcing other people to pay for them? This may be a very useful expedient for staving-off revolutions for a year or two; but it only does so by paving the way to future convulsions when these palliations can be no longer administered. Fine buildings ought to be the result of national prosperity and a sound social condition; they cannot create it. On the contrary, when forced forwards by a despotic power, on a rotten basis of economics, they actually hasten the ruin they are intended to prevent. Napoleon III. is finishing the Louvre; what did the commencement of the Louvre, and the other similar architectural splendours of the *ancien régime*, do for its perpetuity or for France? Augustus found old Rome of brick, and left it of marble. Who succeeded Augustus? and how many of the subsequent emperors of Rome died in their beds? We have no faith in the brick-and-mortar regeneration of a people.

The emperor's treatment of the press is a pregnant illustration of the entire spirit of his government. That the French people should prosperously exist without a periodical press and a vigorous and characteristic literature, is an impos-

sibility. It is as essentially a necessity of their civilisation as it is of ours. A Frenchman must express himself and his opinions. Silence is torture to him. To gag him is only to stimulate the latent fires of his mind. He must write and read books and newspapers by the very law of his Gallic temperament. It was, therefore, the obvious duty of the emperor, the moment he was secure on his throne, to recognise the existence of this national desire, and to provide for its healthy and sober exercise. The task might have been difficult; but its difficulties were not insurmountable. The highly cultivated ranks of French intellect are not so destitute of men of honour, sense, and self-command, as to be unable to supply an ample list of writers, who, if treated in a friendly and respectful spirit, and allowed a fair amount of liberty, would have discussed public affairs with a freedom which would have satisfied the nation without endangering the safety of the imperial *régime*. No doubt they would have said, at times, many things distasteful to the imperial palate, and even odious to the flatterers of the imperial court. They might even, at times, have created some degree of real embarrassment, though temporary, to the executive government. But would it not have been better to have endured all this, even incessantly, than to place the iron heel of a despotic police upon the mouth of a whole nation? to silence, with the same relentless rigour, the representative of constitutional order and of bloodthirsty anarchy; the adherents of an exiled royal family and the perpetrators of socialism and assassination; the defenders of ecclesiastical liberty and the votaries of immoral and antichristian license? It is the policy of the despot, and not of the statesman, absolutely to forbid all free criticism of his proceedings. And to suppose that a sovereign can conciliate the permanent attachment of the French people, of all people in the world, by stifling their voices the moment they attempt to say what they think of him, is a policy nothing short of suicidal. That the emperor is personally responsible for this determined and systematic repression of any thing approaching to free criticism, we very much doubt. It is the work, practically, of the sycophants and jealous officials who rule France in his name. He is too luxurious and pleasure-loving a man to give himself habitually to the *business* of governing, however stedfastly he may work when spurred by novelty or excitement, or forced onwards by the necessities of a crisis. He looks upon himself far too much as the child and the favoured instrument of destiny to be given to trouble himself overmuch with practical details. Your child of destiny is ever a rather

lazy fellow, who comes out on grand occasions as the *Deus vindex* when the *nodus* is sufficiently worthy of the apparition. But so it ever is with despots. The mischiefs perpetrated in their name and by their authority, by unprincipled officials, are far worse than any thing they would personally sanction, if they would take the trouble to look into every important affair for themselves.

As a natural accompaniment of this rigorous system of repression, the emperor has made no attempts towards conciliating the esteem and good-will of any section of Frenchmen respectable for their capacity or their character, with one solitary exception. Every thing that is noble in France, every thing that is intellectual, every thing which has *nothing personally to get* by subserving the present dynasty, stands aloof from the imperial presence, and finds itself more hopelessly alienated every year that passes. That a man with the emperor's antecedents, suddenly elevated to be master of France, should find all that is best and greatest in French statesmanship, literature, and society, eager to open its arms to him the moment he appeared on the scene, was out of the question. He could not be viewed with any feelings but those of doubt and anxiety, even by persons most willing to hope all things, and most eager to support any government which promised peace to France. Had the first minds in the nation thrown themselves into his arms without waiting to see what kind of a man he would prove himself, they would but have shown their own shallowness or worthlessness. So far from having a right to expect a better welcome than he received, Louis Napoleon was met with a more friendly reception than he had any right to look for. Nothing was known of him by the world in general to make thoughtful Frenchmen otherwise than suspicious. His past private history had nothing about it to conciliate confidence and respect towards his character, whatever might be the opinion of his capacity which had been formed by his personal intimates.

Knowing this, therefore, had he possessed the elements of true patriotic greatness, or true personal greatness, the new emperor, the moment he had shown France that he could insure her a temporary repose, would have devoted himself to the great work of conciliating all that was best and noblest in the French nation. Not that he ought to have truckled to them, or attempted to purchase them, or to soothe their irritation by flattering their vanity, or merging differences of principle and feeling; these baser methods would rather have served to strengthen their dislike than to conciliate their regard. His policy ought to have been to allow them all pos-

sible liberty, based on an appeal to their candour and forbearance, and on a manifest respect for their rights and feelings. He ought to have sought to attach them to himself through their virtues; and not to silence their opposition by showing them that he was in possession of irresistible power to crush them.

Yet what an unworthy exhibition of petty despotism has the policy of the imperial government too often displayed. Take its conduct towards two such distinguished Frenchmen, of different parties and different creeds, as Montalembert and Guizot; men of all others whom Napoleon ought to have made his friends, and whom he *could not* make his slaves. Here, in these recent elections, we have witnessed the government literally devoting itself to prevent the election of Montalembert to the Chamber, after "warning" the *Correspondant*, the organ of Montalembert and other illustrious Frenchmen, and the only French periodical which dares to remark on the dominant imperialism in a spirit of free, legitimate, and religious criticism. We are far from upholding the entire policy of the party whom Montalembert represents, and we think he himself occasionally commits a serious error; but when we see a man like him, unquestionably one of the first and most incorruptible of French statesmen, thrust out of the "representative" body, to make way for some flunkey of prosperous imperialism, we can only recognise in the conduct of the ruling power a token of its inherent weakness, and a sign of its utter want of self-respect and nobleness of character.

If it is charitably supposed that this last piece of spite does not proceed directly from the emperor, what shall be said in defence of the speech he made himself within the last twelvemonth, in which he condescended to send his card to M. Thiers, and at the same time administered a slap in the face to M. Guizot? Only conceive a royal speech in this country, in which the queen should pay off a powerful peer for not coming to court, or for criticising her government, by quoting with approbation a sentence from the writings of some political adversary, notorious alike for his brilliancy and his low standard of political morals. M. Thiers, indeed, we are glad to see, has made no sign of recognition of the imperial compliment, so palpably and grossly flattering; and we cannot help discerning in his silence and continued alienation a proof that he, at any rate, has little confidence in the stability of the present *régime*. M. Thiers, with all the dubious character of his political *morale*, enjoys a status as a statesman which exceeds that of all the imperial officials combined; and we can imagine that the emperor would be only too glad

to purchase his support at a high price. But either the bidding has been too public, or the purchaser is not accounted sufficiently solvent, to tempt the brilliant orator from his retirement; and the emperor has had the mortification of knowing that he has gone out of his way to affront one of the most venerable, and has failed to purchase one of the most purchasable, of all French statesmen. In the mean time, the French Academy has just now afresh signalised its disgust at the imperial ostracising of literary and political greatness, by electing M. de Montalembert, and M. de Falloux, his friend and associate, to two of its most distinguished offices.

The one solitary exception to this system of alienating all that is best in France is found in the civilities which the emperor has shown to the clergy in a few public acts of respect for religion, and in his sending an army to Rome to keep the Pope from being dethroned by his own subjects. All this is so far good and praiseworthy, and we would be the last persons to diminish the claims which the emperor has upon our respect or gratitude in these respects; but we cannot help noting two particular points, which serve materially to qualify any ideas we might entertain as to the excellence of the motives which have prompted a line of conduct so little in harmony with the rest of his proceedings. The first is the awkward fact, that until he married and settled down into domestic respectability, he was not giving many reasons for supposing that he was the kind of man to care much about religion as religion. We know well the inconsistencies of poor human nature in this respect, and that a man's faith may at times be sufficiently sincere to make him promote the interests of religion from motives in themselves good, and yet be not a little inoperative in other respects. When, however, a public personage holds out his hand to the ecclesiastical authorities, and in various ways fosters the improvement of public morals, it is but natural that people should scan his motives pretty closely, and ask who and what is this new reformer.

In the second place, it was clearly essential to the emperor's success that he should make friends of the parochial clergy throughout France. His chief support lies in the masses of the population scattered throughout the country at large. This population is eminently poor, and therefore is naturally led in its politics by the local clergy. Wherever there is universal suffrage among a peasantry, an immense influence is necessarily exercised by landed proprietors in a country situated like England, or by the Catholic clergy in a country situated like France. To suppose that the vast herds

of field-labourers in France or England can act upon any political opinions which are discountenanced by the priesthood or the landlords, except in cases of agitation amounting to actual revolution, is absurd. It was therefore absolutely necessary that a Buonaparte should make the French clergy his friends. Without any undue exercise of spiritual influence, they would naturally either immensely strengthen or diminish his reputation among the voters, and at all costs must be conciliated. We confess, therefore, that in the absence of all proof tending in another direction, we cannot see in the emperor's support of the Church any thing more than the policy of a ruler whose one great end was the consolidation of his own personal power.

As to the improvement which in certain respects has taken place in French morals and religion, it in no way militates against the views of the imperial policy which we have expressed. It is owing to the direct action of the religious principle, as enforced by the example and teaching of a zealous clergy and of that portion of the French laity which is sincerely Christian. Whatever may be the personal character of the emperor and empress, and whatever the "homage," to use the characteristic French term, paid to the "ministers of religion" on fitting occasions, it would be too foolish to speak of the general *entourage* of the court as breathing an atmosphere of any thing that is great, whether in the way of morals, intellect, literature, science, or good taste. The outrageous extravagance in dress which has characterised the imperial court, is a sufficient indication, in modern times, of the class of persons who hold official sway, and attempt to give the tone to fashionable society under the auspices of the sovereign. Whatever be the cause, and to whomsoever the blame is to be attributed, the fact is fearfully clear, that the present ruler of France is surrounded by men and women, among whom are to be found few of those who constitute the real, permanent strength and greatness of the upper classes of national society.

Such, we fear, is the present position of the Buonaparte dynasty. It furnishes a sad augury for the future, for it promises no solution of the problems which have agitated the French people for so long a period. The French *mind* is more destitute of self-controlling and disciplined organisation than ever. If the emperor were now to die, France would be less prepared than ever *to help herself*; and to be able to help herself, is what she so bitterly needs. The emperor is the founder or restorer of a dynasty, in which he is the only man of genuine power of character. Did such a dynastic

founder ever yet leave his authority to his descendants in peace? The first Napoleon sought to strengthen himself by the adherence of all that was vigorous in the French mind which he could attach to his *régime*; but where are the great men now?

Whether the emperor will at length see the necessity for adopting a new policy, it is impossible to foretell. He is one of those men whose character is so exceptional, that it is extremely difficult to guess what he will do in any given emergency. We fear ourselves that he will make no change, unless it be for the worse. Yet the recent elections ought to open his eyes. Nearly one half the votes of Paris given directly against the government candidates in the recent elections, constitute a fact of most ominous significance. Surely, if he chose to inaugurate a more truly national system of ruling France, it is not too late to begin. The mind of France cannot yet have finally determined against him.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THOMAS POUNDES.

[Concluded.]

OUR readers will remember that Poun-  
des had sent to Mr. Tripp the letter which he had addressed to the council, with a request to that versatile gentleman to fulfil the promise he had made by presenting it, and backing the petition it contained. Nothing was farther from the thoughts either of Mr. Tripp, or of his fellow, Mr. Crowley. This respectable preacher had been collated\* to a prebend in St. Paul's Cathedral in 1563; but had been deprived, in 1565, for some cause which history is unwilling to disclose, but which must have been no small scandal, considering the free-and-easy clerical morality of those palmy days of Protestantism. By this time he had retrieved his disgrace by his multifarious and libellous writings, in prose and rhyme, against the religion and persons of Catholics, and had even been preferred to the rectory of St. Giles, Cripplegate. Heylin tells us that he was a great predestinarian, and that he answered the books of the more moderate Protestants with the same impudent scurrility which he employed against Papists. Poun-  
des might have trusted more safely to the honour of a hangman than to that

\* Bliss's Additions to Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.*, sub voce "Crowley."

of these two very Protestant ministers and controversialists, as he soon found. It was on the 8th September that he sent his letter to Mr. Tripp; on the 12th he received the following shuffling answer:

“*S.P. in Domino*.—Mr. Poun-  
des, touching your letter meant  
privately, wherein you require my answer to your six reasons,  
craving some pardon for your pleasant allusion to my name, that is  
not any thing to me; for either I can be contented to let it pass, or  
answer it with the like, if I might be bold to tell you that all your  
six reasons weigh not one pound, as shall appear by that which  
shall be answered. I was not minded (to tell you the truth) to have  
answered them at all, Mr. Crowley undertaking to answer them, and  
having your copy, of whose sufficiency in answering I doubt not.  
And if you mean to continue interchange of reply and answer, it is  
enough to encounter with one, hand to hand. It is said, *Ne Hercules  
quidem contra duos*. I confess myself the weaker of the two, and  
therefore thought to have abstained; but I will yield my answer to  
you at my leisure, howbeit I think you will not think it meet that  
the credit of the best learned on our side should depend upon my  
answer,\* no more than the credit of your whole cause and of the best  
learned on your side on your defence. For it were no reason that  
your learned men should be discredited wholly by your slender  
handling of the cause, or that your cause should wholly quail by  
your default, or ours by mine, except both you and I could bring  
all that the best learned on both parts are able to bring. How-  
beit if your reasons are overweighed, I wish you should in sincerity  
yield, rather than to save your credit to confess an error in yielding  
to the truth. But for this matter the event shall show where truth  
most resteth.

Touching your supplication to the council, I am ready to prefer  
the same; but this I think to be a defect in it, that preferring it  
in the name of all, and avouching it to be done with consent of a  
few, you only subscribe your name. I suppose it were meet that a  
few more should subscribe with you, lest you seem to have done it  
with your own head only. Bethink you whether I advise you well  
or not, and see return it to me again. Fare you well; this 12th of  
September 1850. Yours in the Lord, wishing to you as to myself.  
HENRY TRIPP.”

Poundes was not the man to be taken in by Tripp's hypo-  
crisy; so he returned him the following reply, in which we  
know not whether to admire most the direct incisiveness of  
the arguments, the playfulness of the good-nature, or the  
charity that could command so cheerful and resigned a tem-  
per in the midst of such grotesque and impudent injustice:

“Sir,—I thank you for undertaking to answer me at length,

\* We must remember that Poundes had asked Tripp to send an answer to  
which the learned Protestants could not plead *unprivacy*.

though at your leisure—you pleaded some want of leisure at my first delivery of it. You seem to show some fairness in that you would not have me overcharged with two at once, though your coming in couples at first to confer with every single man alone in his chamber was not so even as your pretence. Moreover, you have robbed yourself of half the glory of your victory in accounting my reasons to be so light and so easy to be overweighed, and yet that they should be so long in counterpoising. If they had been any thing weighty, they might have asked some time to chaw upon them; but being of no weight, you might have stamped them by this time in a mortar, so as they should never have stuck in any body's teeth, as otherwise perchance they will, unless they be well answered, better indeed than by playing with my name, which you are welcome to do. I urge you to no haste in weighing them, lest you mistake your weights, and use balance or weights not allowed by the clerk of the market throughout the Catholic commonweal—*Statera justa, et æqua sint pondera*;

Let balance be true and weights upright,  
And then, I say, God speed the right.

Touching your sending back our supplication for its pretended defect of having only my signature, you can witness for me to the council that it was the common request of most, both of your party and ours, that you would have it preferred to the council as their common suit; so far off am I, as you can witness, from doing it only of my own head. I hope, therefore, that your testimony will be sufficient for me. I presume thus far on your justice for your profession's sake; and I am partly forced to do so because I cannot get the signatures of close prisoners without endangering both them and their keepers. Our keeper, moreover, does not like the proceeding, as I suppose few of the deepest heads of your side do, whatever some may pretend; pardon my plainness: in these matters I can only speak as I think. But if you must needs have more signatures, I would rather have leave to procure those of the chief of our side in England, than present a list of inferior names, whose petition would be more contemned for their obscurity than one signed as this is in all our names universally; for you may be sure that all the rest are of the same mind as you found us. I hope, therefore, that my offer may be sufficient, for I cannot gage more than my life. If, therefore, you require more signatures before you will prefer it, it is probably for some delay, or some other end, into which I will draw no man, though I offer my own life in the common cause. You have the choice, then, either to prefer it according to your promise, or else to abide the discredit of having it thought that you were afraid to have it go forward. Nevertheless, I have added to it a letter to the Lord of London, which I beseech you to carry to him with our supplication, under seal as before, to remain as much longer under his deliberation. If it comes back any more, none of our side will need doubt what bad liking you have to it. Your well-wisher in our Lord,  
T. P."

The following is his letter to Bishop Aylmer, to which he refers in the conclusion of the foregoing :

*" Our Letter to the Superintendent\* of London.*

" Understanding, as we do, that your side will not refuse a conference, for which we have all with one common cry petitioned, we humbly beseech you not to suppress our petition when it shall come to your hands, but to prefer it to the council, to whom it is made ; with further request, if you will make it, that it may not stay there, but may come to her majesty's sight : this will be most to the honour of your cause, at least so far forth ; for you may be assured that if you stand on points of policy more than we stand on our lives in trial of God's truth, yet there are thousands (as it may be presumed) even of your side, who would put up the same petition to the queen, rather than that this trial, of so much importance to them, should not be seen. It is, therefore, a matter of some weight, whereon your credit is staked. And if you have any confidence that the truth is on your side, it behoves you, now you have gone so far, to labour as much as we, by like petition, to have the matter brought to open trial, which God of His mercy grant, to whom we commend you, wishing you no worse than to our own souls. Dated upon the day of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross of Christ, the 14th of September 1580."

This Aylmer was no better than his understrappers and henchmen, Tripp and Crowley ; there was the same hypocritical pretence of a desire to refer all differences and disputes to fair and open conference, and the same adoption of all possible secret methods of preventing any such conference taking place. His letters to Lord Burghley, imploring him to stop the disputes in the Tower with Campian, on account of the harm they did the people, are still extant in autograph in the British Museum, and afford valuable testimony both to the power of the martyr's eloquence and to the knavery and trickery of his antagonists. On this occasion, however, the Bishop was under no need of consulting Burghley ; Poundes was not so high game as Campian, and his tormentor might do what he pleased with him without being answerable to any body. We have seen by these letters what was the pretence of Tripp, Crowley, and Aylmer ; let us now see how their actions agreed with their professions. We quote the Protestant annalist Strype as our authority :

" Another Popish gentleman there was about these times, named Thomas Pond, sometime a courtier, that had lain in prison for some years : him the Bishop thought convenient now to remove from London unto another prison more remote, namely, his castle at Bishop's Stortford, to prevent his infecting others by his talk ; for some such

\* i. e. Protestant Bishop.

information, and what a dangerous person he was, was brought to the Bishop by Tripp and Crowley, two ministers who went to confer with him."

Then follows the account of the dispute that led to Poundes's writing his six reasons; after which the annalist concludes:

"Upon this relation given of Pond by the ministers, the Bishop thought fit to remove him to the aforesaid castle, being, as the Popish writers say, much provoked and angry. And they describe it to be an obscure and melancholy place, void of both light and converse."\*

Soon after his arrival at his new prison, he wrote a letter, describing its gloom and misery, to his old friend Sir Christopher Hatton, the vice-chamberlain, who appears to have taken some interest in him, and to have made some ineffectual efforts to interpose between the Bishop and his victim:

"Your noble courtesy already shown towards me, in writing so exceeding friendly, as you lately did, to my lord of London for some favour towards me, at least for your sake, though it were but a few days' respite, to clear some of my debts before I was removed (though it could not be granted), and in terming me your old acquaintance and companion both at court and previously in the inns of court, emboldens me to beseech you to take no denial of this much favour towards me, that some man or boy may be admitted to me in this miserable and desolate place to bring my diet, or any other service for necessity of nature, even though he should be searched at times of his coming, if there is such jealousy of me. O God, Sir Christopher, I would you saw what a place I am brought into! Here is nothing but a huge vast room, cold water, bare walls; no windows, but loopholes, too high to look out at; no bed nor bedstead, nor any place fit for it; no chimney, no table, no light for any but the homeliest things. In the middle of the house a huge pair of stocks, such a pair of virginals, as made my poor boy look askance across my cold harbour, though far too big either for his fingering or for his footing. Nothing else but chains, of which I am not yet worthy; if there is neither meat nor drink for love or money, the end will be but short. And yet, what is all this, or ten times more, for heaven! Shall hunger or cold, or stenching or tainting, or any kind of persecution, separate us from the holy unity of Christ's Church, for which He shed His precious blood? God forbid! I am at your mercy and the queen's while our pining time continues, whether this request of mine is granted or no. But I have good hope, if your honour will vouchsafe to present my petition, that her highness will not be vanquished by her vassal, but that, even for the poetical present's sake which she disdained not to accept at poor Mercury's hand at Killingworth Castle, she will now vouchsafe of her princely

\* Strype, *Life of Aylmer*, c. ii.

good-nature to give me as good a gift again for double requital thereof. I only ask this; and her highness knows what is written, 'That it is a blessedder thing to give than to take.' I humbly beseech your honour, in your wisdom and discretion, to try once more what stead you can stand me in according to your good-will, whereby you shall even bind me more and more unto you. At Starford, before my entering, this 18th of September 1580. Your servant to God in daily prayer,

THOMAS POUNDES."

The comparison of the stocks to the virginals (the piano-forte of those days) is whimsical in itself, and well introduced in this letter to the person who presided over the court-revels, and who had doubtless often made use of the musical and poetical accomplishments of the disgraced and imprisoned courtier. It was, perhaps, through Hatton's interference, that his confinement in this hole lasted not one year. Two anecdotes of his conduct at Bishop's Stortford are preserved by More and Bartoli. When the smith was called in to fasten the fetters on his legs—for he was kept in chains—as the iron was being fitted, he stooped down to kiss it, in token of his joyful acceptance of the yoke of Christ; the churl, loth to be interrupted in his office, hit the confessor over the head with the iron and drew blood. When he expressed some sorrow for having hurt him, "Never mind," said Poundes; "I would willingly shed my heart's blood for the same cause."—"What cause?" asked the smith. Poundes related his own history in such a manner as to convince his hearer of the truth of his religion, to which the smith was soon after reconciled, and was thereupon thrown into prison, where he died the death of a martyr. It was here also that Poundes was visited by Norton, afterwards so notorious for his savage cruelty in racking Campian and Brian, who went back and tried to persuade Walsingham that he was mad, and that Bedlam would be the fittest place for him. Catholic writers have not failed to notice that Norton's own wife really went mad some time after; and, as appears by a document in the State-Paper Office of March 27, 1582, continued so in spite of all the exorcisms of "good Mr. Reynolds" and Fox the martyrologist. Norton plainly implies that he considered hers a case of possession; and talks of his "poor innocent wife" as though she were a victim of the diabolical machinations of the Papists.

After spending the better part of a year at Stortford, Poundes was taken back to the Marshalsea; from which place he was transferred to the Tower, August 31, 1581, on occasion of the excitement attendant on the rackings and conferences of Campian and his companions. Here he showed his

usual fearless anxiety for the honour of the Catholic cause and all its confessors. When the Protestants spread abroad the calumnious lie that Campian had confessed every thing relating to the English Catholics, he wrote to the martyr to know the truth of the report, and to encourage him to perseverance. Campian's reply belongs more to his own history than to that of Poundes, so we pass it over here. It was this reckless daring that gained for our friend the name of madman from so many Protestants; other Catholics, though perhaps just as firm in religion as he was, employed an apologetic tone, and studiously avoided any appearance of dogmatism or positiveness calculated to enrage or disgust their opponents. Intellectually and morally, he was one of that daring species of men whom to know is to love: they are generally men of great bodily strength—jolly giants, who are fearless, not so much because they have conquered fear, but because they have never known what fear was; they accomplish the most astounding feats in the most natural manner possible, without a thought of their difficulty or danger; they will ride straight at a turnpike-gate, the first time they are set on horseback; they will drive their gig through the water and leap it into the departing ferry-boat, without a notion of its being safer to expect its return; they are the men who rush into the burning house, or plunge with boots on into the water, to rescue a perishing creature; they lead forlorn hopes, though they may not be capable of directing an army; they are the bravest, the simplest, the most lovable of men, though perhaps not the wisest counsellors nor the most prudent leaders.

The very day when he was brought to the Tower was that on which Campian, after being duly prepared by two rackings, was suddenly, without notice, without books, and with strict injunctions only to answer, never to object, brought to the Tower chapel to dispute with Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's, and Day, Dean of Windsor. These two honest men, more than a year after Campian's death, published a veracious account of this famous disputation. It appears by their own statement, that Campian had written that Luther had called St. James's Epistle an epistle of straw; Nowell and Day denied the fact, and challenged him to prove it, offering at the same time certain English editions of Luther's works, wherein the offensive words did not appear. Campian naturally enough affirmed that the editions were garbled, and demanded to have his own books; whereupon he was told that he was an impudent mouther. This and similar courtesies gave great offence to the Catholics, who complained that the

brace of deans had not behaved politely. The deans are careful to defend themselves from this charge, which they do in the following way :

"Truth it is, that upon his (Campian's) often and fierce affirmation, that all the printed books of Luther in England were false ; and upon Poundes's odious interpellations (as, 'we know you to be a good Terence man'), and his most scornful looks through his fingers, staring upon him (one of the deans) continually while he was reasoning with Master Campian, to put him out of his memory ;—he, being offended both with Poundes's mocking words and looks, and with Campian's shameless sayings (viz. the perfectly true assertion that Luther *had* written the words *Epistola straminea*), broke out with *Os impudens*, as he thinketh most deservedly on their parts."\*

Poundes must have been a terrible fellow, to have put a dean out of countenance by looking at him ; he was, moreover, just as impatient of Catholic cowardice as of Protestant dishonesty. One day he was present in court when a priest on trial was boggling at the question, whether the Pope or queen were supreme over the Church, and was involving himself in shifts ; when Poundes cried out aloud, "Say the Pope, man ; say the Pope. Who has better right than he ?"

In May 1585 some one, employed by Walsingham to report on the prisoners, and on the course proper to be taken with them, mentions Poundes as still in the Tower, "for religion only committed, and for intelligence with Jesuits and priests ; a dangerous man, and apt for any practice ; fit to be banished." Banished, however, he was not ; but shortly afterwards delivered from the Tower and committed to the custody of his mother, upon bond not to depart out of England. But he did not long enjoy even this relative liberty. He evidently ventured up to London, where he employed himself in visiting and comforting the imprisoned priests and recusants. He was again apprehended, Sept. 1, 1586, by the magistrates of Surrey, who sent the following letter about him to Walsingham :†

"Upon the late bruit of arriving of foreign forces, watches being provided, and order taken for stay of seditious bruits and for searches of suspected places—upon search, one Mr. Poundes, of the Co. of South<sup>t</sup> was found, that heretofore hath had (as he saith) twelve years' imprisonment for religion (as he pretendeth, but he is either impaired in mind or otherwise) ; giveth very rash and

\* Nowell and Day : a True Report of the Disputation, or rather Private Conference, had in the Tower of London with Ed. Campian, Jesuit, the last of August 1581.

† State-Paper Office, Domestic, same date.

unadvised speeches, affirming that the cause of foreign forces was by reason of robberies and piracies, and not by the Catholic means; and that he meant to have made bonfires: and being demanded why he would so have done, he affirmed that it was to declare his innocency; and when these speeches were misliked, and it was said to him he was to go with the officer for his forthcoming, he said that then he was sure he should remain during the queen's life. The same speeches being also suspected as proceeding either of guilty conscience or else of some hope of her majesty's peril, we have also sent your honour a letter found with him, and as it seemeth written to him. And in consideration hereof, as for that also he confessed himself to be the man named in certain papers of notes of such as were suspected, we have committed him to prison; he allegeth that by the lords of the privy council he was committed to the keeping of his mother. We will proceed further with him as we shall be directed by your honour, or otherwise leave him to your honourable wisdom.

EDWARD FENNER, EDWARD BELLINGHAM,  
EDWARD SAWYER, WILLIAM GARDYNER."

Southwark, 1st Sept.

The following is the letter written to Pounde, to which reference is made in the foregoing document:

"LETTER TO MR. POUNDE.

✠ *Sub cruce laboro.*

GOOD SIR,—As I was verye glade to heare that youe were plunged oute of the ponds and pitts of infinite perills when youe were freed frome the tragicall Towers, whence rather was expected youre marterdome then youre enlargement; so hearinge y<sup>t</sup> youe were *relegatus in insula* and confined to a place of perpetuall imprisonment never to be sene or harde of of youre lovinge frends dwringe the tymes of persecutyon: I asswre youe even *Gladius doloris pertransivit animam meam quod talem amicum amiserim, cujus amicitia tam jucundissima olim perfrui solebam*. Howbeit nowe latly, havinge receyved youre goulden cordiall counforte, and made partaker w<sup>th</sup> my afflicted frende of youre country's prouysye,\* *et tibi gratulor et mihi gaudeo, et habetur et referetur a me (cum potero) tibi gratia semper*. And forasmuch as, being acquainted w<sup>th</sup> your zealous godly constancy, I have known your disposition to be delighted rather w<sup>th</sup> authentical antiquities than w<sup>th</sup> new-fangled novelties, I send for your new-year's gift an oulde booke of Contemplative Centiloquies, in w<sup>ch</sup> ar comprysed a swete delectable himme made of the Cros w<sup>th</sup> a dolefull songe of the nitingall touchinge Christ's passion, w<sup>ch</sup> youe will putt pen to paper to give it a new Englishe liverye. *Uttere, fruere, lege, relege, perlege, contemplando meditare, et meditando contemplare, et (quam graphice poteris) in nostram Jdeomam [sic] traducito, sic semper honos nomenque tuum sine fine*

\* i. e. prowess.

*manebunt.* Thus being merye w<sup>th</sup> my sorrowes when I wryte unto youe, beseeching oure Lorde to bles youe w<sup>th</sup> all benedictyons temperall and eternall, I ende. *Vive, vale; superes longos Nestoris annos.*

*Tuus pro arkitratu [sic] tuo,*

STEPHANUS CAPTIVUS."

This *Stephanus Captivus* is probably Stephen Rousham, the martyr of Gloucester, who had been long Poundes's fellow-captive in the Tower, having been brought there May 19, 1582; kept in the hole called Little-case for eighteen months and thirteen days, and then removed, Feb. 12, 1584, to the Marshalsea. He was banished in the following year. The "Golden Cordial Comfort" was probably a poem of the sufferings of Catholics, which Poundes had sent him.

The next piece of original information concerning Poundes is the following extract of a letter written by the notorious persecutor, Justice Young, to Walsingham, August 26, 1587:

"Whereas you think it convenient that some should be sent to Wisbeach, it is most assured that living here in London *at liberty in the prisons* they do much harm to such as resort unto them, especially William Wigges, Leonard Hide, and George Collinson, priests, prisoners in Newgate; Morris Williams, an old priest, prisoner in the Clink; and Thomas Pound, prisoner in the White Lion, taken as a layman, but (as Tirrell\* assureth me) he is a professed Jesuit, admitted by one substituted by Parsons while the said Pound was prisoner in the Tower. These are most busy and dangerous persons, and such as in nowise are worthy of liberty, neither are they within the compass of the last statute; so that Wisbeach will be a convenient place for them. There are many others which will appear to be of the same sort; but forasmuch as these are principal malefactors, and that perhaps they be a number sufficient to be carried thither at one time, I forbear to speak of the others."

To Wisbeach, accordingly, he was sent, where he was still remaining in 1595. For the rest of his life we have no further information from original sources, but we add the following particulars from More and Bartoli. When he was liberated in the general amnesty accorded by James I. on his accession, Poundes thought the time was come to expose the iniquity with which the Catholics had been treated so long. Accordingly he collected proofs of the monstrous injustice of two

\* Anthony Tirrell, priest, was taken, renounced his religion, and revealed the names and hiding-places of his former companions; got liberty, and recanted; was taken, and became a second time an apostate; after which he escaped and went abroad, and was again reconciled to the Church. His letter to the queen, in which he attributes his fall only to fear and to dissoluteness of life, may be read in Strype's Annals, vol. iii. pt. i. p. 615.

judges in the trial and condemnation of two Catholics in Lancashire, which he embodied in a memorial to the king. This petition probably never reached James's hands; it stopped in those of the lords of the council, who cited the petitioner before the Star-chamber. The cause was tried Nov. 29, 1604, and occupied eight hours; in grotesque unfairness, it is very similar to the trial of Lord Vaux and Sir Thomas Tresham, which we published in January. The attorney-general commenced with a bitter invective against libels, then against libellers; from them he passed to Catholics, and reminded the court of the bull of Pius V., the rebellion in the North, and the other stock-memoranda. Poundes soon became aware that he was the accused instead of the accuser; and he was asked how he knew what judgments were passed in Lancashire, a place so distant from Hampshire or London? What accomplices had he? He must tell or be tortured. As to the condemnation of the two Catholics, the attorney asserted it to have been just and legal. After him the chancellor, the treasurer, the judges, and the other lords gave their opinions, all against Poundes; the chancellor summed up, condemning him to a fine of 1000*l.* and to lose his ears. The latter part of his sentence, in consideration of his age, was changed to having to stand in the pillory, first at Westminster and then in Lancashire, with an ear nailed to the post. At each place, a paper was to be put round his hat with a confession of his offence: a confession they knew they should never get out of his mouth. Then he was to be taken back to prison till he either conformed or died. After an ineffectual interposition of the queen and Spanish ambassador, James remitted this sentence at the request of the French and Venetian envoys.

Poundes was not very rich after he had wasted his property at court, but he affirmed to the Bishop of Winchester that he had paid upwards of 4000*l.* in fines for religion alone; multiply that sum by twelve, and we shall have the present equivalent of the cost of Catholicity to an English gentleman of the sixteenth century. Poundes did not go abroad, as he signifies his intention of doing at the end of his account of his imprisonments; he died in his own house, in 1616, aged 76. The following letter to Father Parsons will explain the reasons of his staying in England:

"I rejoiced exceedingly when your letter, dated the 3d of January, was given me, especially at the salutation of Father Claudius (Aquaviva the general) to me the least and most unworthy of his sons; it was long since I had received any thing from you. From that day till the 15th of May I was left uncertain what our superior here, the gentlest and humblest of men, wished me to do; at last

his letter made it too clear. To speak the truth, I am greatly ashamed of so many years' silence, and on my knees, nay on the ground at your feet, I ask your pardon; for I have neither gone to my superior as I ought, nor have I written to your reverence; and I confess that I can find no hole to let in a fair excuse for my negligence. But your reverence opens to me the bowels of your charity, perhaps for the sake of blessed Edmund Campian, whose memory is in benediction. Your reverence loved him, I honoured him by all means in my power. And not only in this letter, but also in your books (which are a comfort to England, and out of England are useful to multitudes), I am spoken of with such praise, that whenever I read, or hear them read, I blush all over. I must congratulate you, most reverend father, on your having wrestled with God, like a second Israel, for the preservation and conversion of England. For myself (whom God has permitted to, suffer somewhat) I claim nothing, for I deserve nothing. I subscribed my last letter to our father—*Tot annis in statera appensus Thomas Pondus*,—'The pound that has been so long weighed in the scales.' If then or afterwards I did any thing, it was the gift of God, not my deed. I wrote you no letter, my dearest father; that was my cowardice and narrowness of mind. Certes, I blame my own negligence, that for so long a time no sign of friendliness or gratitude has been given by me towards those whom I honour in a manner that is not unknown to our rulers here. Whence, you ask, is this fear and cowardice? From delay, I believe. For after being carried from prison to prison for thirty years for the sake of Christ and the Gospel; after having to pay first 60*l.*, then for twenty years 80*l.* a-month for my recusancy, when I thought to pass beyond sea, having transferred my property to my two nephews (whom, though born of heretical parents, I had educated as Catholics), and had, so to speak, one foot on shipboard, my superior, at whose command I behave myself as an old man's staff, ordered me to remain, till he knew what our father and your reverence might resolve. So, bereft of hope, and yet long hoping in vain, tossed too with many a storm, I nevertheless resolved to offer myself, though late, naked, and poor, like an old withered tree, that if perchance the old stump might bear any fruit in this autumnal fall of my days, it might be your reverence's gain and consolation. You then ask, with your usual charity, what I am doing? with what mind, fruit, or comfort, I progress in the life I have undertaken? Well, I hope, and happily. For what I once answered to the man who put on my chains when I was taken to Framingham, that I say now, and I hope shall say while I live. These weeds, which I wear instead of the habit of the society, I would not change for a king's crown. I live with my aforesaid nephews, in all frugality: for I have not so much wealth as is generally supposed; for because I give more to the poor than my neighbours, I am called rich; and because I do not value a straw that which others gape after, most honest men look on me with favour. After my one meal at noon (a mode of ab-

stinence which I could wish to see familiar to the fishers of souls), I eat some bread and cheese in the evening ; I drink beer, for I have forsworn both wine and doctors : *cibus est medicinæ valenti*,—‘food is the strong man’s physic.’ For these last three years I have had much ado with my servants to keep to this mode of life ; but I do keep to it, and, by the prayers of the Blessed Virgin and the whole court of heaven, will keep to it. For I do not think that I have gained the prize of our high calling, but I push forward to gain it. Your reverence must help me with your prayers.

Your most affectionate, but most unworthy son,

THOMAS POUNDES.”

Though our biography of Pounds has extended to a considerable length, it is a mere nothing in comparison of what might still, we believe, be collected concerning him. Bartoli had seen a book, in fifty chapters, compiled from Pounds’s journals of daily occurrences during the forty years of his imprisonment. His graphic and lively letters were scattered about among all his friends ; and if they could be collected, they would form one of the most ample treasuries of the history of the English Catholics, from 1575 to 1615, that could be even hoped for. We imagine that many must be still extant in the archives of the Jesuits in Italy, and in the public libraries in France and Belgium, or wherever documents formerly belonging to the English colleges are now stored up.

## SEYMOUR’S CURSE ;

OR,

### THE LAST MASS OF OWSLEBURY :

A Legend of Edward the Sixth’s Reign.

BY CECILIA CADDELL.

HE told them that the hour had come at last for which he had prayed from childhood,—the hour when he should be called upon to give his life, as his father had done before him, for the faith that was in him, and which he had preserved whole and intact since the day when he took it at the baptismal font. He assured them, that if he addressed them beforehand, it was neither to ask for life, nor yet, as many who were about to suffer did, for the grace of a speedy death ; on the contrary, they might strike him down at once if so it liked them, or they might hew him into a thousand pieces if

that should please them better, since the longest death was not too long for that eternity which was to be the guerdon of its endurance.

Nevertheless he had a word to say to them, and a prayer which he trusted they would not deny him. He longed for death, it was true; and yet he longed still more, if possible, to die in the living warm embraces of the divine victim in whose name and for whose faith he was about to do so; and therefore he besought them, as men yet retaining some human tenderness within their breasts,—as Christians who had not yet entirely banished all belief and reverence for the divine mysteries from their convictions,—to bear with him yet a little longer, and to grant him time from the moment of consecration to that of holy communion, when the God who during that brief space had visited the altar would once more be enshrined safe from all contumely in the little poor temple of his heart. Without a pledge to that effect, he might not proceed with the service of the Mass;—he could not, and he dared not, expose his Lord to such sacrilege as must be the inevitable consequence of any attempt upon his own life before the consummation of the Divine Sacrifice. If, however, they would plight themselves not to fall upon him before he himself gave the signal by descending from the altar, he would trust entirely to their honour and proceed. Perhaps during the time of Mass God might touch their hearts with better thoughts, and that would be well for them; but if He did not, or they were deaf to His inspirations, in that case it would be well for him instead, since, with his Saviour in his heart, he would pass at once right to the very heart of his Saviour, there, as he hoped, to pray for those who, in guilt indeed, and yet, as he trusted, in some ignorance of the magnitude of their crimes, had procured him that haven of unutterable repose.

Bernard had commenced this address in a low and intentionally calm voice; but as he proceeded, he could not entirely check the torrent of gladness that inundated his whole frame at the prospect of approaching martyrdom. His cheek flushed; his eyes grew dazzling in the supernatural light that filled them; his voice rose full and clear until it filled every corner of the church with its impassioned eloquence; body and soul, in fact, seemed dissolving together in the ecstasy of joy that seized him; and when he turned to Sir Henry, and singling him out from the crowd of lesser ruffians at his back, exclaimed, "Dost thou accept the compact, Seymour?" the effect was electrical.

The entire congregation rose *en masse*, and as if by one simultaneous movement, in their keen anxiety that his prayer

should be admitted. The very men who were to be his murderers shared the general feeling; and perceiving, after one quick glance around him, that he was in the minority, and that any obstinate refusal might ultimately lead to the absolute rescue of his victim, Sir Henry sullenly, and with evident reluctance, gave the required pledge, by curtly and sharply saying, "I do accept it."

"It is well, and I thank thee, Seymour," Bernard merely answered; and instantly turning towards the altar, he resumed the service where he had left it off, becoming in a moment as much absorbed and recollected as though it had never been interrupted. Far otherwise was it with the feelings of the assistants. They could not forget the terrible sacrifice by which it was to be concluded, and few were the prayers said afterwards, unless, indeed, the earnest and united wish of all for the safety of their pastor might be termed, as in fact it was, a prayer.

Each moment increased their agony, as each moment added to his joy, to the impassioned fervour of his voice, to the inspired beauty of his countenance; and when at length the words of the *Domine non sum dignus*, uttered with a fervour that made all things else seem cold beside them, fell from his lips, a shudder seized upon the whole congregation, which was audible even at the foot of the altar.

It was in the midst of the solemn silence that ensued that Bernard received the boon he had so urgently prayed for, the Body and Blood of the Divine Victim of the altar; and when he afterwards turned once more, and for the last time, towards the people, it was the face they thought of a seraph they saw rather than of a man. He turned towards them; for he would not wait even to finish the last gospel, so was he longing for the consummation of his own sacrifice. He turned, yet he could not speak, for joy most unutterable was in his heart; but he waved his hand in token that he was ready, and then, without removing his vestments, descended at once to the lowest step of the altar, and knelt down to die. It was the signal which he himself had chosen; and a wail filled the church as though he were already dead. The paid murderers of the Seymour hung back, and it was becoming doubtful how the affair might end at last, when that knight, urged by the beckoning hand of Katherine, leaped over the rail of the sanctuary, and by one well-aimed blow of his heavy battle-axe, struck Bernard to the ground. Scarcely had he done it, ere a shriek,—heard high above the moans of the women, the muttered curses of the men,—rang through the building, and opening the crowd right and left, Amy dashed up the aisle,

and flung herself wildly upon the body of her brother. His eyes were closing in death already; but he opened them once more, and looked upon her. It was the last dying effort of his love. He put his hand upon her head, as he had so often done before, in fatherly benediction; murmured yet again, "My child—my sister—God bless thee, Amy!" And then the hand fell powerless at his side; the look of affectionate recognition faded from his features; the pure spirit passed in its purity away, and Bernard de Mowbray died as he had ever prayed to die—at the foot of the altar of his God, and in the actual exercise of his priestly functions. An awful stillness fell upon the people, only broken by the sobs of Amy, as she wept over the corpse of the murdered man; but Sir Henry did not allow her even this poor consolation long. Every passion that can fill the human breast, to make it a hell on earth, was stirring that moment within his bosom,—love, pride, anger, revenge, that even in its hour of triumph trembles remorsefully over its achieved purpose,—all these were there, tearing his soul to pieces, and maddening his brain with their wild outcries. He was as one made drunk with the blood of his victim; and forgetting in his excitement that Amy was the sister of the murdered man, or confusing her idea with that of Katherine, who had prompted him to the deed, he seized her by the arm, exclaiming, "Weep not, Amy—weep not! S'death, damsel! it were mere folly to deplore him. Let him lie there; a pize upon him! Never again, I trow, will the beggarly shaveling interfere between thee and me with his college cant, and his scarecrow counsels!"

The words were yet on his lips, when Amy darted to her feet, and flung his hand from her with a force that, for any lesser impulse, would have been impossible. For a moment she stood there silent, like one made speechless by indignation, the blood which fear had banished rushing rapidly all the while back to her lips, and cheek, and forehead, and her eyes flashing fire in their wild excitement; and then the words came at length like a torrent, and she burst forth,—

"Away, away, false caitiff—craven knight; thou mean, remorseless thing! that couldst stoop and strike a man when he was unarmed and unresisting. Yea, peacefully on his knees before the altar of his God, occupied in the solemn duties of religion!—Away! away! Fire shall mix with water ere Amy de Mowbray wed her with the assassin of her brother. Take her who has urged thee on!" And Amy now, almost in a state of frenzy, pushed Katherine, whom she discovered in spite of her hood and muffler, right

into the very arms of the Seymour. "Take her who has urged thee on—meet helpmate she for such as thou art. Your crime has made you one. Yes, reap its fruits in each other's arms; but for me—look your last upon me now, Seymour; for I swear to you never shall you see me more!"

Wildly the unhappy girl then stooped to her brother's corpse, and wildly once more she kissed him—lip, and cheek, and blood-stained brow—over and over again, as if she never could weary or faint in the occupation. Then, before any one could stop her, or even guess at her intentions, she leaped through the crowd now assembled around Bernard's corpse, rushed into the body of the church, and would speedily have passed out at the great gates beyond, had she not been arrested by the appearance of another group coming up the aisle and into the sanctuary, and down by the very side of the murdered man the litter of the Lady Seymour was deposited by her bearers. It was years since she had been seen even in public before; and her unexpected apparition at such a moment cast an additional shade of fear and wonder over the spectators of the bloody scene. The guiltless waited anxiously to see whether she would espouse the cause of Amy; the guilty slunk behind Sir Henry, leaving him and Katherine to bear alone the full brunt of her possible rebuke. Amy, on her part, no longer thought of flying: certain of having a protector at her side who would shield her from every danger, she sat down once more upon the altar-steps, and laid, with a patient sorrow that wrung the hearts of those who watched her more than the most passionate exclamations of grief could possibly have done, the heavy head of the murdered man upon her lap, and gazed upon it through her blinding tears, regardless of all that was passing around her, and unconscious even that the Lady Seymour, having with some difficulty arisen from her reclining posture, was now standing at her back, and gazing right over the bloody corpse full into the face of her shrinking son. She had never stood in that upright attitude since the day when Somerset's head rolled upon a bloody scaffold; and now when men saw her standing there, looking with a look that rarely visits a mother's eyes upon the wretch whom she called her child, they felt as if a miracle had been wrought upon her, and they trembled; for they knew, as it were by intuition, that she was going to call down the curse of Heaven upon the last remaining scion of her house.

"Thou hast triumphed!" she began, addressing the Seymour as though he were the only creature in her presence, and in a voice so fearfully distinct that every separate tone rang like a trumpet on the listener's ear,—*"Thou hast*

triumphed in thy cruelty—in thine hypocrisy thou hast triumphed! Enjoy that triumph while ye may: it will not be for long in this life; it will close in darkness and horror in the next. Ingrate, to attempt the life of thy benefactor! coward, to strike at him unresisting! liar, to deceive thy mother, and so prevent my timely advent for the hindrance of this deed of murder!

“Henry!” she continued, suddenly changing her manner for one of more ordinary conversational intercourse, though her excitement continued to increase with each word she uttered, and each word came more rapidly and vehemently than the last, and yet still with the same marvellous distinctness of utterance, from her lips,—“Henry, hast thou forgotten our converse of yestereven? Hast thou forgotten that then I told thee how near was this matter to thy mother’s heart? how my affection—my gratitude—my sense of justice—mine honour, even—were all bound up in the well-being of this youth, upon whom thou hast natheless dared to lay thine assassin hands? I addressed me then to all that I hoped thou hadst of right or manly in thy nature; I appealed to thy affection as my child; I threatened thee with my curse as thy mother: thou hast scorned the first—thou hast run right upon the latter—”

“Mother,” cried the Seymour suddenly, “you would not—you could not, surely!”—but he could say no more: the great battle-axe which, dripping as it was with the blood of his victim, he had hitherto held with sturdy determination in his hand, fell at last heavily and with a loud crash from his relaxing fingers. A cold sweat broke upon his brow, and he remained mute—the image and reality of convicted guilt—waiting, without power to avert it, the sentence of his judge.

“God is my witness, Henry,” pursued the mother, with a strange calmness in her manner, which would have been terrible at any time, but was doubly so at the present moment, by its contrast with the words she uttered,—“God is my witness, Henry,” she continued, “that I would not curse thee if I could avoid it. Yea, and even now it is not by thy mother’s voice, but by thine own most damned and sinful deed, thou wilt stand from this day forth alone—accursed alike of God and man! Ay, for the cry of blood has gone up from this earth against thee, and is calling the vengeance of Heaven upon thine head. No blessing shall wait upon thy prayers—no success follow thine achievements—no good fortune crown thine utmost efforts. The wealth thou hast won by sacrilege, shall slip like water from between thy fingers; the lands thou hast gotten in blood, in blood

shall be taken from thee; the blow thou hast dealt a kinsman, a kinsman shall return to thee threefold upon the scaffold. And as thy death, so also shall be thy life. A murderess for thy bride—no children to bless thy union—thy hearth made desolate—thy home without peace or joy, and the mark of Cain, which is on thy soul, written in characters of blood upon thy forehead. Lo, it is thy mother's hand that shall set it there!"

She paused—suddenly she paused, and stooping over Bernard's body, dipped, ere any one had an idea of her intention, her finger in the red stream welling from his wounds; made a long stride over the corpse as it lay before her, lifted the visor that partially concealed her son's features from her view, drew her hand first across his brow, then across that of Katherine, joined their hands together, and went on with a terrible mockery, more rapid and more wild than ever—

"Go, wed ye together now—the murderer with the murderess: meet it is and fitting that bride should resemble bridegroom, and that the blood slain which adorns the one should not be lacking on the forehead of the other! Go, wed ye together, therefore; that which I have said unto one, I have said also unto two. The same sin unites—the same fate awaits ye both; a life of cursing and upbraiding—a death of violence and despair! Ay, for you have this day done a deed which, in its sequences, shall follow you through all this life—which shall not be enforced to quit you even on the threshold of the tomb—which shall go up with you to the very judgment-seat of God, and down again to that everlasting pit where the avenging furies dwell! Lo, I have spoken—against my will—against my wishes—against the pleadings of the mother's heart within me; but in the very madness and truth of prophecy I have spoken! And now, go ye together forth from before my face—out of my sight and presence both! The lamb shall lie down with the wolf ere I permit ye to linger near me. Never more shall you eat my bread or drink my cup; never more shall these eyes behold, or these arms embrace you; and never, never more shall either of you dare to call me mother!"

There might have been strange magic in her words, for the effect which they produced upon the wretched pair against whom they were poured forth. There they stood in their guilty fear, hand in hand as she had placed them—the fearful blood-spot on their foreheads (they did not even venture to wipe it off)—their persons cowering, and their spirits quailing beneath her words of fire—stricken, as it were, into statues of shame and silence, and waiting, as it almost seemed, until,

by some counter-incantation, she should have removed the spell she had cast upon them, and restored them to the ordinary conditions of human beings. But the Lady Seymour took heed of them no more. She turned her back full upon them, and taking Amy's hand in hers, whispered gently—O, how gently, and in what wonderful contrast to the terrible denunciations that a minute before had been rushing from her lips!—

“Amy, arise; arise, forsaken one, and come! Far away in the pleasant land of France is a holy sisterhood, and she who rules it is thy mother's sister! It was there he ever wished thee to pass thy days; for there, said he, thou wouldst find a peace which the world could never give, and for which its votaries might seek in vain. Arise, and come! It is not too late to attain that peace, yea, and perchance even happiness as well, natheless this great and crowning infortune of thy young life. Yes! for he is not lost to thy pure spirit, as he is to mine own impure and plotting soul—thine, of a verity, might speak with angels and not disgrace them; and therefore do I hope and well believe that, at times at least, it will be given to thee to hold spiritual but not for that less sweet communion with the holy and the sainted dead.”

Even while she was speaking, she endeavoured, with loving earnestness, to raise Amy from the ground; but the latter murmured through her tears, “Suffer me one moment longer, madam.” And, obedient in that hour of sorrow to her slightest wish, Lady Seymour at once relaxed her hold, and retreated a few steps behind her. No sooner was her desire thus granted than down upon her knees again went the desolate maiden, and cut off a lock of her brother's hair, and dipped it in his blood, and laid it in a locket containing already a tress of her fair mother's, rescued by the Lady Seymour ere she laid her in her coffin; and then she kissed his lips again—once, twice, three times, she kissed them—each time more fervently than the last; and then at last she rose, and clasping her hands together, exclaimed in a voice so full of passion that it reminded those who heard her of the burning eloquence which had thrilled them so lately from the martyr's lips—

“Truly hast thou spoken, O my brother! and thy prayer has been granted, and thy prophecy fulfilled! Yes; for in thy blood has my faith been made whole, and in the greatness of thy sacrifice my strength is renewed like an eagle's. Now, indeed, and not before, do I believe as thou didst believe—and as it was sworn for me that I should believe, when I came forth from the baptismal font a child of that old Church, holy, Catholic, and supreme, ruling with the authority of Peter

righteously over the universal world. Now can I say, as thou didst say, that it is good to be dissolved, and to be with Christ. Now can I promise, as thou didst promise, to live for God, and not for self; and not for earth, but for heaven alone! Farewell, then, my father and my brother—and yet not entirely farewell! for our spirits shall still blend in prayer; and thou in thy grave, and I in my cloister home, we shall be dead to all things but God, and heedless of all save His love and glory. O, that I might follow thee on the martyr's royal road to glory!—walk joyfully and triumphantly with thee from the cross of Calvary to the footstool of that eternal throne where thou art now radiant in celestial gladness! But sith, alas, this may not be, and I must yet linger in this vale of tears, still shall thy life bring a blessing upon mine—thy death be the insurance of mine own; and when it comes at last, and the waves of eternity are closing over me, and I am cold in death, and trembling in fear of that which is to come upon me, wilt thou not be with me, brother, then to comfort and console? Wilt thou not even welcome me (the final struggle over); and as upon earth thou hast often welcomed Amy, wilt thou not welcome her also then right joyfully to the courts of heaven?"

That voice, so earnest and yet so plaintive, died away at last into solemn silence; and bending low, Amy put her brother's already stiffening hand upon her head as if in benediction, rose up from her kneeling posture, and giving her hand to the Lady Seymour, they glided together down the aisle, and disappeared from the gaze of the assembled multitude, while Katherine and the Seymour yet remained, hand in hand, gazing upon their victim.

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#### THE DUKE OF GUELDRES ON THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

MAY we not say that we English Catholics hold a proud pre-eminence over all others in our indifference to the memory of those who founded our Christianity, and cemented it with their blood? What other people has ever allowed its saints and martyrs to be forgotten, or their names to be branded with odious imputations? Undeniably we owe our Christianity to the seminary priests of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. St. Alban, St. Augustine, the Benedictine apostles, St. Thomas of Canterbury, did noble work in their

day ; they dug deep, and built high ; but all above ground was levelled at the Reformation, and those who built anew on the old foundations are the true fathers of our Church. At the accession of Elizabeth, though the Bishops and learned clergy clearly saw the drift of her innovations, and at once retired from their benefices, yet the inferior clergy, and the great bulk of the laity, were too ignorant or too indolent to look deeply into things, and provisionally accepted the new order as one of the transient changes to which they had become but too inured. It was only when age began to give stability to the higgledy-piggledy, and to confer an adventitious respectability on the ecclesiastical creation of the "boys'-parliament," that clergy and people began to ask themselves whether this was the ultimatum which they would like to see established in perpetuity. Hence they began to fall away in swarms from the impostor-Church, to which they had so inconsiderately submitted. Their attitude towards the Establishment changed from one of passive and contemptuous acquiescence to one of active hostility. And the instruments of this change were for the most part the priests of the new English seminaries of Douai, Rome, Valladolid, and the rest. For the most part we say ; for we must not forget those Bishops and priests of Mary's days, most of whom languished away their lives in prison, their protracted martyrdom affording a standing protest against the new order of things. But the active restorers of religion were the "seminary priests," who did not scruple to call themselves the founders of English Catholicity, and their assemblies the "*incunabula nascentis Ecclesiæ*,"—the cradles of the infant Church.\*

In allowing this, we by no means grant that the contemptuous silence and indifference of the first decade of Elizabeth's reign was any real agreement of the clergy and people to her changes. It is an assertion first made in one of her proclamations, and since repeated *ad nauseam* by flattering politicians and interested historians, that "until the eleventh year of Queen Elizabeth a recusant's name was scarcely known ; the reason was, that the zeal begotten in the time of the Marian persecution was yet fresh in memory, and the late persecutors were so amazed at the sudden alteration of religion that they could not choose but say, "*Digitus Dei hic est.*"† The most amusing comment on this assertion would be a collection of Bishops' letters of the early years of Elizabeth, which we should find full of complaints of the attitude of their flocks being so hostile that they dared not go abroad without a strong

\* Expression from a letter of F. Southwell.

† Speech of Sir Robert Cotton, Brit. Mus. Addl. Ms., No. 11,600.

guard, and that even then they heard nothing but muttered maledictions.

Still, whatever they thought, the people of England did generally conform outwardly to the new religion, till they were awakened by the missionary priests: to these, therefore, English Catholicity owes its existence; they are our founders, the corner-stones on which our Church is built. Now, do we honour and venerate these men as other parts of the Church honour their apostles? Quite the reverse. We forget all about them; when we look for apostles, ten to one but we pick up St. Philip Neri, and make him apostle of England as well as of Rome, because he took interest in the English college; or Venerable Paul of the Cross, the founder of the Passionists, because he desired to come into England. But those people who literally came, preached, converted their thousands, were taken, tortured, and put to death, and won their martyrs' crowns here among us, we have almost forgotten. Is the patronage and cultus of saints modified for Englishmen? Is it not true that the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church in this sterile land,—this desert, pathless and waterless? But it will be said, these people are not canonised. And why not? If they had suffered as they did suffer, we will not say in Italy or in France, but in China, in Japan, in Timbuctoo, they would probably have been declared venerable long ago. What have we done, that the same grace should be denied us? Truly, it is not what we have done, but what we have not done, that stands in our way. Of old, canonisation was by popular acclamation; and if the Church no longer allows that compendious method, but surrounds it with judicial safeguards, yet these processes do not take the place of popular fervour. The demand of the multitude is the ground for the supply. The question must be urged clamorously, before the response is given; the want loudly expressed, before the grave and ponderous machinery is set in motion to satisfy it. And is there no want? Can we afford to give up any means of propagating our religion? Are we so prosperous, so strong, that we can afford to relinquish the example and the patronage of our leaders? No. It is wonderful, when we see how, after so many centuries, the names of St. Denis and St. Genevieve bring their crowds to the Parisian churches, to think how the names of Campian and Southwell, of Maine and Allen, of Barlow and Heath, have no music for English ears, no attractions for English hearts. Yet they died not for nothing. They were not soldiers who lost their lives in an aimless and unsuccessful expedition, whose failure only animated the enemy's confidence. No; at the lowest valuation,

they died for an idea. And such a death leaves a legacy to the world quite other than that bequeathed by men dying in the vulgar squabbles for wealth or empire. The feats of strength or practical prudence must be completed during life, or not at all. The work of the intellect, the empire of ideas, may be wrought or ruled even by the dead—may be at times most benefited by the death of one whose life seems the very condition of success. If this is the case in ideas non-religious, if the martyr of liberty, of legality, of loyalty, or of a philosophy, does more to recommend his theory by his death than by all his arguments,—much more is it the case in religion, in the Church which comprehends the dead as really as the living. He who dies for an idea, intrusts his thought to men on earth; he who dies for religion, intrusts his cause to saints and angels, and to God Himself, who rewards him by making him ruler over cities and states—over the places that have been the scenes of his labours and his death.

And yet, so far as example goes, these martyrs are almost lost to us, and their deaths are subjects for little else than sorrow. “Alas, alas!” sighs the Church in a beautiful mediæval hymn,\* “why do you blame my tears, when I have lost my child, the only one who relieved my want, the only one who refused to yield to the enemy the narrow heritage that my Lord won for me, the only one who was able to help those foolish children, of whom, alas! I have so many?” “Is he,” rejoins the chorus, “to be mourned, who is in possession of his heavenly kingdom, and who helps his wretched brethren by his continual prayer?” The wisest ruler, the most prudent adviser, is not lost by martyrdom. Persecutors are often bad arithmeticians; they think they are subtracting, and they are adding: *In supplicibus et mortibus beatorum martyrum, qui putabantur minui numero multiplicabantur exemplo.*† Their blood is seed; and various are its fruits—increase of faith, new energy in the weak, new conquests from unbelievers. It may have lain forgotten for centuries; but the influence is not dead, the germ will put forth its strength, and the idea for which the martyr suffered will spring up out of the ground, and the truth will propagate itself round his tomb as by a magnetic influence. Some strange fascination attracts men to hunt out their relics or their records, and to strive to kindle an enthusiasm for them in the hearts of the nations. Thus St. Ambrose disinterred the bodies of Gervasius and Protasius, that had been lost for centuries. “The holy victims,” he sings, “were lost; but the sacred stream was not lost. Blood cannot be lost which cries out to God the Father; the grace

\* Ms. St. Gall, 11th century.

† St. Leo, serm. xxxvi. 3.

of heaven brought them to light again; we cannot be martyrs, but we can find their bodies: *Nequimus esse martyres, sed reperimus martyres.*" Like St. Ambrose, we English Catholics have also our treasures to dig for; our parents and fathers in the faith are no less noble than the apostles of Milan, or of France, or of Germany. Perhaps the time has come when God will make them better known; of this we are persuaded, that the restoration of their memories will be, in many cases, the restoration of faith. "Then were men faithful," says Origen, "when martyrdoms were rife, when we carried the martyrs from the grave to the temples, the whole Church assisting with brave heart, and when the catechumens were instructed over their bodies."\*

Our martyrs were not always forgotten as they are at present. Once their relics and their memories were held in the greatest veneration; and the demand for their canonisation was sufficient to induce Pope Urban VIII., in 1643, to direct a brief to the Archbishop of Cambray, empowering him, in the absence of Bishop Smith, the vicar-apostolic, then in exile, to nominate a commission of English priests "to make diligent inquiry into the cause and manner of death of several priests lately put to death upon the penal statutes, . . . and to certify the same to the Archbishop of Cambray, to be by him transmitted to Rome." The priests were ordered "personally to repair to places where informations were likely to be had; and to call before them persons of credit and integrity, who had been acquainted with the said priests, and the particulars of their trials, and their behaviour at the place of execution: all this information to be taken on oath."† We have searched in vain for the report of these commissioners, which may have been delayed by the martyrdom of one of them (Bell) and the imprisonment of others; but it seems to have been such as to have called forth another Papal brief, authorising the placing of the relics of these saints in altar-stones, and their pictures over altars. It is further stated, that the disappearance of the original of this latter document from the archives at Rome is the bar which hinders the process from being continued. For ourselves, we take the liberty of doubting the truth of this statement; we do not believe that the soul of Frederick Peel presides over the congregations of cardinals, or that the offices at Rome are hide-bound with red-tape. We thought, moreover, that the gashes left by the executioner's knife on the quartered bodies of our martyrs were like enough to red cords to be formally sufficient to allow them to pass unques-

\* Hom. iv. 4.

† Ms. in the Town Library at Douai, No. 829.

tioned through the doors of any tape-office. But this is not our business.

In the mean time, in default of copies of the report of the brief, which we have hitherto sought in vain, we beg to lay before our readers a document which we have found in the archives at Lille, and which proves the veneration in which our martyrs were held, not in England alone, but also in foreign countries. It is the certificate of the Duke of Gueldres, who, as Count Egmont, had lived in England from 1640 to 1645, concerning the relics which he had brought home with him to Paris.

“ Louis, by the grace of God Duke of Gueldres, Julliac, and Cleves, Count of Ormund and Zutphen, Prince of Ghent, Count of Bures, Liege, &c., Lord of the cities and territories of either Mechlin, &c. &c.

Whereas the English Catholics, who had been allowed some little repose for a few years, were, after the opening of the parliament in 1640, oppressed with a new and most bitter persecution; and whereas the utmost care and diligence were employed against priests, that when they were driven off, the flock, deprived of its pastors, might be more easily devoured,—therefore, besides the resumption of the laws made by Queen Elizabeth against priests and Catholics (which had been a short time dormant), new and most savage acts were passed against the servants of God, forbidding a priest to minister to Catholics in England under pain of death. But as when the ancient faith and religion were first expelled from England, no fear of a cruel death, nor threats of agonising tortures, could remove the faithful and watchful pastors from the flock committed to them, but rather gave many inhabitants to heaven, many martyrs to the Church, many patron saints to the Christian world; so also, during this persecution, England has beheld her most constant champions, her bravest heroes, enduring the most cruel torments for Christ and the Catholic faith. And as at that time our own business detained us in England, we were by a sovereign grace of Almighty God an eye-witness of the incredible constancy of divers martyrs; and out of the fifteen who, from the year 1640 to the end of the year 1645, gained the palm of martyrdom in different places, we saw eleven suffer in London, of whom were four secular priests, William Ward, Arnold Green (called by Challoner Thomas Reynolds), John Morgan, John Duckett; three of the Society of Jesus, Thomas Holland, Ralph Corby, Henry Morse; one Benedictine, Bartholomew Rho (Rowe); and three Franciscan Minorites, Bolliquer (Thomas Bullaker), Francis Bell, and Paul of St. Magdalen (Henry Heath). When these men, for God's cause and the Church's, were led like sheep to the slaughter, were hanged, were cruelly bowelled before they were half dead, were burnt, and were cut into quarters, we, in order that the memory of such noble per-

sons might be for ever preserved among the faithful, and desirous of having, so far as it lay in our power, some relics of their bodies, by the aid, the devotion, and the diligence of our servants, did procure certain relics, which, on our departure out of England into France at the end of the year 1645, we carried with us, and have preserved to this day in our treasury; wherein as we intend to shut them all up, we have judged it necessary to publish abroad this testimony, lest devouring oblivion should ever erase the name of these venerable men, and the glory of these most renowned martyrs. We therefore, desiring more and more to promote the worship of God and the honour of the saints; and since we have no dearer wish than that the aforesaid venerable martyrs should be worshipped, venerated, and honoured as they should be,—have made known to all to whom this present testimonial shall come, that the said venerable martyrs did, at London, in England, contend with the greatest constancy for the ancient faith, and, so to say, for their altars; did overcome, and did obtain the crown of martyrdom; and that we, by means of the aid of our servants and their devotion to the martyred saints, did recover the relics of the said martyrs here underwritten, namely:—Of the venerable martyr William Ward, secular priest, who suffered at London, July (26) in the year 1641: his heart, drawn out from the fire wherein it had lain about five hours; the handkerchief he had in his hand when he died; his ring, and his diurnal. Of the venerable martyrs Arnold Green, secular priest, and Bartholomew Rowe, of the order of St. Benedict, who suffered at London, January 31 in the year 1642: of Father Bartholomew Rowe, his Breviary, a thumb, a piece of burnt lung, a piece of kidney turned to a cinder, the *interula* with which he was martyred, and a towel dipped in his blood; of Mr. Arnold Green, a thumb, a piece of burnt liver, a towel dipped in his blood, and his nightcap which was drawn over his eyes when he was hanged, a sponge, a piece of linen, and a towel dipped in their blood, and the apron and sleeves of the torturer. Of the venerable martyr John Morgan, secular priest, who suffered at London (April 26) 1642, certain papers containing pieces of altered and burnt flesh, three pieces of his præcordia, some of his hair, four towels dipped in his blood, the rope wherewith he was hanged. Of the venerable martyr (Thomas) Bolliquer, of the order of the Friars Minor of St. Francis, who suffered at London (October 12, 1642), a little piece of his heart, some pieces of his bones and flesh, his liver, his diaphragm, some of his præcordia, two fingers, some hair, four towels dipped in his blood, the straw on which he was laid to be embowelled, some papers greased with his fat, the rope wherewith he was hanged. Of the venerable martyr Paul of St. Magdalen, guardian of the Convent of English Minors at Douai, who suffered (April 17) 1643, a toe, three small bones, a piece of the windpipe, some of his burnt flesh, the straw on which he was laid to be bowelled, four napkins dipped in his blood, the rope wherewith he was hanged. Of the venerable martyr Francis Bell, guardian of the Convent of English Friars

Minor at Douai, who suffered December 1, 1643, a right-hand quarter of his body, six pieces of his flesh and fat, three napkins dipped in his blood and melted fat, with the remains of flesh, two fingers, and other small bones; his *thyrotheca*. Of the venerable martyr Thomas Holland, priest of the Society of Jesus, who suffered at London, December 22, 1642, one bone, some pieces of skin, a nail, some hair, two napkins stained with his blood, a little box of fat, some papers greased with his fat, the shirt in which he suffered. Of the venerable martyrs Ralph Corby, of the Society of Jesus, and John Duckett, secular priest, who suffered at London, September 17, 1644: of Mr. Duckett, the right hand, a piece of his neck, one vertebra and a half, with three other small pieces; of F. Corby, some vertebræ, with a piece of flesh, a tooth, a few napkins stained with blood, two handkerchiefs that he used at his martyrdom, the girdle wherewith he was then girded, and his hat, some remains of burnt viscera, some hair and skin of both. Of the venerable martyr Henry Morse, of the Society of Jesus, who suffered February 1, 1645, a right-side quarter, the right hand separated from the same, his liver pulled out of the fire, a handkerchief stained with his blood, ashes of his burnt intestines, the rope wherewith he was hanged, his hat, shirt, collar, breeches, stockings, the apron and sleeves of the torturer. Some part of the skin, with hairs upon it, of a certain Benedictine father, who, with his companion,\* suffered at York when Charles I., king of England, was there. Which relics we testify that we did recover by the assistance of our said domestics, who, with our knowledge and command, and in our sight, and under the very eyes of the heretics, with no small risk of their lives, did snatch part of them out of the midst of the flames, and the other part did purchase of the executioner at the very time of the execution; of which thing, as of all the premises, were witnesses: Peregrine Abbot of Carlen, Abbot of St. Mary's, our chief councillor; Mr. Charles Cheney, missionary from the Holy See to propagate the faith among the English, our domestic prelate and almoner; Mr. Robert de Mortimer, also a missionary priest; Mr. Aymond de la Tour, captain of a troop of an hundred cavalry under the most Christian king, and our councillor; M. Daniel de Bertair, our chief steward and a councillor; M. Philip de Circouve, the first gentleman of our chamber; M. Amé de la Rivière, our shieldbearer; M. Peter de Belluart; Mr. John Morgan; Anthony du Bois, of our bedchamber and our secretary; Peter Garret and Louis Noel, also of our bedchamber; Edward Locke, surgeon of our chamber; Peter of Lyons, who afterwards suffered martyrdom for the faith in Ireland; Simon du Bois; Gabriel Tirion; James Beaucourt; Quentin . . . . .; Alexander Hocart; Francis Daniel; and others our servants, official and other. In witness of all which, we have signed with our own hand, and sealed with our own seal, this present testimonial, valid for future as well as present times; and have ordered our said almoner, in his official capacity, to sign it in the

\* John Lockwood and Edmund Catherick, April 13, 1642.

name of all our domestics. Given at Paris, in our house at St. Victor, July 26, A.D. 1650."

Indorsed in French: "Act of his Highness touching the relics of England."

Many of the facts here stated are confirmed by Challoner, who (for instance), in his life of Ward, gives an account of the rescue of the martyr's heart from the fire, and the dangers incurred by Count Egmont's servant on the occasion. We publish the whole document, in spite of the painful character of much of its detail, because this very detail serves to bring out the disgusting and horrible nature of the punishments inflicted on the sufferers. In all conscience, tying a living man to a stake, and lighting a fire around him, is bad enough; but what is this to the half-hanging, the stripping of the living man, the obscene mutilation, the embowelling while the martyr was in full possession of his consciousness, the throwing the entrails to broil on the fire, the hand of the clumsy hangman thrust into the body to find the heart, the beheading and quartering, the par-boiling of the quarters, and nailing them up to the town-gates? If Englishmen had been cannibals, no more congenial spectacle could have been provided for them; the horrible cookery would have pleased their noses and provoked their appetites. But as a mere feast for the eyes, can any thing be conceived more revolting than the lesson provided for the instruction of Protestant mobs by English penal laws? Under the pagan persecutors, the Christians collected the bones and fragments of the martyrs which the beasts had left; it was reserved for English refinement to cook their flesh, and leave their brethren to collect the *papelottes* in which their members had been fried, and to treasure up rags saturated with the melted grease and (*sit verbo venia*) the dripping which distilled from their roasting flesh. Not that these relics were less venerable on account of the disgusting processes they had gone through; the horror does not attach to them, but to the brutes who presided over the butchery.

## Reviews.

### FABER'S "THE CREATOR AND THE CREATURE."

*The Creator and the Creature; or, The Wonders of Divine Love.* By F. W. Faber, D.D. Richardson.

THE Lord's Prayer repeated backwards is popularly said to constitute the "Witches' Prayer;" and, in like manner, the

Gospel read backwards constitutes the essence of Calvinism. "God so loved the world," said our Blessed Lord, "as to give His only-begotten Son; that whosoever believeth in Him may not perish." Calvinism reverses this divine announcement; and, even in reversing it, contrives to convert the doctrine that "God so *loved* the world," into a theory that God *hates* the creation which He Himself has made.

This most horrible dogma would, of course, have found but little acceptance in the world, unless there had existed in our nature some moral and intellectual infirmity which it specially worked upon, and to which it commended itself by some specious plausibilities. If the human intellect and feelings had been perfectly clear and healthy, it would have been to little purpose that Calvinism would have persuaded its disciples to believe, that when St. Paul says that the potter from the same clay makes vessels of various descriptions, he means that the potter makes some vessels for the sole purpose of destroying them. And whatever be the exact character of this infirmity, being a natural one, it will have its influence on persons within the Church as well as without it. Though Catholics cannot be theoretically Calvinists, the same temperament or circumstances which would predispose persons outside the Church to this special form of heresy, will *tend* to interfere in their case with the full and free influences of Catholic doctrine on the mind.

Certain epochs in the history of the Church will also be more marked than others with the prevalence of certain ideas; and, among the rest, with this tendency to overlook the love which the Creator bears to the creature, simply as His creature. Father Faber thinks that this present age is especially influenced by these tendencies; and in consequence, he has written the book before us, which we may in brief describe as one of the most emphatic protests against the spirit of Calvinism with which we are acquainted. We do not agree with him in thinking that the nineteenth century is thus unusually impregnated with the views which he attributes to it. If any thing, we think that it is unusually the reverse. But this is a matter of small moment, so far as the merits of his book are concerned. People are always quite ready enough to pervert the Gospel to some monstrous figment, alike insulting to Almighty God and odious in the eyes of reflecting men. That tendency to alienate oneself from God, under a notion that we are thus doing honour to His purity and greatness, is also quite as subtle in its operations on the faith and lives of Christians as it ever was. So that, whatever be the comparative character of our own, when

viewed in contrast with other times, Father Faber's essay is abundantly opportune; and will serve at once to put into shape the reasonings of many thoughtful persons, and to quiet the anxieties of many in distress.

To our taste, *The Creator and the Creature* is the best book its author has yet written. Were it not that the phrase has a smack of Carlylism about it, we should say that this volume is the first *genuine* book which Father Faber has produced. His others, brilliant, original, practical, and sincere as they are, convey to us too much of the impression that their writer was deliberately setting himself to work up other people to a certain stage of feeling, or certain lines of action. Not that the writer does not mean what he says, or that he is recommending to his readers a variety of spiritual medicines which he would not make use of in his own case. Far from it. We regard Father Faber as an eminently honest writer, as he confessedly is an eminently courageous one. What we mean is, that they convey the idea of their being the result of his own *personal* thoughts, and his own practical religious life, in a less marked degree than does the volume before us. They are less the results of his own silent intercourse with the awful realities of Revelation and Natural Theology, than of an acute perception of the defects of erroneous systems and of human frailties and inconsistencies. They display very extensive reading, an apt readiness at making use of all that others have written, an over-facility of expression, a union of capitally pointed sayings with a rhetoric sometimes not a little tawdry, a masculine vigour of thought coupled with a determination to be "poetical," whenever it strikes the author that to be "poetical" is the right thing and the effective thing.

In *The Creator and the Creature* we have all Father Faber's characteristic merits, and a considerable diminution in his defects. This, too, is quite what we should have looked for in a case in which, as has plainly happened in the present instance, a man has boldly faced for himself the tremendous mysteries of human existence, enlightened by the truths of Catholic doctrine, and gained a fresh insight into the harmonies of that great system of creation and grace, the contemplation of which will be our employment and delight for ever. As we have already named what we consider the flaws of Father Faber's previous books, we may at once, before passing on to the substance of this new work, specify the faults which are discernible in this one also; and we mention them with the less hesitation, because it is a book which will bear no small amount of criticism without materially suffer-

ing from it. Its claims to admiration are so substantial, and its faults so much on the surface, that the critic runs no risk of appearing to depreciate the whole. Moreover, Father Faber is a writer worth criticising. Many writers are not worth five minutes' dissection. You kill them outright the moment you point out their faults; for where they are not faulty, they are so washy and mediocre, that when their faults are gone, nothing is left that any body could remember to have read when four-and-twenty hours have gone by.

The faults we find, then, with this volume are, first, that it is a great deal too big. All that is in it might have been said, with every needful amount of illustration and enforcement, in two-thirds or one-half the space. It is a great mistake to write too large a book, as it is to speak too long a speech, or preach too long a sermon. When you have once made yourself thoroughly understood, and produced as much impression on your readers' or hearers' emotions as they are usually susceptible of, the longer you continue your discourse afterwards the more surely you neutralise the effect of all you have said before. You do not simply give your audience more than they desire, or leave them at the precise point to which you had previously conducted them; on the contrary, you begin immediately to undo your own work. You stupefy their understandings, make them forget what they have just been learning, and freeze up the very feelings you have been taking such pains to excite to warmth. Into this mistake, we think, Father Faber has decidedly fallen. The feast he spreads before us is very good and solid; but there are too many courses, and the dishes are sometimes a mere *réchauffé* of what we have just eaten quite as much of as our appetite desires. Those who do not find his books generally too long, are usually, we suspect, persons who read them for the sake of being pleasantly titillated by their easy flow of words, rather than for the sake of any definite ideas conveyed to their understandings.

Another point which we do not like, is Father Faber's tendency to commonplace rhetoric and gaudy prettinesses of language. Like many other writers, he does not seem to be aware where his chief strength lies. To our minds it does not lie in the more imaginative and oratorical style of writing. We like his common sense, his acuteness, his sense of the ludicrous (little as the latter shows itself in his books), and his power of clear and vigorous exposition, much more than his poetics and his sensibilities. The former are far more genuine than the latter, which, with all their rapid flow of phraseology and heat of language, are frequently not a

little deliberate and frigid. To use the terms of art, he draws better than he paints. His outline is firm, bold, and true, though with a dash of the extravagant and abnormal; but his colouring is raw and staring, and lacks the refinement, the tender delicacy, the infinite variety of hue, and the harmony and repose, of actual nature. When he next writes a book, we should like to put him on a very limited allowance of epithets, with a proportionate abstinence from *ohs* and *ahs*; rigorously forbidding the use of the word "beautiful" more than once in a chapter, and allowing him to call things blue, red, green, and yellow only under the strictest *surveillance*. As for those strange familiarities of expression which deform his former writings, and which his thick-and-thin admirers consider to be quaint, homely, and forcible, but which we regard as simply pieces of affectation, they have so nearly disappeared from the present volume, that they may fairly be expected to drop off altogether from his style in a short period. And lastly, whenever he had penned a few sentences which, if preached, would cause an immediate rustling of crinoline and moistening of cambric among the less intellectual portion of his fairer hearers, we should advise the blotting out of the whole passage with a remorseless severity.

As specimens of our author's random use of epithets, and his inappropriate dragging-in of the "sentimental" and the "poetical" treatment of his subject, we will note two or three illustrations from the volume before us. The first chapter of the second book terminates with a passage in which occurs the following sentence :

"I would fain tell the poor trees, and the little birds that are roosting, and the patient beasts slumbering in the dewy grass, and the bright waters, and the wanton winds, and the clouds as they sail above me, and that white moon, and those flickering far-off stars, that God desires my love, mine, even mine ! And it is true, infallibly true."

Taken in connection with what precedes and what follows, this is perfectly unreal and in bad taste. It is a mere patch of poetising thrust into the midst of ideas and emotions, under the influence of which all this talking to the clouds, and the moon, and the cows, is mere schoolboy trifling. Why on earth, too, are the trees to be termed "poor" on the occasion ? The birds are called little, the beasts patient, the winds wanton, the moon white ; all which they may be, or might be ; but why should the trees be "poor" ?

In the next chapter but one, with no conceivable reason for not speaking in an ordinary way about this earth, we find our author thus describing it : "It would be the peculiarity

of this planet, of this portion of God's creation, of this fair moonlit garden, third in order from the sun," &c.; as if these three circumstances succeeded one another in the way of climax: first, that the earth is a planet; secondly, that it is a portion of God's creation; thirdly, that it is a "fair moonlit garden, third from the sun." Has Father Faber never heard of Jupiter's moons, that he thinks it a characteristic epithet of this our planet to call it "moonlit"? Then he calls God's love "enormous," of all phrases in the world to pick out. He tells us that a saint is "one who drains God's abundance more than others do, and *costs* God more;" forgetting that *costing* implies loss, or suffering, or painful labour, which is totally untrue as applied to what God does for saints, as distinguished from ordinary Christians. In another place we read, "Of the thousands of souls in the world to-day, unhappily immersed in the gulfs of mortal sin, is there one whom a whole multitude of *beautiful* actual graces is not soliciting to return to God?" We submit to Father Faber that nobody who is more than fifteen years old ought to have used the adjective "beautiful" in such a context. It is either a very infantine, or a very questionable taste, to dress up a marble statue of a hero or philosopher in muslin and spangles.

Once more, there are occasional instances of exaggerated statement, even in the volume before us, which partially detract from its value. For example: "Is it easy to imagine the mercy which will absolve from *different* mortal sins the *same* soul, perhaps five hundred times in ten or twenty years, and some thousands of times in the course of life? Yet this is not an extravagant or fabulous case." Not fabulous, if you please; but surely extravagant as an illustration. Again, "One word, one look, which goes to show that being in the Church and being out of the Church are not as fearfully far asunder as light from darkness, as Christ from Belial, will rob God of *more* souls than a priest's *life of preaching*, or a saint's *life of prayer*, have won." We don't know whether that excellent gentleman, Mr. Ambrose Phillipps, ever reads any thing so little connected with Apocalyptic interpretations, and the *Union* newspaper, as books proceeding from the London Oratory; but if he does, we recommend him to digest and make the best he can of this view of the tendency of his general coquettings with the Established Church, and his special flirtings with the said *Union*. Further on, in the chapter on the Easiness of Salvation, Father Faber says, "No number of lies, however wilful, so long as they are not sins against justice also, can of themselves destroy the soul." Compare this with St. Alphonsus, a writer not generally ac-

cused of being too rigid on the subject of truth-telling: "Si quis affirmat (in confessione) peccatum mortale quod non fecit, vel negat fecisse quod fecit, duplex mortale committit; unum sacrilegii contra virtutem religionis ob reverentiam sacramenti debitam, alterum mendacii sibi graviter perniciosi contra virtutem veracitatis."\*

These are the defects which strike us, as probably they have struck many readers, in *The Creator and the Creature*. They are, however, on the surface; while its substance is excellent, though with one important drawback. As we have said so much on the faults of Father Faber's style, we may as well give a specimen or two to show how he *can* write, before saying more on his general subject. Take the following—saving, of course, the writer's stock-epithets "bright" and "beautiful," which occur twice in these few sentences:

"What should we do without the sea? Earth and air would be useless, would be uninhabitable, without it. There is not a year but the great deep is giving up to the investigations of our science unthought-of secrets of its utility, and of our dependence upon it. Men are only beginning to learn the kind and gentle and philanthropic nature of that monster that seems so lawless and so wild. Our dependence on the air is no less complete. It makes our blood, and is the warmth of our human lives. Nay, would it be less bright or beautiful, if it allowed to escape from it, let us say, one gas, the carbonic-acid, which forms but an infinitesimally small proportion of it,—the gas on which all vegetation lives? It exists in the air in quantities so trifling as to be with difficulty discernible; yet if it were breathed away, or if the sea drank it all in, or would not give back again what it drinks, in a few short hours the flowers would be lying withered and discoloured on the ground, the mighty forests would curl up their myriad leaves, show their white sides, and then let them wither and fall. There would not be a blade of grass upon the earth. The animals would moan and faint, and famished men would rise upon each other, like the maddened victims of a shipwreck, in the fury of their ungovernable hunger. Within one short week the planet would roll on bright in its glorious sunshine, and its mineral-coloured plains speckled with the shadows of its beautiful clouds, but all in the grim silence of universal death. On what trembling balances of powers, on what delicate and almost imperceptible chemistries, does man's tenure of earth seem to rest! Yes; but beneath those gauzelike veils is the strong arm of the compassionate Eternal!"

The subjoined paragraph, as a piece of writing, is still better, and shows what the author becomes when he eschews his adjectives:

"Hence it is, because God alone is our last end, that He alone

\* Theol. Mor. lib. vi. tract. iv. § 497.

never fails us. All else fails us but He. Alas, how often is life but a succession of worn-out friendships! Youth passes, with its romance, and crowds whom we loved have drifted away from us. They have not been unfaithful to us, nor we to them. We have both but obeyed a law of life, and have exemplified a world-wide experience. The pressure of life has parted us. Then comes middle life, the grand season of cruel misunderstandings; as if reason were wantoning in its maturity, and by suspicions, and circumventions, and constructions, were putting to death our affections. All we love and lean upon fails us. We pass through a succession of acquaintanceships; we tire out numberless friendships; we use up the kindness of kindred; we drain to the dregs the confidence of our fellow-labourers; there is a point beyond which we must not trespass on the forbearance of our neighbours. And so we drift on into the solitary havens of old age, to weary by our numberless wants the fidelity which deems it a religion to minister to our decay. And there we see that God has outlived and outlasted all: the Friend who was never doubtful, the Partner who never suspected, the Acquaintance who loved us better, at least it seemed so, the more evil He knew of us, the Fellow-labourer who did our work for us as well as His own, and the Neighbour who thought He had never done enough for us, the sole Superior who was neither rude nor inconsiderate, the one Love, that, unlike all created loves, was never cruel, exacting, precipitate, or overbearing. He has had patience with us, has believed in us, and has stood by us. What should we have done if we had not had Him? All men have been liars; even those who seemed saints broke down, when our imperfections leaned on them, and wounded us, and the wound was poisoned; but He has been faithful and true. On this account alone He is to us what neither kinsman, friend, or fellow-labourer can be."

The few sentences in which Father Faber sums up the chapter, "*Why God loves us,*"—the weakest chapter in the book, by the way,—may be cited as another illustration of the simplicity, the force, and the feeling with which he can express himself:

"Why, then, does God love us? We must answer, Because He created us. This, then, would make mercy the reason of His love. But why did He create us? Because He loved us. We are entangled in this circle, and do not see how to escape from it. But it is a fair prison. We can rest in it, while we are on earth; and if we are never to know any thing more, then we will make our home in it for eternity. Who would tire of such captivity?"

With this paragraph we conclude our quotations, because it is a statement in brief of the entire gist of the treatise. Father Faber considers that the chief source of the stunted growth of the spiritual life of most Christians is to be found in their defective appreciation of the truth which lies at the

root of all religion; namely, the relationship between man and his God involved in the very idea of creation. This truth is, in fact, so undeniable, that it becomes obvious the moment it is stated in so many distinct words. Yet that it is habitually recognised, even by all reflecting men, is more than can be pretended. With Protestants, the one grand difficulty is to get them to comprehend what seems to us the plainest of scientific moral truths; namely, that the first element of personal religion consists in the placing oneself in that attitude towards our Maker which is required by the bare fact that in ourselves we are absolutely nothing, and He who created us is all in all. Those who have had much experience in watching the operation of Catholic truths upon the non-Catholic mind, will bear us out in saying, that until the mind has in some degree grasped this great truth, all reasoning in the way of proof of Catholicism in particular, and Christianity in general, is totally thrown away.

And so it is in all the interminable shapes of perversity and folly which the infirmities of human nature assume in the case of those who are good Christians, of course in very varying degrees, but which are to be detected in all of us, in some modification or other. There are few in which the operation of this defective realising of the true relationship between the creature as nothing, and the Creator as all in all, cannot be discerned, as lending force to faults and difficulties which arise from other sources.

This whole volume is devoted to the discussion of this subject, in its theory and in its practical results, with, in our humble judgment, very considerable success. The whole has moreover passed through its author's *mind* as a Christian and a man, and not merely through his thoughts as a theologian and a writer; and consequently has genuineness and convincing reality about it, which are not often found in books which are the result of cool intellectual speculation alone, however sincere and well-informed. We do not pretend, of course, to express a concurrence in every thing that is asserted, or to allege that every point maintained is equally well reasoned out. This, however, would be the case in almost all writings which, like Father Faber's, are studded all over with theological, moral, and practical propositions, frequently stated in the broadest manner, and with a dash of that exaggeration of phrase usually appropriated to spoken, rather than to written theology. As a whole, however, we think that the volume will considerably raise its author's reputation with that class of readers whose esteem he would most value. With the miscellaneous crowd, who often read

spiritual books, and listen to sermons, rather with a view to the agreeable excitement of their sensibilities than to the instruction of their understandings, *The Creator and the Creature* may possibly be less popular than others of the same author's productions.

One portion of his essay will, no doubt, give rise to considerable differences of opinion. In the chapter on "The great mass of believers," he avows his opinion that the great majority of Catholics will be saved. On the subject of those who are out of the Church he says little or nothing, though perhaps, in a treatise based on the elementary truths of all religion, we might fairly have looked for some reference to the different opinions held on this branch of the subject. Perhaps, however, Father Faber felt that he had said quite enough to make some persons dissent from him, without complicating his treatment of his special subject with any details which he thought not absolutely necessary. Some critics might, no doubt, condemn the discussion of the points which he has treated, as tending to practical evil. Setting aside the fact that the comparative numbers of the lost and the saved *has* been made the subject of popular treatment in all ages, from the time when our Blessed Lord uttered His parables down to the present hour, we think, however, that the aspect of the popular philosophico-religionism of the day requires the discussion of the topic, at least with the limitations under which it is here handled.

It is needless to do more than recall the fact, that the one grand cause of distress, doubt, and difficulty to the reflecting understanding has, in all ages, been the "origin of evil." In some shape or other, this has ever been *the* one awful, unsolved problem, before which humanity has shuddered and been abased. But these shapes have naturally taken their form and colouring from the special characteristics of the various epochs in human opinion and feeling, and from the various temperaments of the individuals who go to make up the entire mass of human life. In a metaphysical age, the discussion has taken a metaphysical form, and the different views embraced have been treated as the watchwords of separate "schools," rather than as the explanations of practical difficulties affecting the daily actions of life. In a controversial age, the discussion has been polemic and sectarian; and the scholastic logic of the middle ages on grace, free-will, and predestination, has given place to the more embittered rhetoric of Calvinism, Arminianism, and Pelagianism. In an age of civilisation and peace, and one so little, as an age, given to theological controversy as our own, the question

assumes a new form, borrowed from the practical life of the day. Now if there is one point in which this time is distinguished from the past, it is in its dislike to inflict needless sufferings upon any human creature. Undoubtedly it is often inconsistent in its ways of carrying out its principles; each nation, each creed has its own special irregularities in its application of the one idea which all civilised nations share in common. Undoubtedly also a considerable amount of silliness and mawkish twaddle is vented on all sides, in connection with these same views. Still, it is impossible to deny that there is a vast amount of truth, both philosophic and Christian, in the sentiment, or whatever we term it, which leads us to see in every human being *a man* like ourselves; with the same sensitiveness, the same nature, the same duties, the same capacities for pleasure, for sadness, for ecstasy, for agony, and lastly, the same eternity, as each one of us recognises in himself; and, by consequence, which leads us to shrink from inflicting *needless* suffering even on the worst specimens of corrupted humanity. It is a bright jewel in the crown of present civilisation, that it has learnt to distinguish between cruelty and manliness; between bloodthirstiness and courage; between a reckless disregard of other men's rights and an unflinching maintenance of those we are bound to protect. As for the notion that the age is more effeminate and cowardly than those gone by, it is a mere figment. The late war alone disproved it. Never were known more numerous and more heroic instances of manliness and daring than those displayed in the Crimean struggle, as there rarely has been a war conducted with so little bloodthirstiness and inhuman ferocity. Under the influence of such feelings, the old speculations as to the "origin of evil" now naturally present themselves in the guise of questionings as to the destiny of mankind in a future eternity. There is no overlooking the fact, that this is *the* question of the day. And the extent to which what is termed "universalism" has obtained possession of the more respectable and sincere sections of Protestantism is, we believe, without precedent in the history of the past. With Catholics, in a like manner, there is naturally an increasing instinct for speculating on the number of the elect, as compared with that of the lost. The unutterable awfulness of an eternity of suffering, following upon a life of a few years, impresses the Catholic of the nineteenth century with a vividness which could scarcely be comprehended by an age when the shedding of a man's blood was looked on as comparatively a trifling affair. People will speculate upon the destinies of the majority of God's creatures

with an anxious eagerness which cannot be repressed, and which must be at least corresponded to by a calm and candid exposition of whatever can be said on the subject.

We consider, accordingly, that Father Faber is more than justified in presenting his readers with his own views on this tremendous question. Whether his views are correct, is another consideration. We are not disposed to express any opinions of our own on the present occasion; but we have no hesitation in saying, that we think his chapter on "The great mass of believers" one of the most interesting, as it is one of the least rhetorically written, of any in the volume.

One point, indeed, which appears to us to go more than any other consideration towards influencing an ultimate decision, he has only glanced at in passing, namely, the extraordinary degree of ignorance which attaches to the actions of the great majority of mankind. Few persons, we believe, are aware of the extent to which a practical ignorance of duty prevails, even among those who are supposed to be tolerably well-informed. Because a man can repeat a few forms of words, a few theological statements, it is taken for granted that the ideas thus expressed have necessarily entered into his mind; nay more, that they have entered it in such a degree as to make him morally responsible to the fullest extent for acting upon those ideas. We are convinced, on the contrary, that it is extremely easy for a person to learn and repeat a large number of dogmatic and moral propositions, and to profess, without any positive insincerity, that he believes them, without realising their actual import in any practical sense whatsoever. And the very exactness and scientific brevity of Catholic dogmas and morals, makes them all the more easy to learn by heart and repeat in the fashion of a parrot. We need not enter into many details of illustration. A single instance will be abundantly sufficient. It is a mortal sin voluntarily, and without sufficient cause, not to hear Mass on Sundays and days of obligation. Now how extremely difficult is it to get uneducated persons brought up as Protestants, especially as Protestant Dissenters, to realise the *meaning* of what they are taught on this head with any such distinctness as to bring it home to their conscience that a definite rejection of God as God, and an eternity of punishment as a consequence, is involved in the needless staying away from Mass, say on Ascension-day, or the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. Will any but a fanatical devotee to words and phrases pretend that, in the great majority of these cases, the English poor Catholics are actually *in the sight of God* regarded as deserving hell on this account? Yet here is as plain and simple a duty as can well

be conceived, involving nothing subtle or difficult about it. And the same practical ignorance, we are convinced, exists in almost every class of persons in some points; and affects their deserts as guilty or not guilty to such an extent, that it is perfectly hopeless for any but Almighty God Himself to state to what an extent they are exculpated in His sight.

Whatever, however, may be the differences of opinion as to the views Father Faber has expressed, on the manner in which he has discussed the subject there cannot be two opinions. It could hardly be handled in a more unexceptionable spirit, and it adds materially to the merits of a treatise which possesses so many other high claims to our admiration and respect.

One qualification, indeed, we must add to these claims. The treatise has the defect of overlooking, to a serious extent, the idea of absolute *responsibility* involved in the relationship of the creature to the Creator. It is a defect which is to be discerned in many of its author's writings, and which must tend practically to neutralise, in some degree, their healthy influence on the religious character of their readers. We miss a satisfactory exposition of the nature and influence of a Christian's fear of his God, as distinguished from the slavish terror of an alien or an enemy. Yet there cannot be love without fear, in any stage of the Christian life; and the too exclusive display of what are termed the more attractive attributes of the Divine nature, must tend to a morbid sentimentalism, an unmanly pietism, as far removed from Christian perfection as is that languid torpor which asks to be roused by rhetorical and almost exclusive pictures of hell and its agonies. That fear which the Apostle tells us is cast out by perfect love, is a fear which torments and agitates the soul, and not that deep and enduring sense of the infinite power and awfulness of the Divine Majesty which a creature, even when perfect in love, can never cease to feel. With the vast majority of Christians, it is of paramount importance that this sense of obligation to the God who made them should be habitually fostered by all legitimate means. For if it is a fundamental truth of religion that God made us from nothing that we might love Him, and that in loving Him we might find our sole peace and happiness, it is an equally fundamental truth that He made us that we might serve Him, and that He has enforced the duty of serving Him with the most awful of threatenings. We cannot separate the two ideas in teaching without danger, as they cannot be separated in reality. As fear without love is degraded to the servile terror of the reprobate, so an exclusive stimulating of love

on our part tends to destroy real love, and to substitute in its place a presumptuous self-confidence and a familiarity, which is as utterly opposed to the dictates of natural religion as it is to the whole spirit of the Scriptures and all the best writers on the spiritual life. And we venture earnestly to call Father Faber's attention to this truth. That he himself has personally any sympathy with the mawkish and unreal sentimentalism which we speak of, we do not for a moment imagine. But we think that, having a keen appreciation of the injury done to religion by the formality and frigidity which belong to what is termed the high-and-dry school, wherever it is found, he has adopted an opposite system to an extent which is hurtful to the ordinary run of Christians. And this it is which, to our eyes, gives an appearance of artificiality to many of those statements which people sometimes take to be the natural ebullitions of personal feeling and warmth of temperament. To our judgment, they have all the real coldness of the rhetorician, who makes up for his want of intensity of personal conviction by adding adjective to adjective, and piling tropes, metaphors, and apostrophes, in one heterogeneous and dazzling heap. Father Faber's own judgment, we are convinced, is more strictly sensible and solid; and it is under the conviction that the best parts of his understanding and acquirements have not yet been fully displayed in his works, that we thus criticise what we think his defects with a freedom which we should hardly use in the case of a writer of inferior calibre and less permanent value.

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We are glad to be able to append to this article the following criticism on the general spirit of F. Faber's writings, which we have received from a distinguished master of the spiritual life since our own remarks were written. It treats the subject from a point of view different from our own, and in a manner which appears to us to deserve the most anxious consideration on the part of those who approve entirely of Dr. Faber's method.

MY DEAR —, Admirable is the aim of all Dr. Faber's writing—that of inculcating on the minds of his readers the supreme advantages of a great confidence in God. I would not suppress one syllable of all that he has written to exhibit God as the loving Father of His creatures; but, whilst I would have this divine perfection always present to the mind, I would only have it used as the ground for the picture of the other adorable perfections of the Most Blessed Trinity,

so that besides His love, His majesty, His power, and His justice might shine in just proportion. This is what distinguishes the writings of the saints, and above all, those of the inspired writers. In the Psalms, the most striking peculiarity is perhaps the prophet's constant passing from the contemplation of those divine perfections which pierce his flesh with a holy fear, to that of the other perfections which enlarge his heart with confidence and love. This alternation of thought, always beginning with a humble knowledge of self, and ending with a loving confidence in the goodness of God, is the double-weighted balance which must keep all reasonable creatures on earth and in heaven in that just equilibrium which saves equally from despair and from presumption. The Blessed Virgin begins her Magnificat with the majesty of God and her own humility, and connects God's mercy with His creatures' fear—" *misericordia ejus timentibus eum.*" In the preface, where the Church militant unites with the Church triumphant to thank and praise God, it is said, "*laudant Angeli, adorant Dominationes, tremunt Potestates, Cherubim quoque ac Seraphim;*" showing that, in proportion as the heavenly spirits approach the beatific vision of the infinite perfections of God, they are the more filled with an awe which increases with the increase of knowledge and love.

St. Bernard attributes the fall of Lucifer to his presuming to contemplate only the infinite goodness of God. Now this is the danger I apprehend for incautious readers of Dr. Faber's books; and the more so, as he intends them rather for those who are but beginning, or who have not yet begun, to walk in the way of perfection than for those who are more advanced (see preface to *All for Jesus*). It is true that now and then Dr. Faber hints at the holy fear of God, and the necessity of the practice of mortification; but he does so in a quite accidental and unconnected manner, without showing the importance of it except in isolated chapters and passages; whereas it ought to be insisted upon as the very foundation of the edifice of salvation, not to speak of that of perfection. "*Major charitas, minor timor,*" says St. Augustine (sup. 1 John iv. 18); "*si autem nullus timor, non est quâ intret charitas. Nam sicut videmus per setam introduci linum quando aliquid suitur—seta prius intrat; sed nisi exeat non succedit linum. Sic timor primo occupat mentem,*" &c.,—"The greater the love, the less the fear; but if there is no fear, there is no way for love to come in. For as the needle draws in the thread, first entering itself, and then coming out to give place to the thread, so fear first possesses the soul." And again he says, "Perfect love expels fear, the

fear which considers God as Judge and Avenger; and it is necessary that this fear should precede, in order to introduce into our hearts the love that makes us consider God as a Father and a Spouse." St. Bernard used to say, that he dreaded the goodness of God far more than His justice; for the offences which we offer to a friend are greater, and worthy of greater punishment, in proportion to his goodness towards us. Thus St. Margaret of Cortona, when her charity had become perfect, complained of her divine Spouse because He seemed to have forgotten that she had been a sinner, and had ceased to give her that sorrow for her criminal life which she had felt in the beginning of her conversion. If it be true to say that perfect love banishes fear, it is likewise true that without fear love cannot cease to be imperfect: "*Cum metu et tremore salutem vestram operamini:*" "*regnum Dei vim patitur, et violenti rapiunt illud.*"

Dr. Faber truly says, that the evil of the time is a want of confidence and love. It is a truth, that if people had perfect confidence and love, all would be right; but it is not a truth, that the remedy to that evil is only to preach, "Have confidence and love!" No more than in a time of famine, although the evil proceeds from people not eating bread enough, would it serve much to write pamphlets upon the importance of eating bread, but to show the causes of the deficiency, and the speediest remedy to be applied to the evil. Now people have not confidence and love enough, because they do not empty their stomach of earthly food; and this they do not, because they do not fear God. Fear leads to abstinence and self-denial; self-denial to spiritual hunger: "*esurientes implevit bonis, et divites dimisit inanes,*" says the Queen of all the Doctors. The want of this fear is the real evil of this, as of former times. "*Desolatione desolata est terra, quia nemo est qui recogitat corde,*" or asks himself, What have I done? Who is God? Who am I? Where am I going? What is hell? Why has Jesus Christ died on a gibbet? This is the road by which we must pass to come to that grounded confidence to which I am afraid there is no shorter way.

Dr. Faber's favourite idea was also the favourite idea of the saints; but the saints made use of it to deter themselves and their disciples from the least stain of sin, and to enforce the practice of self-denial, in avoiding even the least and the most distant occasions. See the eighth letter of St. Philip Neri on the subject of detachment, mortification, and charity.

Dr. Faber (and the same may be said of many others who have happily come to be Catholics after many trials and

much thought) seems like one who has become rich on a sudden, and does not know how to spend his money because he has not learned the art by early and gradual experience. Following the impulses of a sanguine temperament, and of a humane and generous heart, he would fain make all men happy in the shortest and easiest way, forgetting that few have the same good natural qualities that he has, and that fewer still have developed them by long studies and great personal sacrifices. He appears to feel indignant with those who do not follow his method; and he goes so far as to find fault with the writings of the saints who have recommended the practice of mortification of the senses, at the same time that he twists the passages he quotes from them to make them serve his purpose. I allude to certain passages from St. Teresa and St. Alphonsus, which I can produce. He exalts St. Francis de Sales; but dislikes the *Spiritual Combat*, which St. Francis carried about with him upwards of twenty years, reading every day some pages, and making it the foundation of his own beautiful spiritual works on love and confidence. Again, it is hardly fair to make St. Alphonsus assert Dr. Faber's proposition of the large number of the saved, because he said that all who died within two years after assisting at a mission were probably saved. Dr. Faber scarcely remembered how St. Alphonsus conducted a mission. He always began by using every possible effort to make those who assisted at it enter into themselves through dread of God's judgments; and it was only after the hearts of sinners had been pierced by the fear of God, and they had washed the church-floor with their tears, that they were invited to think of the mercy of God. A mission, he used to say, which has drawn no tears of repentance from sinners is a failure. Now how few there are, after all, who avail themselves of the benefits of a mission according to the thought of St. Alphonsus! And of these how few die within the second year after! When well considered, this is but a poor argument to prove that St. Alphonsus agreed with Dr. Faber on the number of sinners who so easily gain the crown of the elect; nor is it an encouraging illustration for those who would satisfy themselves with "a moderate sorrow" only for their sins.

There is also in Dr. Faber's books, and especially in *All for Jesus*, a perpetual mistake, in quoting in support of his *easy ways* examples of the saints who had passed through the hard ways first, and even again and again after they had perfected their charity. Incautious readers, who have not yet begun to mortify their passions, and are eager to become

saints, or at least to be saved, at the cheapest possible rate, will naturally love Dr. Faber's principles; but the consequence will probably be that, instead of purging away their bad habits and sins, they will simply whitewash the sepulchre.

It will strike those who have some experience in the ways of God for the salvation of sinners, and for the perfecting of those who aspire to sanctity, that Dr. Faber can scarcely have passed through the trials common to those saints whose examples he quotes so richly and boldly. I think of him as of a man who, after spending his life in his cabinet, reading all the books published about the campaigns of great commanders, and their battles fought by land and sea, should afterwards write treatises filled with these examples in support of a new method of gaining victories in an easy and comfortable way. The weak side of Dr. Faber may almost be said to consist in his superiority of talent; for being already a distinguished theologian and hagiologist when he became a Catholic, he exercised his own judgment on all that he had read, without taking time to acquire experience or to profit by the experience of others, who, although less brilliant, might have helped him. His poetical imagination, quickness of conception, and facility of expressing his thoughts in a new and catching manner, and, let me add, the exaggerated praises which were lavished on him by distinguished prelates and others, who thought only of encouraging him, and rejoiced at the acquisition to the good cause of so able and zealous a champion, have caused him to rely too much, and always more and more, on his own views, and to believe that he had found the philosopher's stone.

A tree is known by its fruits. I have found that they who are fond of Dr. Faber's books have no relish for those of the saints most approved by the Church. They are all too dry,—even St. Francis de Sales and St. Alphonsus. What they do read in this kind is generally something mystical—visions, or the most pungent asceticism presented under marvellous forms, as in B. Henry Suso.

This dislike of the simple classics of devotional theology will generally be found connected with a dislike of every kind of aridity and self-denial in the way of salvation and perfection; and it is not necessary to be a prophet to be able to foretell that, when the bewitching excitement created and renewed by the successive books of Dr. Faber has yielded to the inevitable fate of all human things, those who are most attached to his doctrine, to the exclusion of less piquant and poetical writers, will experience somewhat the same as those who, after reading a beautiful novel, fall into a deep melan-

choly distaste for a life stripped of idealities; only the case will be worse, because novel-readers, after all, know the folly of being influenced by tales grounded upon mere imagination, while the others will fall into the opposite extreme to that into which they had slipped so agreeably, and will pass from presumption to discouragement.

Yours, &c. —————

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## PHILLIPPS ON THE UNITY OF CHRISTENDOM.

*On the Future Unity of Christendom.* By Ambrose Lisle Phillipps, Esq. London: Dolman.

A PROPHET, if he wishes his predictions of the future to be credited, should be careful not to show ignorance of the present and past; for if he talks nonsense about subjects which we know, how shall we believe him when he talks about that which we understand not, especially if he adds self-contradiction to errors of fact?

The amiable author of the present pamphlet has not escaped these rocks. Addressing himself to all who "agree in accepting the Christian revelation as contained in the Bible," he tells us that the "theory of teaching" by means of masters descending, "by the successive laying on of hands," from the Apostles, is what is sometimes called "the rule of faith." That "Roman Catholics, Greeks, and Anglicans, all profess to hold one and the same rule of faith;" and that it is this "sublime theory" which is to enable the nations to attain to the proper standard of morals. The writer will not inquire in whom the guilt of the breach of this unity, or theory, or rule, or whatever else it is, lies; he only says, very truly, that he speaks rather from an Anglican than from a Catholic point of view.

The first point is, to examine the hopes held out by the "theory" of union between Catholics and Anglicans. And here he quotes F. Leander, the President of the English Benedictines about 1630, who reports to the Pope that the Anglican Church "retains an *external appearance* of the ecclesiastical hierarchy;" and then goes on to detail in what this hierarchy consists. Hereupon F. Leander is supposed to bear testimony to the "theory." Nothing can be more unfair to that great man, who at least knew his logic. F. Leander set up St. Gregory's seminary in Douai, to which he invited all the Anglican ministers whom he could convert, whose orders he treated as a mere imposition, and whom he caused to receive the sacraments *ab initio*,—confirmation, ton-

sure, minor orders, subdiaconate, and at last priesthood, and that without any condition or other implication of doubt concerning their having any other ecclesiastical status than that of laymen. This was keeping Anglicanism pretty wide apart from Catholicity; and yet this Father is Mr. Phillipps's "testimony" to such a substantial resemblance between the "churches" as would have led long ago to a reunion, "but for the obstacles opposed to it by the bitter spirit of polemical controversy on the one hand, and by political prejudice on the other;" which appears to be our author's estimate of the relative guilt of Catholics and Protestants. The next witness is Father Newman, in one of his Protestant books, where he asserts that the Thirty-nine Articles, though *primâ facie* heretical, yet must be interpreted in a Catholic sense *if the Church of England is to be Catholic*. Father Newman at that time thought it was so. He is now better advised, and has retracted his testimony; which Mr. Phillipps has therefore no right to bring forward, unless he had also adopted Father Newman's cast-off assumption of the Catholicity of the Church of England.

Next we have the canon quoted which (on paper) obliges ministers to preach in accordance with the Fathers—of course interpreting these Fathers by private judgment; and this is brought forward as a triumphant proof that the "Anglican theory" corresponds with ours! Then, after some historical observations on James II. and his "infatuated policy, in making common cause with the lowest Dissenters, instead of boldly urging a reunion between the Roman Catholics and the national Anglican Church," which crushed "the theory" for a time, our author rejoices in its resurrection in Tractarianism, which has already driven over so many to us, that "there is hardly a family in the realm which does not possess one of these converts;" and which is still gathering strength, and leavening England with Catholic ideas, as we may see by such institutions as Ecclesiological Societies, and such great works as, 1. Toovey's reprint of the *Aberdeen Breviary*; 2. Gibson's gloriously illustrated *History of Tynemouth Abbey*; and 3. Mr. Chambers's translation of the *Sarum Diurnal*. England, then, is tending to depart farther and farther from ultra-Protestantism; she is "becoming ever more firmly identified with her national Church;" and this Church is "becoming more vigorous and more influential every day." In time, the Government will favour Tractarianism; and then, though individual conversions to Popery (which, by the by, only serve to hamper and perplex parties) will cease, yet then also may the friends of concord lift up their heads, for their re-

demption draweth nigh. "Yes," cries our prophet, "I believe it will be so; and I believe it, not because I hope it, but because *I see* it coming." Let only Catholics co-operate with Anglicans, and then we shall be a united people; the Queen will be defender of the faith, and her dominion the very type of moral and physical grandeur.

This result Mr. Phillipps thinks not so difficult as may be imagined, as a review of the chief obstacles will show.

The first obstacle is, that though the Church of England is a very pretty Church on paper (?), and had in Edward VI.'s time something like Extreme Unction, and in some old editions of the Prayer-book a service for touching persons affected with the king's evil, and still has some wonderful ceremonial for installing knights of the Garter; yet, in fact, it is a body of men holding every imaginable heresy, and gradation of heresy. But undoubtedly the Protestant clergy are getting stronger in the Fathers, the necessity for belief of some sort is being gradually recognised; and so things are really progressing towards "the meeting of all men of good-will in one mighty botherhood (*sic*) of Christian belief and Christian love" (p. 25). Botherhood of belief and love *concedimus*; Christian we doubt, especially if *we* do as Mr. Phillipps advises us, viz. beseech God to enlighten *us*, so that *we* may come to an agreement, and that faith may take the place of doubt. Either this is a transparent fraud upon Protestants, pretending that we reduce ourselves for companionship to their condition of seekers, and so gratuitously insulting to them; or it is honestly intended; and then it is a provisional doubt of our own faith, and so an insult to God.

The second obstacle comes from the Catholic side: we mistake the time for making individual proselytes. Our seer tells us that the body of Anglicans is ripe for conversion; and we "indiscreetly, unreasonably, injudiciously, and unseasonably" keep offending the body by dragging souls out of it one by one, as brands out of the fire. This, at the present time, is a great mistake, and quite contrary to the proper understanding of our Lord's command, "Go, teach all nations." Nations are nations, not individuals; not a mass of persons here, and a mass of persons there, but the collective nations—the French nation, the English nation, and so on; not a Catholic party in France, and a Catholic party in England, at war with every other section of citizens; but England and France severally and mutually confessing the same great truth. Christendom has now arrived at the great apostasy, by the governments, as such, being separate from the Church. Christianity is for the "fullness of the Gentiles,"

*i. e.* the Gentiles in their national capacity. Therefore the Church ought to behave in the most conciliatory manner to bodies of Christians in their corporate capacity; that is, we suppose, should not seek to break them up, by inviting individuals to come to her out of them, but should strive to keep them together, and to assist them to guard their own frontiers, in hopes that they will one day, in gratitude, make some sort of concordat with us. Mr. Phillipps here asserts that the *Rambler* lately stated that the Church has never treated with heretics in a corporate capacity. He misunderstands our statement. The Church has never recognised any divine corporation, which it would be a sin to dissolve, in heretics; she would have no scruple in filching one of their bishops from his flock, or priests from their bishops, or laymen from their heretical pastors. She recognises their corporate capacity when it is politic to do so; if, by so doing, she can convert a thousand people at once, it would be folly to insist that all the thousand should act independently, and come over one by one. She recognises the corporate character of heretics for prudence, not for principle; for convenience, not as of right, *ex jure Divino*. Whether the suspended right of a bishop returns after his reconciliation, is another matter. Any how, a right while in suspense is practically no right at all.

The next obstacle is the Catholic disbelief in the validity of Anglican orders, which Mr. Phillipps hopes to see corrected, as such correction would greatly facilitate the union.

The next obstacle is the Anglican doctrine; but he thinks we might agree upon some "doctrine for the future," in which certain things might be passed over in silence. Some German theologians, writing under the authority of the Emperor Leopold, declared that it is sometimes wrong to manifest all truths to the inquirer, or to ask him to renounce all errors. Anglicans have always kept enough Catholic faith to serve as groundwork of a confession, as may be seen in a letter of that truly learned and pious writer Dr. Pusey, to whom the glory of healing the divisions in the Church will belong more than to any other living man. This portion is concluded with an apologetic protest, showing how "far we have been from embracing what Protestantism condemns." Truly, if we believe our author, all religious differences are reduced to mistakes in facts; and the Platonic doctrine is true, that sin comes not from malice but from ignorance. Protestants are as good Catholics as ourselves, if they did but know it. Their objections are right in principle, but wrong in application.

Our author next treats of political difficulties on the side of the state. He holds to Gregory XVI.'s condemnation of Lamennais' principle, of the total separation of Church and State being the healthy position of the Church; but he topples over so much to the other side, that he might not unjustly be accused of being willing to make the Church subordinate even to an heretical prince and government. As the Gospel, he says, is for nations, not individuals, so kings are to be its nursing fathers and queens its nursing mothers. Jealousy and mistrust of the royal protectorate of the Church are nothing less than a direct insult to God Himself. For himself, our author avows that he would like to see Queen Victoria meddling with us as much as she does with her own Establishment: "I do not see that the royal supremacy, in its practical working in this kingdom, invests the crown with any power beyond what is exercised in Catholic countries by their sovereigns, 'with the full consent of the Holy See.'\*" Then he tells us what Queen and Pope would have to do, though he is not presuming to dictate: "God forbid! I am merely showing, with the most profound reverence for each of the parties concerned, that there is no insuperable obstacle in the way of an amicable adjustment between the *existing prerogatives* of the British Crown and the spiritual rights of the Church." He looks no further than the Crown. Parliament and people have no existence for this fossil politician—this accidental survivor of the Church-and-King men of Charles I.'s days.

The two last divisions of his subject, the political and religious advantages that would result from the restoration of unity, convey our author into his favourite regions of prophecy, where neither our faith nor our fancy can follow him. These oracles are, however, interspersed with a few facts which can be tested by the common-sense standard of historical knowledge; such as the assertion that, "in Malta and the *Ionian Islands* the *whole* native population is Catholic, of either the Greek or Latin rites." Can Mr. Phillipps

\* Mr. Phillipps perhaps never saw the letter written in behalf of Montague (the very extreme of High-Churchmen) by the Bishops of Rochester, Oxford, and St. David's, to Buckingham, Aug. 2, 1625. These episcopal representatives of sublimest Anglicanism own "that when the clergy submitted themselves in the time of Henry VIII., the submission was so, that if any difference, *doctrinal or other*, fell in the Church, the *King and Bishops* were to be *judges* of it in a national synod or convocation, the king first giving leave under his broad seal to handle the points in difference." So first the king is sole judge whether the point shall be handled or no; secondly, he is head of the synod, and co-judge with the Bishops in the determination of the point itself. And this power is no more than that granted by Pius IX. to Louis Napoleon or the Queen of Spain!

be ignorant that in Corfu all the native population, except some 600 persons, are schismatic Greeks; and so violent in their hatred to Catholics, that the latter often go in fear of their lives, and sometimes get seriously injured by the attacks of the fanatical schismatics? Or is the statement made of malice prepense, in order to imply that, in Mr. Phillipps's opinion, the Greek schismatics are really Catholics? This, perhaps, is what he means by asserting that the union effected by the Council of Florence still exists *de jure*. But in this way any villain may be called a saint, because he ought to be so.

We should not have taken so much pains to furnish an abstract of this mischievous pamphlet, unless the author had puffed himself as an organ of English Catholicity; and that with such success, that, as we have heard from the mouth of one of our Bishops, he has had the melancholy satisfaction of preventing several persons from joining the Church, and thus breaking up the very compact body of Anglicanism by their defection. In other words, this gentleman, who works no miracles, and gives no sign either of natural wisdom or of supernatural illumination, is so confident in his own prophetic powers, that he scruples not to trust them in contradiction to the whole practice of the Catholic Church in England since the Reformation, to dissuade that which all our martyrs persuaded, and to recommend unfortunate persons to risk their souls, by remaining in a body which no mortal man but himself supposes will really join the Church during this century, and by remaining in which these souls will assuredly be lost unless such junction is effected in their lifetimes. If this is not a monomania, it is a crime. We do not bandy accusations of heresy, for we are not ecclesiastical judges; but, as private individuals, we assert that this pamphlet is scandalous to the very highest degree. It is, however, redeemed by one quality likely to neutralise its evil—besides its weakness—namely, the submissiveness with which Mr. Phillipps is ready to yield to the decision of authority against him.

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## THE HISTORY OF NORMANDY AND OF ENGLAND.

*The History of Normandy and of England. Vol. 2. The three first Dukes of Normandy.* By Sir Francis Palgrave, Deputy-Keeper of her Majesty's Public Records. London: J. W. Parker.

SIR FRANCIS PALGRAVE is the living apology for antiquaries, the standing proof that one whose talk is of parchments, whose fingers are dusty with mouse-eaten documents, and whose eyes are weakened with deciphering evanescent hieroglyphics, may yet have a soul unaffected with the dust wherewith the body is conversant,—a mind that rises far above a mere congeries of dates and genealogies,—a genius that can even distil from such unpromising materials the most vivid portraits and the most dramatic history. Yet Sir Francis is no romancer like Macaulay; he has much too high a conception of the dignity of his calling to allow him to disfigure history for party purposes, or to use it as a mere vehicle for brilliant theories. On his title-page stands the sentence of St. Augustine, which removes history from human institutions; for what is done cannot be undone, and has now passed into the region of God's unconditioned decrees. The historian who undertakes his task with such a thought, feels like a prophet who is speaking God's word, not his own; and while he will use all his critical acumen in sifting the truth from contradictory testimonies, and will lavish all the resources of his art in clothing this truth in the most becoming dress, he will at the same time feel it to be a kind of sacrilege to allow his illustrations to smother the truth, or to pervert its lessons, seeing that history is the pronounced judgment of God, and that the untruthful historian, like the false prophet, while professing to recount God's judgment, is cheating both God and man by substituting his own imaginations for the divine decrees. The man who supports a theory by garbled history, is like a fanatic who prefaces the recital of his dreams with "Thus saith the Lord."

One might fancy that a history of the Normans, if the historian made a conscience of being true, would be a short affair—a mere chronicle, a book of annals, with one or two events brought out distinctly, the rest merely noticed. This is not the case. Sir Francis's history of the Normans threatens to rival Macaulay's history of Whiggism in prolixity. We are by no means sorry for this. Long books are generally unendur-

able, but in history they are a necessity: annals are not history; dry digests and strings of dates give no notions either of the springs of human actions or of the decrees of God. Such strings are very useful to stretch across the picture of the past, to divide it into compartments, and to teach us at once where to place any genuine episode. They are the dry skeleton which supports the muscle and nerve of the organised living structure. The true student of history does not neglect this skeleton: he tries to impress upon his mind some outline, scanty perhaps, but accurate, of universal history; and then studies in detail some portion which has been written by a master, by one whom the consent of mankind has stamped as a classic, who knows how to combine the truth of the chronicler, the large views of the philosopher, and the eloquence of the orator. Such a history is that of Thucydides; such, for any reason we can see to the contrary, may be this history of the Normans. For, after all, it does not much matter what period is studied; history is not special philosophy, or literature, or cultivation; to seek these in thoughtless unlettered semi-barbarous tribes would be folly. But history is the action of man upon man; and this is ruled by the same motives, and carried out by similar means, in all stages of development. The cunning of the savage is different only in its artlessness from the policy of the civilised man. There is a unity in all history, built on the unity of human nature, and the identity of the Supreme Governor, in all ages of the world. History, after all, is only interwoven biography. It is, as Sir Francis says, always to be resolved into a series of epics; our attention is always directed to the one man through whom each concatenation of events is to be completed. Hence it is that in some periods history becomes impossible; there are too many chief actors; the interlacements of events baffle the skill of the synoptic historian; the mass becomes amorphous; there are over-many centres of crystallisation. But where the historian fails, the aid of the biographer may be called in: take your man as the centre, and the perplexing cycles and epicycles will combine in harmonious unity. The individuality of the soul is the foundation of history.

"No delusions," continues our historian, "in ethical science are more fraught with danger than those nominal abstractions which conceal from us the reality that all the judgments we pass upon the aggregates of human society, are only estimates of individual responsibility. It is only through those individuals whose acts become known to us, that our miserably imperfect conjectures respecting the secondary causes of human events can be sustained. Yet,

never render worship to any man as a hero. View the most sinful, or the least, among those whom the world celebrates, but as rebels suffered, or servants chosen, by the Almighty. Leaders, only because they are permitted to guide; not creators, but working out the will of the Creator.

Old words with new meanings originate new ideas. None perhaps in our days more detrimental to the highest interests of mankind, or more fatal to our temporal or eternal welfare, than the trivial term 'masses;' seducing us not merely to forget, but to ignore, the tremendous truth which our imperfect faculties can only humbly confess, that . . . . . every one of all the millions that live is as wholly an independent being in himself as if there were no one else in the world but he. And therefore every child of the Protoplast is more important before the Eternal than all the orbs or stars or planets in the cosmical universe. They were made for time, but man for eternity."

A man who writes history in this spirit, is not likely to stoop to the fashionable pictorial statistics which are dubbed with the name of history at the present day. The modern historian generally thinks he does his work best when he groups his subject into masses, and writes an account of "the people;" tells us in the lump what they ate and drank, what was the material and cut of their clothes, when they rose and went to bed, what furniture they had in their houses, how many could read or write, how much corn they raised per head, and how many acres they had under cultivation, and endless details interesting to registrar-generals. All this was passed off as real history; and loud was the laughter with which old chroniclers or court-annalists were received, who wrote only the accounts of those who, as they supposed, held the reins and guided the chariot of the State. But they were not so much out as the moderns fancied: they held a right principle. They may have been wrong in facts; they may have been blinded with the blaze of court-splendour, or carried away with the tide of court-flattery, and may have ascribed to a puppet-king the influence really exercised by far other leaders; other historians may discover these real guides, and may group the events of history round their true centres: but to deprive history of all centres, and to reduce it to an inorganised mass, is simply to destroy it, and to present a heap of bricks instead of a house. Great has been the contempt lavished on old writers who traced the English Reformation to the marriage of Henry VIII. with Anne Boleyn. The causes, we are told, are to be sought deeper,—in the ignorance of the people or the corruption of the clergy. But a picture of corruption is no history. History represents the

acts of an organised whole. These acts have leaders, and follow some law; the historian traces this law, and groups events round these leaders. If you will not allow that Henry was the guide of the national act, tell us who was so, and make him your centre; group the events in a new manner, and trace them to other sources, to other motives than have usually been assigned. But till you have found such a new centre, the historian will probably follow the old grouping; and Henry VIII., with his spurious wife, will still figure as the rebel suffered by God to lead away a whole people from the truth.

We have not space to follow Sir Francis into the stirring and lifelike details which he gives of the persons of his drama; nor can we quote any of his characters, pithy as those of Theophrastus, which we are astonished to find to be faithfully culled from old Norman minstrels, or from Italian poets of the time—but transformed by passing through Sir Francis's mind, and assimilated to the rest of his own writing. We must rather continue to indicate the general course which he follows in his history, and the general conclusions at which he arrives, or rather the principles by which he guides himself.

*"Tendimus in Latium"* is the opening of one of his chapters, in which he shows how from Rome all modern civilisation is derived; how the eagles of ancient Rome, and the black-robed priests of the modern city, have marched through the earth, breaking up the sulky solitudes in which barbarian peoples wished to confine themselves, seizing on the brave hearts, the strong limbs, the adventurous daring of the German and Scandinavian, subduing them, taming them, making them Rome's own instruments. Sir Francis, like most men who have made a conscientious study of mediæval records, is compelled to pay homage to the influence of the mediæval Church; and he does it with no grudging spirit, no implied half-censures, no affectation of sitting in judgment upon that which he recognises as his judge. Far as he is from all hero-worship, yet he is too keen-witted not to see the absurdity of an eighteenth-century knight of the goose-quill, giving sentence from his desk on the giants of old.

"Hagiology"—we quote the opening of his second chapter—"in this our 'age of progress,'—of progress certainly, but whither tending?—is an unpopular theme; at best but tolerated. It goes against the grain of our fancy. Popular writers most favourable to the *Acta Sanctorum*, treat their glorious company, their goodly fellowship, their noble army, in a patronising tone, hesitatingly, half-ashamed, making the most of their recommendable qualities or

talents, asking excuses for their simplicities, queernesses, or superstitions;—Gregory the Great kindly patted on the back by the essayist; or Bernard of Clairvaux encouraged to come forward by the historian, rather afraid of losing caste in the intellectual circles through his owning to such an acquaintance—somewhat after the manner of a fashionable *chaperon* introducing a *protégée* of dubious connections or questionable style.”

The next paragraph must be taken *cum grano*, and allowance made for the Protestant mistake of supposing that we refer to humanity what we really refer to a special and most rare grace of God. Yet with this drawback, there is a fund of truth and good sense about it that may well command attention. In a short notice we quote some corresponding language of Father Newman upon the infirmities of St. Basil and St. Gregory. We, who are ready enough to laugh, and cry out “Serve you right,” when a puritanical student of the Old Testament urges the force of its examples in behalf of polygamy, or of spoiling the Egyptians, or of using “the sword of the Lord and of Gideon,” might perhaps advantageously be careful how we commemorated among the exemplary and virtuous actions of saints such deeds as frightening a poor Jew out of a diligence in which he had paid for his place because his company was offensive to his saintly companion, or making a foot-servant keep up with a horse, refusing him time for eating or rest, and ascribing the good humour with which it was borne rather to the effect of the rider’s sanctity than to the self-command of the runner. And yet these are genuine examples from published hagiology.

“The term hagiology, however, though none more appropriate can be substituted in its stead, is a mistake, a source of misconception. Turn which way we will in any mental inquiry, we are confounded with the fallacy of human language. We may be certain that those whose lives and actions are included under that category, would mourn the epithet bestowed upon them. The biography of saints is but the biography of sinners; amongst whom each would contend to be chiefest. It is the exaggeration of human perfectability which destroys the edification that such narratives of patience, piety, self-devotion, charity, humility, and fortitude, would otherwise impart. Nothing like this glozing view of human frailty has been taught to us. No veil has been cast upon the prevarication, the lust, the untruth, the bloodguiltiness, the denial, the anger, the incredulity,—the weaknesses, failings, transgressions, and sins of those who have been loved, chosen, called. All these things have been written for our edification, in order to refuse us any excuse for feigning that the holiest servants of God are exempted from the original corruption. We flatly contradict His holy word if we exhibit the

just as never failing. No miracle fancied in the golden legend could be so utterly incredible as the undeviating perseverance ascribed to humanity.

The false tenderness of hagiography has become catholic in the worst sense,—as nearly as may be universal: in secular literature it runs riot. Posthumous biography, posthumous memorials, in every variety, guise, and form, are pervaded by this debilitating, deluding, and mischievous influence. To lie like a pedigree might be a proverb, to lie like an epitaph is so. . . . Every concealment of a blemish detracts from the living verity of the portraiture. No truthful representation of any popular hero can approach the fine ideal of popular fame. . . . But the historian is not compelled to paint for a patron's pleasure: his primary vocation is to instruct; nor should he blench at the risk of displeasing. Let him not fawn either upon the living or the departed. He will be thanked in the long-run. Let him bide his time. He is in no wise responsible for the defects of his personages, still less is their vindication obligatory upon him. This conventional etiquette of extenuation mars the utility of historical biography, by concealing the compensations so mercifully granted in love, and the admonitions given by vengeance. Why suppress the lesson afforded by the depravity of the 'greatest, wisest, meanest' of mankind?—he whose defilements teach us that the most transcendent intellectuality is consistent with the deepest turpitude? The labours of the panegyrist come, after all, to naught. You are trying to fill a broken cistern. You may cut a hole in the stuff, but you cannot wash out the stain. Forget the worse than meaningless phrase, which represents the stiffened corpse as standing at the bar and appealing to the 'tribunal of posterity.' It is not before the judgment-seat of man that the dead will have to plead."

It appears to us, after reading the above and other passages from Sir Francis Palgrave's book, that all that is wanted to make him a Catholic, or at least to make him take a Catholic view of history, is a little more distinct recognition of the *supernatural* as well as the *natural* intercourse between the Creator and His creature. Utterly opposed to the great heresy of modern days which makes man the creator, while it reduces God to a universal gas, or at best to a universal law, as is Sir Francis, he yet seems to ignore, or at least to overlook, the operations of grace. He is admirable within the realm of ethics, or of natural religion, or of Christianity considered objectively with regard to God, not subjectively with regard to man; but we do not find much trace of his understanding its supernatural power. Yet let us receive what we have with all due thankfulness; for our consciousness of the supernatural order should not make us forget that we have also our place in the natural, and that the ethical

virtues, proprieties, and beauties are just as fragrant and important in the supernatural as in the natural man.

In the following passage Sir Francis reflects on bigotry; in the natural order so repulsive and so utterly groundless:

“Like mirror placed opposite to mirror, hating minds repeat hatred in endless perspective; but not like the mirrors, fainter and fainter. In all such quarrels, each man ascribes to his foeman the faults of which he possesses the full equivalent,—may be, the very same. Every heart, however tender, includes a stony fragment never softened into flesh; the heart of stone is never entirely taken away. No intolerance more inveterate than that which inspires all of us, the advocates of universal toleration. Alas for the ‘sacred right of private judgment,’ claimed by every one, but allowed by no one! Who permits it? Do you? Do I? Not you. Not I. My permission of private judgment is this: think as you please, provided you think so as to please me. Believe what you choose of your own free choice, but choose my creed. And if you make your own free choice, your ‘choice’ is my ‘heresy.’ And your permission is the same—my ‘choice’ is your ‘heresy.’ There is not a page of the tract-distributor’s tract, or the Anti-Tractarian or Tractarian sermon, or a leaf of the liberal or illiberal broadsheet, which, under favourable circumstances and fostering influences, might not develop into a san-benito *semé* with flames. Even the most merciful amongst human creatures are therefore oftentimes the most merciless: there is one grudge which they never forget; one affront they never forgive; one opinion they never bear with; one offence they never pardon;—the bitterness concentrated in one channel becoming more intense than when diffused.”

If we had chosen extracts to illustrate Sir Francis’s brilliant narratives, instead of the principles which guide him in writing, we should have been compelled to extend this notice much beyond the space we could afford it. Our readers must take our declaration on trust, that the life and vividness of the busy narrative give it all the interest of a novel, and make us almost gape with astonishment when we consider the author’s rigid canons of historical truthfulness on the one side, and on the other, the unpromising character of the materials on which he had to work. Truly, *suxit mel de petra, et oleum de saxo durissimo*, and has provided most wholesome as well as palatable reading for all the world. We have only one hope to express before concluding: that the same spectacle which Germany witnessed when she saw such men as Stolberg and Hurter compelled, by the lights they gathered in their historical researches, to submit to the ancient faith, may be repeated in Sir Francis Palgrave for England; and that so much truth and industry, and such excellent endowments, may not be cheated of their proper end.

## THE LIFE OF HANDEL.

*The Life of Handel.* By Victor Schœlcher. Trübner and Co.

M. SCHŒLCHER tells us that this work has been composed by him "in the bitterness of exile." We do not care to inquire whether his exile is the consequence of a difference with the powers that be, or a "difficulty" with his tailor; all we can say is, that we shall have small cause to quarrel with the circumstances which compel so many of our continental neighbours to seek a refuge in perfidious Albion, if it lead to occupation as innocent and praiseworthy as that which has beguiled our author's retirement. The *soupçon* of socialistic sauce wherewith he has rather suggested than given a flavour to his sound *pièce de résistance*, is of so homœopathic a character, that it will be, we are happy to believe, almost overlooked by the hungry palates of vigorous Handelians. And in the number of ardent admirers of the genius of the Saxon giant, we are proud to declare ourselves.

Amid the thousand heroes of the musical Walhalla, there are two forms which tower grandly above the rest: Handel, the mighty master of vocal harmony; and Beethoven, the ruler of the spirits of pipe, and reed, and string. Of these two, England claims a peculiar and special interest in the first. The accident of his birth, to be sure, we cannot help. Born at Halle, in the duchy of Magdeburg, in Saxony, we suppose it must be conceded that he was in that respect a German. But, at all events, in England and for England he lived; and from 1718 to 1759, the year of his death, the career of George Frederick Handel becomes an essential feature, and perhaps the most respectable of the very few respectable features, in the history of those unseemly times, when the first two monarchs of the house of Hanover reduced kingcraft to the level of the gutters. Most truly does M. Schœlcher observe, in his preface, that "the life of Handel can only be written, and his works can only be studied, in England. There only is he well and widely known; there only is he sung, and played, and venerated, as he deserves to be." Yet, strangely enough, it has been reserved for a foreigner to complete the task which the countrymen, by birth and by adoption, of the wonderful musician have both left unfinished; and we are deeply indebted to M. Schœlcher for the unflagging interest, perseverance, and careful research,

which have enabled him so successfully to gather up the widely-scattered and fragmentary materials, which he has now built up into the best biography extant of one of the very greatest of composers. We are nauseated with drivel about "undeveloped" characters in Shakespeare, with whining appeals about the lineal descendants of his great-grand-mother's wife's aunt's second cousin twice removed; and it is not without some feeling of humiliation that we congratulate our author on his manly choice of a subject which should long ago have been treated, if not exhausted, by English writers. But somehow these are days for notes and queries, antiquarian small-talk and maudlin æsthetics; not for honest literary labour and the production of sound books. A tinsel reputation glitters in the eyes of the mob, and it costs but a small price.

The present biographer has at least one advantage over his few predecessors who, after a fashion, have written the *Life of Handel*—he is not a professed musician. Much as we value the criticisms of able professors, we think it all but impossible for either painter or composer so to separate himself from the technical peculiarities he cannot but have, if worthy the name of artist, as to enable him to form an unbiased judgment on the works of a professional brother. Like Archimedes, he wants a place whereon to stand. He is too near his object to take a general view. So we find that art-criticisms by artists are almost invariably one-sided,—sometimes all sun, sometimes all shadow,—hardly ever, to borrow a photographic term, properly *binocular*. But though M. Schœlcher confesses that he is so "untechnical that he would be hard put to it to read the gamut," his notices of the effects produced on his "musical sensuousness" by the performances of the master-pieces of his great subject sufficiently prove that neither his ears nor his taste are wanting in cultivation. When of necessity his imperfect amateurship hesitates, he finds an able and willing assistant in Mr. Rophino Lacy, to whose intimate and accurate acquaintance with all Handel's compositions he bears grateful testimony; but he is not reduced to the deplorable duality of poor Ariel in Mr. Kean's revival of *The Tempest*, in which that tricky spirit flourishes his pink legs, bathed in electric light, *before* the scenes, while his voice lurks (in the shape of clever Miss Poole), not "where the bee sucks," but *behind*, among the carpenters and machinists.

In short, the *Life of Handel* is very well done; and we recommend it not only to *fanatici* and "professors," but to all sober and intelligent lovers of the glorious art, and to

readers in general. Handel was emphatically a great man, in a day when littleness was at a premium; and the history of a great man should have a universal interest. Even those whose misfortune it is to be as impenetrable as Hotspur to the sweet language of harmonious sounds, must yield no nig-gardly admiration when they read of his indomitable resolution, energy, and perseverance, conquering defeat and bankruptcy; of his noble and inflexible independence, exhibited in the face of a degraded and dishonourable aristocracy which brought every low and debasing art into play in order to compass his utter ruin; when they consider his strict integrity in an age of startling corruption, his personal purity while the very decencies of life were sneered at in all fashionable society; and his princely benevolence, unchecked in its flow by personal difficulties and the severest trials. Handel had, it is true, great faults; but he was a Lutheran born,—a servant and pensioner of the most filthy of courts,—a member of a profession looked upon as menial,—the director of an establishment abounding in every temptation against chastity and honour; and he comes out from all this as bright as precious metal when compared with the surrounding dirt and dross.

We cannot pretend, in the space of a short notice, to attempt any analysis of the laborious contents of the volume before us, which contains more than 400 pages; but must leave them to be carefully studied, as we hope they will be, by a large majority of our readers. M. Schœlcher will not shock them by any outrageous attack upon their *amour-propre*; the few pricks in which he indulges are so good-naturedly administered, that the British lion who growls must be thin-skinned indeed. Indeed, we have never met with a more satisfactory, nor, as we believe, a more just judgment of our national musical taste and acquirements. At the end of his chapter on the “Character and Genius of Handel,” he writes:

“One may be disposed to say that Handel himself was a great conqueror. Thanks to his indefatigable perseverance, to his moral courage, to his indomitable will, and to his masterpieces, he succeeded, before he died, in dissipating the cabals which had been formed against him, in crushing folly and in conquering universal admiration. The public was enlightened by the torch which he held constantly in his hand; the impression which he left behind is profound and living. It is ineffaceable. There is no other similar example in the history of art of the influence which one man can exercise over an entire people. All the music of this country is Handelian; and if the English love, seek after, and cultivate more than

any other nation Bach, Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, they are indebted to the author of the *Messiah* for it. No man, in any country, has dominated more generally over men's minds in his sphere of action; no composer ever enjoyed in his native land a more unlimited popularity."

We entirely agree in the truth of all this. The judgment of the four masters named is not wanting in confirmation of Handel's title to the high position he has attained in this country. Bach greatly desired to meet him, having the most profound admiration for his genius; but circumstances prevented the interview from taking place. Haydn exclaimed, "He is the father of us all." "Handel," said the dramatic Mozart, "knows better than any one of us all what is capable of producing a great effect; when he chooses, he can strike like a thunderbolt." Beethoven called him "the monarch of the musical kingdom." To Moscheles he said, "He was the greatest composer that ever lived; I would uncover my head, and kneel before his tomb." When dying, he had the volumes of Handel's works, which had shortly before been presented to him by a friend, brought into the room; and pointing to them, as he gazed with a re-animated eye, he said, "There is the truth."

We conclude by drawing attention to a long note on the "State of Music in England," placed in the author's appendix, and which is an amended edition of an article contributed by him to the *Critic* of June 2, 1856. Its fairness and candour are worthy of all imitation; and, though we may demur against certain opinions as founded on insufficient knowledge, it is substantially, and for the most part literally, correct in fact and deduction. He says:

"Those who have never lived in England, usually deny that there is in that country any taste for, or knowledge of, music. Never was there a greater mistake. Without excepting either Germany or France or Italy, there is no country where classic compositions are more eagerly sought for, listened to, and appreciated than in England; there is no country where one may hear better music, or where it is executed on a more magnificent scale."

He goes on to enumerate our various past and existing musical societies, capping the list with a column of concert advertisements from one copy of the *Times*. "Surely it will be admitted that the country in which so much music is to be found in one day must be musical." Nor is it quantity only that he finds among us, but quality also. Of Bach's *Passion-Musik*, Beethoven's colossal *Mass in D*, Cherubini's in *C*, he remarks, "Where but in England can you depend sufficiently upon the public to risk the outlay of producing them? . . . It is

certain that musical criticism in England is more serious, and, above all, more learned than in France. . . . I do not hesitate to state, that whoever has not heard an oratorio executed in London, or at one of the provincial festivals, has not tasted the full amount of delight which music is able to give him. Thus it seems, then, that the bad reputation which England has on the Continent as a musical nation arises from a prejudice."

M. Schœlcher adds very truly, that, "on the other hand, the English entertain some prejudices with respect to the French;" and reminds us of the neglect with which we treat divers of the best operatic composers of his nation, notwithstanding our being such users and abusers of music, that at all exhibitions, whether of wax-work, Turkish costumes, or lion-slayers, we cannot get on without a "gentleman who pianofies away in a corner, with his nose in the air."

But we must take leave of our French biographer, with present thanks for the service he has already rendered to English literature, and with anticipatory thanks for the "exact and complete catalogue of Handel's works" which he promises shortly in a separate volume, and for the appearance of which we shall look with much curiosity and interest.

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## Short Notices.

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### THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

*The Church of the Fathers.* By J. H. Newman, D.D., of the Oratory. New edition. (Dublin, Duffy.) We are delighted to see a new edition of this charming book, which well exemplifies Dr. Newman's method of treating history. There is no reticence, no slurring over of unpleasant or disedifying details; characters are drawn in their completeness; their imperfections as well as their heroic virtues are brought out; and in consequence St. Basil and St. Gregory, St. Anthony and St. Martin, move before us as real men of flesh and blood, not as incomprehensible abstractions illustrative of particular virtues: "their lingering imperfections make us love them more without leading us to reverence them less, and relieve the discouragement and despondency of those who in the midst of much error and sin are striving to imitate them." "If," says the author, in a chapter on St. Gregory, "my tone is of too historico-critical a character to suit a canonised saint, all I can say is, that Gregory is dear to me because he is a man; and that as I venture in familiarity, I advance in devotion." The work consists of biographical sketches of some of the great actors in the ecclesiastical

drama of the fourth century, when the Roman empire became Christian, the Church seemed to succumb to Arianism, and countless barbarians poured in upon empire and Christendom. The sketches are all written with a controversial intention, to make Protestants feel and realise how different their Establishment is from the primitive Church, to which they impudently or ignorantly appeal.

*The Great Question ; or, Why did God create you?* By the Rev. J. Furniss. (Duffy.) This is No. 2 of the series of little books for children which Father Furniss is publishing. Its chief value results from its simplicity of style, and the capacity (a rare one) which its writer possesses of addressing himself, not in language alone, but in mode of thought, to the capacities of those whom he addresses. We may mention the third chapter, "God has given to you a soul, and your soul is a spirit," as a fair illustration of this valuable gift. Besides direct explanations of doctrine and morals, Father Furniss contrives to introduce little details more or less interesting to children, but the utility of which some persons may question; for instance, the information about the weight of saliva which is swallowed at a meal, and the horrible story about the child being damned, at pp. 39 and 40.

*The Biographical History of Philosophy, from its origin in Greece down to the Present Day.* By George Henry Lewes. (London, John Wm. Parker.) This is an old work re-written; its object is, in a very popular and anecdotal way, to prove by the history of philosophers that there is no such thing as philosophy; to show that metaphysics is an arch thrown from nothing to nothing; that whereas physical science runs along in a straight line *ad infinitum*, ontology is a circle continually returning upon itself, and running round and round its own monotonous treadmill, from scepticism through common sense to scepticism again. Mr. Lewes is a partisan of Comte and the positive philosophy, and does not allow that man has any ideas independent of experience. Perhaps he has not; but for all that, there is more in our ideas than experience can give us; we may not be able to exhibit this superfluous quantity quite pure and defecated from all the lees of sensation, but there it is, in spite of the positivists. True, it does not lead of itself to much available knowledge; the certain deductions from it are soon exhausted; practically, those who deny it use its laws as really as those who affirm it;—but this it does: it opens the intellect to a new world, it gives the mind an interest in things cognate to itself; it lends the soul wings to soar above nature, and to demand a revelation of the supernatural. No one will say that this is superfluous who is not prepared to deny the good of a revelation at all,—to deny God, and the soul, and the reality of their intercourse.

Again, metaphysics must run in a circle; for the science considers the soul, and her hold on necessary truth. Now necessary truth does not enlarge with our enlarged knowledge of the contingent laws of nature; nor are souls built up on souls, so that the last created is an improvement on that of Adam. The circle is continually recurring for each,—creation, maturity, decline, oblivion; metaphysics educates the individual soul, and when that is done, it begins to educate the next, not from the point where it left the former soul, but from the very beginning; and so it will continue till doomsday, in spite of the positivists. After all, the lowest spirit is better than the highest matter; and the laws of spirit, however obscure, are more human in their interest than the laws of matter, however certain.

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

*The Lives of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, and of Anne Dacres his Wife.* Edited from the original Mss. by the Duke of Norfolk, E.M. (London, Hurst and Blackett.) This beautifully got-up volume illustrates that branch of English Catholic history that has been least worked, and is most interesting in itself; our annals record rather a series of personal conflicts than any grand political combinations. In fact, the political part of our history is generally dry, sometimes unedifying: squabbles of seculars and regulars, the passing of more and more stringent penal laws, the failure of some unhappy plot of a few desperadoes, and the revenge taken on the innocent by a government glad of a pretext for iniquity; armies without leaders, campaigns without plans, futile hopes and bitter disappointments,—such items form the staple of our history, in the usual signification of the word; but divide it into a series of single combats, of stirring biographies, and of strange escapes, and we almost get materials for *Iliads* and *Odyssies*.

The lives before us are favourable specimens of what family archives, well searched, may in several instances be expected to disclose. We do not say that the narratives are told in as lively and popular a manner as they might be; nor do we mean to praise the method of the hagiographers of the sixteenth century, who divided a person's life into virtues instead of into acts historically and chronologically sequent; but in these old biographies we find a touching story truthfully and simply told, and many incidental notices which are calculated to give great light to the Catholic historian of the period. We have to thank the duke, not only for a most interesting book, but still more for setting an example that we hope will be followed by the other great Catholic families of the kingdom.

*Margaret Danvers; or, the Bayadère.* By the Author of "Mount St. Lawrence." (Dolman.) Margaret Danvers is a strong-minded young lady, who is a good shot and a good swimmer, and has infidel views on the subject of religion and duty; but is nevertheless possessed of a woman's heart, a refined nature, and fine moral instincts. She is a sceptic because she was brought up to be nothing particular, and has never been in the way of meeting with the results of religion embodied in real life in such a way as to convince her that there is any thing definitely divine in the Christian revelation. The "Bayadère" is not a dancing-girl, but a yacht, which has not much to do with the story. Of course, in the end Margaret becomes a Christian and a Catholic. We are happy to inform our readers, however, that notwithstanding her skill with the rifle and her natatory qualifications, she is decidedly good-looking, and sings, plays the harp, composes, and writes rather middling verses; and further, that the process of her conversion is carried on by the course of the story, and not by long-winded conversations. The story, too, is not in any sense what may be called a "pious" story, or a theological story. On the contrary, it is really a novel, and a very clever one, reminding us of one of Miss Edgeworth's best tales, but with less of that intensified wisdom and prudential good sense which is a fault in that lady's otherwise brilliant fictions. *Margaret Danvers* is, in fact, the best thing its author has yet published; and, notwithstanding its use of the stale incident of the changing of infants by their nurse, will amuse many people as much as it has amused ourselves.

Mr. Young of Birmingham has made a new medal for the members of the Confraternity of the Rosary, oblong in shape, somewhat like an old abbey seal, of good workmanship, moderate price, very correct, mediæval, and pretty. It requires, however, some acquaintance with the heraldry of hagiography to be able to recognise the six saints, who, together with the Blessed Virgin, find places upon its two sides.

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## Correspondence.

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### "ALICE SHERWIN" AND THE DOMINICANS.

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

SIR,—After reading the notice of *Alice Sherwin* in the last Number of the *Rambler*, I wrote to the author, drawing attention to the purport of your reviewer's remarks; but as I have had no reply, I conclude that my letter has not reached its destination, particularly as I was by no means certain of the correctness of the address. I should feel obliged, therefore, by your allowing me to say, that the charge against certain English Dominicans in the days of Henry VIII. would not have been allowed to stand, had I not satisfied myself on inquiry that the author had substantial grounds for the statement made in the work. On the merits of the case I have nothing personally to say, except that, if the passage to which your reviewer adverts be that which occurs at the beginning of chapter xxv., he has extended the terms of the indictment far beyond the limits which the words of the writer expressly imply. The passage runs thus: "In the spring of 1535 the greatest consternation prevailed amongst all who remained faithful to the ancient faith, more especially in the communities *in and around London*. The Dominicans *of the metropolis* had weakly yielded, and, notwithstanding the protest of Warham against their act, had acknowledged Henry as their supreme head." And in a private letter addressed to me, August 22, 1856, the author thus writes: "As regards the Dominicans, I am perfectly accurate. The Dominicans were not included in the amnesty of 1531; but after the prorogation of parliament, May 31st, the *London* [thus italicised in the original] Dominicans purchased their pardon, unreservedly acknowledging Henry as supreme head of the Church, and paying a considerable sum. Warham, in the name of the Church, instantly protested against this act. . . . It must be remembered, that those colleges, &c. not included in the amnesty, were obliged to treat *directly* with Henry."

As the question is one of fact, and not of opinion, I trust I am not transgressing the rules of journalism in begging you to be so good as to insert this communication in your next Number. I am naturally anxious, for the credit of the series, that it should not be supposed that a charge, not against the glorious order of St. Dominic, but against certain of its members, at a critical period in the history of the Church in England, had been either lightly made or carelessly admitted.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

THE EDITOR OF THE VOLUME.

# THE RAMBLER.

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PART XLV.

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## IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.

THE recent proceedings in the House-of-Commons committee on the Mayo election have brought prominently before the public a state of affairs in that county only too well known beforehand to those who have made the condition of Catholicism in Ireland their careful study. Did the county of Mayo stand alone in the country, or were there grounds for hoping that Ireland as a whole was free from the operation of the evils to which we allude, there would be less ground for anxiety than we believe now to exist. Or were there to be discerned any indications, except a few feeble and scattered tokens, that a better condition of things is steadily, if not rapidly, advancing, there would still be more ground for hope than for fear. As it is, the public revelation of what we may call the social condition of the Church in Mayo tends to quicken rather than allay the apprehensions of every man who understands what it is that constitutes a sound and healthy state of the spiritual body-politic of any section of the Universal Church.

It is impossible, then, any longer to overlook the fact of the almost total alienation *in feeling* which exists between the Catholic clergy and the Catholic gentry of the county of Mayo. The circumstances attending the last election, and the election immediately preceding it, preclude any other interpretation of the political events of the last few years in that district. It is impossible not to see that, setting aside questions of faith and morals, questions of direct legislative enactments and political opinions, there exists an undeniable tendency to separation in social and political action between the Catholic aristocracy and gentry on the one hand, and the Catholic clergy on the other.

The facts of the case may be compressed into so short a compass, that they may as well be recapitulated before we proceed with our remarks upon them. Twelve years ago Mr. G. H. Moore contested the county, with the support of nearly all the *Protestant* gentry. The Archbishop of Tuam was asked for his support; but would not give it, because Mr. Moore was against the repeal of the Union. Mr. Moore lost his election by a small minority; and two years afterwards, that is, in 1847, he stood again, still opposing Repeal. He was now returned, being supported by nearly all the large landed proprietors, but without either the active opposition or the active support of the Catholic clergy. Three years more passed on, and Colonel Higgins—now Mr. Moore's antagonist—entered the field, with Mr. Moore's support, against Mr. Butt. The clergy took up the colonel, gave him their zealous support, and he was returned. Then followed the Papal-Aggression excitement, and the formation of what is termed the "Independent-Opposition" party, with all the extravagant pledge-taking and cool pledge-breaking, of which Mr. Justice Keogh is the most distinguished specimen. Colonel Higgins joined that party; and, like sundry others, soon found that he had no taste for keeping pledges, however easy he might have found it to take them. Considering that the most eminent in that line had openly adopted this weather-cock system, had "justified" it to the world, and been supported in his changes by ecclesiastical authority as respectable in reputation as it is high in position, it can hardly be wondered at that the colonel should follow the lawyer, and expect at least as full an immunity from penalty, if not equally satisfactory substantial gains.

The result to the public has been, however, that when another election came, Mr. Moore and the colonel were found pitted one against another, with this startling circumstance attending the contest, that as a body the Catholic clergy were Mr. Moore's strenuous supporters, and as a body the Catholic gentry were the strenuous supporters of his opponent. The two were ranged against one another in the most marked antagonism, and the election became practically a war for political superiority between the clergy and the upper classes of the laity of the county. There were, of course, a few individual exceptions to the rule in both instances; but, taken as a whole, the fact was as we have stated.

Now what is the only rational explanation of this portentous phenomenon? Setting aside the exaggerations of partisan animosity and personal interest, such as necessarily colour the declamations of speech-makers and journalists,

what does this hostility of classes prove to us? As to interpreting the alienation by asserting that all the gentry are corrupt scoundrels, who support Colonel Higgins because he is a turncoat and a place-hunter; and that all the clergy are immaculate patriots, whose motives are as pure and enlightened as those of the gentry are foul and ignorant,—such an interpretation will *satisfy* no one. Such motives may have animated a certain portion on each side; but the true explanation is to be found in the existence of a deep though latent uncomfortableness of relationship, to call it by a mild term, between the upper classes of the laity and the clergy, which needs only to be stimulated by circumstances to be called up into active hostility. It is not a question of religion or politics, strictly speaking; it is not a question of Catholicism or Protestantism; it is the want of habitual cordiality and confidence, and the absence of general mutual support, rather than any thing more definable and positive, which issues in this unfortunate result. Such as it is, it sufficed to place the Catholic gentry as a class in the ranks of Colonel Higgins's supporters, simply because he was the object of the determined opposition and denunciations of many of the clergy. The contest became a direct conflict between the lay and the clerical elements in the Church, and as such presents food for thought and reflection of a most painful kind.

We beg our readers to remark, that we are imputing no especial blame to one party or to the other. We are insinuating no motives, and raking up no old grievances. Nor are we adopting either side as political partisans. Whatever be our own views of Irish politics, or whatever our opinions with respect to the more prominent personages who have figured in this affair, they have nothing to do with the subject in hand. The portentous phenomenon before us is this, that the clerical support given to Colonel Higgins's antagonist instantly drove the gentry into the opposite scale. The tie of a common religion has had no influence in leading clergy and laity to a community of action, to a calm and reasonable discussion of differences of opinion, and to such an arrangement of public conduct as would tend to save religion from a grievous scandal, and to insure the permanent superiority of high principle in their various neighbourhoods. Rather has their common Catholicism proved a source of mutual antagonism; and from what has happened the Protestant world has drawn the edifying conclusion, that the Catholicism of Ireland must be in a very rickety condition, when it presents such spectacles to the gaze of the United Kingdom.

The one single event which has exercised an influence on

public opinion of a more advantageous kind, has been the examination of the Archbishop of Tuam before the Committee of the House of Commons. We have no hesitation in saying, that we think it would be a gain on all sides were Dr. M'Hale to come more into contact with the better and higher classes on this side of the Channel on other terms than those of political hostility. Of course we do not mean that we should like to see the Archbishop sitting perpetually in the middle of a horseshoe table at Westminster, in a chronic state of questioning and answering. But we do think that the circumstances under which he has usually appeared before the general public of the nation are calculated to prolong misapprehensions and to perpetuate evils; while the results of his late examination cannot fail to be at once favourable to his reputation in this country, and beneficial to the cause of the Church in which he holds so influential a position. Undoubtedly, in the course of his examination, the Archbishop gave utterance to certain opinions on the desirableness of consulting the clergy in politics which are easily misinterpreted, and, when misinterpreted, converted into a ground of sundry telling and popular onslaughts against popery and priestcraft. There was also much in his manner of stating that he knew nothing *officially* of altar-denunciations, and other means of spiritual intimidation, which strikingly confirmed the common idea that his Grace is no timid partisan in politics when he has taken his side. Nevertheless there would be something so preposterous in blaming an ignorant voter for consulting his priest as to his vote, provided he did this with perfect freedom, that we do not believe the reputation of Irish Catholicism suffered in the smallest degree from the cautious manner in which the Archbishop put forward his views; especially as he was able to combine it with one of those sly hits at unfair landlord influence which are as sure to be well received as a fiery attack on all landlord influence is sure to be ill received. As to the Archbishop's avowal that he knew nothing "*officially*," and the impression thus produced that he chose to wink hard at the excesses on his own side, English politicians are so much given to keen electioneering encounters that they are not, we are convinced, disposed to impute any very unpardonable degree of guilt when an ecclesiastic uses all *fair* means to support his own side against a class of opponents whom it is notorious that he could not personally respect. Taking the examination, therefore, as a whole, and notwithstanding the prosecution of Fathers Conway and Ryan, we think it has done good service in showing that a Catholic Archbishop from the west of Ireland may be a very different personage

individually from what he is supposed to be when judged by hostile journalists, or even by his own political manifestoes. As charity in religion covers a multitude of sins, so in English political and social life gentlemanliness and pluck, when combined, have a marvellous influence in softening asperities and conciliating regard. Accustomed as the English Parliament and people are to associate a mixture of bravado, tortuousness and selfishness with "Irish Romanism," as they call it, they must have been not a little surprised at the courage, self-possession, moderation of phrase, good-humour, and quickness of fair repartee, which the Archbishop displayed in the course of his examination.

In our humble opinion, moreover, his Grace would beneficially modify some of his own views with respect to this country were his intercourse with the better specimens of English Catholicism and Protestantism more frequent. The anti-Saxon views which he makes no secret of holding are, in our judgment, so seriously injurious to the real welfare of Ireland and Irish Catholicism, that we should rejoice to see them so far modified as to allow him to take that place in the *empire* which is forbidden to him by the exclusiveness of his own feelings on certain subjects. In the present day, the notion of any national ill-will towards Ireland, as existing in the English people, is a pure fiction; and the only effect of a perpetual imputation of faults which do not exist, is to injure Ireland herself by keeping her in a state of provincialism and of inferiority to that more powerful island which now desires to give her the fullest equality. As an integral portion of the empire Ireland can be great; as a distinct province she must be small.

To return, however, to our more immediate subject. There can be no question that the want of a cordial union of feeling between all classes of Catholics, which has been so signally shown in Mayo, is unhappily too common throughout Ireland generally. There is no overlooking the fact, that there exists a want of *loyalty* towards the Church on the part of the Catholic gentry to a very lamentable extent; that strong personal interest in her general advancement and well-being as *the Church of Christ* which is involved in the idea of loyalty, is confined almost exclusively to the clergy, the poor, and the class of shopkeepers and others of a similar social position. Exceptions, of course, there are; but they leave untouched the great fact, that the professional classes, the landed gentry, and the aristocracy, do not feel any very hearty interest in any thing that concerns the prosperity of the Church throughout their country. They will make no

sacrifices for it; they will take little or no pains to second the efforts made by the clergy for taking advantage of the improved social and political condition of the Church in the nation; they are too often ashamed of their religion, when Protestants attack it or it stands in the way of their advancement; and their aim is, to reduce their services to it to the lowest minimum consistent with the profession of the religion of their fathers.

Hence it results that we so seldom see the clergy and the gentry pulling together, or cordially working together, on occasions when it is natural that all classes of Catholics should combine. The lay element in Irish Catholicism is, intellectually and socially speaking, a nonentity. The smaller traders and the poor cannot fill the void in the spiritual fabric; neither their education nor their social position allows them to take the place which ought to be filled by men of wealth, rank, and cultivation. The clergy perforce stand alone, supported only by a numerous class, who necessarily cannot do much more than contribute to the money-resources of the Church. The rest stand aloof, confine themselves strictly to business or pleasure, feel little or no interest in Catholic affairs as such, and are liable to feelings of jealousy towards the clergy, which are the reverse of indicative of that healthy general condition which would lead all sections naturally to co-operate, unless forced apart by some singular condition of affairs.

On this side of the Channel, happily, affairs are different. In Ireland, the Church is strong in the nation, through the multitude and attachment of the poor. In England, the poor are numerically a far smaller proportion of the entire body; but, as a set-off, there exists a very striking amount of loyalty towards the Church on the part of the higher classes. That converts, as such, should feel a deep and practical interest in the prosperity of the Church, when they have given up so much for the privilege of entering her pale, is but natural. Converts as a class, and to whatever cause, are always zealous, and ready to labour and make sacrifices; so much so, that their zeal has become a proverb. Of their loyalty, therefore, as a "representative fact," we do not make much. The hopeful sign in English Catholicism is the circumstance that there exists so large an amount of equal zeal and readiness for labour and sacrifice among the professional classes, the gentry, and the aristocracy of the older Catholicism of England. We do not wish to push the statement too far, or to claim for *all* wealthy or educated English Catholics the merits to which many can lay claim. The old torpor, the old timidity, the

old unwillingness to give of their abundance, the old tendency to snub the clergy and treat a priest as something to be barely tolerated out of the servants' hall, still linger amongst us. But as there were always, even when things were at their worst, many bright exceptions to the prevailing time-serving of the age, so the devoted Catholic spirit, which survived through times of trouble, is now bearing its natural fruit in times of prosperity; and the prevailing tendency among the higher Catholic laity as a body is, to co-operate with the clergy in all things which may advance the interests of religion in the kingdom. That our affairs have already passed through their transition state, and assumed their normal condition, we do not pretend; so far from it, we anticipate a very vigorous growth of the Catholic *mind* during the next ten or fifteen years. But we cherish this very anticipation because we believe that all classes are sound at the core; that we are tending in the right direction; and that there is no portion of the body which is not substantially penetrated with a desire to advance the interests of religion by every legitimate and orthodox means.

That a condition of the body corporate, in which the upper ranks are but half-hearted in their allegiance, is one of serious peril, will be disputed by few persons who know what mankind is, and who have studied the past. The mere existence of any one large section of Catholics who stand in marked contrast to the more devoted sections, we hold to be an injury rather than an advantage to the general prosperity of the whole. The gain from mere numerical strength is more than counterbalanced by the irregularity and feebleness of action which must be the necessary result, while the reputation of the Church with those who are not Catholics suffers to a material extent. It is always a bad sign in a Catholic country where practical religion is chiefly confined to the female sex. When the men are signally wanting in the exercises of religion, and public opinion acquiesces in the notion that devotion is very well for women and children, but is unworthy of the mature and masculine intelligence, we may be sure that there exist under the surface evils of a frightfully formidable tendency. And of a similar, though perhaps less formidably suggestive kind is the hiatus produced by the coldness, suspiciousness, or cowardice of any one caste in society. It is not the best possible state of things when a national branch of the Church consists solely of the clergy and the poor; but this is far better than a state where a devout priesthood and people are pressed down by the incubus of a worldly and semi-Protestantised aristocracy.

The condition of modern society, moreover, makes the demand for a loyal co-operation on the part of an intelligent laity a more urgent necessity than it may have been in former days. The paucity of the numbers of the clergy,—the strictly professional demands on their time,—the custom which banishes ecclesiastics from parliaments and political positions,—the boundless demand on all sides for periodical writings,—and the general mixing up of all creeds together in a country like England,—of necessity throw what we may call the unauthoritative representation of Catholic opinion to a large extent into the hands of the laity. Herein, indeed, is the characteristic feature of modern times; and we think that the importance of appreciating this peculiarity can hardly be over-estimated by those who would do their work for God in their generation both wisely and heartily. Let us add further, that, so far as we have the means of judging, there exists in the Catholicism of the empire, both clerical and lay, a very fair appreciation of this characteristic of our day. Every person may not have put his views into definite shape, or argued them out from their first commencement in his mind: but we believe that our clergy are, as a body, fully alive to the truths of the position we have advanced; and that their chief anxiety is, that the laity should not only do the work which Providence seems to assign them, but should do it thoroughly and well. It is through the laity chiefly that the Church has to *hold her own* in the world.

Of what immense importance it is, then, that wherever the Church has a national footing she should number in her ranks a numerous upper class, uniting a cordial loyalty to the Church with a practical religious life, a highly-cultivated intelligence, and a sincere patriotic attachment to the laws and constitution of their own country! The absence of any one of these qualifications will neutralise the action of all the rest. Men who are willing to barter the Church's freedom or spiritual prosperity for the favours of the state or the world,—or whose lives are in marked contradiction to their principles,—or who are stupid, ignorant, or boorish in their exterior,—or who set themselves in distinct antagonism to the social and political condition around them,—can never advance the good cause among their contemporaries, or assist beneficially in the discussion of matters generally interesting to the Catholic body. And the fact that what is done by the laity is not representatively Catholic, in the sense in which the words and writings of ecclesiastics are so, by no means diminishes the importance of their being loyal, intelligent, and well-instructed exponents of the views they advocate. The world in general

has so exaggerated a notion of the absolute uniformity of opinion of Catholics, and of the despotic subjection of the laity to the clergy, that it naturally attaches an excessive importance to the acts and words of every individual Catholic, whether priest or layman. Every Catholic is supposed to know every thing, to be authoritatively guided in every thing, and to be answerable for every thing that is said or done by every other Catholic in the kingdom, not to mention the rest of Christendom in general. The mischief, therefore, is not slight that is done by persons who have not the interests of religion really at heart,—or who are grossly ignorant of its doctrines, morals, or history,—or whose zeal has degenerated into mere fiery fanaticism,—or who are wanting in the secular qualifications which in this day are expected from every man pretending to be a gentleman.

Paramount, however, as is the importance of creating such a class where it does not exist, the task is one of the most difficult and slow in accomplishment which can tax the wisdom and patience of Catholics. If the education of the priesthood is defective, the obvious remedy is the simple remodelling and elevation of the seminaries. If a religious order is relaxed, there are its constitutions, waiting only the vivifying touch of zeal, determination, and discretion. But the upper classes of the laity are just in that position which enables them to elude the reforming grasp, unless under very favourable circumstances; and they are precisely that section of the Church whose improvement must, above all others, commence from within, or at least be fostered by measures less directly religious than those which are applicable to the priesthood, the poor, or the middle classes. Our present remarks accordingly would be almost open to the charge of unpractical fault-finding, were it not that there already exists an institution created for the especial purpose of curing the evil we have been speaking of. The grand aim of the new Catholic University in Dublin is the infusion into the upper classes of Irish society that united spirit of loyalty to the Church and of refined intellectual culture which would make the Irish Church ten times as powerful in the United Kingdom as she is at this day. The urgent need for such an institution has been proved by the circumstance, that as a body the gentry and aristocracy of Ireland have hitherto shown no interest whatsoever in its success. Crying out incessantly about Oxford and Cambridge, witnessing the social position which a university training confers upon the gentry and nobility of England, they have proved how feeble were their own Catholic instincts by the shameless indifference they have shown towards

the one single work which has been undertaken with a view to confer on them the advantages they envy in others. Compared with the actual numbers of the Catholic gentry and nobility in Ireland, the few who have come forward with their purse or their name and influence in support of this great work are not worth naming. Literally they may be counted on the fingers of your hands. The money has been contributed by the middle classes and the poor; and among the clergy have been found, practically speaking, the only supporters of an undertaking by which they themselves, as a class, will only indirectly benefit. To nothing but a lamentable deficiency in the most desirable qualifications for an educated layman can we attribute this disgraceful apathy. That this apathy will continue, we do not for a moment suppose. Every year sees it diminishing; and that by and by we shall witness an extraordinary movement among the higher Catholics of Ireland is in every respect probable. But, in the mean time, what a proof have they given us that it was indeed high time for the Pope to interfere, and to commence for the laity of the country a work which true Catholic patriotism would long ago have prompted them to begin for themselves! Who can wonder that the Imperial Government and Parliament, and English society generally, should be firmly persuaded that the sincere Catholicism of Ireland is on the whole confined to the clergy and the inferior classes; and that whatever is said in defence of Catholicism and Catholic rights by their natural public protectors should be set down as the mere stock-in-trade of political speculators?

On the special difficulties which have stood in the way of the infant University, we offered our remarks to our readers but a short time ago; and we need therefore say no more about them at present. On one of them, however, we touched so slightly, that it may be as well to take this opportunity of recurring to it. This point is the Charter difficulty. There can be no question that it is of very serious importance to the University that it should have the power of conferring degrees. If it is not of the essence of a university that it should possess this right, custom has in every age and country associated the privilege with the very idea of a university. Whatever, too, we may think of the apathetic conduct of the laity towards the young institution, it is probable that they look upon the want of this privilege as a reason for withholding their support. It is high time, therefore, in our judgment, that the question should be practically grappled with, and brought to a solution with the least possible delay consistent with a prudent regard to the more distant future. Sooner or

later the thing *must be* done ; and the existence of jealousies, party-spirit, and a determination to find fault and impute motives in some quarters, ought not to prevent those whose special duty it is to foster the University from undertaking the task, and carrying it through. If the wise and patriotic Irish and English clergy and laity who are more immediately connected with the University suffer themselves to be frightened by the fear of being abused, we think they will fall very short of the height of their calling, and moreover that they very much over-estimate both the importance and sincerity of that personal fault-finding which has unhappily marred so many good things in times past. Their duty is, to effect a remedy for the social and intellectual evils of the time ; and the undergoing a certain amount of misrepresentation is one of the penalties they must pay in return for being the honoured instruments of so noble a work. If they wait till there are no difficulties to be overcome, and no factious party-spirit remaining to attack them for what they may do, they will be about as wise as a doctor who, when called in to cure a fever, waited till all the symptoms of the disease had disappeared before he attempted a cure.

A charter for conferring degrees, then, the University must have. In the next place, the right to give them must come from the State. Not only would it be most absurd to attempt to fly in the face of the Government in such a matter, but it has been the invariable rule of the Church to act in accordance with the secular power when university degrees are in question. Whatever be the possible theories on abstract rights, it is the custom of the Church that Catholic universities should ask the privilege of conferring degrees in arts from the State.

In the third place, it is purely visionary to expect that the Government will grant us the right absolutely, without making some definite arrangement to secure itself against certain supposed anti-national views held by some theologians. In fact, it *will* have a *quid pro quo*. We entreat all sensible Catholics to look this certainty in the face. It is purely childish to expect that we shall ever get such a gift for nothing. Either, therefore, we must renounce altogether the idea of a charter, or we must set ourselves to the task of yielding the smallest conditions which can in practice be required of us. Of course the Government might exact conditions which could not be complied with, except on those anti-papal principles which have at times had too much influence in Catholic affairs, and which we, for our part, would be the very last to advocate. But it is very possible that, in

the present condition of national feeling, the Government might come to such terms with the University authorities as would be perfectly satisfactory to the Holy See, and would lead to no practical difficulties whatsoever. It is impossible to foresee where the point would occur at which something must be yielded; but it seems likely that, as we could not allow our Catholic students to be examined by Protestants in historical or moral subjects, so the Government would never allow them to be examined by Catholics in whose appointment it had no share whatsoever, even the smallest. Our best policy, therefore, would seem to be, to aim at such an arrangement as shall reduce the influence of the State in these appointments to a *minimum*. And surely there is nothing extravagant in the belief, that the wisdom and Catholic zeal of the University authorities would accomplish this task in a very short space of time, if only a definite course could be decided on. And from all that is said of Lord Carlisle, he would appear to be the last man in the kingdom voluntarily to throw obstacles in the way of an arrangement so much in harmony with the principles of civil and religious liberty which he has advocated all his life.

Whether the Government would consent to grant the Catholic University the right of conferring degrees solely as the Catholic University, and with no connection with any other institution, may be doubted. It is possible that it would consent to some arrangement by which it might be united, in this one point only, with the new institution called "the Queen's University," and which has no connection with any one particular section of Protestantism. But be this as it may, we cannot but hope that if we set about our part of the work in the right way, first letting the Government see that the University *deserves* the privilege, and convincing them that it has nothing to do with any political views of any description whatsoever, we should be met in a fair spirit, and a problem would be solved on thoroughly Catholic principles which, if postponed to some future period, would run the risk of being solved by devices far from welcome to the Holy See.

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## A CONVERSION IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.

IN the course of a search which we lately made in some of the departmental libraries of France for documents connected with the history of the English Catholic refugees, a very interesting biography of Elizabeth, the first Viscountess Falkland, was pointed out to us by M. Le Glay, the accomplished Archiviste of the Département du Nord. The Ms. formerly belonged to the English Benedictine nuns of Cambray, and is now at Lille. We copied out the whole, but though of great interest throughout, it is too long for our pages; we must therefore at present content ourselves with such extracts as will illustrate the history of a conversion in the reign of Charles I.

The affairs of Catholics were now more smooth than they had been since the beginning of the persecution. They had for many years (we quote the testimony of Clarendon, prejudiced and untruthful as we know him to be) been absolved from the severest parts of the law, and dispensed with for the gentlest; and were grown only a part of the revenue, without any probable danger of being made a sacrifice to the law. They were looked upon as good subjects at court, and as good neighbours in the country; all the restraints and reproaches of former times being forgotten. But they were not prudent managers of this prosperity: they showed themselves openly coming from Mass at the queen's chapel; they were forward in conferences and disputes. They speculated in the hated monopolies; their priests and agents appeared openly; and they attempted, and sometimes obtained, proselytes of weak uninformed ladies, with such circumstances as provoked the rage and destroyed the charity of great and powerful families which longed for their suppression.

Such a proselyte doubtless Lady Falkland was considered to be, who, of course, was quietly set aside by her narrow-minded husband, and other male friends, as one of these ignorant uninformed people, who have no business to an idea of their own, especially in matters of religion; who, merely as being a woman, was in those days supposed to be naturally inferior to the man, but who really was, as Clarendon owns in another place, "a lady of a most masculine understanding," much better qualified than her husband to form an opinion on any subject submitted to her.

A peculiar interest attaches to her as the mother of the

famous Lord Falkland, whom Clarendon calls "the incomparable;" a nobleman who evidently owed every thing—the powers of his mind, his tastes, his habits, and his courage, even his insignificant stature and unprepossessing face—to her blood, her instructions, and her example. "He was," says our biographer, "the only one of all her children that loved her better than their father." A sure indication of that affinity and attraction of natures between mother and son which has produced some of the most memorable characters of history.

She was the daughter of Lawrence Tanfield, some time a lawyer, then a judge, and from 1607 to 1625, when he died, lord chief baron; a man who had been suspected of enriching himself with bribes, and who was sometimes accused of being a persecutor of the Catholics, in spite of a catastrophe which he had witnessed in his youth, when a judge was thrown from his horse, and had his brains dashed out, immediately after hastening the execution of a priest, who he declared should die before he ate his dinner. She was born in 1585, and was a most precocious child; she was only ten years old when she interposed in a trial for witchcraft in a manner that would have done credit to an experienced advocate. We give an account of this scene.

She was once present when a poor old woman was brought before her father for a witch, and accused of having bewitched two or three to death; but the witness not being found convincing, Judge Tanfield asked the woman what she said for herself. She fell down before him, trembling and weeping, and confessed all to be true, desiring him to be good to her, and she would mend. He then asked her particularly, Did you bewitch such a one to death? She answered, Yes. He asked her how she did it. One of her accusers prevented her, and said, Did you not send your familiar in the shape of a black dog, a hare, or a cat, to lick his hand, or breathe on him, or step over him as he was sleeping; and did he not presently come home sick and languish away? She, quaking and begging pardon, acknowledged all; and the same of each particular accusation, with a several manner of doing it. Then the standers-by asked, What would they have more than her own confession? But the child, seeing the poor woman in so terrible a fear, and in so simple a manner confess all, thought that fear had made her idle, and so whispered her father, and desired him to ask her, Whether she had bewitched to death Mr. John Symonds of such a place (Lady Tanfield's brother, who was one of the standers-by)? He did so; to which she said, Yes, just as she had done to the rest, promising to do so no more if they would have pity upon her. He asked how

she did it? She told one of her former stories. Then (all the company laughing) he asked her what she ailed to say so; told her the man was alive, and stood there. She cried, Alas, sir, I knew him not; I said so because you asked me! Then said he, Are you no witch, then? No; God knows, says she, I know no more what belongs to it than the child new born. Nor did you never see the devil? She answered, No, God bless me, never in all my life. Then he examined her, What she meant to confess all this if it were false? She answered, They had threatened her if she would not confess, and said if she would she should have mercy showed her. Which she said with such simplicity, that (the witness brought against her being of little force, and her own confession appearing now to be of less) she was easily believed innocent, and quitted.

If all supposed witches sacrificed by that wiseacre James I. could have had as sensible defenders as this child, the flames would have been fed with fewer human sacrifices. This simple narrative gives an explanation to many cases that occurred in those times, when supposed criminals preferred falsely to confess a crime and die for it than to undergo the horrors of torture, and the anxieties of a trial, and, after all, probably to meet with the same fate.

Our Ms. gives other interesting details of Lady Falkland's childhood, and of her early married life, which periods we must pass over with the slenderest notice. In 1600, when she was only fifteen years old, her father gave her in marriage to Sir Henry Cary, a young man of about five-and-twenty years of age, at that time master of the queen's jewels, afterwards comptroller of the household to James I., and finally lord-deputy of Ireland from 1622 to 1630. He was a man of honour, but of a narrow intellect and violent prejudices, whose tyrannous conduct towards the Catholics of Ireland brought both himself and the English Government into several difficulties, and at last caused him to be removed from his post in disgrace. He was a man who always spent more than he had; and when he was first appointed to his Irish government, he persuaded his wife to mortgage her own considerable jointure to pay the expenses of his outfit, on which her father immediately disinherited her.

She went over with her husband to Ireland, and stayed with him there three years; the two latter of which she spent in abortive attempts to introduce several different trades into that country. She was then sent home to keep an eye on her husband's interests amidst the intrigues of the corrupt court. She returned to London early in 1626 with several of her children, and resumed the society of her old acquaintances.

Among these one of the foremost was Richard Neale, Bishop of Durham, and the High-Church divines who resorted to his house. Lady Falkland had been quite unsettled in her religious opinions no less than twenty-two years previously by reading Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*; a work which carried her with it as far as it went, and then left her suspended in the air with no resting-place but Rome. Neale, however, and his divines had quieted her, but had never thoroughly satisfied her; especially since she had in Ireland conversed for the first time in her life with Catholics equally learned and zealous, such as Lord Inchiquin and others.

It was with a daily diminution of confidence that she now again attached herself to these divines; yet as she had not yet learned to doubt their pretended priesthood, she resolved to continue with them, and yet in all things to imitate Catholics as nearly as she could. Hence she resolved to go to confession; and chose as her director Dr. Cousin, one of the king's chaplains, afterwards Dean of Durham. He excused himself at present, as not being in the habit of hearing confessions; but said that he had to go into the country for six months, where he would study casuistry, and then return and hear her. But before he came back she had made a confession somewhat more to the purpose; for she frequented Lord Ormond's, where she met two Benedictines and a Franciscan father, who soon convinced her of the danger of her present state; so that she would have been immediately reconciled, if she had not been delayed by her friend Lady Denby (Buckingham's sister), who had been present at her conferences with the priests, and who promised her, after hearing one more dispute, to be reconciled with her. But after hearing this one she desired another, still with the same promise; and so on for nearly half a year, never able to resolve to do what she promised. Lady Falkland seeing this, determined to wait for her no longer, but to be reconciled immediately by the Benedictine father she had first known. She therefore went in the morning to Lady Denby's lodgings in the court, to tell her that if she would now dispose herself to do the same she might, but she would wait no longer for her. Lady Denby repeated her old request with much earnestness; but when she saw that she could no longer prevail, nor make Lady Falkland still delay, she said, "Well, I have you now in the court, and here I will keep you; you shall lie in my chamber, and shall not go forth;" giving order to have a bed set up there for her. Lady Falkland, however, amazed at the surprise, appeared contented to stay; so Lady Denby, making herself sure that she would wait till she returned, went out to fetch some one

to confirm her stay. The other, suspecting how matters stood, let not the opportunity slip, but escaped, and went with all speed to Lord Ormond's; and though she had not intended to be reconciled for a few days, yet now she durst wait no longer, not knowing what hindrance might happen. So finding F. Dunstan Pettinger there (not the one to whom she had intended to confess), she was at once reconciled by him in Lord Ormond's stable. In the afternoon she returned to Lady Denby, telling her she was now content to stay with her as long as she pleased, for all was done. Lady Denby, in great trouble, runs out to tell Buckingham; he as instantly tells the king, who was highly displeased. They try to persuade Lady Falkland to return before it became known. She was immovable, and was therefore allowed to return home, whither she was soon followed by Secretary Coke, with a command from the king to her to remain confined to her house during his majesty's pleasure. Thus, if she had not acted as she did, all would have been prevented; for she remained confined six weeks, during which time no Catholic durst come near her, as all her household was Protestant.

The day after her reconciliation Dr. Cousin returned to town, and came to visit her, thinking perhaps to hear her confession. When she told him all she had done, he fell into so great and violent a trouble that he threw himself on the ground, and would not rise nor eat from morning till night, weeping even to roaring; trying to make her return by telling her of the disgrace of their company, that she would hurt others by making men afraid of them, and that every one would say this was the end of those that received their opinions. But seeing he no way prevailed with her, only to make her sit fasting with him all day, he went his way, and came no more to her, as neither did the other divines of this set; though she always respected them, and others of their opinions came afterwards to frequent her house.

Lord Falkland's agent in England, without waiting for orders (though they came fast enough, for her husband was greatly enraged), immediately stops her allowance; so that she, who was never much beforehand, was soon brought to such a pass as to be obliged to send her children and waiting-women to dine and sup at their friends. But her husband soon wrote to her chief servant to take them away; and with them he took all her servants except one young maid (who although then a Protestant would not leave her mistress), and every thing in the house, even the beer, coal, wood, and all else that was movable, leaving her confined alone, and in this necessity; so that she had not even meat of any sort to put into

her mouth ; a thing so wholly strange to her that she was ashamed of it, and wished to conceal it. Yet not to let her faithful servant suffer by it, she sent her to Lord Ormond's to meals, with a charge to conceal her case. And she, to give her lady what help she could and yet obey her, took privately from the table pieces of pie-crust or bread-and-butter, which she brought home, and which were all that Lady Falkland had to live upon some days. But after a while her maid, no longer able to endure to see her in such extremity, made it known at Lord Ormond's, from whose table she was afterwards supplied while her confinement lasted. At last some Catholics began to visit her ; and one, Lady Manners, seeing what state she was in, told it to Lady Carlisle (for the Catholics dared not move the king personally in her behalf), who advertised the king in what necessity she was, and how the loss of her liberty prevented her seeking remedy. It turned out that the only reason her confinement had been so long was, that no one had done this sooner ; for the king wondered she was still confined, it having been far from his intention : but he had not been put in mind of it before ; and he presently gave her leave to go abroad at her pleasure.

The terror of a confinement having wrought nothing on her, her friends began to renew their persuasions ; and first the king sent her from court a paper of arguments, writ by one of their bishops, to prove that even though the Catholic religion were true, yet it was lawful to communicate with the Anglicans. This paper was sent over to Father Leander, who answered it so well, that when she returned the paper with the answer, the bishop who wrote it sent to her to desire her not to publish it ; which she did not, not wishing to get unnecessarily into trouble. Others pressed her with considerations about disgracing her lord, undoing him and her children, and separating herself from him (for he would no more live with her himself than suffer his children to live with her). They told her that she was never in such favour with the king as just before her change, and that she might regain all and more by returning, and might thus benefit her husband. Others procured disputations between priests and ministers in her presence, but all to no purpose.

About this time she procured the conversion of the young maid that served her. She had at first much ado to get her to see a priest, all of whom she seriously believed to be witches, as she had heard from the Scotch ministers in their pulpits. Father Dunstan reconciled her. Not long after he was taken in Lady Falkland's house by means of the servant who had left her in such necessity (which same man on his deathbed

sent to her for a priest, but none could be got before he died; yet he expressed much desire to have had one, and earnestly commended his wife to become a Catholic, who thought to gain Lord Falkland's favour thereby; but he was much mistaken, for the deputy's displeasure against his wife was rather because he thought himself prejudiced by her change than because of her being a Catholic, and because of the haste she had made to publish it, as well as from the false complaints which his servants wrote over to Ireland to him of her putting impediments in the way of his affairs at court, which he believed to be the case in spite of the contrary assurances he received from the Duchess of Buckingham, Lady Denby, and his own sister Lady Newburgh.

In October 1627, some of her friends represented to the council that her husband ought at least to allow her enough to keep her out of want, and procured an order commanding him to give her 500*l.* a-year, and to pay her debts, a schedule of which is annexed to the same order. This was certainly never acted upon; and our biographer tells us that it was because she would never enforce, nor so much as advertise him of it, knowing well how much it would displease him to see himself ordained to do that which he ought to do voluntarily and would not. However this may be, the king, in May the next year, ratified the order anew because it had not yet been enforced; and a letter of Falkland to the king is extant protesting against it, and offering to allow his wife 200*l.* a-year. It seems likely, therefore, that she hesitated to compel him, desiring to avoid, if possible, increasing his displeasure where with conscience she could. This neglect of hers made her friends less forward to help her, especially as she did her utmost to conceal from them, first the fact that she made no use of the order, and secondly, her motives for not doing so. Hence she retired to a little old house that she took in a village on the Thames, ten miles from London (her mother having obliged her to leave the house she had up to this time lent her in London), where she and her maid lived alone, the house ready to fall on their heads, and with no other furniture than a flock-bed on the bare ground, borrowed of a poor body in the town, an old hamper that served her for a table, and a wooden stool. Here one Lent she lived for the most part on water in which fish had been boiled, her maid eating the fish; and for all these hardships, both of them afterwards affirmed that they were never more merry or contented in their whole lives than they were then. She spent her time in writing; and among other things translated Cardinal du Perron's reply to the king, which he had printed

abroad; but the copies were seized on their entry to England, and burnt by Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, a few only reaching her hands.

When Lord Falkland was recalled into England in 1630, she was careful to live in a little better fashion than she had been wont, and to avoid being relieved by others, as disgraceful to him. However, he would not see her till the queen interposed and brought about a reconciliation; but they continued to live apart; for his fortune was so utterly ruined that he could not keep up an establishment, but resided at Lord Newburgh's. Lucius, her eldest son, at this time offended his father mortally by marrying Lettice Morrison, a portionless girl, when Lord Falkland had looked out for him a party by whom he hoped to restore his ruined estate; her other children were dispersed among their friends. But about the year 1633 Lord Falkland did, by the providence of God, call home his four younger daughters (who else would never have been like to come to their mother's hands); and soon after, at the end of the summer, while he was waiting on the king, then newly come from Scotland, he fell from a shooting-stand at Theobalds and broke his leg, and instantly broke it in a second and a third place with standing up upon it at the king's coming to him; who commanded his doctor and surgeon, then waiting, not to leave him on any occasion till he was well. He was carried into a lodge in the Park, whither he sent for his wife to him, who came instantly from London (about twenty miles), never going to bed on the road; and when she came, staying with him day and night, watching with him, and never putting off her clothes all the time; sleeping a little by day in her chair, or lying on the ground on a pallet which he had brought in for her. He was then visited by some few of his friends and one of his daughters; but no one stayed with him but his wife, who left him not till his death, which was but a week after. For the surgeon, undertaking the part of a bone-setter, pretended to set his leg; but failing in it, instead of being set, it gangrened. They then sent for Dr. Myarne and Mr. Aubert (the queen's physician and surgeon) and an hospital surgeon, who, on consultation, resolved that the leg must come off. She wanted Mr. Aubert to do it; but he was persuaded to choose some one else, who seems to have done it clumsily enough, but without eliciting any groans or other expression of disgust from the fortitude of his patient. In the cutting the bone was scaled. Judging, therefore, that it was more like to gangrene again than cure, they did not sear it, but stanchd the blood for the present with a powder, not thinking he could live through a new cutting; but they did

not tell him his danger. The next morning it bled again, and was stanch'd in the same way, and at seven the same evening it burst out again; but the doctor and two surgeons (Sir Theodore Myarne and Mr. Aubert were gone) were playing at tables, and would not leave their game to come to him. When they did at last come, they told him there was no hope; and so offered no more to stop it, but let him bleed to death, and would not be drawn to do any thing more for him. He was nothing daunted at this unexpected news, but spoke to his wife in French (because the surgeons, his servants, and chaplain were by), and gave her directions about his affairs; and a little after asked (still in French, which he spoke ill enough) if her *homme* were there? She answered, that he that used to wait on her abroad was there; then he said he did not mean him, and she perceived that he meant her priest, whom he called *homme* to distinguish him from a servant. She not having provided one, as not fearing his death, at least not so suddenly, and being unable to procure one from London soon enough, told him there was no other there. He then asked her if there was no way but legal; she, kneeling by his bed, told him the best she could how to dispose himself interiorly, not having exterior means. But she durst not propose the open profession of a desire to be a Catholic, not thinking it to be necessary, and fearing he might be too loving and careful a father, and not have the courage to prejudice his children. He seemed to hearken to all she said, but spake nothing. He was bleeding to death more than three hours, most part of which he passed in silence, especially towards the last; she the whilst praying by him or speaking to him. And he being very near death, one of the surgeons desired him to profess he died a Protestant; or else, he said, his lady being there and speaking much to him, it would be reported he died a Papist. To this, which the man repeated three or four times, he only turned away his head without answering him; but seeing he did not cease to bawl the same in his ears, he said to him at last, "Pray do not interrupt my silent meditation;" which showed he could have said the other if he would. He died presently after without agony or sign of strife, aged about fifty-seven. He was probably inclined to become a Catholic by reading his wife's translation of Du Perron, a copy of which was found in his closet all noted by him, and by talking with Mr. Clayton.

Seeing him dead, though she wept,—for she truly loved him much,—she was very present with herself; and her first thoughts were to get her children to live with her, in order to make them Catholics. And that she might prevent any

hindrance and get their consent speedily, she that night, late as it was, borrowed a coach, and went together with his dead body in the dark to his house, where her daughters were, being nine miles; whither she came at three o'clock in the morning: seeking first to conceal her coming from her children, then to let them know their father was past hope; after which, seeing them so extremely troubled at her leaving him alone to die, she confessed he was dead, seeking with all her power to comfort them. She made haste to propose their living with her, telling them their father desired it, and saying all she could imagine to incline them to it, and begging them to promise not to leave her. They did so, moved rather by the fidelity she had shown their father at his death, and by thinking it his will, than by any thing else she could say. And she thought it a great victory to have obtained their consents, though how to defray the expenses of their charge she knew not. All her friends blamed her when they came to know it. Her own means were miserably slender, and of these she had to assign more than half to pay her debts; and she could not look to live on other people, as she knew her children had too proud stomachs to submit to be dependents upon any one lower than the king and queen.

Her only intention at present was to get her children to a place where they might have more occasion to come to a knowledge of the truth, and better means to follow it, trusting to God both for their conversion and maintenance. So she promised them never to speak of religion to them till they desired it, which they supposed would be never; but she knew that to speak when they had no mind to hear would only avert them from religion, so she never did any thing but pray for them. A difficulty had to be surmounted; so she proposed to her confessor the question, whether a Catholic might have flesh dressed on fasting-days for a Protestant likely to be converted, to keep him a place when he would not stay without it, and where flesh would any how be dressed for infirm Catholics? He answered that in the case put it might be done; but if she asked about her daughters, as there was no hope of their conversion, it might not be done. She made use of the former part of his answer, not thinking herself bound to take his word for the latter. Not that she had any contempt for the ordinance of the Church, which had such power over her as to check instantly her strongest appetites, as her daughter Lucy often amused herself in proving—going out visiting with her mother all the morning on fast-days, and then dropping in to dine with some Protestant friends where there was no fasting diet, and never re-

minding her forgetful mother of the day till she had the meat ready to put into her mouth; when she would laugh to see how suddenly she had stopped her in her haste, while her mother would thank her sincerely for reminding her of her duty.

This first winter her two elder sons (Lucius Lord Falkland and Lawrence Cary) were with her; and many of their friends, Oxford scholars and others, came to her house, and were exceedingly welcome to her. Their discourse was frequently of religion, there being many who were exceedingly capable on both sides, and she hoped that this talk, so pleasantly conducted, would draw her daughters' attention; as, indeed, it did work in some of them more than they made show of, and all of them found matter to reflect on afterwards, though then they marked it not much. For they could not help seeing that often the Protestants said the same as the Catholics, taking the Catholics' part entirely against their own side, as their eldest brother Lucius then did, who at this time was so wholly Catholic in opinion that he would affirm he knew nothing but what the Church told him; but if he was asked why he was not reconciled, he said he would not take upon him to resolve any thing so determinately as to change his profession upon it till he was forty years old. But he lived not to see four-and-thirty, and this good disposition did not last; for shortly after this time he fell in with a book of Socinus, which opened to him a new way. Another who took the same side was Mr. Chillingworth, who had been a fellow of Trinity College in Oxford, where by reading he made himself a Catholic, and so went over to the Benedictine College at Douai, where, not shining so much as he expected,—for he there found young students able to do that which gave him matter to admire ever after,—he returned to Oxford a Protestant, at least no Catholic. There, as it was said, he preached at St. Mary's; and had again become a Catholic, or towards it, when he came to London, and much frequented Lady Falkland's house. Though he called Protestants *we*, and dressed like an Oxford scholar, yet he was secretly a Catholic, if not more secretly neither, but that which he was known to be after (a Socinian); for in him there seemed to be a kind of impossibility of agreement between his heart and his tongue. There were others who argued in the same way who were very Catholic in opinion. Lady Falkland's daughters thus saw either that the Protestants argued as Catholics, or else that they who were in good earnest Protestants, as much as men with sense helped with desire to be so could be, disagreed among themselves, laughing

at one another's arguments, at least fain ever to break off in jest what was begun seriously. They noticed likewise another thing, which afterwards afforded matter of reflection,—that those who were seriously touched in conscience with the desire of the truth, and began to search after it, did always end in the Catholic religion, unless detained by some other respects, of which they witnessed too many.

As yet, however, these young ladies were an unmitigated trouble to their mother; they liked living with her, because there they could have their own wills absolutely, because they esteemed her house their proper natural place, where they might remain without being under the least obligation to any body; and they presumed on her great desire to keep them, and allowed her, in order to procure them all that they wished, or that she thought would please them, to deprive herself of necessary things; and if the least trifle was not got for them suddenly, just when they desired it, they forgot all she had done, and only looked to the present disappointment, and threatened to be gone, wondering she should offer to keep them when she was not able to do it. Her extraordinary care they considered an ordinary mother's part, whilst they scarce thought the duty of children theirs. And though they knew that with her they had more than they could have had elsewhere, yet they seemed to think her beholden to them for staying; and would on occasions (sometimes small enough) when she had vexed them, and they fancied she had done amiss, reproach her with her religion as giving her leave to do any thing; when she would, with tears in her eyes, ask pardon for the scandal she had given them.

But her confidence and patience were rewarded, after three-quarters of a year, when they were converted by an edifying Benedictine father, F. Cuthbert Breton. Lady Falkland was only gradually made acquainted with their change, when, by their forbearing to go to church, it was suspected by their Protestant friends; they then acknowledged it to their mother, who either knew nothing before, or durst not take any notice of it for fear of hindering it. Presently Lord Newburgh, their uncle, went to the king, and procured a command that the young ladies should be sent to their brothers. She told Secretary Coke that she would herself carry her answer to the king; judging it best to seek either justice or mercy immediately from him. She represented how hard a thing it would be to take her children from her against her and their wills, neither party having done any thing to forfeit their natural liberty; and no less hard to punish her son by charging him with four unwilling sisters,

and nothing to keep them, without asking his consent. So the king gave her leave to keep them till she heard his further pleasure. He then sent to Lord Falkland; but he was unwilling to make his house his sisters' prison, and himself their gaoler; so they were left at peace, the controversy having only served to hasten their reconciliation, which else the apprehension of confession might have delayed. Yet divers Catholics dissuaded both their mother and F. Cuthbert from venturing on it so suddenly, because they felt assured that there would be no peace till her children were taken from her, and committed to the keeping of Protestants. But she that had so much confidence when there was not the least sign of hope, would not want it now; and Father Cuthbert, who knew how little they had been swayed by their mother, and how little they had cared about pleasing her, and who had seen all that had passed, could not doubt but the hand of God was in this change. Yet it was not long before she saw herself in very much danger of losing what she had gained by God's mercy with so much pain.

Mr. Chillingworth was a constant and welcome guest at her house, as she had a great thirst for his conversion, and had also a great idea of his sanctity from his freedom in reproving her. She respected him highly, and before her daughters were Catholics, strove to raise the same esteem in them; for he busied himself about their conversion, and afterwards for their establishment in religion. But this man, of whom it is hard to know whether he was even a sound Catholic, and if so, when he began to change, soon showed signs of dislike at what had passed; for he could hardly think any thing well done that was not done by himself; and now he saw what he had offered at effected by another, without his being consulted or even made acquainted with it. From this time, therefore, he sought to draw them back; and that with so much closeness, subtlety, and so many forgeries, as none but the devil could have invented, and none but God could deliver from. *It was said he had undertaken this to their Protestant friends*, having missed of laying that obligation on the mother he had aimed at in making them Catholics. It could not have been simple charity, otherwise he would have taken some pains with his own mother, whom he had made a Catholic, but was so far from going about to make her other, that he seemed always, as she said, to give her hope of his own return in time. Lady Falkland's daughters had a high opinion of this man; he was much with them, and they heard him with open ears. He the while sought to gain knowledge and power over their

spirits, and then soon spoke some words which seemed indirectly to make them look a little back, rather as not being come by a right way than not arrived at a right place; and then proposed himself as their most proper assistant, he having been a long waverer, and they too speedy resolvers. Next, he was very inquisitive about the motives whereby they were induced to become Catholics; and then persuaded them to receive some better to rely on from him, that he might easier destroy what he had built. Then he was most officious in assisting at their devotions, and tried to make them change their confessor for his; next he offered to instruct them in some things, and tried to draw them to open their hearts to him in any doubt or difficulty, and all that he might know what difficulties they had and make the most of them. However, as they did not so far give him their confidence, he could not for some time find any thing to fix upon; at last he discovered some small difficulty which they had. He here begins, seeming to take the same difficulty from them, to engage them to investigate it with him; and to have more confidence in the simplicity and sincerity of his proceedings, of which he made them believe they were witnesses at the beginning.

At first, then, he showed only some little dislike of that which he had perceived they were not forward to use; yet very reservedly; the whilst (as condemning the senselessness of Protestants) he began to propose to them what would be most reasonable to be thought, were it not for the authority of the Church, laying before them that which he after followed (Socinianism). Then he spoke of the former thing with more dislike, but acquitting the Church of any concern in it; and seemed to discover other things somewhat blamable, with which he charged not the Church but private men's irregular devotions; till by degrees he made these objectionable things appear of consequence, and many in number. And what he durst not yet say by himself he did by counterfeited letters; as one purporting to be from a man inclined to be a Catholic, but diverted therefrom by certain devotions he found practised, who advised him not to strain at a gnat in the Protestant religion and swallow a camel in the Catholic: this he showed them, and afterwards bragged of the deceit. Another paper purported to be from the Archbishop of Canterbury; but he afterwards unluckily gave them the foul copy of it by mistake. After making these things seem strange to them, he began to say he saw not how so fully to excuse the Church, and yet ended by professing himself a Catholic. To prevent their speaking of all this, he

inveighed against one who had done so, calling it a breach of trust; so they concealed it. Thus he continued daily to advance by imperceptible degrees, till he came to affirm those things to be impious, and the Church to be guilty in allowing the practice. Nevertheless he said the doctrine which she pretended to teach was good, but she approved the practice of things repugnant to that doctrine. He hoped, he said, that he should receive satisfaction in these things, and would receive with much apparent joy any plausible answer to his objections; but would be sure soon to return with some new discovery of its unsoundness. When the young ladies urged him to speak to others as fully as he did to them, and to let them hear the conference, he made long delays, pretending not to be ready, as he wished for fuller satisfaction to amass all possible objections. He made no doubt of receiving full satisfaction; yet if he should not, and if the things should turn out to be as condemnable as he said, and the Church as much engaged in them, then, as its foundation, infallibility, would be overthrown, he asked them whether they would be content to retire from their mother's to their brother's, and there, by the help of their brother (as a Protestant) and himself (as a Catholic) begin a new inquiry into religion, they two debating between them, and then informing the ladies of the result. One of them, Elizabeth, was persuaded into giving this conditional promise.

Lady Falkland had no suspicion of him, though she was warned by Lord Craven, a Protestant, that he was no Catholic; and that he would not let Lord Craven's brother, whom he pretended to be making one, be any thing in quiet; but having first drawn him to resolve to be a Catholic, he would then stop him, and draw him back again, and when he saw him ready to fix himself where he was before, draw him on again. This she did not believe; but informed Chillingworth of it, who received it with much patience as a calumny cast on him for God's cause. But it was quite true.

After procuring Elizabeth's assent, Chillingworth, underhand, got Lord Newburgh to propose to the young ladies to remove to their brother's. In the course of conversation, Elizabeth acknowledged to him also (with whom Chillingworth had dealt secretly, though he pretended that he did not know him), that she had some fear of religion, and yielded to go to her brother's on condition she might have a Catholic with her, naming Mr. Chillingworth for the purpose, according to his instigation; but she soon saw she had gone farther than she meant, and was kept back the more by Chillingworth's reproaches of her cowardice in not going. She per-

ceived how she had been surprised, all her fears being built on his unproved supposals, and began to suspect his honesty; especially when he by mistake put into her hands the foul copy of what he had given them as from the Archbishop of Canterbury in his own handwriting. She therefore absolutely recalled her promise, and refused to go till he had given his promised proofs and held the conference. It was this, as he declared, that made him throw off the mask; for he would have continued a seeming Catholic, had not they by their urging thrust him out.

We must interrupt our narrative here, only staying to inform our readers that it was written by Lucy, one of these four young ladies; which accounts for the intimate knowledge she shows of all this passage with Chillingworth, which is not nearly ended yet. One thing she does not know, which we can supply to her narrative. She owns that her uncle Newburgh knew the character of the agent he was using to undermine her faith, and she mentions a report that Chillingworth undertook his hypocritical part at the instance of Lady Falkland's Protestant friends. But she seems to think that Laud had very little to do with it, and that the paper given them in his name was a mere forgery of Chillingworth's. We are afraid that the following letter tends to prove that the Anglican martyr had more to do with this very scandalous proceeding than had ever been suspected.

*Archbishop Laud to King Charles I.*

" May it please your sacred majesty,

The Lord Newburgh hath lately acquainted me that Mrs. Anne and Mrs. Elizabeth Cary, two daughters of the late Lord Falkland, are reconciled to the Church of Rome, not without the practice of the lady their mother. Your majesty, I presume, remembers what suit the Lord Newburgh made to you at Greenwich, and what command you sent by Mr. Secretary Coke to the lady, that she should forbear working upon her daughters' consciences, and suffer them to go to my lord their brother, or any other safe place, where they might receive such instruction as was fit for them. The lady trifled out all these commands, pretending her daughters' sickness; till now they are sick indeed, yet not without hope of recovery. For (as my lord informs me) they meet with some things there which they cannot digest, and are willing to be taken off again by any fair way. *I have taken hold of this, and according to my duty done what I could think fittest for the present.* But the greatest thing I fear is, that the mother will still be practising, and do all she can to hinder. These are therefore humbly to pray your majesty to give me leave to call the old lady into the high commission, if I find cause so to do. And farther, as I was, so am I still an earnest

suitor that she might be commanded from court, where if she live, she is as like to breed inconvenience to yourself as any other. I write without passion in this, but with the knowledge which I have of her mischievous practising. And now I have once again performed my duty, and acquainted your majesty with her dangerous disposition, I leave it to your piety and wisdom, and humbly beg to take my leave.

Your majesty's most obliged and faithful servant,  
Croydon, July 20, 1634. W. CANT.\*

What came of this intricate plot to deceive four young girls we shall see in our next Number.

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## Reviews.

### THE EDINBURGH REVIEW ON LA SALETTE.

*The Edinburgh Review* for July 1857. Longmans.

WE believe that we express a sentiment very general among English Catholics, when we say that we have never been able to feel any very strong convictions either way respecting the apparition of the Blessed Virgin on the mountain of La Salette. It is not always easy to state *why* one feels an especial interest in one thing, and none in another, when at first sight both events appear to have equal claims upon one's attention. Of all the horrible crimes perpetually recorded in the newspapers, nobody can tell why here and there some one enormity immediately attracts every body's notice, while a host of others, just as atrocious or singular, pass away without creating any remarkable sensation beyond the immediate neighbourhoods where they are perpetrated. But so it is in all things which are out of the ordinary routine of daily action, where one's own personal interests are not primarily concerned. One event is recorded, read of, and forgotten; another excites every body to a painful degree, and we feel almost as if our own happiness depended upon the event's being decided in accordance with our private wishes or opinions.

For some reasons or other, it is undeniable that the reported miraculous appearance at La Salette has not awakened any very general interest in Catholic circles in this country, or, we believe, any where except a portion of France

\* State-Paper Office, Domestic,—July 20, 1634.

itself. A certain number of Catholics, undoubtedly of different classes, have not only been interested in it, but have unhesitatingly decided in favour of its reality.\* Much has been written in its favour, not merely by pious and uncritical enthusiasts, but by sound-judging and temperate men, who approached the subject with a conviction that the one sole thing to be considered was whether it was true. On the whole, however, the great majority of Catholics, both lay and clerical, have either expressed a positive disbelief in its genuineness, or a disposition to suspend their judgment until the subject was more thoroughly investigated; or, more generally still, have confessed that they could not arouse themselves to care very much about it either one way or the other. An immense number of "pilgrims," no doubt, have visited the mountain; and the water has been carried far and wide through Christendom; but nevertheless, with certain exceptions, the narrative has not taken root generally in the mind of Catholics of an influential character; while of those who have actually travelled to the scene of the supposed apparition not a few have been but partially satisfied, however good a case they may have presented to their own minds and those of other persons.

The somewhat languishing interest both of the supporters and opponents of the story has been awakened by the trials, reported in the French newspapers, of a certain ex-religious, for having played upon the credulity of the world by personating the Blessed Virgin and presenting herself to the children, and so giving rise to the entire history. This person, by name Constance Lamerlière de St. Ferriol, entered a convent at Grenoble, in which diocese is included the mountain of La Salette, above thirty years ago, and was for many years the mistress of novices. After a time she left the establishment, and organised a charitable institution of her own. She was, however, considered to be so eccentric in her conduct, that her family instituted what we call in England a commission "*de lunatico inquirendo*;" and in 1846 she was legally declared incompetent to manage her own affairs. A fortnight afterwards the apparition to the little cowherds took place. We need not recapitulate all the reported details respecting the personation,—how she is said first of all to have boasted of it, then to have confessed it; how she was seen by several persons in the dress supposed to have been worn by the Blessed Virgin; how she has subsequently denied her confession; and, in short, has proved be-

\* A correspondent of our own recorded his belief in its genuineness several years ago.

yond a doubt that she is herself a half-crazy, half-designing, and altogether silly woman, with a burning passion for notoriety. The facts to be dwelt upon are the following: that the details of the supposed imposture were formally maintained by the Abbé Déléon, and that in 1855 Mademoiselle Lamerlière brought an action against him for defamation; that the abbé justified his statements, and that Mademoiselle Lamerlière lost her suit and had to pay the costs. She appealed to a higher tribunal; and the case was again tried by the Imperial Court of Grenoble only last April, when the abbé was again victorious. The one point urged against the possibility that she personated the Blessed Virgin, namely, that she was at St. Marcellin on the day of the apparition, is answered by the reply that she had a writ served on her at St. Marcellin, not on the day of the apparition, but on the morning of the previous day, and that there is no proof of any description to show that she was not at La Salette on the day itself.

Under these circumstances, it seems likely, unless something new should turn up, that the excitement produced in some quarters by the narrative would gradually die away. Whether the story of Mademoiselle Lamerlière is true or not, it is clear that it must exercise a powerful influence on the popular belief. Not possessing, however, any better means for inquiring into the circumstances of the case than those within the reach of our readers generally, we should probably not have troubled them with any remarks of our own, but that the whole affair has been made the subject of a paper in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*, which draws from it the most unfounded accusations against Catholics in general and the clergy in particular. Indeed, the article is a striking exhibition of those very offences against sound reason and good feeling and morals which it is its object to charge upon the Catholic Church. We have often thought, and we believe have said as much in print, that if ever a thoughtful person is puzzled by the intellectual and moral deficiencies to be observed among his fellow-Catholics, the best possible remedy for any temptations against faith which may be thus awakened, is the contemplation of the illogical unfairness, the absolute incapacity for sound reasoning, and the palpable ill-will, which are at times to be witnessed in the most respectable and intelligent quarters of Protestantism. If any man, coming to the conclusion that the apparition is a grand mistake,—partly honest, partly roguish,—fancies that it tells against the general honesty and morals of the Catholic Church, and that the virtues wanting in the Church are to

be found flourishing among her leading opponents, we can only say, read and study the *Edinburgh Review* on La Salette. Contrast the acuteness, the calmness, the good feeling, the soundness of morals, which may be claimed for other articles in the very same number of the Review, with the recklessness of deduction and the intemperateness of phrase and feeling displayed when the Catholic Church is concerned. Contrast especially the manner in which the immoralities of Goethe's writings are, and sincerely, exposed, with the *animus* of this onslaught against the adherents of Catholicism. Observe, too, that this onslaught is not one of the low and coarse tirades of stupid Calvinistic Protestantism. The writer is, we gladly admit, ready to do justice to us in many ways. He professes feelings and opinions which we receive in the same spirit of sincere cordiality with which they are put forward. The remarkable phenomenon is, that with all this appreciation of certain facts in the Church, the reviewer *cannot* carry into consistent practice the virtues he attacks us for neglecting. He is a mass of inconsistencies. A certain blinding and bewildering influence seems exerted on him, as we so often see in other instances, by which he is led into argumentative antics which would provoke him to laughter or disgust on any other topic than that of Popery and Papists. We will proceed, however, through the article at length, and gather a few of the gems of logic and charity with which the reviewer has so thickly strewn our path.

To what lengths of misstatement and imputation the writer is about to go, we guess from his opening paragraphs. As a sample of his historical correctness, he informs us that the "Church of Rome proscribes all mixed marriages as concubinage, and all lay education as blasphemy." To prove his judicial candour, he starts with assuming that all the reported miracles of the day are not merely errors, but deliberate "impostures" on the part of the priesthood. Especially he falls foul of Dr. Ullathorne, and the Rev. John Wyse, of Birmingham, for their writings; treating them as participators in "one of the grossest frauds ever practised by the priesthood," and calling Mr. Wyse's "Manual" on La Salette a "mendacious production." With respect to Mr. Wyse, it must be admitted that he has laid himself open to attack by his fierce abuse of the English people, and the want of discrimination he has shown in selecting the objects of his censure. But we must protest altogether against the supposition that Mr. Wyse is a fair sample of Catholic feeling or opinion. His embittered sentiments towards this country have nothing to do with his religion; they are merely

the result of that fierce "anti-Saxon" prejudice which unfortunately yet lingers among some few of his fellow-countrymen, he himself being an Irishman well known for the strength of his animosities. We decline accordingly to accept him as a representative, or to allow that Catholics in general have so little perception of facts as to pick out "swearing and the profanation of the Sunday" as characteristic sins of England; or so little theological acquirements as to imagine that "they go to the shambles like dogs" is "a common expression in the sacred Scriptures."

Towards the Bishop of Birmingham the reviewer is certainly more respectful in manner; but this only brings into stronger contrast the monstrous implication that he is knowingly upholding an imposture. Nor is this slander in one page to be forgiven, because in another page the reviewer speaks of the Bishop as an "enthusiastic votary of the apparition," and asserts that "nothing seems to be too extravagant for this reverend prelate to believe."

These accusations and their contradictions, in different parts of the same paper, are, however, but a specimen of the character of the entire article. The whole superstructure of attack rests upon certain imputations on the character of a very small number of the clergy of Grenoble. Even on the supposition that the statements made with respect to them are not susceptible of an innocent interpretation, a candid mind would at once perceive that the belief of all other Catholics in the miracle is evidently *bonâ fide*, and that the theory that the affair is part and parcel of the grand priestly system of deception is a fiction of the reviewer's imagination. The pecuniary benefit which has undoubtedly accrued to certain parties through the flocking of multitudes to the spot, and the sale of the water, is confined to an extremely small number of ecclesiastics; and even supposing that these few are not too anxious to investigate the authenticity of a story which they find so profitable, it passes all limits of reason to extend their fault to the various ecclesiastics and laymen who have given in their adhesion to the narrative. The only points, indeed, which the reviewer has to rely upon are these: that M. Rousselot, the great supporter of the history, was largely in debt when the events first occurred, and that some of his colleagues in the chapter were his sureties; that these identical persons were employed to sit on the local commission which first gave any sanction to the story; and that after the Vicar-General Berthier, at one of the sittings of the commission, had inquired whether the new incumbent of La Salette accounted for the money he received for the sale

of the water,\* the said Vicar-General was dispensed from further attendance. Moreover, the commission, five in number, only reported by a majority of one in favour of the miracle.

The extremity of unfairness of the reasonings of the *Edinburgh* appears, further, from its own statements of the amount of opposition which the story has met with among the French Bishops. Whether correctly or not, the reviewer quotes the Bishops of Gap, of Belley, of Orleans, of Mans, of Poitiers, as urgently discountenancing the story. He says that the late Archbishop of Paris prohibited the sale of the water; and that the Archbishops of Bourdeaux, of Avignon, of Turin, and of Aix, have all expressed their disapproval. "The Pope himself," he continues, "when the pretended secrets of the children were laid before him, declared that they were revolting nonsense, brought to him by a couple of crazy priests, and fit only for the waste-paper basket. This fact is given on the authority of M. de Ségur, an auditor of the Rota, who heard the Pope use this language; and it is notorious that the French Bishops who have since visited Rome have received the Pope's advice to let the affair of La Salette fall to the ground."

Having thus completed his exordium and his narrative, the writer proceeds to his moral. We need not tell our readers that it is quite tremendous. To begin with, we are asked, "What becomes of the boasted uniformity of belief and practice of the Romish Church, on the immutable basis of infallible authority, if on an occasion like this it fails to protect the weak and the unwary from gross imposition and debasing misbelief?" We might as rationally ask, What becomes of the boasted enlightenment of Protestants in general, and the *Edinburgh Review* in particular, if it fails to protect English readers from being taught that a prelate who has spent his youth and manhood in reforming English criminals at Botany Bay, and in the hard work of a laborious diocese, against whose personal character no human being ever breathed a syllable, whose personal property altogether would not pay the contributors to one single number of the *Edinburgh*, and who has just signalled himself by opposing the receiving of money-grants from Government, is nevertheless guilty of wilfully propagating a lying deception, originating in a scheme for getting money, and fostered by a scoundrel priesthood for the purpose of humbugging the pious simpletons who are led by "the baser elements of human nature?"

But, let us ask, where does the "Romish Church" pre-

\* In 1850 the curé of Corps admitted to the Bishop of Gap that he had received 40,000 francs for the water he had sold.

tend to uniformity of opinion as to such matters as this of La Salette? We never heard of her pretending to uniformity, except as to doctrine, sacraments, and morals, and to a right to regulate affairs of discipline according to her own discretion. It is amusing enough, too, after we have trembled beneath the reviewer's thunders at page 22, to turn over a leaf, and find him, at page 25, quoting Cardinal Bellarmine; "whose opinion," he says, "will not be disputed when it tends to limit the Papal authority," to the following effect: "Conveniunt omnes Catholici posse Pontificem (Romanum) etiam ut Pontificem, et cum suo cœtu consiliorum, vel cum generali concilio, errare in controversiis facti particularibus, quæ ex informatione testimoniisque hominum præcipue pendent." On which our reviewer then remarks: "It is an entire usurpation of authority, even by Rome"—that is, he means, *by her own theory*—"to pronounce definitively on such facts as these." So, then, we are all to be comfortably lodged, not on one of the horns of a dilemma, but on both of them at once. First, the Pope is a traitor to Christianity for not putting down the propagation of the story of La Salette; and secondly, he would be a vile usurper if he did pronounce upon it! Pleasant judges, truly, these Edinburgh reviewers! Pretty penal laws would they enact for us superstitious Papists, could they get the manufacture once more into their own hands. If the Pope has no right to pronounce definitively, even supposing circumstances made it possible, what possible course remains to those who disbelieve in the apparition but that which they have adopted? By the reviewer's admission, many French Bishops have strenuously protested against its reality; and those of the lower clergy who have agreed with them have found unflinching expositors of their incredulousness. As to us English Catholics, we are complimented in the following flattering terms: "We have no doubt that the best-informed and most pious of the English Catholics are ashamed of this nonsense, and would repudiate it if they dared. But where are they to draw the line? Where are they first to apply their reasoning faculties, and to recognise the laws of nature and evidence? 'This Manual'—that is, Mr. Wyse—"tells them what they may be expected to believe; and if the principle of unqualified obedience is to be their guide, they have no reason to stop short at any point in the maze of credulity and imposture." Truly we Catholics are a miserable race. We suffer from an awful tyranny without knowing it:

"Wretch, whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance;  
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, reggraded, spiritless outcast."

If our censor is not in the transports of indignation which animated the knife-grinder's censors,—though we much fear that all we shall get from him will be a repetition of the famous reply administered to the said knife-grinder, “I give thee sixpence? I'd see thee d—d first,”—if our censor, however, can listen to the voice of remonstrance, we can assure him that his pity is entirely thrown away. We assure him, for our parts, though we do not claim to be among “the best-informed and most pious” of English Catholics, that if we were convinced that the story of La Salette was nonsense, we should not hesitate for one moment to express our disbelief; but that really we have no grounds for any thing more than a suspension of judgment, which—for the consolation of all Edinburgh and other critics—we hereby avow, all fear of tremendous sacerdotal, episcopal, or Papal censures notwithstanding; which, by the way, is no great boast after all, for we suspect that most priests and bishops are very much of our way of thinking about it. And as to our difficulties in applying the laws of evidence, we beg our censors to believe that we Catholics have no more scruple in applying our critical faculties to any subject of pretended fact whatsoever, than we have in testing the criticisms even of that most august of authorities, the venerable quarterly organ of philosophical Whiggism.

What are the theological qualifications of this organ may be gathered from a sentence in which we are told what we believe with respect to the Blessed Virgin. She is, we learn, “a being whom the Romish Church invests with Divine attributes, and has recently made to partake of the Divine nature.” Considering that the school of the Edinburgh reviewers, with Lord Palmerston as its expositor, holds that *all* men are created and born free from original sin, and that the Catholic Church has recently asserted simply that the Blessed Virgin was created and born in that state, this is not *quite* an accurate view of the theology of Catholicism.

With one or two sentences which occur towards the conclusion of the article before us we have no hesitation in expressing our agreement. So far as the reviewer means that it is a very injurious thing to religion to circulate random stories of supernatural agency, we cordially concur in the opinion. There is, too, some truth in his idea that such careless talking or writing is favourable to the growth of an odious bigotry and intolerance, and lends additional virulence to the fanaticism of ultra-Protestantism. It is, indeed, an idea with some persons that the propagation of mere reports of miraculous events, or the assertion of their reality without

the application of any very keen criticism, is at the worst a perfectly harmless mistake, and moreover, that it is an indication of a pious spirit to be inclined to overlook the rigid laws of evidence in order to believe a supposed miracle rather than disbelieve it. Both of these views appear to us to be without foundation in truth.

To take first the latter of the two. Surely it is a serious error to confound the consideration of what is "pious" with the consideration of what is "true." It is a jumbling together the cause with the effect, which can only issue in injury to them both. It is an act of piety to regard with devout interest and veneration whatever is first proved to be true in the domain of religion; but until the clear and unbiased critical faculty has decided whether a statement is true or not, piety has nothing to do with the matter whatsoever. It is not a pious act to attempt to anticipate, so to say, the works of Providence, and to pretend to such a knowledge of the Divine will as to assume, even to the slightest degree, that it has chosen to act in one particular manner rather than another. It is contrary to true piety to approach the evidence of a reputed miracle with a bias either one way or the other. To be disposed against the evidence, through a feeling of dislike to believe that God has interfered in the ordinary laws of nature, or from an unwillingness to receive a fresh impression of the awfully close nature of our relationship to Him, is contrary to piety, indicating a worldly and generally irreligious mind. But in the avoidance of this fault, it is not right to go to the opposite extreme. Some persons *like* to believe that there are many modern miracles in general, and in detail are disposed to give credence beforehand to every reported supernatural occurrence. This may doubtless be a harmless disposition in themselves personally, though it cannot be denied that a tendency to wish for many miracles is not encouraged either in the Scriptures or the most eminent spiritual writers. But to call this disposition "pious" is to abuse language, and to make the proof of all miracles more or less uncertain by confounding it with our own personal feelings or prepossessions. The *argumentum ad verecundiam* is, in truth, a weapon of reasoning which requires to be applied with remarkable skill and caution. It has proved one of the most prolific instruments of deception in use among men. It is precisely by its means that Dr. Pusey, and other men of influence of his school, have succeeded in controlling the actions of persons disposed to consider fairly the claims of Rome to their obedience. It is "pious," they are told, to believe in the Anglican Church, or, at any rate,

to remain in her communion. And just so, among ourselves, there are persons in all ages and countries who would doctor the facts of history, and encourage chance reports of marvellous events, on the ground that it is pious to shut one's eyes to facts, and to believe that Catholics have been good men when they have been great scoundrels; or that it has pleased Divine Providence to act in one particular manner, when it is really probable that it has acted in a manner the very reverse. For ourselves, we hold that true piety absolutely commands the exercise of extreme caution in crediting reports of miracles. We can see no reverence to Almighty God in a disposition to think that He is perpetually acting in one way rather than another. The most profound submission and the most ardent faith are perfectly compatible with an acute perception of the extreme carelessness with which reports of any thing marvellous are repeated from mouth to mouth, and with the conviction that there exists a strong *à priori* improbability in every rumour which alleges that a miracle has taken place. The question is purely one of matter-of-fact; and piety has no more to do with its settlement one way or other than with the determination of the laws which govern the revolutions of comets or the growth of plants. All alike come from the hand of God; and it is as contrary to revealed religion to believe an unproved miracle, as it is to natural reason to believe in an undemonstrated algebraic formula.

But further, a very serious injury is done to the cause of religion by this confounding of the "pious" and the "true." The indulgence of a morbid passion for modern miracles tends not only, as all great spiritual writers agree, to the deterioration of simple faith and practical devotion, but it tends directly to cast doubts on the authenticity of all miracles whatsoever. When an observer sees pious people so ready to accept reports of this kind, and to take this readiness as a proof of piety, he naturally begins to conclude that the same rashness may have accompanied the original propagation of the best authenticated miracles of other and more ancient times. Humanity, people argue, has always been the same: we see how utterly careless and thoughtless many devout persons are in forming their convictions around us; what they are, others must have been. Who, then, can hope to ascertain the real truth about any miracle whatsoever? Who can say whether the most apparently complete chains of evidence do not hang upon a final link no more trustworthy than the numerous stories which we hear, apparently incontrovertible in the way of evidence, but which break down when the

original witnesses are closely cross-examined by antagonist questioners? It is to little purpose to accompany one's words with an admission that of course we *may be* mistaken, when it is plain that we revel in the supernatural, and had rather believe than not in miraculous rumours. The fact that we thus are biased on one side goes to shake all Christian evidence, and to generate a universal spirit of scepticism.

We will not do our readers the injustice to suppose that they will interpret these remarks to mean that we think it is right or reasonable to doubt any miracles when proved. They will understand us to imply nothing more than this, that it is a dangerous thing to be credulous with respect to reputed interferences with the laws of nature; that so far from tending to the glory of God and the deepening our sense of the supernatural, it tends directly to irrational presumption and the weakening of faith. And we make these remarks, not only from a strong personal conviction of their truth and importance, and of the peculiar necessity for acting upon them at the present time, but because we are sure that not a few of our wisest and most influential ecclesiastics entertain the same opinions with ourselves.

The effect of an unreasoning credulity upon the Protestant world is, again, a subject demanding our anxious consideration. All attentive investigation into the phenomena of anti-Catholicism goes to show that with the better class of Protestants the chief ground of hostility to Catholics consists in a conviction that we are personally guilty of certain moral or intellectual faults, rather than in any deep-seated hatred of our special doctrines or opinions. In the particular instance before us, they revolt, not so much from the idea that this or that distinct miracle is true, but from us personally as a race of credulous simpletons or designing knaves. Were they convinced that we habitually used our best abilities *honestly* to search for truth in these matters, much of their practical animosity would pass away. They might pity us, or disagree with us, but they would not regard us with the same degree of dislike and intellectual disgust. That they would ever do us complete justice is highly improbable. We only think that they would be less unjust than they are now.

Is it not, then, an extremely undesirable course of action, recklessly to foster this general idea that we never fairly apply the laws of evidence to professing miracles? As to the notion of concealing our belief in those wonders of which we *are* convinced, we would not for an instant advocate it. We have no sympathy with that cowardly system which

would pare down every thing Catholic as nearly as possible to the level of the Protestant intelligence. It is a disloyal and contemptible method, which only brings down disgrace and failure on its advocates. But this is a very different thing from a doubly careful avoidance of errors, when we see that they tend to lower the character of Catholics in the eyes of those whom we wish to conciliate. The disapproval of Protestants is no reason for hiding our faith, or shrinking from avowing our opinions; but it is an additional reason for avoiding a course of action which not merely does no good to religion, but is rather positively injurious to it. The three grand obstacles we have to overcome in the opinions of our fellow-countrymen are, first, the conviction that we are leagued with despotism; secondly, that we are not scrupulous as men of truth and honour; and thirdly, that we are, in plain English, fools. And surely it is no proof either of faith or of courage, but rather of self-will and bravado, *needlessly* to give a handle to those who bring against us these cruel imputations. "Let not our good be evil spoken of," is an apostolic injunction which it is always perilous to overlook. Many persons without the Church imagine that our clergy are leagued in a foul conspiracy to bolster up their pretensions by a series of sham wonders. Now it is not enough to remember among ourselves that this charge is simply ridiculous. It is not enough to notice, as many converts do, that the Catholic priesthood generally are not nearly so much disposed to push forward reports of supernatural events as they themselves would have previously supposed; and that, in point of fact, it is the laity who are most eager to make much of this sort of proof of Catholicism, and who are most indignant when people venture to doubt before they believe. What we have to do is, to force upon our fellow-countrymen the conviction that, as a class of men, Catholics are most rigorous in their application of the rules of evidence to reports of miraculous agency; and that they are fully alive to the exaggerations and alterations in the plainest statements which are the result of an unreasoning desire to find out the supernatural in every event which is not at first sight explicable by the common laws of nature.

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## CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA, TARTARY, AND THIBET.

*Christianity in China, Tartary, and Thibet.* By M. L'Abbé Huc, formerly Missionary Apostolic in China, &c. London: Longmans. 2 vols.

[Second Notice.]

In a former Number we concluded with the safe return of the brave Franciscan ambassador of St. Louis to the bosom of his convent at St. Jean d'Acre. While Rubruk was engaged on his pious journey, Innocent IV., and his successor Alexander IV., were organising in Europe a body of missionaries, under the name of the "Society of Brother Travellers for Jesus Christ," who were to undertake the work of the propagation of the faith on a greatly-extended scale; and, at the instance of St. Raymond of Pennafort, General of the Dominicans, St. Thomas Aquinas composed his "Summary," in order to render the preaching of the missionaries more efficacious.

The gigantic empire of the Tartars, however, was already beginning to show signs of disruption; the edifice had been reared too high before the foundations had time to settle. Seeking safety in new conquests, Mangou-Khan, in 1256, placed his brothers Kublai and Houlagou at the head of two considerable armies; the first to subdue China, the second to invade Persia and Mesopotamia, sparing Armenia, because Hayton, king of that country, had done voluntary homage to the Tartar chief. Houlagou entered Persia with 70,000 horsemen; and in the first year of his occupation destroyed the Assassins, the strange fanatics who, under their king, the "Old Man of the Mountain," play so prominent a part in the pages of the mediæval historians. The progress of Houlagou was one of incessant victory and destruction; but he favoured the Christians, as was thought from the influence of his Christian wife, Dhogouz-Khatoun.

Having completed the conquest of Persia, he marched to Bagdad, and after various successful engagements summoned the Caliph Mostassim to surrender. "Avoid war," said the conqueror; "and do not strike your fist upon the pricker, or take the sun for a lamp, or it will be the worse for you." The caliph returned a haughty answer to the Tartar envoys, who were assailed with abuse and violence; upon which Houlagou exclaimed, "The behaviour of the caliph is more crooked than this bow; but, so God help me, I will make it

as straight as this arrow." On the 1st of February 1258, Bagdad, the city of science, learning, and pleasure, was taken by storm, given up to pillage and slaughter, and more than 800,000 persons mercilessly destroyed; but it is certain that in the sack of the place the Christians were spared; and Machicha, the Nestorian patriarch, subsequently had one of the caliph's palaces assigned him as a residence.

A common hatred of the Mussulmans formed at this time a bond of union in these countries between Christians and Mongols; nevertheless, the princes who made terms, and supplied contingents to the Tartar armies, were regarded with the utmost horror by the Western nations. In 1260 a second irruption filled Poland with blood, and gave many martyrs to the Church. This was but an incident, though it should not be passed over, in the vast succession of conquests which carried terror into the whole civilised world. The subjection of the East went steadily forward; the capture of Bagdad was followed by that of Merdin, Harran, Aleppo, and Damascus; and the Mongols were masters of Syria. Houlagou was preparing to march on Jerusalem, when the news of the death of his brother Mangou arrived, with an intimation that the Tartars were waiting to proclaim him their Grand Khan.

He returned at once, but it was too late; the fickle electors had already chosen Kublai, his brother, to fill the vacant throne; and in 1265 Houlagou and his wife Doghouz-Khatoun both died, to the great grief of the Christians of Asia. They left a son, Abaga, who, in following his own separate career of warfare and victory, drove the Sultan of Egypt out of Turkey, and offered that kingdom to Hayton, the king of Armenia. Hayton refused the dangerous gift, requesting that in place of it Abaga should co-operate with him in delivering the Holy Land from the Saracen yoke. This the Tartar chief promised to do, and actually sent ambassadors to the Pope; though the scheme proposed afterwards miscarried. The wife of Abaga was a daughter of Michael Paleologus, emperor of Byzantium. Houlagou had demanded a daughter in marriage of Michael; and that ingenious potentate, taking a somewhat low estimate of his customer, forwarded one of his natural daughters to order. The lady did not arrive in time; Houlagou slept with his ancestors, as she was informed *en route*, at Cæsarea. She continued her journey, however, and consoled herself by marrying Abaga; and so this Byzantine Maria became a queen of the Mongols; not altogether forgetting her religion, for she petitioned her father to send two painters to decorate the Greek church of Tauris.

Space will not permit us to follow the history of the divisions of the gigantic Mongol empire, for which our readers must make acquaintance with the pages of M. Huc. We must confine ourselves to a mere sketch of the Catholic Christianity which strove to keep alive a flame of truth amidst the whirlwinds and tempests which in those days swept the Eastern world almost without cessation.

Kublai-Khan was beyond a doubt sovereign of the most enormous empire that ever has existed: the whole of China, Corea, Thibet, Tonquin, and Cochinchina; a great part of India beyond the Ganges; many islands of the Indian Ocean, and the whole of the north of the continent of Asia, from the Pacific to the Dnieper. He ruled alike over the most civilised and most barbarous nations, and his personal character contained the leading features of both; he was a patron of the arts of peace, cruel and unrelenting as a savage in war. True to the traditions of Tchinguiz-Khan, he fused all religions into one harmonious conglomerate. Buddhism he nominally adopted from motives of policy; but on Christian festivals he incensed the book of the Gospels, and devoutly kissed it. He said there were four great prophets revered by all nations—Jesus Christ, Mahomet, Moses, and Chakia-Mouni; he held them all in equal honour, and equally invoked their celestial aid. There are many Kublais in these days; but fortunately their sphere of mischief is more limited, whatever their will may be. Such an atmosphere is better suited to commerce than faith; and in the interest of the former, Nicolo and Matteo Polo, in 1256, made their way to the dominions of the khan, and at last reached Pekin, Kublai's seat of government, where they were well received; and they safely returned, full of wonders, to Venice. After a pause, they journeyed again to the East, taking with them young Marco, Nicolo's son, who afterwards, when a prisoner at Genoa, gave to the world an account of his seventeen years' residence in Central Asia, which procured him the title of the Prince of Liars, Messer Marco Millione, and so forth. Marco, like our own Bruce, told no more lies than his neighbours; and M. Huc is able of his own experience to bear witness to the bold Venetian's general correctness. Marco Polo's narrative gives but little information as to the state of Christianity, and that little quite incidentally: as when he mentions that such a one was a Christian, as were many men in his army; that at such a place was one Christian church, at another three. There can be no doubt, however, that the Nestorians were diffused over the whole of the rich and extensive Chinese empire; and that they exercised much

influence, never omitting an opportunity of doing so to the prejudice of orthodox missionaries; and among others, of Brother John de Monte Corvino, who, sent on a mission in 1289, penetrated "Cathay," and there nobly fought the battle of the Church. For twelve long years he received no intelligence from Rome, or from his own order, the Friars Minors; but in all simplicity and fervour carried on his labours to a successful issue; having, as he writes in 1305, already baptised 5000 persons, built two churches, and obtained permission to enter the palace of the Grand Khan as an acknowledged officer. In 1307, Clement V. created John Archbishop of Peking, and sent seven Franciscan monks to join him as suffragans. Three only reached their destination, and consecrated the admirable prelate; of the others, three died on the road of fatigue, and one returned to Italy. In 1312, the Sovereign Pontiff despatched three new suffragans to the archbishop, again taken from the order of St. Francis; and from the few fragments of correspondence which remain, it is clear that at this time much success attended the labours of these apostles of the East; but in the middle ages missionaries wrote but little, and, as M. Huc observes, there were then no *Annales de la Propagation*.

In 1326, André de Perouse writes in terms which show that perfect liberty and security were given to the religious in China. "Among the Jews and Saracens," he says, "no conversions have been made; the idolaters come in great numbers to be baptised, but many of them do not in reality live according to Christianity." He adds, "All the suffragan bishops created by Clement have died at Khanbalik, I only remaining." Numbers of Franciscans and Dominicans were attracted by zeal for the salvation of souls to Central Asia, in addition to those officially despatched by the Holy See and by Christian kings; and of these and their doings we hear from time to time in the fragmentary history of the period. Among the foremost was the Franciscan Oderic of Friuli, who during a sixteen years' apostleship traversed the Indies, China, Tartary, and Thibet; visiting and comforting his brethren at their several missions, and finally returning to give the Pope an account of the state of religion in the East, and to ask for more labourers. His modesty refused to commit his adventures to writing, until forced by the command of his spiritual superiors. He died at Udine, where he had originally been clothed with the habit of St. Francis, as he was preparing to set out again with a colony of young missionaries. The Church has placed him among the number of the Saints.

The preaching of the Gospel had now made immense progress both in China and Tartary; and the blood of the martyrs, which had been freely shed, appeared about to produce an abundant harvest, when a political catastrophe occurred which suddenly blighted all the fields in quick succession. The son of a common labourer, who had become a Buddhist bonze, threw off his monkish robe, and raised a Chinese insurrection against the Tartar government; and after gaining numerous victories, drove out the foreigners, and founded (in 1369) the dynasty of Ming. The Christians shared the sufferings of their Tartar protectors; the flourishing communities established by John of Monte Corvino languished; and as the new dynasty put a stop to all communication with foreign countries, their destruction must have rapidly ensued. In 1370 and 1371, Pope Urban V. organised and despatched many missions to the East; but wars raged every where, and not one of the envoys returned, or was heard of more. The Christian communities founded in other states subject to Tartar dominion had no happier fate than those of China. Persecution had already attacked them in Persia, then governed by an apostate khan; and the implacable wars waged by the descendants of Tchinguiz amongst themselves rendered them an easy prey for Tamerlane to devour.

This fierce conqueror, born in 1336, ravaged and subdued India, Muscovy, and Turkey, and his very name struck terror into the nations; when, in 1405, his sudden death dissipated in a moment his colossal empire, which was dislocated and rent asunder by his children; and on its fragments arose that of the Great Moguls. As to the religion of this tyrant, authors differ; but it is quite certain that in his reign the result of the labours of the children of Francis and Dominic entirely disappeared. In China, some Franciscans who had escaped the massacres struggled to keep alive a spark of faith, and obtained twenty-four of their brethren to assist in the pious work; but the fate of these new apostles was never known, nor whether they reached the goal of their mission.

The frequent communications that had existed between the East and West were now for a long time interrupted. Languor and apathy succeeded the former strange activity; and when the taste for travel revived, things had changed, trade and commerce had replaced both religion and politics. When at length a fresh attempt was made to establish new relations between Europe and Asia, the time was past for long and wearisome land travels; the discovery of the compass was beginning to bear fruit, and the ocean became the highway of the lovers of adventure and discovery. The

extremity of Africa, the Cape of Torments, with its furious storms, had checked the career of Diaz; but in 1497 Vasco da Gama with his bold companions embarked amid tears and lamentations from the port of Lisbon, and within a year the Christian symbol and the flag of Portugal were planted by their hands on the coast of Malabar. There they found the churches and Christians of the Nestorian missions; and at the very time the Portuguese were founding their first settlement at Goa, the Patriarch Elie was despatching four bishops to India and China. This was in 1502; and these four men, all monks of the monastery of St. Eugène in Mesopotamia, became witnesses of the struggles of the foreign intruders in establishing themselves on the new soil. The details of the contest they narrated in a letter addressed to their patriarch, which is preserved in the Oriental library of the learned Maronite Assemani, and quoted at length by our author.

No sooner had the Portuguese set foot in the Indies than the spirit of commerce and adventure impelled them with an irresistible desire to discover the mysterious Cathay, of which so many wonders had been related in preceding ages. At the instigation of the renowned Albuquerque, a squadron of nine vessels, commanded by Ferdinand d'Andrada, was fitted out, and set sail from Lisbon in 1518, and Thomas Pirès was named ambassador. The expedition arrived in due time at Canton, where the gentle and courteous manners of d'Andrada gained the good graces of the mandarins, and he succeeded in making a treaty of commerce subject to the sanction of the emperor. Thomas Pirès set out for Pekin expecting to find all smooth before him; but his hopes were doomed to destruction. Simon d'Andrada, brother of Ferdinand, had come from Malacca with four vessels, built a fortress on the island of Ta-men, pillaged the native junks, and let loose his sailors on the coast to commit every act of piracy and licentiousness. The news of this outrage reached Pekin; the emperor was besought not to ally himself with the greedy rapacious Franks, whose disposition to conquest was already well known; but the emperor himself dying at this juncture, it was ordained that Pirès should be conducted back to Canton, and the Portuguese ordered to quit the town. The latter refused to do so, resisted, and were defeated and driven to their ships. Pirès was imprisoned, tortured, and at last, with his surviving companions, banished to some part of the empire, where he married; converting, it is said, his wife and the children she bore him, to the faith. Such was the fate of the first European ambassador.

The Portuguese, however, were not likely to lose sight of

so wealthy a land as the commercial transactions of the two Andradas proved it to be; and, in 1522, another expedition was fitted out. The Cantonese magistrates gave it a hot reception. A naval engagement ensued, and the "Portuguese were not victorious," getting, in truth, a handsome thrashing, and leaving many prisoners in the hands of the Chinese. Many died in prison of starvation, and the rest were cut to pieces as spies and robbers. "And in this matter," says a very candid Portuguese historian, "the Chinese did wrong them more in the first particular than in the second." But the thirst for gain and the love of adventure are stronger than death. Privateers from Goa established a smuggling trade along the coast; the mandarins were bribed, and at last permission was granted to traffic with the Isle of Sancian. This brings us to the date of glorious St. Francis Xavier. He had found the superior wisdom and knowledge of the Chinese cast in his teeth by the priests of Japan; and he hoped by attacking idolatry in China, and vanquishing the gods of the admired nation, to lead the Japanese to a better mind with an easier success. But God had otherwise ordained. Obstacles of all kinds were raised by men of his own religion; and committing himself to the mercy of Providence, he reached the desert and barren Isle of Sancian, thirty leagues off the continent, only to render up his pure soul on its inhospitable sands. A Chinese merchant had promised to convey him to the mainland, in a junk manned by his sons and persons in whom he could confide; but the unsuspecting Francis had incautiously paid the man beforehand, and with true celestial perfidy he decamped with the prize, and without his passenger. The saint was found by a Portuguese, lying on the ground mortally stricken with fever; and on the 2d of December 1552 he expired, actually in sight of the vast empire into which he had hoped to carry the light of the Gospel.

Three years after his death, Gaspard de la Croix, of Evora, a Dominican, succeeded in entering China, and made some conversions; but was soon banished. He retired to the kingdom of Ormuz, where he renewed his labours with effect, until, worn out and exhausted, he returned to his native land, and died, the last victim of the plague at Lisbon, having devoted himself to the service of the suffering populace.

A long time elapsed before the tenure of the Portuguese assumed a less precarious form. At last they were permitted a trading season at Canton; at the termination of which the market was closed, and they re-embarked with all their goods

and chattels. But a lucky accident enabled them to convert their temporary establishment into a permanent settlement within the confines of the flowery land. A powerful pirate seized an important island not far from Canton, and held in blockade the principal ports of China. In their distress the mandarins applied for help to the Portuguese, whose vessels from Sancian sufficed to engage and conquer the pirate. The emperor in his gratitude granted the strangers permission to reside at the eastern end of the island of Ngao-Men; and little by little arose the town of Macao, destined to become the centre of an immense trade, and of the missions of all that part of Asia. From this time the history of the Society of Jesus in China, and of the Church there, become one and the same.

To Father Alessandro Valignani, who had been appointed visitor of all the Jesuit missions in the Indies, belongs the glory of organising the first endeavours of the society to propagate the Gospel in the interior of China. On his way to Japan, he stopped at Macao; and finding that the monks already there were scarcely sufficient for the wants of the colony itself, he wrote to the provincial of the Indies for assistance; and, before he sailed for Japan, drew up instructions for the guidance of any monks who might undertake the Chinese mission. Fathers Michael Roger and Matthew Ricci, in answer to the visitor's appeal, were, in 1579, brought together at Macao, and associated in the appointed labour; and shortly after, by the exercise of a little diplomacy in the true Chinese style, they found themselves established at Tchao-King-Fou, a town of the first class, under the protection of Tsing-Tsai, the viceroy of the provinces of the two Kouangs. The polite name of "Western Devils" was already applied to the curious strangers. Very shortly, however, Tsing-Tsai was deposed, and the fathers hustled without ceremony back to Macao, their hopes utterly crushed by an edict of the new viceroy; when, on a sudden, they received a despatch from him, inviting them back to Tchao-King, and giving permission to build there a church and a house. The viceroy proved, after all, of a good and generous disposition; and under his favour they built a house with an oratory, conducting themselves with such skill and prudence as to gain the suffrages not only of the ruler, but of the chief mandarins and men of letters of the town, who frequently visited them, and discoursed freely on God, the soul, and salvation. But the arrogance and self-conceit of the celestials was as abundant then as now; and the missionaries, though listened to with the most courteous attention, obtained, it must be confessed, "more applause than fruit."

They had the consolation nevertheless of converting some souls; and applying themselves to acquire skill in writing the Chinese character, they composed a treatise on the Christian doctrine, which they printed in a press at their own house. The copies were profusely distributed throughout the empire; and the foreign doctors thus acquired a wide reputation, which their sound knowledge of mathematics and geography tended to increase and consolidate. The viceroy stood their firm friend in a popular tumult; and munificent donations from the Portuguese traders to India and Japan enabled them to resume their architectural labours, and to complete their house on a very sufficient and satisfactory scale. Other Fathers were by various means introduced into the mission; and all would have been well if the safety of the whole had not depended on the protection and favour of a few mandarins, who might any day be removed, and who, with characteristic fickleness, might grow cool in their friendship, and suffer the fundamental laws of the country, which absolutely opposed the strangers, to be put in strict operation against them. In a council of Jesuits held at Macao, it was decided that the best chance of securing safety was a recognition and approval of the mission by the government at Peking, to be obtained, if possible, by an apostolic legation from the Holy See; and Father Roger was commissioned to proceed to Rome, in order to negotiate this important business.

Father Ricci, in his absence, steered the course of the mission with infinite care among the shoals and quicksands and rocks that beset it on every side, and hoped that the hour was come when the object of seven years' labour and trial might be attained; but the death of the viceroy raised a fresh tempest. His successor sent an edict to the magistrates of Tchao-King commanding them at once to drive the strangers from the town, and send them back to their country, with sixty piastres as indemnity for the loss of their house. Father Ricci, by this time thoroughly well acquainted with the character of the parties with whom he had to deal, effected a compromise, and succeeded, in return for some concessions, in procuring leave to establish himself in another province of the empire. Tchao-Tcheou was the town selected, and thither the missionaries repaired, under the guidance of the sub-prefect of the place; a fine piece of land was assigned them, of which they paid the price at their own request, in order to feel more secure of their property, and the work of building once more went on briskly. Taught by a dear experience, they took care to arrange house, church, and the whole esta-

blishment in the most orthodox Chinese fashion. One of their first converts was a distinguished scholar, Kin-Tai-Sse, and this conversion brought much renown, for his reputation was great; and the house at Tchao-Tcheou became the rendezvous of the literate body and the first functionaries of the province. In the mean time Fathers d'Almeida and Francis de Petris successively died, and Ricci was left unaided till reinforced by Father Cataneo. Father Ricci had long earnestly desired to visit Peking, in the hope of obtaining an audience of the emperor; and an opportunity occurring of attaching himself to the suite of a mandarin, he left Father Cataneo in charge of the mission, and departed on his perilous journey. After many dangers, he safely reached Nankin, and applied for protection and aid to one of his old Canton friends, the Mandarin Hia, for whom he had made a globe and some sundials. The great mandarin received him with measured courtesy and all the "rites;" but notwithstanding turned him out of doors, and caused the man in whose house he had lodged to be cruelly beaten. Of course all resistance was vain; he re-embarked, turned his prow, and began to row "against the course of the stream, and not less against his own wishes." At Nantchoung-Fou, the capital of the province of Kiang-Si, he was comforted by the good offices of a worthy physician; and though he failed at this time in his main object, he succeeded in founding a new mission in that populous town, and secured the favour and protection of two princes of the imperial family who resided there. In the mean while the mission of Tchao-Tcheou battled through many dangers; and as the Jesuit stations were now scattered wide in the interior of China, it became necessary to give full powers to some competent person, who could act at once on emergencies without reference to the distant centre of authority at Macao. Father Ricci was accordingly nominated superior-general, and authorised to decide all questions without appeal. Believing that if the torch of faith could be borne to the height of Peking it would shed a far greater light over the empire, the zealous missionary watched his opportunities with the utmost care, and at last both Father Ricci and Father Cataneo found themselves in the imperial city. Again disappointment awaited them; the clocks, paintings, and curiosities from Europe excited the admiration of the courtiers and eunuchs who basked in the beams of the "Son of Heaven;" but on finding that the strangers did not possess the power of transmuting metals, which had been attributed to them, their ardour and friendship cooled to zero, and a presentation to the emperor became an impossibility. They avoided with care

every thing which might compromise their chance of readmission to the capital, and left Peking with sorrow, but not in despair. Frozen up at Lin-King, Father Ricci left his companion in the junk in charge of the baggage, while he made his own painful way onwards; and, after being nursed with affectionate care during a whole month's dangerous illness by his good friend the Doctor Kin-Tai-Sse at Sou-Tcheou, he not only re-entered Nankin, where he was joined by Father Cataneo, but there gained a great position and a fine palace for a mission-house. The Jesuits found European science—astronomy, geography, and mathematics—infinately to the taste of the “celestial literati,” and their superior knowledge stood them in good stead: Euclid was flung at the head of Confucius; friendly disputations with the foreign doctors became all the rage; and the good monks rejoiced in their victories because they saw in them the germs of many happy conversions to the Christian faith.

A military mandarin was the first person baptised. He was christened Paul. Not long after his son received the like grace, and soon the whole family made a public profession of Christianity; the domestic pagoda became a chapel, and Father Ricci celebrated the holy Sacrifice on the very place where incense had been burnt to idols. Father Cataneo journeyed to Macao to tell the glad tidings, and to make collections for the wants of the mission. He returned with good store of alms, and quite a stock of European articles,—pictures, clocks, mirrors, and so forth. These were so admirably adapted for presents, that Father Ricci could no longer forbear a fresh attempt to reach Peking; and after escaping a trap laid for him by a scoundrel of a eunuch, who had hoped to possess himself of the treasures intended for the imperial delectation, he once more arrived in safety at the capital, with Father Didacus as companion. This was in the month of January 1601. The voluptuous potentate who held the celestial throne saw no one but women and their ignoble attendants. The presents went to court, and excited great admiration, the clocks especially having three eunuchs expressly appointed to attend upon them; but the monks were only corresponded with by the intervention of the eunuchs, who went backwards and forwards continually. The jealousy with which the excessive influence of these palace attendants was regarded by the principal magistrates exposed the missionaries to great danger; but a petition, drawn up by Father Ricci himself, obtained a gracious answer from the sovereign, authorising him to remain at Peking, and moreover decreeing a regular allowance to be made to him from the public treasury. The courage and per-

severance of the Jesuit Father and his companions were now crowned with the most brilliant success ; for this signal favour soon spread abroad, and friends, great and small, flocked from all quarters to congratulate the strangers. "Prosperity has a wonderful effect in increasing the number of people's friends."

We have now followed Father Ricci step by step to the goal of his desires ; and must pass over the deeply interesting narrative of the fluctuating fortunes of the Chinese missions under his guidance, and of the wonderful and intrepid journey of Father Goës by land from India to the heart of China, in order to stand for a moment beside the deathbed of this successor of the apostolic Francis. At Schang-Hai, Nankin, Nan-Tchang-Fou, Tchao-Tcheou, and Pekin, in all disputes and difficulties with the mandarins, the missionaries had but to pronounce the name of Ly-Ma-Teou—Matthew Ricci—and the victory was gained. But his strength was exhausted, and on the 3d of May 1610 he kept his bed. His brethren thought he had only a sick headache ; but he calmly replied that the illness was mortal. Weak and suffering, as soon as the Holy Eucharist was brought into the room, he threw himself from the bed on his knees to prepare for it, and piously communicated while the attendants were bathed in tears. The following day he blessed his four spiritual brothers, and instructed them as to the conduct of the mission. "Do you know," said one of them, "in what position you are leaving us?" "Yes," replied he ; "I leave before you a door which may be opened to great merits, but not without much trouble and danger." On the 11th of May 1610, he resigned his soul quietly to God, aged fifty-eight years. Some days before his illness he had said, "My fathers, when I reflect upon the means by which I can best further the interests of Christianity among the Chinese, I can find nothing better or more efficacious than my death." So died Father Matthew Ricci. He was buried by an imperial edict, and with great honour and display.

His successor was Father Nicholas Lombard, who commenced his administration under the happiest auspices. The Chinese Christians counted in their ranks three of the most celebrated doctors in the corporation of the lettered,—Doctors Paul, Léon, and Michel,—who continued during their whole lives to manifest the most ardent zeal for the propagation of the faith, and the most boundless devotion to the missionaries. But bad times were again at hand. In 1615, a new assessor of the Li-Pou, or Supreme Court of Rites, initiated an attack against the Christians, which ended in a violent persecution ; and all the exertions of Father Lombard and his

Chinese friends failed in obtaining a hearing at Peking, where the eunuchs so jealously guarded all avenues, that the emperor heard only the accusations, and not a word of defence. The imperial edict issued that the strangers should be remitted from all places where they might be to Canton, and thence to their own country, leaving the central kingdom in peace. This sentence was every where attempted to be executed; and was carried out in various degrees, but with the most rigour at Nankin, where the sufferings of the Fathers and their flocks were cruel in the extreme. Nevertheless good arose out of the evil; not only did the constancy, even to death, of the converts produce its accustomed fruit, but the very fact of the dispersion of the Christians brought them to places hitherto unknown to them; and when the tempest lulled, they found a fresh field for the exercise of their work.

It was not until the dynasty of Ming was threatened with a Tartar invasion that the clouds of persecution began to break away. To lead up to this event, M. Huc here devotes a chapter to the travels of Father d'Andrada in Thibet. These commenced in 1624. It is difficult, as it appears, to identify the names of places and persons mentioned in Father d'Andrada's narrative, which breaks off with the commencement of a missionary establishment; but M. Huc observes that the Tartar history of the period affords ground for believing that the success of this mission was at first considerable, and that early success caused its ruin by exciting the jealousy of the Lamas. The sovereign who protected it lost his life in consequence of a revolution caused by his attachment to Christianity.

We revert to China in 1622. The Chinese are wonderful proficient in the conduct of secret societies, and have at all times shown great skill in effecting revolutions, civil wars, and the tragical overthrow of dynasties. The vast association called the "Sect of the White Lily" was now preparing for an outbreak against the declining dynasty of Ming; and its chief being denounced, was seized by the authorities, tortured, and imprisoned, but remained silent under the hands of his tormentors, resolutely concealing the names of his accomplices, who thereupon determined to save him and themselves. Suddenly attacking the tribunal, they sacked it, killed many mandarins, and bore him off in triumph. This gave the old enemy of the Christians, the assessor Kio-Tchin, a fresh chance. He fulminated a manifesto against all secret societies, and coupled in his outpourings of indignation and horror the two sects of the White Lily and of the Lord of Heaven (the Christians), as identical in spirit and worthy of equal destruction.

Again the missionaries and their neophytes were forced to fly, or hide themselves in woods, caverns, and tombs. The three Christian doctors—Paul, Michel, and Léon—exerted themselves to the utmost in defence of their own faith, and of their spiritual fathers; but the wily assessor included them also in an act of accusation as the heads of a secret revolutionary society. Matters looked black enough, when, by an exercise of the royal will, Kio-Tchin found himself suddenly disgraced and overthrown. The tables were turned; and, to the joy of the missions, Dr. Paul was soon after raised to the dignity of prime minister; but Pekin, the capital, remained sealed to the Fathers by the unreversed royal edict.

A new power, however, was now to appear on the scene. The Mantchoo Tartars were no longer divided into hostile tribes. The "Eight Banners" had united, in obedience to the strongest, to found a monarchy; they proceeded to choose a chief for king, whom the Chinese, by way of solving a political difficulty, seized and put to death. The son of the murdered man was recognised as their head by the warriors of the Eight Banners, and lost no time in carrying fire and sword to the very gates of Pekin. He retired to his own country laden with spoils, and audaciously assuming the title of Emperor of China, with the addition of "Order of Heaven." This insult was not to be endured by the Son of Heaven, who therefore sent an imperial army of 600,000 men to devour Mantchouria. The Tartars proved too tough for the Chinese soldiery; in the first battle they were defeated with a loss of 50,000 men. Shortly after this, Wan-lie, the emperor, died. He was succeeded by Tai-Chan, who reigned only four months, and left the crown to Tien-Ki, his son. The troubles of the Chinese became the opportunity of the Christians in a singular manner. Dr. Léon astutely considered that the scientific and philosophical reputation of the Jesuit Fathers might now be turned to good account; and a memorial was prepared by the Chinese doctors urging their recall to Pekin, on the ground of the services they could certainly render in advising as to the mode of fighting the Tartars, and especially in presiding over the casting of cannon, an art in which, it was added, they particularly excelled. The memorial was presented, and a gracious reply permitted the Fathers to re-establish themselves in the capital. Again settled at Pekin, they did not begin to cast cannon with very great haste; but rejoicing to see once more their beloved neophytes, gave themselves up with fervour to their apostolic labours. The Tartar flood, however, had but ebbed to acquire sufficient force to sweep over the doomed country with an overwhelming torrent; and it was

not long before a fierce and bloody civil war invited the rush of the Mantchoo hordes. Amid the most frightful scenes of carnage, fire, and desolation, Providence so ordained that the admirable tact and judgment of the Jesuit Fathers brought the Christian missions safely through the fearful ordeal; and when the dynasty of Ming was quenched in blood, the Tartar prince who filled the throne learned not only to tolerate the religion of Christ, but to honour its apostles. "For the seventeen years of his reign," writes Father Schall, "he never ceased to bestow on me many marks of kindness and regard; at my request he did much for the welfare of his empire, and would doubtless have done much more, if a premature death had not thus carried off, at the age of twenty-four, this certainly intelligent and highly gifted young man."

The emperor had created Father Adam Schall a mandarin of the highest rank, Ta-Chan Sse of the grand tribunal, and head of the tribunal of mathematics, and always manifested for him all the signs of a sincere affection; but he himself stopped short at the threshold of the Church, and died a pagan. With the death of the Emperor Chun-Tché (in 1660, as we presume, though the precise date is not given) M. Huc concludes his history, leaving the Chinese missions in a state of great apparent prosperity.

Our object has been rather to give a general outline of the contents of the abbé's volumes than to extract telling incidents or anecdotes; but the reader must not fancy that the pen of the lively missionary has lost its point, or that his vein of witty and amusing sarcasm is by any means exhausted. The subject does not admit of the graphic and juicy style which carries us away when he narrates his own adventures, and he therefore treats it with all necessary gravity. At the same time there is abundance of interest and amusement to be found in his pages; and we hope to see them appear before long in so cheap a form as to insure a larger number of students of the history of Christianity in China, Tartary, and Thibet. No one can close these volumes without increased reverence for the children of Francis, of Dominic, and of Ignatius,—without an ardent desire that the lands they claim by virtue of their labours, their tears, their sufferings, and their blood, may yet bring forth a noble harvest.

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# CONVERTS AND OLD CATHOLICS.

*Brownson's Quarterly Review*, July 1857. Dolman.

THE discussion of any supposed differences of character and opinions existing, or supposed to exist, between converts to Catholicism and old Catholics, has always been distasteful to us. Believing that it is in no way desirable that such differences should exist in reality, we have thought that the less that was said on the subject, the better for the interests of religion and the comfort of all parties. Even when a recent well-known misrepresentation of our views appeared in an unexpected quarter, we studiously abstained from any thing more than a mere glance at the subject, such as was absolutely necessary in order to justify ourselves from the imputations of our assailant.

In connection, however, with this very incident, an article has appeared in the last Number of *Brownson's Quarterly Review*, written, as it distinctly implies, by Dr. Brownson himself, on which we feel it incumbent on ourselves to offer a few remarks. The article is entitled *Present Catholic Dangers*, and is a favourable specimen of the able writer's style; and it is moreover, unless we are strangely mistaken, strikingly expository of the history of Dr. Brownson's own mind. He is, indeed, to our judgment, one of the most subjective of living authors. There is scarcely a paper that he publishes that does not convey to us the idea that it is the result, not only of recent thought on the subject he treats, but that it bears a strong impression of the processes through which his "inner life," as the Germans call it, has been lately passing. This same thing may undoubtedly be said of almost all honest and vigorous writers; but it strikes us that it is true of Dr. Brownson's essays in a more than ordinary degree. And we note this peculiarity on the present occasion, not as implying that it is a fault in his works, but because it gives the key to certain statements of a somewhat mysterious kind, and which might be thought somewhat gratuitous were they not taken in connection with their author himself.

Nothing can be more friendly to us, and more honourable to Dr. Brownson himself, than the general tone of the article before us; and, in fact, it is partly because of its freedom from that acerbity, which Dr. Brownson will allow us to say has at times deteriorated from the attractiveness of his

writings, that we are induced to place our remarks upon it on record. We feel that we are not answering an opponent; but rather stating our convictions and the result of our observation, in reply to his, as one would do in the course of an ordinary private conversation with a friend in one's own house. Supposing also that our estimate of facts is correct, Dr. Brownson will be the first to perceive the importance of stating it, in opposition to the views which he himself has been led to adopt. The subject is of such great practical importance, and a misconception of facts must so seriously injure the harmonious action of English as well as American Catholics, that we are compelled to break through our ordinary rule, and express without reserve the results of our own observation.\*

Early in the article we find the following remarks on the necessary inferiority of converts to old Catholics in Catholic things. We quote them at length:

"We converts were indeed born and brought up in heresy and schism; but through the grace of God we have abjured heresy and schism, and followed our convictions into the Church, who has received us to her bosom as a true mother, and deigned to own us as her children. We see not wherein our merit is less than that of those who have had only to persevere in the way they were trained to go, or what greater right they have to boast over us than we have to boast over them. Neither of us, indeed, have any right to boast; for in both cases the glory is due solely to Him who became man, and died on the cross that He might redeem us, purify us, and elevate us to union with God. We do not believe that it ever occurs to converts to place themselves in their own estimation above old Catholics. We look upon ourselves rather as the prodigal who has returned to his father's house, and has been unexpectedly and undeservedly received as a son. We are aware of the superiority of those who have welcomed us among them, and readily acknowledge it in all that which can come only from long training and familiar habit. They are, as it were, native-born citizens, we are only aliens recently naturalised; and we are far more likely to feel our inferiority than to claim superiority in Catholic things to those who are to 'the manner born.'

It is but natural that converts should be inferior in that nice Catholic tact, and that quick and instinctive appreciation of Catholic things, which belong to those who have been reared in the Church; but perhaps they have, after all, some compensating advantages. They have a more intimate knowledge of the inner life of non-Catholics, and in general are better able to appreciate the obstacles

\* It may be as well to state that, so far as time is concerned, the personal experience of the present writer corresponds exactly with that of Dr. Brownson. In both cases the views announced have been formed after more than twelve years' observation of the facts of Catholic life.

which they find in the way of accepting the Church and submitting to her authority. Coming to Catholicity free from all the old secular traditions, habits, and associations of Catholics, they can more easily discriminate between what is of religion, and what pertains only to the social life, nationality, or secular habits, customs, and usages of Catholics. In the concrete life of Catholics, in all ages and nations, there is much inherited from their ancestors, which, if not anti-Catholic, yet is no part of Catholicity, but which they do not always distinguish from their religion itself, and sometimes half confound with it. The Catholics of Great Britain and the United States are hardly more widely separated from their non-Catholic countrymen by their faith and worship, than they are by their associations, habits, customs, affections, and modes of thought and action, which are no necessary part of their religion, and are only accidentally connected with it. The convert, trained in a different world, is not wedded to these forms of secular life, and is able to distinguish them without effort from Catholicity. He can embrace Catholicity, so far as regards these, with less admixture of foreign elements, and attach himself more easily to it in its essential and universal character, free from the local habits, manners, and usages of an old Catholic population. This is some compensation, and places converts more nearly on a level with old Catholics than is sometimes supposed, though it no doubt leaves them still far inferior."

We cannot help saying, that we find here a certain amount of excessive humility which will not find favour with those whom it is the writer's desire to conciliate. To speak of the Church as "*deigning* to own as her children" those who seek admittance into her fold by the door appointed by Jesus Christ for the special purpose, is surely a somewhat singular expression. There is no *deigning* in the question. The Church simply does her duty in receiving the adult convert, just as she does in baptising the unconscious infant. She is not in possession of graces which she can withhold or confer by her own choice. She herself consists of nothing but souls, all alike taken out of the world, some in infancy, some in mature age. A great responsibility attaches to her priesthood in the decision whether any given individual personally fulfils the conditions required by the Divine Head of the Church; but when it is believed to be a fact that such individual does fulfil them, not all Christendom together in the sight of God has a right to withhold the Sacraments which the postulant seeks. No language can exaggerate the greatness of the gift, nor the absolute nothingness of him who seeks it. But the admission into the Church is a question of the fulfilment of definite conditions, in which the Church, by her representative minister, has simply to act as intermediary between Almighty God and the penitent soul. To draw a

distinction between old Catholics and converts, on the ground that the Church *deigns* to acknowledge the latter as her children in any different sense from the way in which she deigns to acknowledge those who were baptised in their infancy, is to draw a distinction where there is no difference.

Then, again, as to this "Catholic tact" and "Catholic instinct" which Dr. Brownson alludes to, and supposes to be the especial privilege of old Catholics, what is it? If it means simply a true loyalty to the Church, or even a quick and ready perception of what things will tend to the advancement of religion, and what things are mere heresy, or imprudence, or worldliness in disguise,—we do not believe that, in fact, there is the slightest difference between converts, as such, and old Catholics as such. If there are some converts who may be fairly set down as deficient in these respects, are there not swarms of old Catholics who are equally deficient? Is it not notorious, that in the frequent instances which have occurred in this country and abroad, in recent and earlier times, when well-meaning and religious Catholics have clearly made mistakes through a deficiency of what is termed "Catholic instinct," converts have had little or no share whatsoever?

But if "Catholic instinct" means the adoption of one in particular of the various lines of policy which have to be employed in the relations of the Church and the world, and in relation to such controversies as Gallicanism and Ultramontanism, then it is the old story over again. Every body says that his own instinct is the Catholic instinct. Would not Bossuet have called Gallicanism the true Catholic instinct? Would not F. Theiner hold that an appreciation of the faults of Jesuitism was a proof of Catholic instinct? Would not Cretineau-Joly assert exactly the same of the very opposite opinion? Or here at home, no doubt our excellent friend Mr. Formby considers that it is a sign of a Catholic instinct to have nothing to do with Government building-grants for schools; we, on the contrary, are of a different opinion. There in Ireland, too, many people think Dr. M'Hale's policy about political education and the political action of the clergy a proof of his Grace's acute Catholic instinct. But what say the prelates and others who so strenuously dissent from the Archbishop of Tuam? Will they admit for a moment that it is a deficiency of "Catholic instinct" which causes them to adopt the policy which they have preferred?

Or,—to turn to the one other cause which might be alleged as making the convert "far inferior" to the old Catholic in purely religious things, namely, his education in religious

error,—what, after all, is the practical state of the case? Is it true that converts as a class (of course we are not speaking of the very ignorant poor) pray, for instance, or meditate, with less fervour and spiritual enlightenment than those brought up in the Church; that they make worse confessions; that they are less anxious to avail themselves of spiritual advantages, such as the frequent hearing of Mass, frequent confession and Communion; that their lives are less pure and edifying; that they are slow, when circumstances admit, to enter the priesthood or the religious life; that they are niggardly with their money, and unwilling to labour for the poor? They may now and then state their opinions with inconvenient importunity; but are they singular in that respect? And of all the number of instances in which ecclesiastical superiors, whether Bishops or others, have found what are called “troublesome cases” to deal with, how many of these are the results of converts’ follies, or unwillingness to do their duty in a true Christian spirit?

The fact is, as we believe, that this supposed distinction between the classes is an imaginary one, and that it is much more an invention of converts’ own fancies than of any remarks of old Catholics themselves. No doubt there are weak-minded, jealous, and touchy people among old Catholics, as there are in every class, who, when a convert does what they do not approve, set it all down to his ignorance, inexperience, and semi-Protestantism. But to suppose that any such feeling pervades the general old Catholic body, would be a most injurious calumny. *They* see none of this wonderful difference between themselves and their newly-found brethren; nor, we are convinced, are they at all gratified when converts go out of their way to express what they must consider as exaggerated expressions of humility.

Nor is it at all contrary to *à priori* probabilities that the new and the old Catholics should practically stand on precisely the same spiritual level. On the one side there is the grand blessing of an education in orthodoxy, and the possession of the Sacraments, with all the advantages resulting from early impressions and long habits and associations; but, on the other side, there is the extraordinary impulse given to the spiritual life by the act of conversion, with its struggles, its prayers, its sacrifices, and its study of theological doctrine. The one forms a striking counterbalance to the other, and the practical result in the ultimate lives of the classes is that there is no appreciable difference between the two. We speak, of course, of those old Catholics who have lived religiously from their childhood; for of those who have lived otherwise the

truth is, that they have inflicted on themselves more serious evils than those which attach to the early irreligious life of converts, not to mention those who have always acted up to their knowledge.

Dr. Brownson next proceeds to the distinction between the two classes in matters of opinion not strictly religious. We give his statements nearly at length, both because it is difficult to abridge them, and because, being put forward with his usual force and precision, they are well worth reading, even by those who dissent from them.

“The convert, on being admitted into the Church, and beginning to associate with his Catholic brethren, does not always find them in all respects what he in his fervour and inexperience had expected. He finds the Church altogether more than he promised himself, or had conceived it possible for her to be; but he finds also that, though in all which is strictly of religion his sympathy with his Catholic brethren is full and entire, in other matters it is far from being perfect,—through his fault it may be as well as through theirs. He finds that they are wedded to many things to which he is a stranger, and must remain a stranger; that in all save religion he and they belong to different worlds, and have different habits, associations, and sympathies. Outside of religion, he belongs to the modern world, speaks its language, thinks and reasons as a man of the nineteenth century; while they appear to live in what is to him a past age, have recollections, traditions, associations, which, though dear to them, have, and can have, no hold on him. If he allows himself to dwell on these, he is apt to form an undue estimate of the real sentiment and worth of the body into which he has been admitted. There is, with equal faith and piety on both sides, in matters not of religion a real divergence between them, which not unfrequently leads to much misunderstanding and distrust on both sides. Each is more or less tenacious of his own world; each clings to his old habits, associations, traditions. The old Catholic feels that there is a difference, though he may not be able in all cases to explain its cause or its exact nature, and is disposed to think that something is lacking in the convert's faith or piety. To satisfy him, the convert must sympathise with him in what he has that is not of Catholicity, as well as in what is, fall back with him into that old world inherited from his Catholic ancestors, and thus become separated in all things in which he is separated from the actual world of to-day. He naturally wishes the convert to embrace not only the Catholic religion, but all the traditions of Catholics, and defend the civilisation of Catholic ages and nations, and the conduct of Catholics in relation to religion and secular politics, with as much zeal and resoluteness as he defends Catholicity itself, although, in point of fact, to do so would require him to defend much that the Church has never approved, and much that she has never ceased to struggle against. The convert, if a full-grown man, can-

not do this. He cheerfully takes the old faith, submits unreservedly to the old Church; but in what is not repugnant to faith or morals he sees not why he should change, or cease to be a man of his own times or his own country. He is, unless of a very philosophic turn of mind, even offended by the old Catholic's unnecessary and, in his view, unreasonable attachment to the past,—which was no better than the present, if, indeed, so good,—to old methods, to old usages, no longer in harmony with the living thought of the age or country; and feels a vocation to emancipate his Catholic brethren from a bondage the Church does not impose, and which seems to him to crush out their manhood, and deprive them of all ability to serve effectively their Church in the presence of non-Catholics.

Certainly there is here much misapprehension and exaggeration on both sides, and neither side is strictly just to the other. All old Catholics do not cling to the past—many of them are fully up with the times, and are men of their own age and nation; and converts are not always deficient in sympathy with mediævalism; indeed, some of them are too much attached to it, and far more than old Catholics hold that what is mediæval is Catholic, and what is not mediæval is not Catholic. Still the principle that underlies the convert's thought is sound. It is the principle on which the Church herself always acts in dealing with the world. Herself unalterable and immovable, she takes the world as she finds it, and deals with it as it is. She found the world in the beginning imperial; she accepted imperialism, and laboured to Christianise it. At a later epoch she found the world barbarian; and she took the barbarians as they were, and Christianised and civilised them. At a still later period she found it feudal. She never introduced or approved feudalism itself, yet she conformed her secular relations to it, and addressed feudal society in language it could understand and profit by. In the same way she deals with our proud, self-reliant, republican Anglo-Saxon world. She concedes it frankly in the outset whatever it is or has that is not repugnant to the essential nature and prerogatives of our religion, and labours to aid its progress. She leaves it its own habits, manners, customs, institutions, laws, associations, in so far as they do not repugn eternal truth and justice, speaks to it in its own tongue, to its own understanding, in such forms of speech and such modes of address as are best fitted to convince its reason and win its love, and that too without casting a single longing lingering look to the past she leaves behind.

But all Catholics are not up to the level of the Church; and not a few of them never study her history, investigate the principles on which she acts, or catch even a glimpse of her sublime wisdom or her celestial prudence. Many of them are merely men of routine, creatures of the traditions and associations inherited from their ancestors, and which they seldom even dream of distinguishing from their religion itself. These cannot sympathise with the convert

who comes among them bringing with him the active and fearless, not to say reckless, spirit of the nineteenth century. He is a phenomenon they do not fully understand, and they find him both strange and offensive. He breaks their rest, rouses them from their sleep, disturbs their fondly-cherished prejudices, even forces them to think, to reason, to seek to know something of the world passing around them, to take broader and more comprehensive views of men and things; in a word, to come out from the cloister, and be active, living, energetic men in their own day and generation; and they not unreasonably look upon him as a rash innovator, a restless spirit, a disturber of the peace and repose of the Church, because the things he wars against are regarded by those who cherish them, not as hindrances, but as helps to religion. Indeed, they are at a loss to conceive what it is he wants or is driving at, and they suspect that he is really seeking to Protestantise, secularise, or at least modernise, the Church; and they conclude that they may justly resist him, and inculcate doubts as to the reality of his conversion, or at least as to his perseverance in the faith. This is natural, and is to be expected by every one, convert or no convert, who attempts to effect a reform in any department of human activity."

To analyse these paragraphs sentence by sentence, and say exactly where we agree with the writer and where we disagree, is obviously impossible, and, were it possible, would be extremely tedious. We must therefore content ourselves with the general expression of our belief that, so far as English Catholicism is concerned, the distinction here supposed by the writer is without foundation in fact. Every man of course must speak from his own observations; and possibly other persons might coincide with Dr. Brownson's views. But for our own part, we have no hesitation in avowing our conviction that the body of English old Catholics is not a step behind the body of educated converts in the particulars which are here specified. If there is a distinction to be drawn, it would be rather in favour of the elder body; for, as is natural, many converts, having passed through the tremendous struggle of conversion, have their minds so exclusively occupied with the purely religious aspect of the question, that they cannot feel much interest in subjects not directly bearing on the conversion or edification of souls. Moreover,—and this is a point to which we have long wished to call the attention of our readers, as being one which is scarcely sufficiently borne in mind either by converts or elder Catholics,—the process of conversion in the case of people of education and social position necessarily involves a certain shock and strain upon the mind which often requires years of rest entirely to remedy. The uprooting of old associations, the

rending of deep and tender ties, the fresh start in life, the difficulty of looking upon the persons and the things they have left without either anguish, irritation, or bitterness, and the reaction which must follow upon the violent stress upon the intellect and the nervous system which often accompanies conversion,—all these things frequently combine to prevent a convert from seeing things in general in the same light of clear reason which he would otherwise be among the first to value. Hence it sometimes happens that converts fling themselves headlong into a sort of determined enthusiasm for every thing that can be possibly imagined Catholic; denouncing historical criticism as semi-Protestant unbelief; falling into raptures with whatever proceeds from a “Catholic country;” losing all interest in secular affairs, and preferring a foreign Catholic despotism to that English constitutionalism under which the Church really prospers more freely than under the “paternal care” of any foreign sovereign whatsoever; and imagining that the true test of Catholic feeling is to hate every thing not Catholic, and to vilify every act of their own past lives to the utmost extreme of depreciation. Hence also the unsettled way of life of some converts, who were not remarkable for inconstancy of taste or purpose before their conversion. In this there is no fault to be imputed to them. They cannot help it. Their want of settled inclinations is the physiological effect of the tension of nerves which has accompanied their conversion. Nothing but time can effect a cure; and possibly even to the end of life they will not be able to regain the full amount of practical energy and intelligent interest in the affairs of their time which characterised them in former days.

Setting aside, however, these particular cases, we believe that the English Catholic body are not at all obnoxious to the defects which Dr. Brownson imputes to them, as contrasted with converts. Unquestionably they have all the usual varieties of character and opinion which belong to humanity in general, and which are to be noted among converts from Protestantism among the rest. There are timid people every where, and jealous people, and narrow-minded people, and tyrannical people, and old fogies, and old women, and haughty aristocrats, and selfish *parvenus*, and people who are always lamenting that they were not born in some good old times or other. But certainly, so far as a pretty large experience on our part goes, it is totally incorrect to imagine that these unfavourable specimens of our race are not to be found among converts as frequently, in proportion to their numbers, as in the elder branch of Catholics. We believe that the

general *mind* of the older Catholics is eagerly alive to the very points to which Dr. Brownson calls attention; that it is as free from blinding prejudice with respect to modern society, modern politics, and modern thought, as one can ever expect any numerous class of persons to be. It is from old Catholics, even more than from converts, that the warmest sympathy and gratitude is elicited towards those who courageously and honestly—with whatever shortcomings—attempt solutions of the grand problems of the day. And as time goes on, and we English Catholics begin gradually to take our rightful places in our own country, we expect to see our elder brothers quite as ready and anxious to emerge from their seclusion, and to take their share in the work of their generation, as those who were educated in Protestantism.

The misapprehension of their views into which Dr. Brownson has fallen arises, we take it, from one particular disadvantage which has resulted from past persecution, and which elder Catholics are loud in lamenting. The great difference between converts and themselves is, that the former have acquired habits of expressing their opinions before the public in a way to command attention and exert an influence which could not be looked for in men who have been forcibly thrust out of English social, political, and university life. We converts, on the contrary, have been busy at the work ever since our childhood. We are accustomed to conflict, to criticism, to opposition, to writing, to public debating, and to the influence of that vast public opinion which acts like an atmosphere upon the English character, and gives it much of that self-reliant and self-controlling energy which is one of its chief sources of power.

Hence it is that so many spheres of action of the more prominent kind have naturally fallen to a large extent into the hands of converts. Hence it is that the most distinct and enduring impressions upon the Catholic mind are often made by converts. Witness, for instance, the influence exercised by the late Mr. Pugin and Mr. Lucas in their different lines; or in another line, the mark made upon the age by Father Faber, and others we could name. In all these instances, it is not that the opinions of the converts are ahead of the elder Catholics, but that their early familiarity with English life has conferred on them a power of speech and action which makes them influential in their generation. They find abundant sympathisers, admirers, and enthusiastic disciples in the older Catholic body, who are only too happy to see their own latent, or even half-formed, views put into shape, energetically announced, and practically carried into action.

As to any characteristic backwardness in expressing their opinions with freedom, all we can say is, that if this is the case with the elder American Catholics, they are singularly unlike their brethren in this part of the world. We do not believe there is a more free-spoken set of men in the whole kingdom; and it requires no very large experience of their ways to learn that they very much prefer free and plain speaking to the reverse. The English Catholic body is not to be judged of by Catholic newspapers and periodicals. These usually go upon the system of an exaggerated expression of feeling and opinion on some few subjects and with respect to some few persons, while they maintain a studious reticence on many things which are necessary to a fair representation of the real state of Catholic opinion. The true motives of human action seldom get into the newspapers; and especially is this the case with our English Catholic affairs. And consequently they who judge of men and events solely by what they read in public, are easily led to form singularly partial, and therefore erroneous views. To name a single illustration: We—that is, the *Rambler*—have been occasionally found fault with in public—and of course what is made public indicates the private opinion of at least one real person—for stepping out of our province and criticising where we have no right to interfere. We assure any readers who are likely to take these strictures as representing Catholic opinion of the most authoritative kind, that in the cases referred to we have generally been actually prompted to the course we have adopted by the very authorities on whose exclusive rights we have been supposed to entrench. The freedom of remark which we have adopted in our journal as a matter of principle,—we do not of course pretend to have avoided all faults in carrying it out,—has found its chief opponents among converts, and its warmest supporters among old Catholics. And though now and then, as is natural, some person who finds his own views the subject of remark considers that we are going too far, the general body of Catholics, both clerical and lay, has too much good sense to be permanently offended, if offended at all, because now and then something or other is written which they may not approve of, or for which there may be motives which do not appear on the surface. We have now had nearly ten years' experience of the English Catholic body as readers of our Review; and we have found that if there is one thing more than another for which they have no toleration in a writer, it is dullness and feebleness. For the sake of a good general result, for the sake of honesty, discriminating criticism, courage, and information,

they will readily pardon the defects which are incidental to every thing human.

In connection with this subject, we cannot help extracting a rather long passage from Dr. Brownson, which gives an impression of American Catholicism very different from that which we entertain of English Catholicism, and which will probably be as new to most people as it was to ourselves.

“Closely connected with this subject is another defect of Catholics in this country, less easy to explain and excuse than those we have referred to. The *Rambler* seems to think that a portion of the Catholics in the United Kingdom are less disposed to tolerate free thought and free speech in open questions than they are in the United States, at least this is the construction that the *Dublin Review* puts upon its language; but we are inclined to think the reverse is the fact. In matters of faith or orthodoxy, the Catholics in this country are by no means too rigid or too exacting, and saving certain Jansenistic tendencies now and then encountered, we are far enough from being too intolerant; we are liberal enough towards heresy, and none too strenuous in our maintenance of the form of sound words; but in the sphere of opinion,—within the sphere where we are all free to hold the opinion we prefer, and to follow our own private judgment,—we seem hardly to understand what toleration means; we practise very little of that mutual forbearance, that wise liberality, and that mutual respect and good-will, which our religion enjoins. Let an honest, upright, sincere Catholic, whose piety and whose orthodoxy are above suspicion, defend in open questions an allowable opinion not in accordance with the opinion of a portion of his brethren, and they open upon him with a hundred mouths, denounce him, misrepresent his opinion or his arguments, appeal to popular prejudice against him, and do their best to ruin him in the estimation of the Catholic public. We suffer ourselves now and then in this respect to run even to shameful lengths; we need specify no instances, for several will readily occur to our readers. Many of us seem not to be aware that we are bound to respect in others that freedom of thought and utterance which we claim for ourselves, or that freedom of opinion is as sacred in them as it is in us. There is nothing more uncatholic than to tyrannise over others in matters of opinion. So long as a man saves orthodoxy, says nothing to weaken dogma, or against morals and discipline,—so long as he is within the limits of free discussion allowed by authority, and manifests no heretical spirit or inclination,—his honest opinions, honestly uttered as opinions, not as dogmas, are free, and no man has the right to censure him for them, let them be what they may, to denounce them, to seek to render them odious, or to bring popular opinion in any respect to bear against them. They may be controverted, disproved, shown to be unsound, or even dangerous, if they can be, but only by fair discussion on their merits, and by legitimate argument.

Unhappily this rule is far from being always observed. Judging from what we have seen and experienced since we became a Catholic, this rule is reserved only for special occasions, and in the discussion of matters in which we take no interest. If we have to deal with a strong man, who is to be presumed to understand himself, and to have some skill in fence, not a few of us make it a rule never to discuss the real question, or never to discuss it on its merits. We make up a collateral issue, evade the real point in question, give our readers a false and mutilated view of the opinion advanced, detach a few sentences from their context, and give them a sense wholly unintended and wholly unwarranted; attack a conclusion without hinting at the principle from which it is obtained, and then proceed to refute the opinion we do not like, and which we have shaped in our own way, by arguments addressed not to the reason, but to the ignorance, the prejudice, or the passion of our readers. It would seem that the study is, through the unfair mode of treating the opinion, to damage in the estimation of the public we address the author, and then, through the author, the opinion. We hardly recollect in the nearly thirteen years of our Catholic life an instance in which an able and intelligent Catholic writer has been met by his Catholic opponents with fairness and candour, or his opinion discussed on its merits with courtesy or common civility. Our domestic controversies speak but ill for our civilisation, our liberality, and our conscientiousness. Our so-called Catholic press, in regard to our disputes among ourselves, where differences are allowable, stands far below that of any other country, and indicates a lower moral tone and an inferior intellectual culture. For the honour of American Catholic journalism, and, we must add, for the honour of American converts, several of whom are editors, and those who display the most intolerance, and the least fairness and candour, towards their opponents,—we must labour to elevate the character of our journals, demand of them a higher and a more dignified tone, and insist that their conductors devote more time and thought to their preparation, take larger and more comprehensive views of men and things, exhibit more mental cultivation, more liberality of thought and feeling, and give some evidence of the ability of Catholics to lead and advance the civilisation of the country. We want the men who conduct our Catholic press to be living men, highly cultivated men, up to the highest level of their age,—men who are filled with the spirit of our holy religion, and will take their rule from the morality, gentleness, courtesy, and chivalry of the Gospel, not from their petty passions, envyings, and jealousies, or from a low and corrupt secular press, that disregards principle, mocks at conscience, seeks only success, and counts success lawful by whatever means obtained.

Our readers will not misunderstand us. We are advocating no tame, weak, or sickly style of Catholic journalism. We ourselves like plain dealing, if honest; and severity even, if it is the severity of reason, not the severity of passion. We respect an honest, down-right, earnest style, which tells clearly, energetically, its author's

meaning without circumlocution or reticence. We have writers who in their language observe sufficiently the outward forms of politeness, and, as far as mere words go, are not discourteous, but who yet are highly reprehensible for their intellectual unfairness, for their want of candour and strict honesty in reproducing the doctrine, the real thought, and the arguments of their opponents, and replying to them as they stand in the mind of the author. No smoothness of language, no polish of style, can atone for substantial unfairness of representation or mutilation of an opponent's meaning or argument. The mere manner is a small matter; the substance is the thing to be considered. The American people do not need to be addressed in baby tones; they are not, taken in mass, a refined people, but they are an earnest people, and like plain dealing, and demand of those who would gain their hearts or their ears sincerity, truthfulness, honesty, and courage. They cannot endure persiflage, or what they regard as unfairness, evasion, or cowardice on the part of a Catholic writer. Be manly, be true, be brave, be open, be just, and then be as strong, as cogent in your reasoning as you can. We complain of nothing of that sort; but we do complain of the uncandid, unfair, and intolerant manner in which the views and arguments, and even persons, of respectable and highly-deserving Catholics are treated by those of their own brethren who are placed in a position to have more or less influence on the public opinion of the Catholic community."

Now what may be the case on the other side of the Atlantic, we are in no position to say; but we cannot help thinking that Dr. Brownson here very much overrates the importance and universality of a few hostile opinions. It strikes us that he mistakes a part for the whole; and that if for the hundred mouths whose shoutings fill his ears he were to read ten or five, he would be nearer the mark. It is always the dissatisfied few who make themselves heard the most distinctly; the satisfied, or at least the very placable majority sit still and hold their tongues. There is nothing more deceptive than the "every body says" of the indignant opponent. It is surprising how often "every body" means exactly two people, or at the most three; and how marvellously we all mistake the thundering tones of one single voice for the united murmurs of a whole army of censors. We dare say some American Catholics are bad enough in the way of intolerance of free thought within lawful limits; but then so are some Catholics here, and so are many in the whole world. Intolerance reigns, or tries to reign, every where. This shouting down an opponent is an old game, and it will be played till the end of the world. There is nothing like calling names for seductive easiness to those who cannot argue, or whom you have made cross. And so we cannot

help fancying that Dr. Brownson attributes more weight than they deserve to sundry manifestations of unfair censure, of which he or others may have been made the subject. If you don't want to be abused by your own side, and very shamefully too sometimes, your only way is studiously to adapt your words to the varying impulses of the hour, making yourself a servile party organ; or to treat your readers to weekly, monthly, or quarterly dishes of the thinnest milk-and-water. In the last case you will escape praise quite as surely as you will escape blame; in the first, you will be disgusted with yourself, and find the applause of a mob a poor compensation for your self-condemnation. We must, however, now part company from Dr. Brownson and his interesting paper; adding only, that the concluding article in the same number of his Review contains strictures on the present French Emperor's policy which in some respects coincide with those which appeared in the *Rambler* a month ago.

## Short Notices.

### THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

*Preparation for Death: Meditations by St. Alphonsus.* Newly translated, and edited by F. Coffin, C.S.S.R. (London, Burns and Lambert.) This instalment of the promised English translation of St. Alphonsus' works contains, besides a sensible preface by Father Coffin, the Method of Mental Prayer extracted from the *Homo Apostolicus*, and the *Preparation for Death*, which the saint wrote for a double purpose,—to serve both as a manual for private meditations, and as a guide to the missionary and preacher for sermons and retreats. It is not for us even to commend a work of this kind, approved as it is by the Church, and endeared to the hearts of all the faithful who have tried its use. The present edition of it is well translated, and convenient in form and size.

*Church Parties: the Evangelicals, the Tractarian Movement, the Broad Church.* Reprinted from the *Union Newspaper*. (London, Painter.) The author says he has been assailed with two mutually destructive charges: first, of a bitter hatred to "evangelical truth;" and next, of a wish "to merge all differences of belief" in earnest work. We do not see how the charges destroy one another. If we hated a doctrine, surely we should try to *merge* it; or, in other words, to drown it in any liquid that would cover it, and that we could afford to throw away. To drown Evangelicalism in hard work would, we think, be a most wholesome enterprise. But we are afraid that the author is willing to go farther, and to admit Evangelicalism to a permanent position in his Church. Only read his conclusion: "Parties, evil as they are in themselves, have been, under Providence, one great means of the restored life of the Church. We have recognised their existence and their office be-

cause we long for the time when they will be needed, at least in their present shape, no more, because *their work has been accomplished, and the consciousness of the Church's mind* can utter itself without any medium of party organisation." What an idea of a Church is that which needs at one time one form of falsehood, at another another, as the medium whereby to utter the consciousness of her mind! Here is another view of the great Anglican idol; she is, it appears, the truth speaking through contradictory falsehoods. For the falsehoods and contradictions, we readily acknowledge them; we have seen and heard them. For the truth, we respectfully decline to doubt if there is any till it is proved by the usual notes.

We have great respect for all persons connected with the *Union*; but God forbid that we should ever say a word which could tend to make them suppose that they are clear either of heresy or of schism, or that their "Church" has any office whatever, temporary or other, in the revealed system of God's government, seeing that it is only a spurious imitation of a Church, a rebel corporation, permitted in God's providence to lead and to hold souls away from the truth to which the operation of grace was perhaps conducting them. The sketches of parties in this little book are racy and amusing; the latter quality is enhanced by a consideration of the position the individual describing them holds, or held, in regard to them.

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

*De la Vocation; ou, Moyen d'atteindre sa Fin dans le Mariage et dans la Vie parfaite.* Par Mgr. Luquet, Evêque d'Hesbon. (Paris, Julien; London, Burns.) "This humble work," as the venerable bishop calls it, is on a very serious subject,—what is man's destiny in his passing career on this earth, where he is at once the ruling and royal intelligence and the vilest of beings? Philosophy has attacked this capital question, and has left it unsolved, but points to God as the only one capable of giving an answer. Religion gives us God's answer in the Scriptures, and by the mouth of the doctors and pontiffs of the Church.

The present work, in which Mgr. Luquet undertakes, with the double authority of character and talent, to treat this great problem, is divided into four principal parts, viz. 1. Man's destiny in general as an intelligent and immortal being; 2. The common vocation to which he is ordinarily called; 3. The vocation to the perfect life reserved to a chosen few; 4. The examination of individual vocation: which last is the practical part.

1. Man has been chosen by God among all other creatures to serve as an intermediary between them and Him. Sublime mission! of which, it is true, the sin of our first parents has deprived him, but to the fullness of which the adorable Blood shed on Calvary has restored him. In this exceptional position, in which he enjoys the reflex feeling of his own being, man aspires invincibly, and with all his energies, to happiness. This happiness, he well knows, is to be found in its plenitude in God alone; but how attain it? by what way tend to this supernatural position? What bonds will hinder him from spreading out the wings of his soul, and taking his flight to the heavenly hills? This is what Bishop Luquet examines and treats with a constantly sustained elevation of thought, and with a great profusion of authorities.

2. After having shown by facts joined to the authority of doctrine what part the servants of God may be called on to play in the social movement of the age, the venerable author treats of the duties, the difficulties, and the consolations presented by the vocation marked out by the Almighty for the majority of mankind. He shows that the happiness enjoyed here below is proportionate to the privations imposed on oneself for God's sake. Marriage, the family,—the most common condition of existence,—impose serious and difficult duties; here, as elsewhere, sacrifice is a daily necessity, only we should strive to render it profitable by making it a virtue. The Bishop of Hesebon enriches his beautiful reflections and counsels with most touching examples, calculated to leave on all hearts a deep and lasting impression.

3. The part which treats of the perfect life shows us the religious state under its full aspect of separation in society, in the family, and in the individual. This doctrine is of a grandeur and force that will not fail to strike every serious and upright mind. *In society*, it is the most complete and sublime continuation of the work of our Saviour; an eminent participation in the Divine mysteries of the Passion and the Resurrection—a perpetual sacrifice of praise, impetration, and propitiation. *In the family*, it is ever the work of reparation by some for the benefit of all. What even the fervent man of the world cannot do religion accomplishes for him, and in his name; it is the most sublime communication between creatures and the Creator. *In the individual*, it is liberty, plenty, and joy, restored by the three vows of obedience, poverty, and chastity, in opposition to the triple principle of concupiscence. This naturally is the place to speak of the clergy. It is a vast, a Divine subject.

4. But of these two different vocations, presenting themselves to the Christian at the threshold of life, which must he choose? Which has been marked out for him by Providence? To which of these two camps is he summoned by the sovereign voice of Him who has made of our transitory stay here below *a warfare and a combat*? In a word, how is he to know his vocation? Such is the practical object of the fourth part. It is in this that the work will be useful to all without distinction; it is in this that it commends itself to the simple faithful, as well as to the priest, to the religious, to young people, to directors of souls, and to parents who wish to assure their children's future, and who sometimes thwart the designs of Heaven upon them. Lessons like these are not useless at a time when all ideas are confounded, and when the glitter of gold, placed between the soul's eye and God, allures by its deceptive glare a multitude of reasonable beings created for something more magnificent and more stable. This, then, is a very remarkable work, and we think it cannot fail to create a sensation in France.

# THE RAMBLER.

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PART XLVI.

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## AMUSEMENTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

OF all sources of practical failure in combined action, there is, perhaps, none more prolific than an over-estimate of the average capacity of men in general. In the domain of pure morals, the analogous truth is pretty generally recognised by sensible men. Few enlightened observers are altogether ignorant of the evils of a spiritual rigorism. Notwithstanding the natural tendency of most people to see all human affairs from their own personal point of view, there exists among the more sensible a tolerably universal perception of the fact that God has not made all men precisely alike in character; and that there exist mysterious differences between the graces He gives to different individuals, which it is our duty not to overlook in a vain attempt to strain every human mind to precisely the same standard of length and breadth.

It may be questioned, however, whether we are all of us sufficiently alive to the kindred error of attempting to treat all men as if their intellectual capacities were of nearly the same extent and character. No one, indeed, can have helped at times observing what a prominent part is played in human affairs by what we term "misunderstandings." This fruitful source of practical failures exists and thrives every where. In public and private action, among high and low, in ecclesiastical and secular things alike, perhaps as many evils result from our habit of forgetting that no two persons can have exactly the same amount of knowledge on any one subject for human thought, as from any external difficulties whatsoever. We set our theoretical standard of intellect far too high. We expect from the mass of men a capacity for comprehension, and a readiness of device almost amounting to genius, which can never be hoped for except from the few. We repeatedly

disagree with our friends, or find ourselves unable to act with cordial co-operation with those of our own side, from the simple cause that we assume that every other man's information tallies with our own, that he sees what we see, that he overlooks what we overlook, that his sensibilities are excited just when our own are most wakeful, and that he is passing through just the same stage of his inward life that we may chance to be passing through ourselves. Then, when events disappoint us, and all goes absolutely wrong where we had counted on its going infallibly right, we turn round sharp upon the moral obliquities of humanity, and put down to sheer selfish perversity the disagreements which have been the result of mere intellectual differences alone.

In a benevolent and reforming period like the present, it is natural that this mistaken view of humanity should enter largely into the causes of the frequent failures of our attempts at elevating the character of our generation. Having got rid of the old bugbears which frightened our forefathers into a horror of popular enlightenment, we naturally run into an extreme in another, if not an exactly opposite direction. As the defunct Toryism of our grandfathers and grandmothers imagined that the education of the masses meant the revolutionising of the nation, and saw in every spelling-book an instrument of rebellion and atheism, so now we have come to imagine that human nature is to be regenerated by means of well-chosen libraries, and that all vice and all misery is to disappear beneath the potent influence of Euclid and physical geography. Intellectual cultivation is the hobby of our age; and, like every other respectable hobby, he is ridden at an awful pace across the country. He already shows himself somewhat shaky on the legs, it is true; and his rider is beginning to experience a few nervous qualms as to his success in clearing the obstacles which stand in his way. But still we hold on, stick our knees into our steed, give him the spur and the whip, and expect him to distance every other nag in the race.

Now not for one moment would we be supposed to be throwing cold water upon the education of the people. Though we cannot look on it as a panacea for all evils, we believe it to be *one* most important element in national, social, and domestic prosperity. True it is, that much of what is now called education is no education, no real training of the faculties or storing the mind at all. Education is a very different thing from the cramming of the memory with phrases and formulæ. And, moreover, that species of teaching which is extremely useful as the preliminary of something to be

taught afterwards, is often an utter delusion and a sham when it is to end with itself, leading to nothing beyond. Still, as a whole, we heartily rejoice in the spread of education as such, and believe that it has a direct tendency to the elevation and the purification of all that is most noble and most enduring in the national character. The special truth, as we conceive it, to which we are now requesting our readers' attention is this, that the large majority of mankind are not, never were, and never can be, what is called intellectual. The average capacity of our race stands at a level very far from that of the chosen few; and every scheme for their culture which is based on the hypothesis that their natural capacities are of a high order must necessarily prove a failure. We cannot alter human nature in these respects. We must take it as it stands. We may wish that every body should have the good taste to admire Shakespeare, Beethoven, and Raffaele; that our reasoning faculties were of so sensitively logical a cast that nothing should be more refreshing to our spirits than the theory of conic sections, the philosophy of grammar, or the laws of political economy. But unluckily men, women, and children will not take kindly, as a race, to these transcendent matters. Millions will care for no reading except ledgers, novels, or newspapers; multitudes will hardly care for these. All the schoolmasters that a whole generation of training-schools may instruct in diluted science and concentrated self-sufficiency will never make man a reading animal. The habitual readers will ever be the minority; even allowing for the numerous individuals who, in their youth, delight in fiction and poetry.

To those who doubt the truth of this opinion, we have only to say, Look round at your friends and acquaintances who *have* received the advantages of a "polite education" in their childhood, and observe what proportion of them care for books as their regular source of recreation in their maturer youth and manhood? Married or unmarried, ladies or gentlemen, ecclesiastics or lay people, aristocratic, gentle, or middle-class,—observe their ways of occupying their leisure-time, when their object is simply to refresh themselves after the cares or duties of the day. Is it not incontestable, that those who read any books which require a certain amount of thought, or imply a fondness for literature as such, are but a few; that most men do not read much more than the newspapers and periodicals; and that women rarely care for any thing beyond "light reading," and most of them not even for that? Here, then, are facts which point in the clearest way to the source of many of our failures in our attempts at

elevating the character of the hard-working classes of the community. The whole country is swarming with devices of the literary kind, designed to wean the young from vice and to supply the supposed wants of the sons of toil and struggle. The machinery which begins with infant-schools and day-schools, running upwards into normal-schools, training-schools, lending-libraries, and reading-rooms, and culminating in "popular" lectures delivered by professional and amateur speakers, including in their ranks peers, statesmen, and specimens of almost every class in the community,—all this machinery is kept going throughout the land at a vast expenditure of labour and money; and where are the results? We do not deny that there are some results, or question their beneficial character. But is it not palpable that the scheme has not answered the expectations of its promoters? Is it not certain that it has not got hold of the interest and co-operation of the masses? With all the statistics occasionally published as to books lent, lectures attended, and schools thronged, what pretence have these figures to represent the habits and feelings of the people as an entire people?

Yet the evils which this movement is designed to remedy are as rampant as ever. Nay, in London it is said that they are yearly growing worse, and extending through a wider range. The diminution which is making in the hours of labour in many business-establishments, is throwing upon their own resources for recreation crowds of young men and women, at a most critical period of life, and in the midst of temptations of the most ensnaring description. The same must also be true of all large towns; and a fact it undoubtedly is of portentous significance.

What are the habits, what the morals, what the religion, of the overwhelming majority of the youth of our labouring and trading population between the ages of fifteen and five-and-twenty, is known only too well to numbers of the parochial clergy. To them we appeal for confirmation of what we say as to the imperious necessity which now exists for attempting something which shall command a *bonâ-fide* interest in the minds of our young men, and supply our mechanics of every age with innocent occupation during their hours of rest from labour. It is clear that book-reading will not do it. The fault of the literary panacea does not lie alone in the mismanagement of the details of this or that institution. It lies in the circumstance that the world, as a rule, by the force of human nature, requires something besides books and education to make it virtuous and happy.

Nor can the difficulty be got over by any purely religious

instrumentality. The great mass of mankind are no more eminently spiritual than they are eminently intellectual. It is bootless to wish they were so. If speculatists like to lament that every man is not a saint, let them do so, and echo within the Church the complaints of the secularists that every man is not a philosopher. But you cannot alter the course of Divine grace any more than the laws of the elements. We must take man as he is; and it is only by taking him as he is that we can make the best of him. Moreover, a man may be extremely devout, and yet have a good deal of time upon his hands. Young men and young women may be every thing in the way of piety that their pastors can desire, and yet have small taste for any thing approaching to intellectual occupations. We do not find that, as a rule, the most pious clergy have the smallest disinclination to a game at whist, to a concert, to a merry party of friends, or to the nearest approach to theatricals that discipline and propriety allow. Nay, we venture to suspect that fervent piety in a layman or a cleric—shall we venture to suggest the possibility of such a thing even in a Bishop?—is not altogether incompatible with the enjoyment of a cigar. And what is true of the ecclesiastic and the gentleman, is *à fortiori* true of those whose early education is shortened by the necessity for gaining a livelihood. When the demands of religion and daily work are satisfied, there will remain in the lives of an immense multitude, especially of the male sex, a certain number of hours in the day when nature imperiously demands, not the torpid rest of the body and the mind, but distinct and refreshing occupation and pleasure.

We believe, then, that the grand call of the times in this country is for innocent amusements for those who cannot find them in the resources of private circles, or within the four walls of their own home. It is the irresistible desire for entertainment which drives tens and hundreds of thousands daily to places where amusement is to be found only in company with drunkenness, gambling, profaneness, and impurity. Take any large town, and ask those who know it well for a history of the falling-away from the promise made in childhood; which can be supplied only in too ample numbers. Ask what it is that paralyses the efforts of the clergy and of benevolent lay people in the houses and lodgings which are technically called the homes of the poor. Is not the same answer invariably given, and is it not to this effect—that the present condition of society is such, that a deadly correspondence exists between temptations to vicious amusements and the yearning necessity of feeble and exhausted nature; that while

the home of the young and the poor presents few attractions, and often many causes of repulsion, a myriad of paths without are ever open, leading step by step from mere thoughtless follies into the darkest depths of blasphemy and vice? Is there not every where a certain instinct in humanity which will not brook an absolute restraint, which deafens the ear to the voice of the pastor, blinds the eyes to all perception of remote consequences, and lends a fascination to snares which, were it not for this, the clear unbiased judgment would speedily see through?

Attempts, no doubt, are at times made to meet these evils by providing something in the way of amusements under wise regulations; but, so far as we have ever known, they have always been limited in their operation, and have not touched the evil in its worst and most wide-spread forms. The one idea which we seem to have of recreations for the people, is that of out-of-door sports of various kinds. These are certainly excellent in their way, and cannot be too much encouraged. But it is obvious that they are a gain of a very partial character. In the first place, they are inapplicable to two-thirds of the year; and, in fact, considering the nature of English weather, even to a less period. In the second place, they do little or nothing for any but young men, or those who retain the spirits and strength of youth in after-years. In the third place, they are out of the question for the enormous populations of our large towns and cities. What we want is, town amusements, and winter amusements, and amusements for middle-age as well as youth, and amusements which men shall enjoy in company with their families, and where the youth of both sexes shall associate under such regulations and in such company as shall protect them from moral perils. We want to empty the public-houses, the gin-palaces, the saloons, the casinos, and the penny and twopenny theatres. To these places the people are now thronging in countless numbers, heeding our literary devices, our religious services, our earnest arguments and reproaches, about as much as they would a learned discourse in ancient Sanscrit or Hebrew. There it is that the work of early training is undone; there it is that early associations are blotted out; there it is that the hopes of parents and pastors are blighted, and the habits formed which carry dissension and misery to the fireside, and drag down wife and children together into the same abyss of despairing recklessness.

Yet what is to be done? Hundreds and thousands have long grieved over the facts which we are pointing out; but when it comes to the practical remedy, they are driven back

into a sort of hopeless dismay. The evil seems too deep, too widely spread, to be encountered. Nay more, we seem hardly to know with what weapons it is to be encountered at all. If any thing real and genuine could be done, it would be something. Without any Quixotic notions of regenerating all mankind, it would be a happiness if even here and there we could see something springing up which promised to live, and actually diminish these social curses to some definite and appreciable extent.

Can, then, nothing be done? We are loth to acquiesce in so disheartening a conclusion. At least, there *are* resources, which have not yet been fairly tried, if tried at all; and till they are tried, and on sound principles and under favourable auspices, it were foolish, and worse, to assume that the whole idea is vain, and that the great characteristic evils of the day are to ride rampant over the country unchecked and uncontrolled. Under these circumstances, we are sure that our readers, even if they entirely differ from our views, will bear with us while we offer such suggestions as we are able on so momentous a subject.

To commence, then, it is clear that we must throw all rigorism and squeamishness clean out of the window. Cut-and-dried schemes will never answer our purpose, if we are to do any thing practical and enduring. Prejudices derived from a totally different state of things, or founded on foreign customs prevailing where the state of society and the national character are quite different from our own, must be unhesitatingly got rid of, as inapplicable to the present condition of affairs. That old half-Tory and altogether unphilosophical notion, that human nature is a different thing when clothed in corduroy from what it is when shrouded in silk, must share the fate of other antiquated theories. With equal determination we must get rid of the idea that because a thing may be abused even under the best superintendence, and generally is abused when left to take its chance, therefore the laws of morals require religious people to let it alone altogether, through fear of misuse or scandal. We must remember that we are not devising schemes which are to be the best possible as ideal devices; and that human nature will be what it is, whatever we may wish or hope to the contrary. We cannot make our own alternatives, and decide between one perfectly good thing and another almost equally faultless. No instrumentality that we can invent or carry out can be faultless, or sure never to break down in any instances; but yet even so, its action may be infinitely preferable to the undisturbed predominance of the gigantic mischiefs it attempts to remedy.

Only let our plans be such that in themselves they are perfectly harmless, and it will never do to reject them as not practically desirable because they may be perverted, and because they are condemned by the censorious and puritanical school which has forced itself into influence by sheer talking and impudence.

It appears, then, to us, that if we would save the working classes of this country from the evils of dissipation, the only method to do so is to provide them with amusements which they really care for as amusements. Our business is, to observe their tastes and habits when they follow their instinctive inclinations; and thus learning what things are really attractive to human nature in this country at this time, to endeavour to provide precisely the same sources of recreation and pleasure, so far as they are not necessarily sinful, under such supervision as shall practically insure the greatest possible absence of abuse. Severe or timid minds may object to these views, as not strictly in accordance with a Christian's obligations, or as visionary, rash, and dangerous. They may fix their attention exclusively on the possible perversion which may take place even of the best-laid plans, and cry out against meeting the world and the world's snares by any instrumentality not distinctly and exclusively religious. We believe, on the contrary, that in the present state of society, the providing of harmless amusements is a duty of the most essentially religious character. It is the practical carrying out, for the sake of the young and the helpless, of the prayer we daily offer to Almighty God when we say, "Lead us not into temptation." It is a subject which, while it has claims on the interest of every religious person, has special claims on those who have received from God the care of souls. Nothing that has to do with the morals and happiness of man is beyond the province of the Christian priesthood. It may not be in their power directly to interfere in such matters; but that they ought to be profoundly interested in them, and may safely lend them all practicable countenance and assistance, is a truth which will be disputed only by those who take a very narrow view of the functions of those who have the charge of the spiritual welfare of their fellow-creatures.

As to the possibility of abuse, what is there that is not abused? The whole fabric of human society is kept up by the instrumentality of institutions which can be abused, and are incessantly abused; but which it is the wise man's duty to uphold and control, and not to destroy. Every institution that works for the good of man, from the Sacraments downwards, is in some way or other based upon a recognition of the in-

eradicable instincts of human nature; and is designed to meet these instincts, to regulate them, to guide them, and to enlist them in the service of God and for the good of man. The laws of the Christian Church and of the social edifice are not founded upon paper theories as to what mankind would be if it were remanufactured on the most approved principles of modern philosophism. The Church and all society would have gone to pieces long ago, had they been only held together by such notions as those which guide no small portion of the reforming benevolence of the times. Our Blessed Lord taught us that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath; and in obedience to the principle thus laid down, we hold that recreations must be made for man, and not man forced into a contradiction to humanity for the sake of recreations.

Now, in practice, the working and the smaller trading classes of English life are found to be chiefly attracted by the following sources of enjoyment (some, of course, by one thing, and some by another): First, public-houses, tea-gardens, and other places where "refreshment," *i. e.* eating and drinking, forms an important element in the details of attractiveness, and in which conversation—to give it a dignified title—is carried on freely, on any subjects that suit the visitors' age and interests. In these places also smoking, and still more card-playing, is a grand attraction with many of the male sex. Secondly, places for dancing. These are multiplying rapidly every where; though unfortunately there appear to be few signs of corresponding increase in their respectability. Thirdly, singing-classes. These are the most unexceptionably conducted of all popular amusements; and with the aid of cheap concerts, are no doubt doing a work of decided good among the people. How popular they *may* become may be judged from the instances in which they have had a fair chance. The immense gathering which attended the performance by some two or three thousand children of a collection of simple glees and corales at the Crystal Palace a month ago, is a proof of the extent to which the love of music exists latent in the English people. About *thirty thousand* persons, many of them no doubt the personal relatives of the young performers, assembled to hear their singing; and the enthusiasm which accompanied the affair may be estimated from the account given by the critic of the *Times*:

"There were several encores, and the whole performance afforded the utmost delight to the dense mass of people that crowded the great central transept, the galleries above on either side, and the parts contiguous, to suffocation. The sight was of the most impos-

ing description ; and when, at the end of the concert, the children saluted the audience with uproarious cheers that made the whole building reverberate, accompanied by waving of hats, and the 30,000 adults above and below responded with the heartiest good-will to this friendly recognition on the part of their infantine entertainers, a scene was presented such as has rarely been witnessed even within the walls of an edifice where marvels are almost of every-day occurrence."

Next come theatrical entertainments in their many varieties. These are the most popular and the most influential of all, whether for good or for evil. They are clearly on the increase ; and in many instances, in the provinces perhaps as much as in London, no language can overrate the mischiefs which they produce.

Add to these such less generally popular, but still in some cases attractive amusements, as lectures, exhibitions, and panoramas, and we have named pretty nearly the round of entertainments to which tens and twenties of thousands are nightly flocking, and where their characters for life are to a great extent practically formed.

On going over the list, one point immediately strikes the attention. These pleasures of the working poor, of the tradesman's assistant, of the merchant's clerk, are essentially identical with those which furnish the recreations of the upper classes of society. There is no substantial difference whatever. The only difference lies in the exchange of refinement for coarseness, of decorum for impropriety, and of the privacy of a home for the publicity of a place where all can come who pay for admission. In reality, the same things are found to attract and enliven human nature every where. The same instinct which leads gentlefolks to give dinners and evening parties, where people eat and drink, sing songs, and play at cards, impels their inferiors to seek identically the same amusements where only they can find them, that is, in public places. A gentleman smokes in his club, his garden, his study, and wherever the gentler sex will tolerate it ; the mechanic goes to the pot-house, the clerk to the divan and the casino : but the *thing* is the same.

Every gentleman's child learns to dance. They learn it at home, they learn it at school ; devout women and grave ecclesiastics consider it part of their business to make arrangements for the "dancing lesson" as seriously as if dancing were one of the purposes for which man was created. Indeed, this is so far true, that its practice is instinctive in every stage of civilisation. Emperors and queens dance ; statesmen and warriors dance ; most people of fortune have done it at

some time in their lives; possibly with many grumblings at the demands of society, but yielding nevertheless to the inexorable law of fate. What wonder, then, that young men and women of the middle and lower classes *will* dance also? Can it be conceived that the young milliners who have made up the ball-dresses of the wealthy will not insist upon dancing themselves in ball-dresses of their own? When every shop-keeper and every mechanic knows that ladies and gentlemen freely associate for the purpose in their own houses, will he endure to be told that what is lawful for his betters is a perilous and sinful practice for himself?

It is the same with the theatre. It is visionary to think of prohibiting theatrical entertainments to the mass of the world. If there is any one taste—call it even a passion—universal to every rank, country, and period, it is the love of the drama. Children begin acting in their earliest years. We never yet saw a man, woman, or child, who did not like a play, if only it was such a one as suited the individual taste, or the conscience were not perverted into thinking every sort of acting wrong. Now what will you do in the case of the vast multitude in respect to this universal inclination? Will you try to stop its indulgence at all hazards in the case of those persons who are under your social or spiritual influence? You may possibly succeed here and there; though with what opinions as to your personal consistency they will submit is a thing not agreeable to remember. But with the overwhelming majority, can you succeed in keeping them from the theatre? It is hopeless. With what face also can we denounce all play-going to the poor, when they see it indulged in by the wealthy? What will they say to us, when they know that theatricals are an established institution in so many schools and colleges throughout the country; that the plays acted by boys and youths are patronised by their parents, by their teachers, by the clergy and the Bishops? To keep up practices like these; and then go into cottages, factories, and shops, and say, “For Heaven’s sake, don’t go, or let your children go, to those dens of infamy, the theatres,” can have no possible effect but to make the people we exhort look upon us as tyrannical hypocrites, who want to retain all the pleasures of life for ourselves, and who use religion only as an instrument for keeping the working multitudes obedient to their superiors.

Our conclusion, therefore, is, that whoever can establish *self-supporting* amusements of these various kinds, under such regulations as shall banish whatever is positively vicious, and make them at once accessible and attractive to our town popu-

lations, will be among the greatest benefactors of their age. Whether such attempts would succeed, we are not prepared to say. Certainly they have not been so tried as to warrant any man in believing that they *could* not succeed. We only wish to direct attention to the subject. The circumstances under which they might be essayed must be very various. Some amusements might be practicable in one place, some in another. So also the detailed regulations for their government must be susceptible of many modifications. That they should be actually established by the clergy personally is perhaps impossible and undesirable, at least so far as theatricals are concerned. But there can be little doubt that well-managed cheap theatres, closing at early hours, where every thing in the remotest degree questionable in the way of acting was banished, and strict regulations both made and carried out in respect to the audience, and where persons of respectability, both in character and position, would make it a point to attend, would be productive of vast good to innumerable persons at the most critical time of their life.

It is the same with dancing. We heartily wish that the masses of the people could be brought to dance, *with their families*, at certain times and under proper regulations. Dancing is the cheapest of amusements; and rightly controlled, it may easily be kept within proper limits. It is enough, however, to indicate the salient points of the subject, without troubling our reader with detailed suggestions, which might be inapplicable to any particular case.

With one more remark we therefore take leave of the subject. It is sometimes alleged that if you formally patronise these varieties of entertainment, even under good regulations, you stimulate the fondness for them, and practically encourage people to seek them where vice is the inevitable accompaniment. We think this idea is founded on a very partial view of facts. In the first place, the immense majority will frequent objectionable amusements, however rigorously we abstain from meddling with the subject. We do not encourage the taste. It needs no encouragement; it is a natural instinct which *will* be satisfied.

But, in the second place, it is not true that the frequenting well-conducted amusements leads to a passion for those which are ill-conducted. The very reverse is the case. Thousands and thousands would be perfectly satisfied with that occasional gratification which we should find for them, and never dream of going further. Nature would have its instincts gratified in a temperate way, and crave no more; or at least only crave with a feeble importunity, and be willing to yield

at once to the voice of reason and conscience. We may rest assured that the bitterest enemies of theatres and ball-rooms conducted on Christian principles would be the proprietors of the vile playhouses and dancing-saloons which are the curse of the country. *They* know instinctively that we should half empty their treasury, by taking from them that large number of persons who are just hovering on the confines between virtue and vice, and whom they would finally secure unless we were beforehand in binding them to the cause of religion and good morals while the conscience is yet unhardened and the habits of life yet unformed.

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### WHAT BOOKS SHALL WE USE IN OUR SCHOOLS?

WE have something to say on a subject of some importance, as it seems to us; and at the outset we are in a fix. Every argument must rest on some basis: and our basis here is a premise which seems to make people angry. Really, we feel extremely nervous in stating, that what we *must* take for granted (or else our whole argument is a baseless fabric) is, that Catholic affairs or interests, call it what you will, are far from being in a satisfactory state in this country; that a great deal has to be done, and must be done, or we shall be in an evil case.

But why does this statement make people angry? Is it that it is untrue? No one can think this who reflects. *Si monumentum quæris, circumspice*. Here we are in a missionary country, because still for the most part a heathen country, inhabited chiefly by heretics and infidels, with a sprinkling of Jews. We have a church or chapel to every fourteen parishes, and one priest to every sixteen parsons; not to speak of an omnigenous herd of ministers of other denominations. In point of resources, we are not merely in poor circumstances, but, as an Irishman said, we have no circumstances at all; and what is far worse, not merely the wealth, but the prejudice, the feeling, the passions of the country are against us. Our poor people, our children, the weak, the needy, the ignorant, the oppressed, are bribed, are enticed, are frightened, are bullied into acquiescence with the ways and ideas of Protestants. Our opponents, however amiable in other relations of life, are, on the subject of religion, without any real generosity of character or largeness of mind; they are ignorant and proud, and we can make scarcely any head against them;

while we, with our great masses of poor Irish, cannot find time or means to supply half or a quarter of the temporal and spiritual necessities of our own people, who are being lost to us, to the Catholic Church, to themselves, by hundreds upon hundreds. Many do not think this is the case. We *know* it is.

Well, it is objected, what you say is not perhaps absolutely untrue; but it shows a discontented spirit, a disloyal heart, to dwell so on deficiencies. It is taken to indicate a want of faith and of confidence in Almighty God and His care of His Church. What you say, observed one, would be very true; but you do not sufficiently take into account that we have the Divine promises and assistances, so that, despite of present difficulties and black prospects, things come out at last better than we suppose. Anticipated evils are warded off by the Divine Providence when they seem to be most inevitable; and progress and success are attained, though we could not have calculated on them. Go on and work; but trust in God, and not in yourselves. In our hands the work would fail; but it is in His, and so it will not.

We have no answer to make to this. We acknowledge and admit it, and would not that it should ever be lost sight of. "Work on, but trust in God," shall be our motto, if you please; or, as the French have it, *Aide toi, et le ciel t'aidera*. All that we protest against is, *not* working and trusting in God. And while either without the other can but go lame, we are inclined to think that one particular danger is, not in trusting to God too little, but in not exerting ourselves enough.

We are often led to admire the energy and success with which schemes of benevolence and improvement are carried on in this country. But whence comes this success? Whatever sectarianism attains to *is* attained by exertion and work. Whatever may be the doctrines of sectarians as to the omnipotence of grace and the inutility of works for securing the world to come, they all, without exception, are alive to the truth that "works" are indispensable in order to have the things of this world in good and proper order. Chapels, ministers, preachers, organists, schools, school-books, and masters, all that goes to build up the sectarian body, is perfectly understood not to fall from the clouds. No, there is nothing for it but work or falling behind in the race.

Dr. Newman, in his *Lectures on University Education*, has a striking passage on this subject:

"Where," he says, "the sun shines bright, in the warm climate of the south, the natives of the place know little of safeguards against

cold and wet. They have, indeed, bleak and piercing blasts; they have chill and pouring rain, but only now and then for a day or a week; they bear the inconvenience as they best may, but they have not made it an art to repel it; it is not worth their while; the science of calefaction and ventilation is reserved for the north. It is in this way that Catholics stand relatively to Protestants in the science of education; Protestants are obliged to depend on human means solely, and they are therefore led to make the most of them, it is their sole resource to use what they have. 'Knowledge' is their 'power,' and nothing else; they are the anxious cultivators of a rugged soil. It is otherwise with us; *funes ceciderunt mihi in præclaris*, we have a goodly inheritance. The Almighty takes care of us; He has promised to do so. His word cannot fail, and we have continual experience of its fulfilment. This is apt to make us, I will not say, rely too much on prayer, on the Divine word and blessing, for we cannot pray too much, or expect too much from our great Lord; but we sometimes forget that we shall please Him best and get most from Him when we use what we have in nature to the utmost, at the same time that we look out for what is beyond nature in the confidence of faith and hope. However, we are sometimes tempted to let things take their course, as if they would in one way or another turn up right at last for certain; and so we go on, getting into difficulties and getting out of them; succeeding, certainly, on the whole, but with failure in detail which might be avoided, and with much imperfection or inferiority in our appointments and plans, and much disappointment, discouragement, and collision of opinion in consequence."

We have quoted this rather long passage because it so exactly expresses what we are firmly convinced of, viz. both the fact that we are behindhand in some of these matters, and the cause of our being so. And our argument is that, seeing how much success may be commanded by simply human machinery and natural energy, this ought to encourage us to use the same activity, and to employ the same external resources, which sectarians employ, since we are sure of a blessing on them, which they cannot count upon. We have the same natural powers and appliances to resort to, and over and above, we have the Divine promise and blessing; we have graces to support us in doing the work well, and persevering in it; we have the graces of the Sacraments to help those whom we are leading on; we have the light of faith to give us a clear view of truth, and the infallible guidance of God's Church to direct us; we are not a whit behind sectarians in capacity to conduct our affairs;—all we want to insure our victory is as much energy and activity. We can outstrip if we will. We are sure of success if we like to take the means. But we feel quite certain that it was never in-

tended that we should be less energetic in our exertions because the Divine help and promises are on our side; but, on the contrary, all the more so, because with, but not without, that energy we are sure of success.

We hope, then, that it is really no mark necessarily of a disloyal, discontented mind to be dissatisfied with our present position, and to be anxiously reaching forward to something that is better. It is because God has so far blessed our endeavours, that we believe still greater exertion would meet with still higher blessings. The thing wanting—we say it again, and will stick to it, for we are sure of it—is more energy, activity, and industry. We could all of us do a great deal more if we chose. There is a great deal that ought to be done; and we ought to do it. Is it disloyal to say this? We hope not. But, *quocunque modo*, we say it and mean it.

But what is it that you think wants so much to be done? Well, there are a good many little things that we should like to see improved; but let us take one, and the Bishop of Birmingham shall be our authority on the point. In his *Notes on the Education Question*, he lays down two things as of extreme importance with regard to our poor-schools; and the first of these is, that we should have our own books—Catholic books. Possibly all our readers may not be aware that at present this is not the case. From the want of any Catholic school-books on some subjects, and from the want of any good ones on others, so it is that a great proportion of the books used in our schools are Protestant. They are, indeed, the best that can be found; they are books not written intentionally against Catholic doctrine and principles: but, on the other hand, they are not written upon them, and so they can at best afford but meagre fare to the minds of the little Christians we have in hand. So that, in fact, we have not the means, as far as it depends on books, of imparting real, sound, Catholic knowledge, such as will really feed, nourish, and support the minds of our children. And unless it happens (which we must add it does not often) that the teachers are capable of supplying the deficiency, the children go without; and go forth into the world with but a scanty stock of Catholic knowledge, Catholic feeling, and Catholic devotion, and most unfitted to meet and grapple with the bad but active intellectual spirit of the day. They are not supported, like their fathers, by strong early associations; and they have not that thorough knowledge of their religion which might in some degree do instead. Well now, here the question comes practically before us. What is our duty? Ought

we to teach the children the *Abridgment of Christian Doctrine*, and there leave them, and trust to God for the rest; or ought we to try to do something to remedy the mischief? We are for this last.

But what can be done? What ought we to do? We wish that we had arrived at such a state of things that the evil was generally felt, and a remedy demanded. It would be comparatively easy to supply it. "In education," says Dr. Newman, "the supply must precede the demand;" and that is just the fix in which we are placed at present. Books, better books, and at least really good books, would come, if people would only cry aloud for them, and follow up their cry by writing to their bookseller and ordering a supply of all that do come out. But they do not know enough of the subject; they are too poor to make experiments; they do not know exactly what is the best thing to do; and so they will not move till they see the books, and know that they are really good ones. Thus the buyers and writers are mutually waiting for each other:

" Lord Chatham, with his long sword drawn,  
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan;  
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,  
Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham."

So here writers are ready to write, and buyers willing to buy; but the writers will not write till they know that the buyers will buy, and the buyers will not buy till they see what the writers have written. This, then, is the fix we are in. But as the backwardness of the buyers arises in great measure from the want of knowledge, taste, and appreciation of the subject, the writers must somehow be got to make the first move, so as to excite the appetite for good school-books which they are prepared to gratify. How is this to be brought about?

We think there is something that might be done, and that an existing body—the Poor-School Committee—could do it easily. And because these things are generally brought about after they have been proposed and thought over and well ventilated, therefore it is that we propose a plan, nothing new, and simple enough, but which promises to help on this matter; and speaking as we do without any authority, and yet expressing the ideas and feelings of others besides ourselves, we simply ask those most interested to reflect a little on what we say; which, if our plan is impracticable, may still lead them to see something which is not so.

What, then, we propose, to come at once to the point, is the institution of a depository and agency office for Catholic

educational works. Let us show how this will tend to the increased publication and diffusion of Catholic school-books.

There are two great difficulties to be encountered. Let us consider what assistance the plan proposed will give us in overcoming them.

The first great difficulty is what we have already referred to: that the public, and especially managers of schools, will not buy stocks of fresh school-books, much as they want them, till they know them as being approved; and writers will not write, nor publishers publish, the said books until they are pretty sure of a sale. "There are persons known," says a thoughtful writer, "to be pining away their lives in unmarried solitude, and yet wishing all the time, though in vain, for the joys of matrimonial society. And it is an act of charity to introduce such persons to each other, and give them the opportunity of making a choice." We have our schools in a very analogous position. They are pining away for want of sound Catholic books, and there are people able and willing to supply them. Merely to introduce these two classes to each other, and let them come to an understanding in order to contribute to each other's welfare, would be the greatest charity to both parties. Now a depository, in the hands of a public body, would be able to do just what is needed in this case. It would not undertake to be the publisher of the books,—this would never do; but to introduce them to the public, and so give encouragement to publishers and writers, from the knowledge that their works would be seen and known, from being a place where people purposely go to see and become acquainted with Catholic books of education; so that in proportion to their merits they would be sure to obtain a sale; and the educating public would be only too glad to have some place where they could go to see the most approved books and hear what is thought of them, and so run no risk of furnishing their schools with what might turn out to be a useless article. In short, the parties would be brought together, and would make known their mutual wants; and the public appetite for good school-books would be stimulated by the sight of the object that was created to gratify it. Moreover, if some sort of censorship, whether authoritative or not, were exercised over the books admitted into the depository, it would not only assist the sale of books already existing, but publishers and writers, as we have reason to know, would be glad of an opinion founded on experience of what books were still most required, and whether any particular production was likely to meet that requirement.

But there is a second and much greater difficulty in the

way of supplying our schools with good books, of which we must speak, and the remedy for which can only, it would seem, be found in a public depository.

We suppose all our readers know the difference between the wholesale and retail price of an article; and that it is the rule of trade to exclude the private purchaser from all access to the wholesale price, which is jealously kept as the exclusive privilege of the retail seller. But, as a matter of fact, a method has been adopted by the Committee of Council on Education, and by different sectarian bodies in this country, to supply schools with books at the wholesale price. And the way they do it is this: they invite the proprietor of any book they recommend, whether the publisher or a private person, to supply it on wholesale terms, offering him the inducement of introducing his book to a new and wide circle of customers without further expense. In this way, by merely assuming the part of the retail seller for the benefit of their clients, they obtain a reduction of price varying from twenty-five to forty per cent. By means, therefore, of a very simple organisation they are enabled to supply schools with books at a reduction of a third, or, with what they add themselves by way of a grant, even of so much as two-thirds, from the cost-price of the book.

Now see what is the effect upon us of the Committee of Council and other bodies' doing this. The effect is, that we, like the rest, can get all books that are on their lists, or in their depositories, at a very reduced rate; but all books which are not on their lists, that is, all Catholic books, can only be bought in the ordinary way through a bookseller, who has to pay for his expenses and to make his profits, and who therefore must increase the cost till the book becomes an expensive instead of a cheap one. Thus it happens, that whereas a priest can furnish his school amply with all sorts of other books at a small rate, directly he comes to buy Catholic books he gets into heavy expenses; and this not only deters him from buying all the Catholic books that do exist, but it deters publishers and authors from bringing out new school-books; for they must either forego all remuneration for their labour, or publish the books at a price so much above the ordinary price of school-books that the public will not buy them, or at least will be slow to do so.

Now Catholics are at once the poorest religious body in England, taking their necessities into account, and at the same time the only one that is called upon to buy its school-books without reduction; and this because it is the only body that has not provided itself with a depository where school-

books can at once be seen and also bought at the wholesale price. Why should we not do as much for our schools as others ?

Let us look a little into the history of our adoption of Government inspection in our schools. It will show, that by the very conditions we insisted on we took upon ourselves the office of providing for the religious instruction of the children. We would let them have nothing to do with religion, as they have in other schools. This, we said, shall be our business. For to do the Government justice, it is no part of the system it has put forth to ignore religion in its schools. In Protestant schools, it examines into the religious knowledge of the children ; and, if we mistake not, this and the moral and religious conduct (according at least to their views of the matter) is made a question of primary importance in the examination of teachers and monitors. But when the Bishops admitted inspection, it was on the condition, not merely of the inspector being a Catholic approved by themselves, but further, of his having nothing whatever to do with religious instruction. He has no business to ask a question upon it. All this was to be left unreservedly to the priest's control and responsibility. It was not the Government, to give the devil his due, that insisted on a purely secular education ; but it was the ecclesiastical authorities that said, *We* will look after the religious instruction and moral training of the children ; leave that to us. All we consent to is, that your functionary shall inspect the secular part, and see that the conditions on which you make grants are adequately complied with. This most wise and necessary safeguard is, as the Bishop of Birmingham has said, the second most important point to be looked to, that it be not encroached upon at any future time. And so it is, that in Catholic schools all that the Government requires is that the priest or manager of the school shall certify that he is satisfied with the general conduct and religious knowledge of those under his care. But while their lordships stipulated against any interference on the part of the State respecting the religious instruction, in doing so they took it on themselves to see to the religious part. It was not, need we say, because this was less anxiously to be looked after than the secular instruction ; but more so. It was too delicate and important an office to trust out of their own hands. Accordingly it was designed, since we took this part into our own hands, to devise some means of examining into and encouraging religious knowledge, that the schools might not suffer any detriment from the religious knowledge being less vigilantly cared for than the secular.

However, we know that the difficulties of doing this seemed so great, that some years elapsed before any positive measures could be put into force; and the effect has been, what might certainly have been anticipated, even if it could not be prevented, that many complaints are made that secular education is carried too far; that it has outstripped the religious; and that teachers and children look to the inspector's examination as the thing that must be prepared for, and care more for an accurate knowledge of grammar and geography than they do for their Catechism. How could it be otherwise, if, while examinations take place, and rewards are given for proficiency in all things *except* religious knowledge, nothing of the same kind is done to look after or encourage this? We hear things said sometimes to the effect that the Government system of rewards and inspection for purely secular knowledge (for to this we ourselves most rightly limited it) must overbear the influence of the priest in behalf of religious knowledge. For ourselves, we wonder that any man who knows what he is talking about is not ashamed to say this. Whatever money comes from the Government passes through the hands of the priest or other manager of the school; and a considerably larger sum must be provided and disbursed by himself by the very terms of the Government grant. Moreover the Government grants are dependent on his certificate of the teachers' and pupil-teachers' good conduct and efficiency. The manager has 364, and in leap-year 365, days all to himself if he likes; and he is not shut out even on the one day of the Government inspection. During this time he can teach what he likes, arrange the whole system of studies according to his fancy, turn away the teacher at discretion, catechise *ad libitum*, or *usque ad nauseam*: school-feasts, school-books, school-hours, prizes, devotions, every thing is in his hands. His government in the school is an absolute despotism, tempered only by prudence and episcopal authority. Really the Government inspectors must be extraordinarily big men, or the managers of schools wonderfully small ones, if they cannot beat them with such odds as these, and the grace of God too on their side. Verily, for shame-sake we could scarcely bring ourselves to admit this if it were true, which, glory be to God, it is not.

Now whatever damage may have been done by the delay—a delay, no doubt, quite unavoidable—in establishing means for preserving the equilibrium in our schools, and preventing the undue preponderance of secular knowledge, the Poor-School Committee, under the direction of the Bishops, have more than a year ago taken steps to give a greater im-

portance to religious knowledge in the eyes both of teachers and children. The Bishops agreed to appoint, and the Poor-School Committee to defray the expense of, ecclesiastical inspectors who should visit the schools every year, and examine both the teachers (if necessary) and the taught in religious knowledge, reporting thereupon, as well as upon the moral discipline of the school, to the Bishop; and this year the committee have further arranged with their lordships the outline of a plan of rewards for the pupil-teachers and children, in order to give encouragement to exertion and proficiency, as well as to make them fear the disgrace and worse consequences of failure. These are two most important steps; but another, and the most important of all, is having a supply of Catholic books. The equilibrium between religious and secular knowledge in our schools will never be restored—or rather, we prefer to say, the preponderance which religion ought always to have will never be attained—unless the children not merely learn the bare Catechism, but see their religion recognised in all subjects, and learn to trace its beauty and effects in connection with all branches of knowledge as well as in all the relations of life. Religion is not to be taught merely as one of the many subjects of study, but it is to come into and preside over all.

But where are the books that will help our teachers to do this? They are not in existence. There are books that instil Protestantism even through grammar and arithmetic. There are books that teach respect to all religious opinions. There are books that ignore religion altogether, except as a matter of history or of taste. There are a few Catholic books; but for the most part weak and inefficient. Of really good, vigorous, and useful Catholic school-books, that do not drag in religion in and out of season, but treat every thing in a religious spirit, and view all other subjects as subordinate and subservient to religion, there are scarcely any at all. The few that might be used in schools, are published at prices which make it impossible to use them for the purpose.

Now whence does this deficiency arise? Is there any reason in the nature of things why we should be behind others in a supply of good and moderately cheap school-books? It is not want of money, because it is not proposed, or shall we say wanted, to have the books given away. The question is, Why cannot we have a supply of our own books, not given to us, but to buy at a moderate price, like others? It is not want of men capable of writing such books: for such a conjunction of circumstances as the present, which leaves a number of highly educated men, who are more or less ac-

quainted by experience with the wants and capacities of school-children, thrown suddenly out of the active work they have been used to, and ready to accept any employment which will make them of service to the cause for which they have left all things,—such a conjunction, we say, is above all things suited to help us to a good supply of the things we want, viz. books written or compiled by men of extended views and vigorous minds, who while they are up in the vaunted discoveries and improvements of modern science, yet bring with them a thorough knowledge of religion, and a humble and submissive deference to all that God has revealed by His Church.

The want, then, is not men of capacity to edit such books; it is simply the want of some power or means of setting them to work. They are willing to work; and the Catholic body would be most glad to purchase the result of their labours at the same rate as they purchase other school-books. Why cannot they do so?

The difficulty lies, as we have already hinted, in the large amount of profit which has to be made on every edition of a book before it reaches the reader. The author must receive something as a remuneration for his labours; paper can only be had at a certain standard price; the printer, the binder, have to receive wages at the usual rate; the publisher, who undertakes the trouble of managing all this department, and who engages withal in the heavy responsibility of bringing out hundreds or thousands of copies of a work, the greater proportion of which may remain lying for years in his warehouse, with a chance of being sold after all as waste paper,—*he* must have a tolerably large percentage on the cost of the book, or his business would not answer. Then, lastly, the retail seller, though he does not, indeed, run so great a risk, yet as he has a good deal of expense as well as trouble in carrying on his business of advertising and disposing of his books, he too must have a profit, which is fixed, we believe, at thirty-three per cent on the wholesale price.

Now, all these people having to make by books they sell, it follows that the price of the book must be considerably advanced; and in the case of school-books, where it is essential to combine cheapness, the only, or at least the easiest, means that has been discovered for effecting this is to dispense with the services of the retail seller, and so enable schools to obtain their books at the wholesale price. This we have already shown is managed by some committee, or body of people interested in the education of the poor, taking upon themselves the office of retail sellers for the benefit of schools, which are

thus enabled to buy them at a cheaper rate. And they do this because they are convinced that an important, an indispensable part of an efficient system of education is a plentiful, because a cheap, supply of the books best adapted to their purpose.

So, then, here we are. On all sides books of education abound, and good books too, intellectually speaking: they are plentiful and cheap,—reading-books, grammars, manuals of geography and astronomy, of history and physical science, books illustrative of Scripture catechisms, and books of devotion,—but one and all, so far as the subject permits, either ignoring religion altogether, or treating it as a matter of taste only—one of the many whims and fancies of mankind; or if they do acknowledge it as a reality, speaking openly, or insinuating secretly, every thing that is vile and untrue and repulsive against the one true religion that alone has a claim to the obedience and affection of our children. We, we alone, have no set of books that are at once intellectually clear and vigorous, while they at the same time inculcate sound ideas of Catholic truth; and the few individual books that would do for this purpose are necessarily sold at prices which prevent them from being used as school-books.

Now is there any reason in the nature of things why we cannot have a depository too, and sell good Catholic books cheap to our own schools? We have a Poor-School Committee, which has been the means of establishing a great many schools, and doing a great deal of good in the cause of the education of the poor; but, on the principle that gratitude is a lively sense of future favours, the good that they have done makes us rather on the look-out for the good that they have not done yet, but which we and others earnestly hope that they are going to do. We have no business in this place to do any more than to throw out the idea, and leave those with whom it rests to think it out and carry it into effect. Some difficulties, and a certain amount of opposition, may be counted on; but what more does this mean than that it is like every other undertaking that was ever planned for man's benefit? The question is, Is it impossible, or, as people prefer to say, impracticable? Is there any real solid objection to it? We cannot ourselves think of one argument against a thing so important and necessary which is deserving of an intellectual answer.

We have hitherto gone on the argument *fas est et ab hoste doceri*, and endeavoured to show that it is incumbent on us to do at least as much for our own schools and children as sectarian bodies are doing for theirs, and that we have besides

this a special reason for attending to the matter, because we have admitted the Government system to come in with all the weight of its influence in encouraging proficiency in secular knowledge only, undertaking to do this ourselves for the religious part. But we have the example of friends as well as enemies. Why should we be almost the only part of Europe which has no religious organisation to mediate in the matter of school-books? Germany, besides several local societies which print and publish a certain class of books, has its *Borromæus Verein* coextensive with all Germany, which disposes annually at reduced prices to its various clients, who are chiefly among the poor families in country parishes, 8000*l.* worth of books. The principle of this society is purely that which we have been advocating. It acts the part of the wholesale merchant, buying from the proprietors, who are dispersed over Germany, and retailing to its own clients, without profit, only a particular class of books. The suggestions we have thrown out would only impose upon the Poor-School Committee functions far more simple than those of the *Borromæus Verein*, which is managed by a few priests in the town of Bonn. France has its *Société de St. Victoire*, which is an associated company of which more than half the Bishops of France are shareholders, with great numbers of their clergy. This is an organisation intended as supplementary to the ordinary book-trade; and it works with a capital of 24,000*l.* (600,000*f.*), doing annually a most extensive trade in very cheap religious books. Other localities in Belgium and France have also their *Sociétés de Bons Livres*, which are in various states of efficiency according to the kind of hands into which they have fallen. The numbers and extent of all such societies show that the ordinary book-trade does not by itself suffice for the religious wants of a community; but that a supplementary action is needed, which these societies endeavour to supply.

His Eminence the Cardinal, in a pastoral letter, has thought it his duty "earnestly to request the Poor-School Committee to guard against the natural tendency of state-patronage to give preponderance to secular education; to notice with jealous solicitude any encroachment upon the purely religious part of education." It is, then, a recognised part of the duty of the committee to do any thing that can be done towards preventing the undue preponderance of secular instruction. And it seems that nothing is of more importance for this object than to assist in obtaining a supply of good school-books. We are only asking in behalf of our schools that our committee would do as much for them as the Committee of Council

and the other educational bodies do for theirs. By establishing a central dépôt for the supply of Catholic school-books, not only would the existing books come to be better known, and be able to be sold at a cheaper rate, but an increased facility would be afforded to private persons for the creation of those works which we are still most in want of. If the want of good Catholic school-books is so crying that certain private persons have not only written the books, but have also overcome all the difficulties of their production and circulation when they had every thing to do themselves,—to organise their own means of communication with schools, and to make with infinite labour all the other provisions for sale,—a channel of communication by means of which a useful book in due time after its production could merely be brought under the notice of every Catholic school in the kingdom, with a ready means of supply, would be a measure welcomed with the utmost joy by many who have capacities to create what our schools require, but are deterred by the risks and difficulties of publishing their books where every part of the process falls upon their own shoulders. Thus, by these two means,—first by selecting a list of existing Catholic books applicable to the purposes of instruction; and secondly, by entering so far into the details of business as to negotiate favourable wholesale terms of supply from the various wholesale proprietors,—Catholic schools would at once gain access to many needful books on advantageous terms, and have good prospect of more.

That some effort requires to be made for this object, and that at once, is very evident.

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## A CONVERSION IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.

[Concluded.]

WE have now to conclude our account of Chillingworth's intrigue for undermining the faith of Lady Falkland's newly-converted daughters, and to show its results.

We left Chillingworth forced by the young ladies' importunity to declare himself prematurely, and to throw off the mask he had assumed before he had completed the work for which he had assumed it. In order to leave the Church in a manner most for his purpose, he pretended that he had been sent for by the Bishop of London; feigning much apprehen-

sion of what should be the matter, commending himself to every one's prayers, and encouraging himself as if in some conflict with fear—while the bishop had never sent for him, nor thought of him, nor ever seen him. From this visit he pretended to return sad and full of thought, but would not tell why. The next morning he appeared more cheerful, as being better resolved; and then professed openly that the bishop had examined him what he had done hitherto in matter of religion, and what he intended to do; and then proposed that if he were writing a book (as he said he was) of inquiry into religion, so as to be a guide to others, he ought to put himself out of the communion of the Catholic Church till this was done, so that by this impartial proceeding it would be of more weight, as being written by a man disengaged to either side. To this end the bishop (he affirmed) had offered him an oath to forbear for two years the communion of both Churches; if he refused, the bishop said he should suspect his sincerity, and proceed with him accordingly. The reason of his sadness the night before was his uncertainty, fearing what would follow upon his refusal, and loth to refuse so reasonable a proposition, and one that would tend so much to the credit of his intended work; but that now he had resolved, and through hope of the great fruit that would follow had taken the oath.

F. Cuthbert and Mr. Clayton immediately cried out that the oath was unlawful, and consequently not obliging; Chillingworth, to stop this sudden condemnation, alleged that Father Leander approved it. Now Father Leander had gone out of town early that morning, so he could not be asked; the dispute therefore continued; and after some days Chillingworth's oath appeared suddenly with a new clause, "Except in danger of death," added without the bishop's consent (which, by the by, he had not for the making of it or the breaking of it either within a quarter of a year by communicating with the Protestant Church). But his tale hung badly together in several places. To satisfy them of the uprightness of his intention, he gave them in writing that all he did was only out of the desire of the advancement and for the glory of the Catholic Church and faith. To this he set his name only two days before he professed himself openly, and five days before he wrote down the unheard-of assertion, "Roman Catholics are held for heretics by the Church of England, and that they are so shall be proved by William Chillingworth." Yet during this week, while he was professing that he took the oath for the good of the Church, he went farther than ever with the young ladies; and having now retired from the Catholic com-

munion, he laid before them the necessity of doing the same. He told them that the reason why so many turned Catholics, was the facility with which they discovered the unsoundness of Protestantism: they took it for granted that one of the two religions must be right, and then easily finding the Protestant false, they passed over with the assurance that the other must be true; when, if a third way was opened, the Catholics would have no less ado to defend themselves than the Protestants. He wished to call his third way "the Christian" simply (hoping, perhaps, that in time it would be distinguished as Chillingworth's Christian); and he bragged that thirty people were depending on his resolution for choice of a religion. In the mean time he proposed that they should communicate with the Protestant Church (all this time he pretended to be seeking the promotion of the Catholic), as being not so "straight-laced." At length Father Leander returned to town; and denied having approved Chillingworth's oath, of which he had never heard. The case proposed to him was, whether one might for a great good forbear the Sacraments (not forswear the communion of the Church) for some time, hinting that a month or three weeks was the time meant. The question was easily answered. Having talked the whole day to Father Leander, in the presence of Lady Falkland only, Mr. Chillingworth the same night related his version of the conversation to one of her daughters, ending it with an exclamation against Catholics and their religion, as founded on lies and maintained by them. This was all overheard by Lady Falkland, who was walking near. He was surprised, and had to retract some things he had said; and she, having convicted him of falsehood and dissimulation, would have forbidden him the house instantly; but seeing her children too far engaged with him to be content with that, she endured his company four days longer, but would not sit at the table when he was there. She had hitherto taken him for a good Catholic and sincere and holy man, and had compassion on his difficulties, with a sincere desire to procure him satisfaction; now, seeing him a wilful deceiver and seducer, she was hardly able to support his presence. The two first days were spent in a confused discourse with several persons, as F. Cuthbert, Mr. Clayton, Mr. Chaperlin, and Lady Falkland; all of them were earnest, she sometimes somewhat bitter, and Mr. Chaperlin so fierce that the utmost he could do was to keep his hands from having their part in the dispute: whilst Mr. Chillingworth received all that was said with so calm a sincerity, as if his peace and patience were immovable. Yet, not to lose any advantage, he was continually calling on the young

ladies to take notice with what mildness he bore all ; so that at the end of two days his interest in their esteem was much increased, though he had been far from proving any thing ; which he excused by the confused manner of the discourse, distracted by the multitude of things spoken of, the disorderly passage from one to another, and the number of persons all speaking against him. For the remedy of this, he was to choose the person with whom, and the manner how he would dispute ; so, as he never cared to have to do with F. Cuthbert, who he thought had more influence with the young ladies than himself, he chose a stranger, Father Holland, S.J., whom none of them had ever seen before. Chillingworth first made this Father take an oath on the Bible not to say any thing in the heat of dispute which he was not most certain was true, and which he did not in his conscience take to be a full and sound answer to what had been said ; he forbade all school terms and method, as improper and not understood by those for whom they spoke ; they were to object and answer in long discourses and plain terms, not interrupting one another, nor removing from one thing to another till it were fully satisfied and by common consent. This seemed fair. But he soon showed that it was not their clearer understanding, but his own advantage, that he sought in seeking to dazzle their eyes with his multiplication of words. But the Jesuit stripped his arguments of all his exaggerations and exclamations, and easily and clearly answered them, so that he was soon forced to transgress his own rules. For first, he was fain to change his person, and instead of proving what he had undertaken (in which he had wholly failed), he put the other to prove the contrary ; which being clearly done, he was forced to run from one thing to another, till at length he went so far from the matter as he seemed only to aim at proving something, though it had no way relation to any thing that had been said, and was no question of religion but only matter of fact. And whether it were that God would not permit the mask of his feigned mildness to deceive them any longer, or that his pride, which had during the two first days received the double satisfaction of seeing himself earnestly opposed as if a dangerous person, and of gaining credit by keeping his temper so well, found itself now touched to the quick by his adversary dealing so slightly with him—not uncivilly, but as if he put not his strength to him, but wrestled with a child, and made nothing of him,—whatever was the reason, he so lost all his pretended serenity as to be uncivil enough to call F. Holland fool and knave ; which being only answered with smiles, put him into such a rage and fury, that he swelled, and looked so

terribly that he might well have been suspected to be possessed. And now, at the end of two long days' disputation, he seemed almost to have lost his senses with anger, and had no more to say in spite of his long preparation; so instead of proofs he thundered out threats, with a confused heap of dreadful words, as hell, damnation, and devils; when by the consent and good-will of all he was forbid the house. Seeing that he had lost all he sought there, he strove to excuse his fury by a strange plea; saying that to his knowledge the Jesuit had been pre-admonished to keep temper in all, and had been told how much the young ladies had been taken with his show of equality the day before. If it were so, it might have served him as a warning to continue in the same course.

He then retired to Lord Falkland's, who made him tutor to his two little brothers, Lady Falkland's youngest sons. These two boys had shortly before manifested great inclination to be Catholics, which made their mother design to steal them away. Unfortunately Chillingworth was acquainted with this; he had been at Lady Falkland's when they were there, but had always laughed at her talking with the children about religion. Nevertheless, when they were at their brother's, he used to flatter the elder by showing him his writings against Catholics; while Chillingworth dealt with the younger, instilling as the first principle that there was no certainty in matter of religion.

Lady Falkland was now free from this fear; but another trouble came,—she was spending more money than she had. She concealed it from her children so long, that they were the last to know it. She had wholly disfurnished her own chamber even of her bed, and kept the door of it locked that they might not perceive it; but now, having come to the end of her means, she was obliged to send to her eldest son to come and discharge her servants, and to fetch away his sisters, which he made haste to do. Three of her daughters—Anne, Lucy, and Mary—then returned with their brother, to be again tormented, but, by the grace of God, not hurt, by Mr. Chillingworth. Indeed it was here that Anne found a vocation to religion; here they found occasion to make Chillingworth's true character known to a Catholic gentleman, Mr. Slingsby, whom his dissimulation had like to have put in great danger; and here too they confirmed their little brothers in their Catholic impressions.

After her household was discharged, she was soon able to breathe again, and was desirous to have her daughters back with her. One of them, Lucy, soon returned, and informed

her of the extraordinary desires her little sons had to see themselves Catholics; and how they wished to refuse to go to church, though they should be never so much whipped for it; and with what art they would observe fasting-days without being perceived, enduring sometimes extremity of hunger. She was therefore very solicitous to get them away; and to facilitate this, she urged Lord Falkland to send her little sons to school, that they might not be under Mr. Chillingworth, which she would not permit: if he would not do so, she assured him that she would steal them away. Her son had known this intention of hers from Chillingworth, and, as his house was less apt for her effecting her design than the schools she named, he would not be brought to agree to it; but, on the contrary, to take away all probability of her bringing it to pass, he resolved to send them farther off amongst Puritans, where they should be more narrowly looked to. This she sought to hinder him from, giving over neither her hope nor her design.

In the mean time Anne and Mary Cary had begged their mother to receive them again on any condition, in order that they might have more freedom of religion, and be delivered from Chillingworth's insupportable importunities; who was now more troublesome than dangerous, as they heard him (for heard he would be) no longer as a saint, but as a procurator for the devil. For he had now made himself well known to them; so that if on their coming thither they had yet remaining any suspicion of his honesty, he quickly confuted it. He now declared his opinions in their true colours, which he had never before done absolutely; for though he had opened to them a pit into which they might fall if they pleased,—in laying before them what it would be most reasonable to believe *if* the authority of the Church were void, and in afterwards endeavouring to destroy this authority,—yet he had never before so put these things together as to profess his actual misbelief of the Trinity. But now he importunately pressed his Socinianism upon them as much as he durst; and with a young Catholic maid of theirs he dared go farther, and would make her hear him by force, holding her, in spite of her teeth, when she offered to go, and keeping down her hands when she would stop her ears, into which he would bawl his blasphemies. And after all this, he would in their presence pretend to be a Puritan before Puritans; so that the young Lady Falkland and her mother, Lady Morrison, seemed to esteem him for a kind of saint (though it was not likely they did so really, having too much cause to the contrary; but were rather desirous

to maintain his credit with Catholics, and to that end sought to conceal certain proceedings of his which were as un-saint-like as ridiculous). And the esteem these people showed for him made our young ladies fancy his words to be of more authority with them than they deserved to be, when he falsely laid any thing to the charge of the Catholics; so they would declare what he had said to them, as, no doubt, he knew they would when he said it. But he had no need to fear their doing so, being so good at denying his own words; which he would do to the Protestants before the faces of those to whom he had spoken them, and that with horrible oaths and execrations. This at first, till use made it familiar, seemed so strange to them, that they were sometimes ready to doubt whether they had heard correctly, and at other times to think that he had forgotten his own words. Till—by accusing him of them immediately as he was speaking them, when he would as immediately forswear them—these doubts were solved, as all others that they might have in the matter were; when he returned to them, and repeated the same things he had said before, making strange equivocations for his oath-sake: all which things they would repeat, and he again forswear with an unheard-of impudence; and afterwards would tell them new equivocations, and reprove them for discrediting him, alleging, in defence of his conduct, the words of St. Paul and our Lord's example. Nor was it possible for them to find words to question him before the Protestants; for he would find an equivocation for all, though sometimes no better than one he used in a dispute with Father Dunstan, who charged him with denying the Trinity; but he, fearing to lose his credit with the Protestants there present, professed the contrary. Father Dunstan, knowing his practice, asked him more precisely whether he believed the Trinity, three Persons and one God. He affirmed he did. Father Dunstan, who knew that notoriously he did not, but saw that he cared not what he said to save his credit with the present company, desired he would write it down, thinking he durst not so disgrace himself with those who knew it to be false. Yet he did so; and afterwards said to those who questioned him, that it was true he believed there was one God *and* three Persons, as there were three hundred, three thousand, three hundred thousand persons; but that he had never said he believed one God *in* three Persons, nor that the three Persons were one God, nor that they had any thing to do with one another. Yet, for all his denials, he afterwards professed himself openly at table, bidding the Protestants take Transub-

stantiation or deny the Trinity, he having as good and the same arguments against one as they against the other. And to hear the rigid Calvinists dispute with him was no less than admirable; none that heard it could have doubted but that each was endeavouring to make the other a Catholic. They would object to him his most high and intolerable pride in thinking the whole world in error, and himself alone able to discern the truth, which nobody else had been able to discover. They would ask him whether there had been none in so long a time of a capacity equal to his to find it, or as much in God's favour to be helped to see the right; whether God had no care of all Christians, to permit them all to err till Chillingworth came. When he answered that there had been and were many of the same opinion, though they had not made profession of it (which he would not have done, had he not been urged), they would ask him how he knew there had been such, if they had not professed it; and when he affirmed there were many in Poland and Transylvania of his religion, and had been ever since the breach with Rome, they would wonder that God should so neglect the rest of Christendom, and confine the truth to one corner of the world. All which arguments he would turn back upon the heads of Luther and Calvin and their followers, and would exalt the authority of the Church of Rome; affirming, that whoever would make any account of authority in matter of religion must submit to it, and that its authority and the belief of the Trinity were so inseparable, that no reasonable man would divide them. All this passed in the presence of our young ladies, before whom each side seemed to be tormented in seeing themselves constrained to use arguments for the advantage of the Church. Abstracting from all truth and religion, Mr. Chillingworth seemed to be a kind of an honest man and good-natured, never seeking to do any body any temporal hurt, and ready to do courtesies.

Less than a year after Lady Falkland's daughter left her, she was obliged to send for the elder one about some business with the king; and as her daughter-in-law had then also to come to London, she urged her to bring both the young ladies with her. But her son stayed behind on purpose to give the younger one less reason to go, knowing well that when his mother had once got them back he should not see them again. However, they both determined to go, and they wrote to their mother that now, if ever, she must contrive to get her little sons away; for if it were not done while they were there (and they hoped to leave in about a week), it would

be impossible afterwards. She, who had not money to bring them up the plainest way, nor to pay for keeping them in London, much less for sending them over sea, yet did not despair; though she found no one to encourage her to undertake so difficult an enterprise as stealing them out of the house of their brother, who was forewarned of her intention, and out of the watchful Chillingworth's hands. Nor had she any trustworthy people to employ in the matter; yet she made use of such as she could. She sent down two men with two hired horses: one of them a poor fellow that got his living by going errands, and then no Catholic; the other a servant of hers, a counterfeit one, who at his best was a simple gross fellow, but afterwards turned out to have as little honesty as wit. This last was only known to one man in Lord Falkland's house, the other to all; this therefore was to go to the house (the other keeping out of sight) with a letter from Lady Falkland to her elder daughter, with a strange hand on the superscription as coming from a lady her friend, he seeming to be that lady's man. In this letter she directed her daughters the best she could how to deliver their little brothers into these men's hands; but the most she could do was to lay such a plot that if every body in the house would stand still in the place she supposed them till all was done, it might succeed; the utmost she could reach being to contrive a possibility without any appearance of probability. These men then were to convey them to Abingdon, fifteen miles from her son's and five from Oxford, on the horses they came down on, the men going on foot by them, and they therefore riding no faster than the men could walk, a slow pace for such an occasion, ten or twelve miles also of it by the plain road to London, whereby they would be sure to be pursued as soon as missed; but she was utterly unable to find means to hire more horses. At Abingdon they were to be met at an appointed day by a young gentleman that had served her with a pair of oars, and to be taken to London by water. The money which she managed to get to furnish these two companies was so short, that did they not happen to despatch their business at the day appointed they would want money to bring them up again; moreover the hired horses were to come back at a set time. Her man delivered her letter to her daughter, Hinton, the servant of Lord Falkland, who knew him, and would have discovered him had he been there, being abroad. All other accidents were equally fortunate; the excuses that had been made for the younger daughter's stay there, and their undertakings upon it, giving them now more means to whisper much, and to walk out often alone with their little brothers, whom they took out

to meet their mother's man so that they might know him ; for he was not allowed to come within sight of the house, for fear of Hinton returning and recognising him ; and they led them to the place where they were to meet, about a mile from the house, whither the boys were to come a-foot at the time appointed. The day fixed upon to execute the design was the day of the ladies' own departure, when the bustle in the house would help to conceal matters, and for this they stayed the men two days beyond the appointed time ; but they were not furnished with the means to defray the expenses, and the horses were only hired for a fixed time ; when suddenly Hinton, who had been absent when his absence was necessary, returned when his coming was no less so, his return being that for which their sister-in-law stayed her journey. Again, the delivery of one of the young ladies' money had been accidentally delayed a quarter of a year, and was now lately brought her ; if it had come before, it would also have been gone, but now it sufficed to pay for the delay of the horses and the boat. And however watchful Lord Falkland and the rest usually were, their eyes just now seemed blinded ; for Chillingworth, who always pried very narrowly, was just behind Anne Cary, and was looking over her shoulder, when she opened her mother's letter, and yet knew not the well-known hand ; and though the children themselves kept all very secret, yet their packing up their things, and giving many away in the house, might have been enough to make a less suspicious man suspect. Nor did their sister-in-law nor any other miss them that morning to take their leaves of them till the coach was gone so far that it was too late ; when she, remembering them, lamented their having been forgotten.

The young ladies then, the night before they were to go away, first conveyed their brothers' cloaks to the men, and advertised them to meet them by four or five o'clock in the appointed place ; then they procured their brothers a play-day for the next, that it might be the longer before they were missed ; and then, on their pretending to have much to do before they went, and showing a desire to be called very early, one of their little brothers by agreement undertook to wake them at three o'clock, that the boys might have occasion to do that avowedly which, considering the known wakefulness of Mr. Chillingworth, within whose chamber they lay, could not possibly be done by stealth. And the children's desire to go was so great that it gave them not leave to oversleep ; but they rose at three with as much noise as they could, and went to call their sisters ; and having run about the house an hour, and showed themselves to all that were

up, they were carried down by one of their sisters, who saw them safe out of all the courts of the house; they then ran alone all that mile, before it was light, to meet men entirely strangers to them, whose persons were no way promising nor apt to encourage children's confidence. Before they met the men they had to pass through a little village near the house, where they had to hide behind bushes, the dogs' barking having made the people come forth. After they met them they were fain to leave the highway at the sight of every coach or horse, fearing to be overtaken by their sister-in-law's company, who were to follow by the same way at least as far as Oxford. When they came to this town, knowing they might be followed thither with a hue and cry, in order that nothing might have been seen in the town like any description that could be made of them, they took the boys off their horses, one of the men passing through the town leading one horse, the boys following on foot some space after without hats or cloaks, to look the less like strangers, and last the other man on horseback. They came to Abingdon after noon, where they found that gentleman and his pair of oars without money, as they expected; but, which they did not expect, so drunk (the watermen) that there was no removing for them from thence that night, and the men that brought them, not to leave them so, stayed too; and after supper fell out with the gentleman, and made shift between them to have it known in the house that they were stolen children. Hereupon the town was raised, and the constable came to seize on them; but as he happened to be an old acquaintance, and a gossip of the poor Protestant fellow's, he was satisfied by his assurance that they were his mistress's children, and that they were going to their mother who had sent for them. But after this escape they durst not venture to stay till next day, lest the noise of the inquiry should reach a friend of Lord Falkland who dwelt there, and might renew the suspicion; but they were fain to take water at ten o'clock in a dark night, with watermen not only unable to row, but ready every minute to overturn the boat with reeling and nodding. Yet the boys reached their mother in London safely, who received them with great joy, and put them into private places, often removing them; for the expenses of which she and her household were constrained for the time to keep more Fridays in a week than one.

Lord Falkland missed the boys at dinner-time the day they went; and after searching for them all about fruitlessly, he concluded what had become of them, especially when he saw that there was nothing of theirs left in their chamber.

Some of the household have since affirmed that they did not suspect that day, but meant to have sent away the children before their sisters came back, and from that very day forward to have had them so watched that no one from their mother should be able to speak to them more. Lord Falkland sent instantly all about after them; but soon judging that to be useless, it being too late, and they like to be too far out of his reach, he made the more speed to inform his wife, as he hoped she might recover them in London. She acquainted Lord Newburgh, and he told the Council—being himself one of them. Their lordships presently called Lady Falkland before them (and whilst she was there with them they sent to search her house for her sons), and examined her. She acknowledged that she had sent for her children, and had disposed of them as she had thought good; and though she had been forced to fetch them away from their brother's secretly, she had in that done nothing contrary to the law, since she could not be said to have stolen that which was her own, her son having no pretence to right to keep his brothers from her against her will and theirs, they having never been committed to him either by the state or by their father. That she had often warned him she would do thus if he would not remove them from under Mr. Chillingworth, whom she would not permit to have the guidance of her children, and why, she would give my Lord of Canterbury a further account when he should please to demand it. That those who did it were her servants, who upon her command went to fetch her children, who came alone to meet them a mile; which plainly showed they were not brought away by force. The lords then told her that it was against the law to send them to seminaries; and she desired them to prove that they were sent to any such place, they being indeed in London: but she was willing the lords should think if they pleased that they were already gone over, that they might pass more easily when they should go; and she said that to send them to be bred in France was no way illegal. They told her to send them out of the land without leave was, showing some orders to officers of ports to let none pass without license. She alleged that this concerned not her, nor was she bound to know or take notice of it, she being no such officer to whom it was directed: that this was no command to her not to send, but to those officers not to let pass; which if they had done, their lordships might please to question them, not her. At which one of them asked her if she meant to teach them law. She answered that she did but desire them to remember what she made no question but they knew before, and what she, being

a lawyer's daughter, was not wholly ignorant of. They demanded his name that carried her children over. She assured them that she knew it not herself. They told her it was not likely she would trust her sons in the hands of one she knew not; and then referred her to Lord Chief-Justice Bramstone by their warrant, and in case she gave him not satisfaction she was by the same warrant committed to the Tower.\*

Having presented herself, and been examined with very much civility by the chief-justice, and having answered as before, she was dismissed by him with very civil speeches, yet without expressly quitting her. She desired to know how she was to be conveyed to the Tower, to which she stood committed, if he were not satisfied; he acknowledged he knew not what more to say to her unless she would be persuaded to bring her sons back, and confessed himself satisfied with her answers, and offered her his coach home. Afterwards, in consequence of importunities used to him, he called before him her two daughters that had done it; but when they came he spoke not with them, for he was said to be busy at their coming; and they showing little mind to wait, having no business on their side, one of his gentlemen desired them if they pleased to go home, and if his lord had further business with them he would send his coach for them some other time; but they never heard more from him. He also sent for and examined the two men that fetched the boys from Lord Falkland's, who answered as their lady had done for them, adding, that they had delivered them into the hands of one whom they named, and knew no more what was become of them; but her man, the seeming Catholic, after they were out of his hands sought by all means to betray them, and caused his companion to be taken; who, however, answered as the rest, that he had obeyed his lady in a matter every way law-

\* We have obtained a copy of this warrant from the Privy-Council Register, Charles I., vol. xii. p. 194:

“Star-Chamber, 5th May 1636.

Present, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Newburgh, and twelve others.

Whereas the Lady Viscountess Falkland was this day convented before the Board to answer the charge against her for sending over into foreign parts two of her sons without license, to be educated there (as is conceived) in the Romish religion; and examinations formerly taken by the Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench were now likewise read. Whereupon and upon other particulars she being interrogated by the Board, did make uncertain and illusory answers, it was by their lordships thought fit and ordered, that for the further discovery of the facts either of her ladyship or of any other in this business, she should be re-examined before the said lord chief-justice, and that she should answer clearly and directly to all such questions concerning the same as should be by his lordship made unto her, or that otherwise, in case she shall make in her answer or use the like subterfuge as heretofore, and that the same be certified by his lordship, then she is to stand committed prisoner to the Tower.”

ful, and that he had by her appointment left the children in the hands of one Mrs. Mullens, and knew not where they were now. Mrs. Mullens was next inquired after; so to end these examinations it was contrived that she should give them into the hands of one whom she had never seen before, and whose name she knew not; but this was not needed, for the man last taken, after being examined before Lord Newburgh and the lord chief-justice, was at last carried to prison, and there detained two days; whereupon Lady Falkland sent to Lord Newburgh, by whose warrant she supposed it was done, and threatened to sue him in a *præmunire* for the false imprisonment of her servant: Lord Newburgh denied the doing of it, and put it off on the chief-justice, who likewise denied it to have been done at his command. Then the officers, fearing to be charged with doing it of their own heads, both the others having denied it, made haste to rid themselves of him, and the search stopped. There was no house to which she, or any of her children, went during this time that was not searched; yet her sons were all the while in London (about three weeks), she neither having money to send them over, nor being able to find any that would carry them, though she offered to venture on any. At last the money was brought unexpectedly by the same Father Holland who had disputed with Chillingworth; and a Benedictine Father, Francis Tresham, undertook to see them safe to Paris, which, after some difficulties, he safely accomplished.

The four young ladies were professed in the English Benedictine Convent at Cambray; the dates of their admissions and of their deaths are in the register of that society. One of them, Lucy, in religion Magdalen, appears to have been a remarkable person; a notice of her life is given in the obituary of the same register. She was in all probability the author of the biography from which we have been quoting. Of the brothers, the younger, Dom Placid, became a Benedictine monk at St. Edmond's, in Paris; the elder, Patrick, went to Rome, where, by the recommendation of Queen Henrietta, he became attached to Cardinal Barberini.

Lady Falkland died in October 1639, aged fifty-four or fifty-five; she died in the beginning of the revolutionary troubles, and was spared the affliction of seeing her two elder sons, Lord Falkland and Lawrence Cary, killed in the wars without much outward sign of religion, though Patrick Cary, their brother, has added this note to the biography, "God be thanked, there is great hopes they both died Catholics." She was buried by the queen's permission in her majesty's chapel, where the office was performed for her by the charity of the

Capuchin fathers, who were steady friends to her during her life.

Lucy Cary died Nov. 1, 1650. Her eldest brother was killed at the battle of Newbury, Sept. 20, 1643. The life was probably written shortly after, and before the news of the martyrdom of Father Holland at Tyburn, Dec. 12, 1642, reached Cambray; otherwise naturally some notice of that event would be taken in speaking of the martyr, who plays no unimportant part in the biography. Many letters relating to the occurrences which we have been relating are preserved in the State-Paper Office, and in various public libraries; perhaps in private collections there may still be preserved some of the poems and other productions of the prolific pen of Lady Falkland. If any of our readers can inform us where any such things are to be found, or where we may be able to see a copy of her translation of Du Perron's reply to King James, we should feel obliged by their letting us know, as we intend shortly to publish the whole life from which the foregoing extracts are taken, with the corroborative documents which we have found in a separate form.

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## Reviews.

### ULTRAMONTANISM AND DESPOTISM.

*The Saturday Review*, Sept. 12th, 1857.

THE old saying about "seeing into a milestone" is perhaps more often applicable to the remarks made upon Catholic proceedings by those who are not behind the scenes than to any other of the many instances in which men speculate with only a partial knowledge of facts. That there exist some, nay, many excuses for the popular ignorance on the true nature of our internal condition, we freely admit. But these excuses can only be pleaded in behalf of simple, silent, passive ignorance. When men insist upon philosophising, writing, and even legislating, on an utterly insufficient basis of facts, we have a right to complain. And still more so have we this right when the unfair treatment emanates from a quarter where the ordinary vulgarities and follies of controversy are exploded, and criticism appears to be more sincere and enlightened than is common with censors of any class or creed.

Not long ago we had occasion to remonstrate with the

conductors of the *Saturday Review* for their apparently disingenuous strictures on a certain little book by Father Furniss, the Redemptorist; when, instead of attacking the practice of putting minute details of casuistry into the heads of children,—a thing very fairly open to question,—they condemned sundry individual propositions on grounds subversive of the truth that there exist various degrees of guilt in different offences. We have now again to complain that the same able periodical has returned to the charge against “Romanism” on another ground, in which the writer is clearly not informed as to the actual facts of the case, and in which he shows that he is not free from the usual inaptitude for comprehending Catholic phraseology, or from the common habit of denouncing Catholic statements on grounds which are as condemnatory of every species of Protestantism as they would be of Catholicism and Catholics. In the number of the review published on the 12th of September we find an article headed “Ultramontanism in Ireland,” which we cannot pass by in silence, not only on account of its own contents, but because it touches on a subject recently handled in our own columns, and to which we have been anxious to return, in order still further to elucidate what is a very general view among Catholics of this country, even if it may not be taken as *the* view of English Catholicism collectively. It will save us the trouble of repeated reference in piecemeal if we extract the article complete, as it is by no means lengthy.

“There is now some reliable evidence that the Papal See is encountering considerable resistance in an attempt to reduce part of the Irish Roman Catholic Church to submission. The zealots of British Protestantism will of course find the undertaking and the difficulty alike incredible. Those who regard Maynooth as a suburb of the infernal regions, and Dr. Cullen as a near relation of the Man of Sin, cannot be expected to recognise any difference between the teaching of Dr. Cullen and the teaching of Maynooth. Confounding all Roman Catholicism in a unity which it is far from enjoying, they lose sight (though about that they care little enough) of some of the finer movements of the age—they blind themselves to the real agencies by which the Papacy now works, and to the objects at which it aims—and they miss some better proofs than they at present possess of the characteristics which they eagerly attribute to the Church of their hatred. The contest now proceeding in Ireland is probably multiform. The nature of one episode in it is all that is admitted. The Holy Father is allowed to be deeply grieved at seeing Catholics corruptly giving their services to governments which will not pledge themselves to a ‘Catholic’ policy. The meaning, of course, is, that the Pope would have it a religious duty to join that little band of impracticables which makes it a rule to

violate every principle of political morality, with no other effect than that of completely placing Ireland at the mercy of England. Such a gentleman, for example, as the present attorney-general for Ireland is to be considered not only, according to the classical term of the Irish political vocabulary, a 'traitor,' but something like a heretic, if he does not embark in an attempt to wrest from the British Government concessions which no government which respects itself could ever venture on making.

There are two instrumentalities which at the present day may be said to conduct the whole of the external action of the Papacy. Both are quite new to its system, and nothing can be more curious than the altered light in which it regards them. They are 'Catholic' parties, and a 'Catholic' press. A Catholic party can only, of course, be formed where free institutions exist, and it is probably nothing more than a makeshift; for whenever liberty gives way to a despotism, the members of a Catholic party are always instructed, with calm illogicality, that the Church, though all governments are indifferent to her, has nevertheless a preference for absolute monarchy. In default or in expectation of the collapse of freedom, the Catholic party in the United States, in Belgium, in Holland, in Sardinia, in Ireland, is the object of the Holy Father's sedulous attention. A still more gracious consideration is given to the Catholic press. Though the press is muzzled over three parts of Europe, it is pretty nearly every where free enough to admit the phenomenon of ultramontane journalism; and the main office of a Catholic newspaper is always to assail the independence of Bishops. A recent writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has ingeniously compared that class of journals with the mendicant orders; and certainly there is something curiously like a Franciscan spirit in the enthusiastic devotion of the ultramontane lay-writers to the Holy See, and in their unrelenting persecution, under forms of ironical respect, of every authority which adheres to the soil by prescriptive privilege or immunity. The complete recognition of this powerful instrument by the Papacy lies, in point of time, within narrow limits. The last Pope, as we shall see presently, anathematised it. The beginning of Pope Pius's reign was in the highest degree unfavourable to it, for there was direct contradiction between the denationalising tendencies of Ultramontanism and that too famous policy which aimed at making the Pope the first and most national of Italian princes. But the recoil of Pius IX. from the consequences of his experiment brought with it what may be almost called a reversal of the principles on which the Papacy had acted during the cautious incumbency of Gregory. With characteristic precipitation, Pius, foiled in his attempt to be ultra-national, determined to be ultra-cosmopolitan. One of the earliest results of the new plan of action we experienced in the great year of aggression; but far the more significant indication of a change of policy was the triumph accorded to the *Univers* over the humiliated Archbishop of Paris. The judgment of the Holy See in this quarrel finally recognised

Ultramontaniam, and consecrated the instrument by which its principles, its aspirations, and its prejudices are worked into the minds of the faithful. Of course it is difficult for an English Protestant to perceive any thing in the Irish Roman Catholic Church which could offer resistance to any scheme of reorganisation on which the Pope had set his heart. Perhaps it is the very last place where one would look for any thing savouring of the soil. It is, however, a curious tribute to English institutions, that they have strongly affected a Church which has, on the whole, suffered so much from them. Nowhere, we are told, has the Papacy had so much difficulty in converting Bishops into (we borrow the phrase) ecclesiastical prefects. We can partly see this in some external phenomena of Irish Romanism. The Catholic press, in spite of frantic efforts, remains comparatively obscure and uninfluential. The Catholic University fails. Many little political projects are perceived to miscarry. But the most mortifying checks which the Papacy experiences occur probably in the struggle which is proceeding, as it were, underground.

We owe to the writer whom we have already quoted the remark that the new policy of the Papal See was undoubtedly first counselled by the Abbé Lamennais. Few persons in England have now any recollection of one most miserable chapter in the modern history of Romanism—the rise and fall of the periodical called the *Avenir*. The three most eloquent men in Europe, MM. Lamennais, De Montalembert, and Lacordaire, united in an attempt to show that the interests of freedom and of the Church were indistinguishable. A perennial theme presented itself in the oppressions of Catholic Poland by the Emperor Nicholas; but the Holy See had infinitely more respect for the schismatic czar than for its own enthusiastic votaries, and the *Avenir* was condemned. Lamennais instantly deserted the Church which had disowned him, and one at least of his colleagues was only kept within her fold by the singular faculty which he possesses of blinding himself to flagrant contradictions. It is curious to compare the condemnation of the *Avenir* with the recognition of the *Univers*, and the present watchwords of ultramontane Romanists with the language of the Encyclical Letter which the affair of the *Avenir* called forth from Pope Gregory. That “liberty of conscience” which is so clamoured for by Irish gentlemen in English Parliaments, is styled *absurda illa ac erronea sententia, seu potius deliramentum, asserendam esse ac vindicandam cuilibet libertatem conscientie*. That “liberty of the press” which is so boldly carried to its full consequences by ultramontane writers in every corner of Europe except Prussia, is stigmatised as *detrimentalis illa ac nunquam satis execranda et detestabilis libertas artis librariæ*. The plan of action denounced from end to end of this Encyclical Letter is precisely coextensive with that which the Papacy now daily practises. But that the Abbé Lamennais, who first recommended Romanists to utilise to the utmost free institutions and a free press, should have been driven out of the Church for his proposals, is in

harmony with her never-varying policy. She crushes the reformer, but she borrows the reform. She anathematised Luther, but she made haste to purge herself of Popes and Cardinals like Leo; she repudiated the French Revolution, but she is now striving to model her whole economy on its fundamental principle of centralisation; and so she excommunicated Lamennais, but quietly took his advice."

We confess that it is difficult to read such a criticism as this on our affairs with a perfect equanimity. The mixture which it contains of fact and fiction, the force with which it reminds us of the aspect we Catholics morally wear in the eyes of our fellow-countrymen, are just the things which cause us to lament afresh the obstacles which prevent us from making ourselves heard in our own defence and in explanation of our real opinions.

Take first the opening paragraph, with its statements about the Pope. Is it not extraordinary, that one of the best informed and most accomplished of Protestant periodicals should go on from month to month wholly in the dark as to the real state of things on which it writes—but which is notorious to every Catholic of any social position—misled by newspaper paragraphs, written with the sole view of throwing dust into people's eyes? The writer before us states that the "Holy Father is allowed to be deeply grieved at seeing Catholics corruptly giving their services to governments which will not pledge themselves to a 'Catholic' policy. The meaning, of course, is, that the Pope would have it a religious duty to join that little band of impracticables which makes it a rule to violate every principle of political morality, with no other effect than that of completely placing Ireland at the mercy of England."

Now if this means any thing at all, it means as follows: that the policy of the Holy See, as represented and enforced by Dr. Cullen, the Archbishop of Dublin, is in favour of that particular class of Irish politicians who have professed the views here described. This class owes its organisation and the formal exposition of its creed to the late Mr. Lucas, who during the latter years of his life was its recognised public leader. Among its prominent characteristics is to be found the opinion, that it is desirable for the Catholic clergy to take that active part in political agitations which has formed the subject of so much discussion and dispute during the last few years. Accordingly, the only effect of such statements as that before us, is to add to the popular irritation against the Holy See, on the ground that through its very slavish tool, Dr. Cullen, it is upholding some senseless, obstructive, and unpatriotic

policy, peculiarly opposed to the spirit of the British constitution. Yet what are the facts? The most palpable of them all is the direct opposition which exists between the Archbishop of Dublin and that very political party which is supposed to be at once especially anti-English, anti-episcopal, and extravagantly ultramontane. The very people who are popularly represented both here, and in a hundred other instances, as leagued together by an unpatriotic bond, under some mysterious and awful Papal influence, are actually standing in the utmost extremes of antagonism which a common faith and a common discipline will permit. The newspapers which have been the recognised organs of the "Independent-Opposition" party were banished from one or more reading-rooms by the direct authority of the Archbishop; and no one can read those journals with one grain of penetration without perceiving the small political union between the parties. All this is so well known to Catholics, and could so easily be learnt by any Protestant who chose to open his eyes, that it is a perfect marvel that clever people can theorise upon Catholic proceedings, and yet treat these phenomena as actually not existing. To us it only furnishes a fresh illustration of the obstinacy of the mania which men have for seeing some strange and subtle organisation in the simplest affairs of Catholicism. When *will* it be believed that we are what we profess to be; that we agree only where our own faith teaches us to agree; and that in all other respects our differences are in no degree inconsistent with our unity of faith and discipline?

As the reviewer proceeds with his subject, he still exhibits the same fatal misconception of the mode of action of Catholics, from the Pope downwards. Every thing is system, system, system. The national mind of the country is so possessed with the idea of the omnipotence of Rome and her superhuman subtlety, that it overlooks the most obvious of realities, and attributes to us a method of proceeding which the slightest knowledge of the state of affairs within the Church would show to be the very reverse of the fact. The Papacy, we are told, works now by two grand instrumentalities, quite new to its system; which are—"Catholic" parties, and a "Catholic" press. Now to allege that such instrumentalities are quite new to the "system" of the Papacy, is just about as correct as it would be to say that it is "quite new to the system" of humanity to make voyages in steamboats, and to read printed books instead of illuminated manuscripts. As to these so-called "Catholic parties," in the sense in which Protestants use the phrase they have no existence whatsoever.

Of course, if half-a-dozen, or a hundred, or ten thousand men happen to have the same religion, and consequently in certain contingencies act in concert with the view of promoting the cause of their religion, you may call it a "party" if you please. In this sense, we speak of the "Conservative party," the "Whig party," the "railway party," and so forth, in ordinary affairs. And so, no doubt, there is a Catholic party in England, in Ireland, in France, and every place where Catholics are sufficiently numerous to enable them to produce an effect in social or political life. But the usual Protestant idea of Catholic parties goes much beyond this. Their notion of a Catholic party is that of a body of men all united in one strict organisation, under certain officers of different grades, aiming at certain ends pointed out by ecclesiastical authorities, merging all individual opinions and acts in the will of the executive, and sacrificing without scruple every thing otherwise precious to humanity in order to accomplish the ends of the "party." The ordinary idea of a "Catholic party" is, in truth, very much that of a secret society, like the Ribbonmen of Ireland, or the Freemasons of other times, or the Illuminati, or any of those many associations which have been really banded together in an anti-social organisation.

Now to imagine that such parties as this exist any where in the world, and that the "Papacy" is working by their instrumentality, is so comical an idea, that one wonders how on earth it ever got into the heads of a practical and sensible people like the English. We who are Catholics may fairly claim to know something of our own affairs; and if there are any of our fellow-countrymen who will listen to us, we assure them that—to use a not very flattering phrase—all these stories which they read in the newspapers about the *parti-prêtre*, and so forth, are simply—moonshine. Of course, if several men happen to think that certain political measures are hurtful to their religion, they vote against them, and speak against them, and write against them; and if doing this at the same moment implies that they act in concert, as a party, no doubt that they are a party. But our fellow-countrymen may believe us when we say, that this acting in concert is nothing more than the result of the unanimity of individual opinions on the particular occasions in question. Each man acts as an individual Catholic, and not as a member of some mysterious organised society. He uses his own judgment, and acts on his own responsibility. His faith he accepts from the Church, because he holds that God has revealed the Christian religion to that Church; but his politics

are his own, and so are the views he entertains as to what are the most useful means for insuring spiritual prosperity to any branch of the Church in any part of the world.

In addition to its "Catholic parties," however, the Papacy now works with its "Catholic press;" a thing "quite new to its system." That in former days there were no Catholic newspapers and reviews must be admitted, for the obvious reason that newspapers and reviews in general are the creation of modern times. But to impute it to the Papacy as a sort of proof of its habitual cunning and tyranny that there are plenty of Catholic journals nowadays, is something rather too absurd. Journalism, whether in the daily and weekly paper, or the monthly and quarterly review, is clearly the phenomenon of the age. Its influence is great; and even where it cannot be said to exercise any thing that can be called an influence, it is an instrumentality which men of every class and creed must make use of, and do make use of very willingly, whenever they have any thing which they wish to say in public. And that journalism constitutes a very important element in Catholic society, and in the formation of the miscellaneous opinions of Catholics, is undeniable. We imagine, indeed, that its place in Catholic life is quite as important as that which it occupies in secular or Protestant life. Under certain aspects, its place is even more important than among other communities.

But to speak of the Catholic press as an instrument in the hands of the Papacy, in any such sense as popular Protestantism imagines, is in flagrant contradiction to the facts of the case. It is as completely the work of individual energy and opinion as the general press of Great Britain. Catholic newspapers, magazines, and reviews are established by private persons, sometimes by the wish of local ecclesiastical authorities, and, no doubt, usually with the good-will of some portion of the priesthood; but generally without any thing that can be tortured into the shape of authority, whether episcopal or papal. We know of but one instance in which the Holy See has had any thing to do with the establishment of a periodical, namely, that of the *Civiltà Cattolica*; a publication written by the Italian Jesuits, and prohibited in his dominions by the King of Naples. As for all others, whether in England, Ireland, France, Germany, or elsewhere, they are simply the daily, weekly, or monthly expression of the opinions of the one, two, three, or more writers who contribute to them. Every body who knows what the press is, is aware that the formidable and mysterious "we" means a very small number of individuals. In some cases it means practically but one

person, the editor being almost the sole writer, and giving the tone to every phrase which appears under his sanction. There are, indeed, no periodicals which have so little right to be considered as "organs" of any community or class as Catholic periodicals. Their influence, when they have it, solely results from the skill, power, and attainments of their conductors. Nobody allows them to be the recognised exponent of his opinions; nobody considers himself bound by them; and nobody hesitates to attack them with the most undisguised expressions of censure or animosity. The mutual antagonism, indeed, of Catholic periodicals, both at home and abroad, is one of their most striking characteristics. Not only do they assail one another with the cordial animosity of brothers, but they serve as vehicles for the expression of every sort of criticism on the part of correspondents.

Catholics themselves, indeed, sometimes lament this very hearty disunion amongst us, and wonder why people who have one faith, and are sincere, and all aim at one end, must necessarily disagree in public before censorious observers. For our own part, we think this quarrelling among Catholics is the most natural thing in the world. It is absurd to expect all people to take the same views of things, men, and books. We cannot help disagreeing in opinions in private, not because we do not care about our religion, but because we do care about it. And surely it is much better that we should all of us let off our wrath at what we think our fellow-Catholics' mistakes than keep it smouldering in secret. Suppressed gout is a far worse complaint than a good fit of that very painful and irritating complaint. Only let us disagree like gentlemen and Christians, and not fight with daggers but fairly "have it out" with good old English fisticuffs, and the cause of truth and charity will benefit rather than be injured by the commotion. But whatever be the result of our squabbles and controversies, they are quite sufficient to disprove the popular dreams about the "Catholic press" as an "organ" of the Papacy. Every Catholic conversant with the subject knows that the Catholic metropolitan press in England, France, and Ireland, is the organ of about a dozen or a score of individuals, who have not the smallest communication with one another, and are most of them laymen, while only one of them is a prelate. How irrational, then, to talk of this heterogeneous assemblage of writers, all acting on their own personal responsibilities, as an instrument employed and "consecrated" to its own purposes by the Papacy!

The mischief, however, of the accusation results from the aim which is supposed to be pursued under Papal inspirations

by this Catholic press. Its one object, we are told, is to denationalise all Catholics, to crush out all local feelings, to override the episcopal authority, and ultimately to substitute despotism for constitutional liberty wherever this last is to be found. Such is the "consecrated" Ultramontanism of the newspapers and reviews of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven. Ireland especially is selected as the spot where some of these pernicious aims are being carried out, and also as the country which is supposed to be offering a very decided resistance to the novel claims of the Holy See. There, indeed, it is imagined that the Pope finds the greatest difficulty in annulling the rights of the episcopate, and converting all Bishops into mere "ecclesiastical prefects."

How, and by the misunderstanding of what facts, this theory as to the modern action of the Papacy has been devised in the brain of the writer before us, and in those of the many English writers who have given utterance to similar ideas, it is not difficult to comprehend. There are no errors more marked than those which mistake a part of the truth for the whole truth, and no misunderstandings of a man's character so complete as those which result from an interpretation of his actual doings based on an incorrect conception of his motives and principles. That the tendency of supreme ecclesiastical action is "ultramontane," we do not deny; or that it is "denationalising;" or that it has in some cases unsparingly rooted out local customs and disregarded local prepossessions; or, again, that it has adopted a certain policy in Ireland which has encountered a certain amount of opposition from ecclesiastics of a different school. It is further true that the tone of the Catholic press has been as a whole in favour of these "moves," as the world imagines them, in the Papal game. That the Holy See has shown any preference for political despotism above constitutionalism, we, however, entirely deny. It has done nothing either one way or the other, carrying out most consistently the principles of theologians, that while "government," as such, is of divine institution, forms of government are to be determined by the circumstances of each country. That some writers of the Catholic press have gone much farther than this, we admit, and with sorrow. A sympathy with despotism, as such, and a personal spite against constitutional freedom, has been exhibited in some quarters, and is still rampant in such publications as follow the lead of the *Univers*. But these fawnings upon triumphant despotism have almost invariably proceeded from laymen, and they are without sanction from theological au-

thorities of any weight. Let us, however, see what is the real nature of the facts we have admitted.

First in prominence in the series of charges popularly brought against the "system of the Papacy," is its supposed determination to denationalise all Catholics. In the sense in which Protestants understand this statement, it is totally incorrect. There is no inherent antagonism between modern ultramontane Catholicism, reasonably understood, and the sincerest patriotism. The aim of the Church, no doubt, is to destroy any thing approaching to the idea that one religion is best for one country and another for another; or that the voice of the secular government is to be listened to for a moment when it attempts to dictate to a man's conscience in matters of revelation. Moreover, we admit that what is called the "policy of Rome" nowadays is to discountenance all remnants of the old French theories which gave the temporal sovereign a sort of right to control the acts of the Pope in matters spiritual. But it always was the policy of *Rome* to do this. The only new feature in later times is this, that the almost unanimous voice of the influential laity and of the press is in favour of these claims of the Holy See to perfect independence of action.

Yet how is this inconsistent with the most devoted loyalty to the institutions of one's own country, and a love for civil and political freedom of an unquenchable fervour? Surely a man may appreciate the social and political blessings which he enjoys as an Englishman, honour the many great qualities which he perceives in his fellow-countrymen, and rejoice that he is one of such a race, and yet utterly reject the notion that an Englishman has a sort of right to a religion of his own, and that the Imperial Parliament has any claims to interpret Scripture. Surely a man may venerate a Pope who lives in Italy, and yet prefer English institutions to Italian institutions for his own country. That the Catholic press generally are devoted to an unpatriotic denationalising of the Catholic mind, under an inspiration from Rome, is not the fact. Who are the leading men in France who unite ultramontane views to high character and literary accomplishments? Of all such, a very small portion are pledged to an admiration for political despotism; while as a class they are thorough Frenchmen, and are as loyal to their beloved France as to their religious faith. Can there be any question as to the loyalty or the Catholicism of such men as Montalembert, Lacordaire, De Broglie, or De Falloux?

In England and Ireland, no doubt, a certain amount of irritation arising from past persecution still lingers in some

minds, and interferes with their cordial appreciation of the advantages which Catholicism itself derives from the practical freedom it enjoys under the British constitution. But is not this natural? Considering how we have been treated for centuries past, and considering further that every man feels where his own shoe pinches, while he is unconscious of his neighbour's sufferings, how could it be otherwise? We are incessantly told that we *are* disloyal, that we *must be* disloyal; that we cannot maintain that the Queen has no right to dictate to the Pope about the affairs of our souls without disrespect to the royal authority; and that because the Pope is an Italian sovereign, we had rather be Italians under a foreign despotism than Englishmen with a House of Commons and a free press. Is not this enough to keep many minds in a state of perpetual irritability? Is it not most provoking to be told that we are what we are not, and that we should like to introduce customs and a political action into our country which we heartily dislike, and should regard as a fatal calamity if introduced into England?

Now and then, again, the Protestant newspaper press, with the multitude who believe its accounts of Catholic affairs, are so kind as to interest themselves in behalf of some local rights and feelings which it is supposed are ruthlessly trampled upon by the Roman authorities in the carrying-out this new anti-national policy. For instance, much has been said about the abolition of the French Breviary as the office-book of the French clergy, and the substitution of the Roman Breviary, which was represented as a piece of insulting ultramontane tyranny. Yet it was through the solicitations of a very large and influential body of Frenchmen that this very change was finally carried out, and not until the *national* movement in favour of a uniformity with the rest of Catholic Europe was so unmistakable, that for the sake of all parties it was desirable that the Bishops should be strengthened by the intervention of Rome. Setting aside all questions as to the comparative merits of the two Breviaries, there can be no doubt that in its origin the Parisian Breviary was connected with ideas towards Rome which the French Church as a body has now definitely repudiated. It was the symbol of a spirit, not French and patriotic, but anti-Roman. The French clergy have learnt now that to be French and patriotic is a very good thing, and to be anti-Roman is a very bad thing; and still further, that there is no natural connection between the two principles. We repeat, that the authorities of Rome have never shown any disposition to disregard the personal feelings and habits of Catholics of any country, when those

feelings and habits have been simply local and national, and not distinctly schismatical in their tendency, or glaringly inconsistent with a healthy state of religion and discipline. Every country follows its own fashions in matters of devotion and practice, not only unhindered, but applauded. When efforts are made to denationalise religion in details of this kind, they are the result of the mistaken enthusiasm of the residents themselves, and do not emanate from any authoritative source of centralisation.

English Protestants are, for instance, taught to believe that a system of episcopal appointments has for some time been going on in Ireland with the sole object of trampling upon the rights of the Irish episcopate. According to previous usage, when a vacancy occurs three names are sent to Rome by the local clergy, from which the supreme authority is to choose a successor. And for some years past it has usually, but not always, happened that not one of the three named has been selected. This is taken as a proof of Roman tyranny and despotic centralisation. Yet who that knows what was the internal condition of Irish Catholicism for some time past, is not aware that the cause of this disregard of local selections was entirely different? Without throwing any slight upon the Irish clergy generally, it is notorious that the effect of religious persecution was to reduce the proprieties, externals, and customs of religious worship in Ireland to a very low ebb. The state of things, in fact, urgently demanded a change. Now, rightly or wrongly, it has been often considered that the restoration of discipline would be more efficaciously carried out by some other clergyman—better informed, or younger in years—than any of the three sent up by the diocesan priests. As to throwing overboard their nominees, with the sole object of affronting or snubbing them, or of showing contempt for their personal predilections, the accusation is simply untrue. The Pope's aim has been the appointment of efficient Bishops, and none other. As for the idea that the new prelates have been chosen because they were distinguished for their "sectarian animosity," as people say, or because they were more ultramontane than learned, or were opposed to the spiritual enlightenment of their people, their characters effectually dispose of the idea. Of the whole number, three may be named as specially known to the general public by their writings or acts. There is Dr. Dixon, the author of the most learned book on the Scriptures which has been published in the English language; Dr. M'Evilly, who published not two years ago an excellent exposition and commentary on the New-Testament Epistles with the pro-

fessed aim of propagating the study of the Bible among the Catholic laity ; and Dr. Moriarty, on whose evidence the Maynooth commissioners founded some of the most important portions of their report. Those who take Dr. Moriarty to be a specimen of the fiery anti-national fanaticism which the Pope is supposed to love so dearly, should be reminded that he is the identical Bishop who made the well-known speech the other day at Valentia, when the laying down of the Transatlantic cable was commenced. We can only say, if Dr. Moriarty is to be regarded as a type of the illiberal, sectarian, anti-national Ultramontanism of the day, then there is no rational meaning left to human language. It further happens that each one of these prelates was a man of remarkable popularity among all his fellow-countrymen who knew him.

There is no truth, indeed, in the belief that the Holy See wishes to quarrel either with the secular government, with a local episcopacy, or with its spiritual subjects, any where. We do not think a single instance can be named in which Rome has done that which has given offence to the secular power without some *evident* reason connected with the well-being of Catholics. And that, as a rule, she cautiously avoids doing what will place her in antagonism with the State until forced to do it, is a statement which will be borne out by all who are acquainted with her history. The establishment of the English hierarchy is a notable case in point. It is certain that the disturbance which it created in this kingdom was wholly unanticipated. It was believed at Rome that the whole affair would be taken as an ordinary natural step in the progress of the Catholic Church in England, and as a necessary result of the quiet she enjoys since the Emancipation Act placed her children on terms of equality with their fellow-countrymen. And, curiously enough, the words of Lord John Russell himself were taken as an encouragement to the very act which he was the foremost to assail when completed. What would have been done had the "aggression" hubbub been foreseen, we cannot pretend to say ; but that it was not foreseen is certain.

The inconsistency with which this and other recent acts of the Papacy are pointed to as a proof of the anti-episcopal character of Roman "Ultramontanism" is amusing enough. The Pope wants, it is said, to turn all Bishops into "ecclesiastical prefects." If so, why did he convert the old Vicars-Apostolic into local Bishops ? and why is the new hierarchy every year gradually raising up the structure of a local and national Church, under the express sanction of the Holy See ? The two ideas are in palpable contradiction. That Rome will

not hear of any episcopal action *against* the Papal power is most true ; but if she would, where would be the Papal supremacy ? where our Catholic unity ? When Pope and Bishop disagree, who is to decide ? If we refuse to say that the Pope must be the supreme, we cease to be Catholics. If a Bishop who recognises the rights of the Pope as above his own is an "ecclesiastical prefect," then Catholic Bishops always were, or always ought to have been, "ecclesiastical prefects."

That the secular power in every country will have to admit and recognise this dependence of local Bishops on a Roman Pontiff more distinctly than in some former ages, is probable ; and it is as gratifying as it is probable. But this more practical recognition of the Roman supremacy is the result, not of a peculiarly aggressive and ultramontane spirit in the court of Rome, but of the one grand change which has come over the mind of Christendom on the subject of ecclesiastical establishments ; a change whose influence on Catholics as well as Protestants is not yet fully apparent, but which we believe will be of the most profound and extensive description. The increased independence in the action of the Church is one of its consequences already visible. The moment the Church ceases to be paid by the State, or to hold large territorial possessions, or to possess a certain political *status*, that instant she resumes her inalienable original system of action in its full vigour. And we need hardly remind an intelligent Protestant that this system is fundamentally an episcopal action, controlled by, and responsible to, a supreme head.

Nay, the very advances in material civilisation tend directly to assist the action of the supreme ecclesiastical power through every member of the body-corporate. There can be no question that the modern facilities for locomotion and communication of intelligence very decidedly facilitate the working of the Roman supremacy, as the condition of society prevented its full and instantaneous "development" in the first two or three centuries of the Christian era. To demand, therefore, that the administration of internal Church discipline shall in no way be affected by the progress of civilisation, is about as fair as it would be to forbid Christians to say their prayers from printed books because very few people could read in the days of the Apostles.

Among other results which will ultimately issue from the modern notions on Church establishments, we, for our own part, look to see a predilection for political and social freedom very decidedly increase among Catholics, not only in this kingdom, but throughout Christendom in general. The love for personal liberty will go hand in hand with the value for

Church liberty. That this should be the consequence, we might reasonably expect from the nature of the case, inasmuch as there is a natural relationship between the two feelings. But the course of external circumstances powerfully tends that way. Under no despotic government will it be so easy to act upon the view that religion gains by being disconnected with the State as it is under a constitution like that of Great Britain. In no country in Europe is Catholicism so free, and the action of the Pope and the Bishops so unhampered by State interference or secular obstruction of any kind, as in this empire of ours. We have our grievances still, it is true. Our soldiers, sailors, and poor have not as yet the same fair treatment from people in authority which Protestants enjoy. Still every year sees an amendment; and though a minority have always uphill work in winning their rights, we do not despair of seeing a very tolerable equality finally established for all creeds. But notwithstanding this drawback, it is suicidal folly to attack the British constitution, as unfavourable to the free action of the Papacy or to the exercise of their spiritual functions by the priesthood and religious bodies. Let those who sigh for Continental despotisms ask the English Catholic episcopate *their* opinions on the matter, and discover whether they have any distaste for the rule of Queen Victoria. The bark of English Protestantism is noisy, harsh, and stunning; but it is a mere howl, after all. The bite of Continental Catholic sovereignty is silent, calm, and secret; but it is a bite nevertheless.

That Catholicism abroad is frequently identified with the interests of despotism, is no proof that Catholicism tends to make its adherents opponents to political liberty as such. It is natural that Catholics should usually embrace the cause which at least promises and secures order and government of some kind, in opposition to the schemes of wild revolutionists, who are in most cases the professed enemies of Catholicism and the secret enemies of all religion whatsoever. Again, as Catholics we have no tendency to fall in raptures with political theories simply because they promise well on paper, while all experience tends to show them to be practically impossible. The Englishman's love for the practically possible is essentially in harmony with the Catholic character; just as his veneration for law and authority as such, and irrespective of the personal character of individual officials, is a type of the Catholic's regard for ecclesiastical law and authority apart from the merits or demerits of those who administer the laws and possess the authority. Heartily as we love the freedom of British constitutionalism, we cannot help seeing that in

many parts of the world it would be a practical impossibility. A system carried out in a northern climate, among a people devoted to commerce, and possessing a profounder veneration for aristocracy, and for the traditions of the past, than any other European race, and by the instrumentality of the only peerage in the world which has retained what is good and real in the old feudal system without its effete and accidental peculiarities,—such a system, we repeat, is impossible in countries where not one of these elements is in existence. That intelligent Catholics should therefore discountenance the extravagances of foolish propagandists, who fancy that human life is not worth having except under a king, lords, and commons of the British type, is very reasonable; and in no degree implies a want of value for constitutionalism in countries where it is practicable. Is a gentleman insensible to the merits of a good education, a refined taste, and an excellent library, because he holds it visionary to look for these advantages in the case of farm-servants and bricklayers' labourers? How unfair, then, to impute to us English and Irish Catholics a disloyalty to freedom because we think English self-government a hopeless dream in the burning South, or still more burning East!

A word or two more as to this new repetition before us of the old theory on Rome's hatred to reformers, and of the craft with which at the same time she adopts their suggestions. That men in office, whether laymen or ecclesiastics, are often slow and unwilling to change, is undeniable. That reformers have hard work to secure a favourable regard from people in power, is equally true. That Rome has denounced some "reforms" and some "reformers," is again to be admitted. But are ecclesiastical officials the only people slow to see the signs of the times? Is it in the least degree true that the supreme authority at Rome has habitually shown, or does now show, any love for putting down the efforts of reformers, so long as their schemes are not absolutely antagonistic to Catholicism itself? That Rome is slow to lend her authority to the private schemes of individuals, is true. But who can blame her for this? Considering the immensity of the interests involved, and the impossibility of a central government's knowing much of local details until after long investigation, every law of prudence suggests the wisdom of throwing the *onus probandi* and the chief burden of work on individuals, so that if they fail, they, and not the honour of the Church, should suffer in reputation.

Rome, it is said, and has been often said, anathematised Luther; but made haste to purge herself from Popes and

Cardinals like Leo. Our reply is, that she could not help anathematising Luther; and that there existed and laboured within her fold hundreds of prelates, priests, and laymen far more zealous for reform than Luther was, inasmuch as they began by reforming themselves, and not, as Luther did, by indulging themselves to the utmost limit of excess. Did Rome anathematise men like these? Did she not rather elevate them to her highest places of power and authority?

But Rome repudiated the French Revolution, and now copies it in her centralising policy. Really this *is* a mare's nest. Centralisation the "fundamental principle" of the French Revolution! Centralisation is the *aim* of every despot, wherever it is possible; but it is not the principle of despotism, whether of an individual or a mob. It was the aim of the *ancien régime*, which the Revolution overthrew, quite as distinctively as of the Revolution itself. And as for repudiating the French Revolution, who that had the smallest regard for religion, morals, or society, did not repudiate it in its results? As to adopting a policy of centralisation from its example, it did not require eighteen centuries to elapse to teach Rome this policy, in the sense in which it really is her policy. So far as the principle of the Papal supremacy demands it, she has always acted on this policy. If she now carries it out with a degree of detail different from those of past ages, she has to thank the penny post, the steamboat, the railway, and the electric telegraph for the facilities she enjoys. When you can send a letter to Rome for a few pence, and a message in a few hours, and go yourself in a few days, it is natural that ecclesiastical affairs should not go quite so slowly as of old. And, above all, as we have already said, it is the separation of Church and State which has helped to "develop" this centralising system. People who attack Church establishments have generally small fondness for Popes and Popery; but they may rest assured that there is nobody who will benefit more by their success than his Holiness the Roman Pontiff.

Not more correct are the statements of the article on which we have commented with respect to Lamennais. In the first place, Lamennais excommunicated himself. In the second, it was not on any such ground as here represented that he refused submission to the Holy See; he became an absolute infidel. In the third place, Montalembert and Lacordaire are to this day well known for their love of free institutions, and on this very ground are regarded with feelings the reverse of affectionate by the present despotic government of France. In the fourth place, does any Christian

man say that to preach "liberty of conscience" is justifiable when it implies that every person has a right in the sight of God to choose a religion for himself, rather than to seek honestly for that special revelation which God Himself has given to mankind? In the domain of secular things, has a man a right, as a reasonable being, to believe that two and two make five? Is a man responsible to God for his religious belief, according to his opportunities, or not? The "liberty of conscience" condemned by Gregory XVI. is that opinion avowed long ago by Lord Brougham, that a man is no more responsible for his religious belief than for the colour of his skin. Is not this equivalent to asserting that man has no power of distinguishing truth from falsehood? And is not this theory monstrous; nay, the very *deliramentum* of the Papal Encyclic?

In the matter of the press, again, is not the liberty of the press capable of being perverted to the worst purposes? What Englishman would tolerate the liberty of the native press in India just now? The liberty condemned by the Pope is liberty degenerated into license. What if Catholic writers taught that allegiance was not due from Catholics to Queen Victoria, would an English jury hesitate to condemn them for treason on any abstract theories about the liberty of speech inherent in all mankind? Not for a moment. Liberty is admirable, whether in the press or elsewhere; but license is detestable, and is never tolerated by any power that can stop it. It is often difficult to say where liberty ends and license begins; and moreover it is often better to leave a certain amount of license unchecked, as a safety valve, or for some other good reason. But that there is a fundamental difference between the liberty of speech claimed by a loyal subject and the license of a secret revolutionist, none will deny. And it is most unjust to interpret a condemnation directed against the latter into a censure which practice shows was not intended against the former.

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#### ON BELIEF IN REPUTED MIRACLES.

*Ordo Administrandi Sacramenta, ex Rituali Romano. De Sacramento Baptismi.*

A WARM heart is a very good thing; but the same cannot be said of a hot head. There are conditions of public feeling

when the statement of the most obvious truths of reasoning creates almost as much sensation in some minds as would a denial of the plainest duties in morals. Some such sensation has, we believe, been aroused in a few quarters by the very elementary and undeniable principles on the subject of the evidence in favour of reputed miracles put forth in our last Number. Not that we mean any thing so uncivil to those who have objected to our statements, whether in public or private, as to imply that they belong to the hot-headed fraternity. In most instances this would be an imputation as untrue as it would be impertinent. We only mean that the warmth of their piety has for the occasion transfused itself into the region of their understanding; and that on a subject which perhaps above all others requires to be handled with calm self-possession, they have allowed the decision of their cool judgment to be modified by the zeal of their ardent feelings.

The state of popular Catholic feeling is, indeed, just such as to lead an observer to expect some little hubbub at the simple statement of the common-sense and strictly theological view on the subject of miracles. For the last fifteen years or more, the surface of the English Catholic mind has moved in a direction directly opposed to that to which it tended at a previous date. There has existed amongst us a strong reaction against the wretched old semi-Protestant state of feeling, when a habit was too prevalent of trying all things, not by a sensible and theological test, but by the standard of the lowest Protestant criticism. To what an extent this unhappy system had got hold of certain influential portions of our body, we need not now inquire. Every body knows and admits the fact. At last a new spirit arose, and soon made itself practically felt. People began to discover that this system was acceptable neither to God nor man. It was contrary to piety and to common sense; and all it gained from Protestants was an offensive and insulting patronising, or an unconcealed contempt. The new ideas were accepted and propagated by men of all classes; priests and laity, old Catholics and converts, all helped to swell the stream of minds which had determined to be thoroughly Catholic at all risks, and with whatever variations of opinion in matters of detail among themselves. The large influx of converts naturally assisted the course of the current. Men did not give up so much in order to embrace a new religion by halves; and it was only what might have been expected, when among those few who considered that Catholic orthodoxy consisted in pushing every thing they adopted to an extreme was found a certain number of ex-disciples of the Oxford school.

Among the various features of the new school of Catholics, and also among its best, was its resolute upholding of the principle, that if a miracle is true, the ridicule of Protestants is no reason for doubting it or concealing it. People began to see that timidity in applying the rules of evidence to professed supernatural events, merely because these events were singular, or unexpected, or calculated to make an unbelieving generation scoff, was thoroughly un-Catholic, and as such to be systematically disowned. That any age should cordially take up such views as these with all the zeal of an age of revival, and never carry them into exaggeration, was of course out of the question. The opinions of an epoch are but the aggregate of the opinions of individuals; and who is there who does not more or less run into an extreme in carrying out any principle of whose truth he has been but lately convinced?

Accordingly, we think it cannot be doubted that the laws of right reason and the wise cautions of accurate theology have not always been sufficiently regarded by the *popular* mind in the formation of its opinions on the subject of supernatural events. We say expressly the popular mind, because this is generally a very different thing from that of the bulk of those who are really well informed on the subject, but whose inclination it is to be silent when others cannot but speak. A certain amount of inaccurate phraseology, representing an equally confused condition of ideas, has obtained a currency in our superficial literature, and in the common arguments of a certain class of minds, which will not bear investigation, and which is really at variance with the most obvious principles of Catholic theology. The evils which result from this state of mind are naturally not obvious to those who encourage it; but they are nevertheless evident to many others, and not a few share our opinion that they are of a most dangerous and prolific character.

The ideas to which we may specially point as characteristic of a certain condition of religious feeling are these: that when a report is spread that such and such a miraculous event has taken place, it is more likely than not that the report is perfectly correct; that it indicates a "pious" mind to be disposed to believe, not merely in *some* miracles, but in any miraculous report before the process of investigation has taken place; and thirdly, that it is a want of the theological virtue of "Divine faith" which sometimes makes Catholics habitually suspicious of miraculous stories, and generally prevents Protestants, however good and candid, from regarding the external evidences of Catholicism as absolutely convincing.

The first of these three ideas arises from an oversight of

the elementary principles of all reasoning. Because a thing *may* happen, we are not justified in believing that it *probably will* happen. And the same of any supposed past event whose reality or fictitiousness is not yet known to us. The fact that Almighty God has often worked miracles, and does now work them, only proves, in the case of a report we have not yet examined, that the report *may be* correct. It merely disposes of the objection that the story *cannot* be true, and is therefore not worth a second thought under any circumstances whatsoever. This, in fact, is the Catholic's argument with the Protestant who believes in the Bible. The Bible says that God has worked some miracles; moreover it promises a continuance of miracles under the Christian dispensation, without making any definite limitations as to the duration of the miraculous period. In the absence of this limitation to the original promise, the Catholic argues that it is probable that some miracles will be wrought in all ages; and he calls on the Protestant to show why the power should have ceased. The Protestant, on the other hand, assumes that the original promise was limited; though this is a mere assumption. In approaching the evidence of any number of reputed miracles, there is, therefore, this difference between the Catholic and the Protestant: the former starts with the belief that among a large collection some one or more are probably true, *from the nature of the case*; the latter does not see the smallest *à priori* probability that any single one of the whole is a genuine supernatural event.

But when the Catholic proceeds to the detailed examination of each case individually, he cannot forget that the question before him is purely and entirely one of human testimony. He expects beforehand that, as a matter of fact, he *will* find the evidence in favour of one or more of the reports before him to be trustworthy; but while he is examining each particular case he has no bias in favour of that particular instance, merely because he knows that probably some of the cases are true, and that this special case *may be* of that class. His bias, whether for or against a report, previous to his examination is determined by his knowledge of the average value of similar reports in cases which have been investigated. If he knows that as a rule experience shows that out of six reports of supernatural agency five usually prove incorrect, he approaches the investigation of any fresh one with the recollection of the past before his mind, and he holds that the chances are five to one against this new case until it is inquired into. The whole question before him is one of fact,—of external, visible, physical fact,—to be determined by

the same laws of evidence which would determine the reality of any ordinary physical fact, where there was no question of the supernatural at all involved. The circumstance that *if* it proves true it will call forth the profoundest expressions of his devotion and love to God, does not in the least affect the *value* of the evidence whether it *is* true: he is not concerned with the acts of Almighty God at all until the examination is concluded; he is concerned only with man, and his capacities for giving correct evidence in cases of the description before him. Nor has he any right to allow his judgment to be warped by his wish to find the supposed miracle a real miracle. The question, what he would *like* Almighty God to have done, ought not to bias him in his inquiries as to what God *has* done. God is Himself the only judge when a miracle shall be wrought, and of what kind it shall be; and for us, when we hear it said that such and such a marvel is reported, to jump to the conclusion that most likely it is true because we love to believe in miracles, is to arrogate to ourselves the privileges of Omnipotence, and to make our finite understandings and wayward feeling the measure of the acts of God and the controllers of His will.

But further, it is imagined by some persons that a predisposition to believe the truth of a reputed miracle is an indication of "piety." Yet is not this simply to confound two acts of the mind which are totally distinct, and, in fact, to confuse the effect with the cause? Piety is a virtue which has God for its object, or the words and actions of God, and, in a lower degree, all things venerable and holy. It is pious to venerate the Scriptures, the Saints, the Blessed Virgin, and the material objects which have been the instruments of Divine agencies—such as the wood of the cross on which our Lord died. So also we speak of "filial piety," and of patriotism as a thing akin to piety. So, further, it is pious to believe in miracles as things which do occur, because we know that our Blessed Lord has promised to work them through the instrumentality of His Church. And when we have learnt that in this or that particular instance He *has* thus broken through the laws of nature for purposes of His own, it is pious to regard the event with awe, gratitude, and love. But it is not pious to assume beforehand, merely because rumour says so, that the acts of the Almighty are of one kind and not of another, as if the honour of God depended upon the correctness of the gossip of well-meaning people. We might as reasonably imagine that it is "pious" to believe that a doubtful text was in the original Greek of the New Testament rather than that it is an interpolation. Piety follows truth; it does not decide what is and

what is not truth. When it attempts to anticipate the course of Divine Providence it degenerates into superstition, and, like most good things when perverted, becomes an agent disastrous to the cause which it desires to uphold.

By a similar misuse of terms and confounding of things different, the subject of "Divine faith" is frequently introduced into discussions as to the reality of some supposed supernatural event. A man hesitates to accept the evidence of some reported cure, for instance, as proving either that it really did take place, or that, if it did take place, it is to be attributed to a supernatural agency; and people shrug their shoulders, or whisper in secret, or say with open coolness, that it is because he *wants faith* that he doubts or disbelieves. Much of this error, to set aside its extreme uncharitableness,—and there is a great deal of uncharitableness to be found among people who have some piety and very little sense,—much of this error results from a forgetfulness of the different meanings attached to the words 'belief,' 'believing,' and 'faith,' in the English language, as used popularly and theologically. The word 'belief' is used sometimes to express an uncertain degree of knowledge; sometimes as a synonym for that 'faith' which is a theological virtue infused into the soul, and which the Church teaches the catechumen to ask at her hands when he comes for baptism: *Quid petis ab ecclesiâ Dei?—Fidem.* The difference between the two meanings of the words is recognised in the creeds themselves: "I believe *in* God," is the expression of Divine faith as distinguished from the "I believe, or I know, that there is a God," which is the result of human science.

We say that we *know* such and such a thing to be true when we have it on the evidence of our senses and experience, or when the proof that it has taken place or exists is perfect and unanswerable. We say, again, we *believe* it is true when the evidence is only partially satisfactory. Knowledge and belief both follow upon proofs, on the value of which it is the office of the natural reason to decide. So also faith in God, in the Gospel, and in the Church as His appointed instrument for our salvation, in the order of logic follows after proof that there *is* a God, and that the Gospel *is* a true revelation, and that He *has* set up a Church,—on all which it is the duty of reason to decide; but the Catholic's faith *in* God and the Church is the result of a special grace, infused into his soul, sought and given in baptism. Of course this statement does not imply that the natural reason is never illuminated by God in its study of the evidences of natural and revealed religion and of the claims of the Catholic Church; nor does it

presume to limit the gifts of God in any way whatsoever. It merely calls attention to the impropriety of imputing a difference of opinion as to a matter of evidence to the want of a special sacramental grace.

Some persons, for instance, hold that because a man or a woman is devout and also not idiotic, therefore he or she will be a competent witness as to a matter of fact, and especially when a miraculous story is in question. Others, on the contrary, hold that people with very strict notions on morals have often extremely loose notions on the subject of evidence, and that a man may spend half his time in prayer and yet not be able to repeat the plainest statement without some variation or other. In any particular case, accordingly, the two classes would come to very different conclusions as to the unexamined testimony of the average run of devout persons. But how unfair, how absurd, to call this a matter of faith; or to suppose that it is a want of confidence in God, or of love for the real displays of His Omnipotence, or of value for true piety and devotion, which makes the better class sceptical in cases where the former are convinced!

The same may be said of the reproaches sometimes addressed to Protestants who are not convinced by those evidences of the exclusive claims of Catholicism which we hold to be so convincing. When persons of this class are told that it is a want of faith which prevents their seeing the cogency of proofs in themselves abundantly clear, their whole nature revolts against the charge, and they consider that we are converting an argument into an accusation. Undoubtedly it is a fact that they *have not* Divine faith in the Catholic Church, and accordingly they are unconvinced of her claims. But the question between us and them is of a preliminary nature. It is a question of evidence and natural reasoning. Whatever may be the cause of a Protestant's inability to perceive the weight of argument in favour of the Church, whether it is a moral or a purely intellectual inability, it still remains a question of argument and knowledge. We may think him very stupid, or very perverse, or very ignorant, or very worldly, or very proud; but to turn upon him and tell him that, standing outside the Church, he cannot see her claims *because* he has not a gift which he would have if he were within her, instead of tending to convince him, serves rather to increase his idea that, however devout and learned Catholics may be, the use of the reasoning faculty is certainly not one of their privileges.

We have expressed a conviction, that the readiness with which a class of minds accepts almost every thing that pre-

tends to be a miraculous report, is a thing eminently dangerous to many persons both within and without the Church. And we think that no one can study the unchangeable laws of the human character, or the peculiar aspect of the popular religionism of the day, without sharing our apprehensions of the evils that must result from a headlong rashness in regard to matters which profess to be supernatural. We grant that the majority of men, and still more of women, do not feel acutely on the subject of logical proof, whether in religion or any other subject. Consequently, so far as the multitude is concerned, there is no great tendency to religious scepticism, generated by the fact that most people know very little about the laws of evidence or probability. This, however, is only to be admitted on the hypothesis that the unreasoning majority are not practically led by the reasoning minority; an hypothesis not to be acquiesced in. In matters of religion, as in almost all other questions, it is the few who ultimately rule their fellow-creatures; so that whatever tends to the confirming or creation of religious scepticism in the few, tends directly to the destruction of the religion of the many. Circumstances may, in some instances, partially neutralise their influence; but, as a rule, that influence will practically triumph, and in all cases it will produce some considerable effects.

Can it be doubted, then, that the bare suspicion that religious persons in general are habitually disposed to propagate miraculous reports on evidence of a doubtful character, has a direct tendency to shake belief in all evidence of the supernatural? Let us not forget that the miraculous evidence we have for the truth of religion comes almost entirely through the hands of devout and sincere Christians. Whatever tends to injure their credit, not as morally honest men, but as intellectually acute critics, is just so much injury to the most sacred of all causes. It is admitted that "pious frauds" are ultimately productive of deadly mischief to the views which they are designed to promote. But it is equally true that pious credulity is even more destructive in its consequences. The discovery of a fraud is merely the discovery that this or that person is a rogue; and we all know that rogues are not to be believed. But the prevalence of rash belief among honest and religious men tends to diminish confidence in all evidence whatsoever. If you find that honesty is no guarantee for the exercise of caution in the interpretation of mysterious events, and that men who would not for the world tell a lie are blind to the dangers of carelessly repeating the careless statements of other people, where are you safe? Every

thing that we know of Christianity rests *ultimately* upon historical evidence of some kind or other, except so far as it is the subject of direct spiritual communication from God to the individual soul. Destroy the evidence for the Resurrection, and you destroy Christianity. And we submit to those who think no harm is done by professing a belief in supernatural reports without a *rigid* examination, that they are justifying a practice which inevitably will injure the proofs of that greatest of miracles itself. Confidence in the truth of God is one of the first duties which follows upon a recognition of His existence; but a want of confidence in man as a competent interpreter and narrator of extraordinary events, is one of the first results of a knowledge of what men are. And when we see a forgetfulness of this difference between the value of Divine and human testimony, and faith in the power of God confounded with confidence in the ordinary run of popular reports, many and many a mind is struck with terror lest it should be the victim of some gigantic error, and with a fear that, after all, there should be no such a thing as religious truth in the world.

That an immense amount of vague scepticism and positive infidelity has been produced outside the Church by the laxity with which the ignorant multitude run gaping after every thing that pretends to be an exception to natural events, we can entertain no manner of doubt of. Not that unbelievers care for the opinions of the multitude; but that they suspect the intelligent few of a careless acquiescence in popular superstitions from notions that they do no harm, and that it is a pity to discountenance the errors of the ignorant when they happily take a devout turn. But within the Church, who has not noticed one universal feature in the best ascetic writings and in the lives of the saints, namely, the urgency of warnings against temptations against faith, and the frightful power of those temptations in innumerable cases? Now these temptations are not, as a rule, concerned with this or that peculiar theological difficulty,—though no doubt the temptation may especially fasten itself on one particular truth as representing the whole edifice of the faith,—they are temptations to question the reality of the entire fabric of revelation; horrible fears lest it should all prove a mistake; doubts, not of the honesty and goodness of the average class of Christians who pass for honest and good men, but of the value of the proofs on which every thing logically depends. And here it is that they suffer from the rashness with which too many persons believe that each report of a supernatural event is probably true, merely because it is true that there is a God who *does*

work miracles. If religious people, they think, are now so easily misled; if their piety leads them to overlook the plainest laws of evidence, and to fancy that they are showing want of faith in God when they would be really showing only want of faith in man,—then who shall say how far this perilous credulity has not tainted the whole mass of evidence for revelation itself? Where and when did this credulity first begin to display itself? Was human nature different in the days of the Apostles from what it is now? Who, then, can believe any thing? Who can be sure that he has not been all along mistaking the impressions of his own mind for external and undeniable realities?

Temptations against faith, we must remember, necessarily take an *apparently* reasoning form. If their irrational character were evident, they would cease to be temptations. Their power results from the infirmities of that mysterious and wonderful compound creature, the human soul clothed in a human body. Their force depends upon the existence of difficulties, which up to a certain point are difficulties, but which are not unanswerable. Such is all moral truth, as distinguished from mathematical. There can be no temptations to doubt mathematical truths, when the process of logically proving them is once completed. Nobody but an insane person could be tempted to doubt the truth of *Euclid's Elements*. But it is the very essence of a moral truth, that something, however slight, can be said against it. The preponderance of proof in its favour may be absolutely overwhelming; but there is always a something, however small, which may be placed in the opposing scale. And it is on this something that the mind fastens when it is assailed by temptations against faith. And we believe that the one difficulty which in practice is more often than any other present to the pious soul when thus tormented, is the difficulty of ascertaining what is really true and what is false, owing to the carelessness of many good people in all matters of narrative and evidence.

That the extremest caution is commanded by the experience of the past, will not be doubted by those who are acquainted with the history of religion in such matters. Every generation witnesses fresh proofs of the facility with which cases, not of error, but of imposture, are bolstered-up for a long period of time, and with a degree of art and perseverance scarcely credible when we consider only the unhappy purpose to which such labour is devoted. Theological writers and chroniclers are full of warnings against rashness in the belief even of seemingly well-proved claims, until tests have been

applied which to the ordinary mind appear quite unnecessary. Protestant critics naturally seldom know this. They usually fancy the Catholic priesthood leagued together in one roguish corporation for the invention and propagation of pious frauds for the deception of the laity. But Catholics ought to know more of the facts of the case. We ought not to forget that the laity are far more eager, as a class, to take up supernatural reports than the clergy; and that in the various plausible cases which have been exposed, the clergy have frequently been the chief instruments of the discovery. That men who are thus habitually cautious should have strong convictions as to the reality of those cases which do stand a searching test, is natural. Those who believe in a large number of miracles, are not usually very permanently convinced of any among the number; while those who, like ourselves, are sceptical as to the generality, *are the most profoundly satisfied in the case of the exceptions.*

By way of showing how difficult it is at times to apply satisfactory tests to the most plausible pretensions, we may conclude by mentioning two instances of more or less recent date. One of these is that of Caterina Fevelli, whose story has quite lately been in all the newspapers. This woman had created an extraordinary sensation in the Papal States by her reputation for sanctity, and by certain pretended miracles; and she was assisted in her imposture by various ecclesiastics. At length the time of trial came. The whole was proved false by the tribunals; and the woman and her confederates have been condemned to various terms of imprisonment, some of them for the duration of their lives.

Another remarkable instance is that of the lady in Rome some few years ago, whose imposture was discovered, not by a sceptical Protestant tribunal or critic, but by the General of the Dominicans. This person was supposed to be a woman of extraordinary piety, and to have the *stigmata*. Undoubtedly she had inexplicable wounds in her hands. Every caution was apparently observed in ascertaining whether these wounds were produced by herself, or were the result of supernatural power. She was watched in the usual way; and she wore thick leather gloves, which were secured with seals in such a manner that it was physically impossible that she could take them off without its being discovered. Still the mysterious wounds remained. She was largely believed in by devout and reasonable persons, laity and clergy. Among the rest, the General of the Franciscans was firmly convinced of the truth of the story. He numbered, however, among his friends the General of the Dominicans, who stoutly adhered to a con-

viction that the woman was an impostor. At length he consented to go with his friend to visit her; and he obtained permission to have fresh gloves prepared by himself, and to see them fixed upon her hands in the usual way. This was done; and in due course of time the hands were again examined. The seals were still unbroken, and the wounds, as hitherto, fresh and bleeding. But the acute Dominican examined the gloves, and laid bare the trickery. Without saying a word about his plan, he had had them lined with thin paper, which showed that they had been pierced with the finest needle; while the leather itself was of a texture that betrayed no signs of the puncture it had undergone. Such was the discovery of a fraud which defied all ordinary investigations. With such warnings before us, how can we be too wary in giving credence to any fresh report which may reach our ears?

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#### ORNSBY'S LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

*The Life of St. Francis de Sales, Bishop and Prince of Geneva.*

By Robert Ornsby, M.A. Burns and Lambert.

MODERN times have seen but three instances in which the natural desire for minute personal knowledge of great men has been satisfied by the publication of the record of their daily lives, as kept by an attached friend and observer. Johnson, Bossuet, and St. Francis of Sales are about as three extraordinary men as can well be named for the possession of intellectual and moral attributes far from common in mankind. To say that three men more unlike one another could hardly be mentioned together would be a great exaggeration; but it may safely be said that they resembled each other in few points, except in the circumstance that they were all alike what we may call "Boswellised." What James Boswell was to the giant Englishman, such was Le Dieu to the "Eagle of Meaux;" and such was John Pierre Camus, Bishop of Belley, to the Saint of Geneva. Of the three, the wonderful French controversialist and orator has had the least done for him by his worshipper; for Le Dieu is a dull man compared to Boswell and the Bishop of Belley, and did not possess that happy art of recording conversations as well as of narrating little facts, which make the *Life of Johnson* and the *Esprit de St. François de Sales* two of the most entertaining and instructive books in existence.

That a great man's worshipping biographer should be himself usually a rather small man, is but natural. It is so in all ages. From some of those causes which stamp humanity as a thing the very reverse of divine, it seldom happens that men of strong character and marked abilities can personally coalesce on the same terms of habitual and affectionate intimacy that are possible between the superior capacity and one decidedly its inferior. Accordingly, the reader who is not already acquainted with the history of the worthy Bishop who chronicled the daily life of the Saint, must not be too severe when he learns to what stratagems he could condescend in order to complete his knowledge of the planet around which he revolved as an attendant satellite.

"Having made it his business," says Mr. Ornsby, "to watch Francis, and note down all his sayings and customs, it occurred to the good Bishop that it would be extremely interesting to know how Francis conducted himself when alone. He resorted to a very simple expedient to discover this, which he relates with much *naïveté*. 'I must here tell you one of my tricks. When he came to see me at my residence, and to pass his usual octave there, which he never failed to do every year, I had purposely made holes in certain places, to watch him when he was retired alone in his chamber, to see how he carried himself in study, at prayer, in reading, in meditation, in sitting, in walking, in lying-down, in rising, in writing, and, to be brief, in the most trifling occasions wherein, when alone, one often gives oneself liberty. Nevertheless, I never observed him dispense himself from the most exact law of modesty : such he was alone as in company, such in company as alone ; an equality of bodily demeanor similar to that of his heart. Being alone, he was as composed as if in a great assembly. If he was praying, you would have said he was in the presence of the angels and of all the blessed. Motionless as a dove, and with a countenance full of awe, I even took notice, seeing him by himself, whether he crossed his legs, or whether he placed his knees over each other, or whether he rested his head on his elbow. Never. Always a gravity, accompanied with such a sweetness, that filled all those who looked at him with love and reverence.' (*Esprit*, iv. 1.) For such a lesson one can forgive the good Bishop for his astonishing infringement of the usual laws of hospitality and good breeding."

We cannot quite agree with Mr. Ornsby in his exculpation of such an astonishing piece of impertinence and violation of all laws of honour and good feeling ; but we can admit that the portrait which the Bishop has painted of the Saint is all the better for its minute details, although the artist did now and then go down on his knees into the dirt in its execution.

Of Mr. Ornsby's *Life* we may fairly say that he has given

us a very agreeable and interesting volume, full of information, and conveyed in an unaffected and pleasant style. The book does not pretend to be otherwise than compiled from already-published sources; but it furnishes the general reader with a large amount of detail and historical anecdote not always accessible. We shall be surprised if it does not prove one of the most popular of the series to which it belongs.

About a third of the volume consists of an appendix containing extracts from the Bishop of Belley's *Esprit*; very interesting, and serving to throw additional light on the character of one who was one of the wisest of men as well as one of the most attractive of Saints. The warm-hearted simplicity with which the Bishop chronicles anecdotes which tell against himself, is a guarantee for the general fidelity of his story. Indeed, notwithstanding his abominable impertinence in looking through holes in the wall at his friend in his hours of privacy, it is impossible to help a very kindly feeling towards him. The following is a characteristic specimen of his honesty:

“I entertained so high an esteem of him, that all his ways enchanted me. I took it into my head to imitate his style of preaching. Do not imagine, however, that I aspired to imitate him in the height of his thoughts, in the profundity of his doctrine, in the power of his reasoning, in the soundness of his judgment, in the tenderness of his language, in the perfect order and connection which reigned in his sermons, and in that incomparable sweetness which could remove the very rocks from their foundations. All that was beyond my reach. I was like those flies which, unable to walk on the polished surface of a mirror, betake themselves to the frame. I amused myself, and, as you will hear, I deceived myself, in striving to adopt his external action, his gestures, and pronunciation. In him all this was slow and quiet; mine being naturally the reverse, I underwent so strange a metamorphosis, that no one would have known me; it was no longer I myself. I had spoilt my own original, to make a very bad copy of him whom I wished to imitate. Our Saint, who had been informed of all this proceeding, said to me one day, after making approaches to the subject for some time, “*Apropos* to sermons, I have heard a piece of news: I am told you have taken a fancy to mimic the Bishop of Geneva’s preaching.” I defended myself from this charge by replying, “Well, and have I chosen so bad a pattern after all? Do you not think he preaches better than I do?” “Ah! come,” he rejoined, “here is a personal attack. Well, certainly, he does not preach ill; but the worst is, that I am told that you imitate him so badly, that people can make nothing of it but a very imperfect attempt, which spoils the Bishop of Belley, without representing the Bishop of Geneva; so that it would be necessary to follow the example of that bad painter, who used to

write the names of the persons whose portraits he had taken under the faces he had daubed." "Let him alone," I retorted, "and you will see that by degrees he will rise from the rank of apprentice to that of a master; and that in the end, his copies will pass for originals." "Joking apart," he replied, "you spoil yourself, and pull down a good building, to reconstruct another against all the rules of nature and art; besides, at your age, supposing you have contracted a bad crease, like a piece of cloth, you will not find it easy to get rid of it. O, if it were possible to exchange qualities, what would I not give for yours! I do what I can to move and stir myself up to a little rapidity; but the more I labour, the slower I get on. I have a difficulty in finding words; more still in pronouncing them. I am heavier than the whole stump of a tree; I can move neither myself nor others; I perspire, it is true, a great deal, but make very little way. You get on full sail, I by dint of oars; you fly, I crawl or creep along like a tortoise; you have more fire in your fingers' ends than I have in my whole body,—a wonderful rapidity, and the liveliness of a bird; and now I hear that you weigh your words, measure your periods, drag your wings; that you droop and flag, and make your hearers do the same." I can tell you that this dose was so effectual, that it freed me from this pleasant error, and sent me back to my old ways."

As a specimen of the "good things" which are to be found in the *Esprit*, we must give one more quotation, with an apology to our lady readers.

"The accessible disposition of this sweetest of Saints encouraged numbers of women to have recourse to his spiritual advice, and to seek his direction. This was made matter of reproach to him; and the Bishop of Belley relates how some one abruptly taxed him, one day, with being constantly surrounded by them. The Saint gently reminded him that so it was with our Lord, and that many murmured at it. 'But,' resumed his assailant, who had made this remark rather lightly, 'I really don't know what amusement they find in it, for I do not perceive that you keep the conversation up very briskly, or that you say any great matter to them.' 'And do you reckon for nothing,' replied the Saint, 'letting them have their say? They most certainly want ears to listen to them, more than tongues to reply. They talk enough for themselves and for me too; possibly it is this readiness to listen to them which forms their attraction, for there is nothing a loquacious person likes so much as a quiet and patient listener.'"

# THE RAMBLER.

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## THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.

OUR present Holy Father signalised the beginning of his pontificate by an act which we hope will stamp its own characteristic on the history of his times. We allude to the encyclic letter which he directed to the Patriarchs and Bishops of the East, and which, though received by several of them in a manner which it is better to forget, appears now not to have been so entirely without results as it then threatened to remain. The new Pope's first act was to direct the sympathies and the endeavours of Catholics towards healing the old breach which has for centuries cut off from the Church so fair a portion of her inheritance; and though a strong interest was for the moment excited, yet the coolness with which the Eastern Bishops received the advances, and the growing dangers of revolution which began to absorb the attention of the West, soon put the matter out of the public mind. The Russian war threatened only to exacerbate the rivalry, and to make the cure more hopeless; but, by God's providence, that conflict of East and West has only brought them nearer together, has roused the heirs of the Eastern empire from their seclusion, and has brought them into closer relations with the great Catholic nation of the West. There is something that appears mysterious in the attraction which France exercises on Russia; all human considerations would appear calculated rather to keep the two nations apart, and in a state of mutual aversion, and to throw Russia into the arms of Protestant states. Since Peter the Great, the Russian government and the schools have been in the hands of Protestants, often of strangers; when Russia wanted to form native masters, she sent them to study in the Protestant universities of Germany; her princes and princesses have intermarried

with Protestant families; all through the last century, and during great part of this, ecclesiastical teaching has been alarmingly infected with Protestantism. In Russia, as in other countries, the instinct of all sects to league together in opposition to the Catholic Church has more than once manifested itself; while, on the other side, the taking of Moscow, the continual protests in favour of Poland, the destruction of Sebastopol, and many similar acts of hostility, are well remembered in Russia.

Naturally, all these things would tend to set Russia against France, and to draw her into closer union with Protestant countries. Yet exactly the reverse of this is the case; so far so, that politicians think they see looming in the distance a cordial alliance between these two great empires, more lasting, because more according to the tastes and sympathies of each people, than that between France and ourselves. What may have been the results of the meeting of Alexander II. and Napoleon III. at Stuttgart, we have no more opportunity of knowing than any one else; we can only affirm, with those who know each people well, that the monarchs were there as representatives of their nations; that in Russia especially, this meeting of the sovereigns was seen with the greatest pleasure; and that Alexander really carried with him to the capital of Wurtemberg the hearts of the greatest part of his people.

What is the design of Providence in the mutual attraction of these two great nations? Can it be that God intends to reward the missionary zeal of the French nation, whose apostolic workmen far outnumber those of all other nations together, by using her as the means of fulfilling the hopes expressed by Pius IX. in the beginning of his pontificate, and to make her the instrument of the union of the East and West, of the reconciliation of the two rites?

We do not forget the sufferings of Poland, nor its claims to our sympathy; but we do not think that the Polish Catholics have any right to such monopoly as they sometimes seem to claim in the efforts for the reconciliation of Russia. If they were in a position to effect that which they seem unwilling others should attempt, the case would be somewhat altered. But as matters stand, the idea of being converted by the Poles, as has been once again seriously proposed this year, only excites the indignation of the Russians. Poland must be contented to yield this function to France, the nation which presents itself to the Russian imagination as the great Catholic people, with which the Russian Church could treat on more equal terms, and with less national humiliation, than would be implied in suing directly to the See of Rome.

We are therefore, we think, only following the call of Providence when we attempt to direct the attention and the deep interest of our readers to the present fermentation of thought in the Russian Church. The Pope led the way in his famous encyclic letter; passing events force the mind into the same currents of thought that he strove to set in motion. Our sympathies and our interest will not be lost either on ourselves or on the Russians. Putting aside the supernatural efficacy of prayer, there is nothing that encourages the spirit of apostolicity in the Church so much as a fellow-feeling with all Christians, especially with those who have been lost so long, and seem now in the way of being found. The apostolic spirit is a note of the true Church; hers is a spirit that urges her forward always to new conquests. St. Ignatius, in his Constitutions, when he speaks of the things which promote the union of the members of his order with their head and with one another, says, that it is of great importance that there should be frequent interchange of letters, and that all should hear frequently of one another, and should read of whatever good thing is done in the various missions. And this mutual correspondence is committed to the peculiar care of the general and provincials. Few Catholics will require a stronger testimony to the benefit of continual correspondence concerning the foreign affairs of the Church. Neither is the consideration of the Eastern Church without use for our controversies with the Anglicans. It will bring into strong light the great contrast which exists between the Church of England and the Church of Russia; a true hierarchy instead of a doubtful one (to put it in the mildest form); true sacraments instead of shams; ecclesiastical authority instead of private judgment; corporate unity instead of entire want of cohesion; a discipline and a liturgy sedulously preserved from apostolic times instead of a Book of Common Prayer jerked hastily together by a set of ignorant men, and a discipline founded on the novelties of the Reformers rather than on ancient traditions. The position of the two bodies in regard to the Catholic Church is this: the Eastern Church is a great fragment, not much split, and only divided from the mountain by one large fissure; fill up this breach, and without change of position, the fragment is again part of the mountain: whereas the so-called Church of England was blown into powder when she was separated from the Church, and retains no cohesion, no form of her own, no tangible corporate existence, with which we can come to terms.

As to the effect that our interest may have on the Russians themselves, we must remember that theirs is not a na-

tion that is indifferent to what foreigners think of them; like most new peoples with a new and almost untried civilisation, they are anxious to stand well in the opinions of their neighbours; they are more than grateful, they are proud, of the interest that strangers take in their affairs. They wish to be talked of; to fill the imagination and the mouths of men. They are a people that could not help being touched when they heard that the whole Catholic world was yearning for their reconciliation; that it was willing to respect their ancient rites, their discipline, their prejudices; that thousands in almost every diocese were praying daily for the healing of the wound on terms that could hurt no rational feeling of dignity, but that would leave each side in as honourable a position as heretofore.

In treating of this great question, several points occur which seem to require immediate attention; none of them, however, is so necessary to begin with as the proof that the fermentation of mind of which we have spoken does exist in Russia. To show this, we shall in the present article first of all produce a paper of some weight, originally written for the *Nord*, Brussels newspaper, by the consul of a German kingdom who resides in that city. It was accepted by the editor—it was even, we believe, put into type—when its publication was stopped by a certain ambassador, who desired that no religious questions might be treated of in that paper. The manuscript that came to our hands had travelled to St. Petersburg, and had been read and remarked upon by several Russians of high standing in that capital. The paper, though perhaps in its form not altogether unexceptionable, serves better than any thing which we could write to show the feelings which begin to make way in Russia, and the prognostications of peace which are sometimes indulged in there. With this preface, we proceed to lay it before our readers.

#### ROME AND ST. PETERSBURG :

*A Moderate Reply to the Work of Father J. Gagarin, S.J., entitled  
“Will Russia become Catholic?”*

In 1849, when Rome was in the hands of demagogues, two very remarkable memoirs were addressed to the late Czar Nicholas. The author of these memoirs then held, and still holds, a high place in the ministry of foreign affairs at St. Petersburg. His name, as every body now knows, is M. de Tutcheff.

These two memoirs were first communicated to a select number of readers in Germany. The first was entitled, “The Situation of Europe since February 1848,” and was brought to

the knowledge of the politicians of the west of Europe by the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of the 15th of June 1849. The second treated of "the Papacy and the Roman question;" and was deemed so interesting, that the whole of it was reprinted in the same *Revue* for January 1, 1850. It may easily be imagined that the editors of that journal, always French in their principles, and at that time more western than ever, raised great objections against this memoir,—objections which were urged more vigorously by M. Eugène Forsard in the same *Revue* for April 1, 1854. The rupture of diplomatic relations, and the impending war, then led men to impute the most aggressive character to the designs of Russian politicians, both ancient and modern.

Still, in the memoir of M. de Tutcheff very decided advances were made towards the Catholics. He said, "Assuredly we cannot be accused of maintaining a paradox, or advancing a calumny, when we affirm that at the present day all the positive Christianity still remaining in the West is attached, either openly or by affinities more or less avowed, to Roman Catholicism, of which the Papacy, such as time has made it, is evidently the keystone and the condition of existence."

In another place he said, "The doctrinal differences which separate Rome and the orthodox Church are generally known. To the eye of reason these differences, though they may have been the motives of the separation, do not sufficiently explain the gulf that divides,—not the two Churches, for the Church is one,—but the two worlds, the two humanities, so to speak, which have ranged themselves beneath these two banners."

Once more: "Why should not Christians be allowed to hope that God will deign to give His Church strength proportionate to the new task He has set her? That at the approach of the coming conflict He will deign to restore to her the fullness of her powers; and that, for this very end, He will come in His own good time, with His own merciful hand, to heal that open wound in the side of His Church which men's hands inflicted, and which has been bleeding for eight centuries?"

"The orthodox Church has never despaired of this cure. She waits for it, she counts on it, not with confidence, but with certainty. How can that which is one in principle, which is one in eternity, fail to triumph over a temporary disunion? In spite of the separation of centuries, in spite of all human prejudices, she has always acknowledged that the Christian principle has never died out of the Church of Rome; that this principle has always been stronger within her than the errors or passions of men; and therefore she is convinced

that it will be too strong for all its enemies. She knows, moreover, that now, as of old, the Christian destinies of the West are still in the hands of Rome; and she confidently expects, that at the day of the great reunion she will restore this sacred deposit intact and uninjured."

And now that the unjust aversion of which Russia has been long the object has disappeared, men will ask how it was possible that such fair words found no echo among Catholics; nay, how they were even turned against Russia? It was because M. de Tutcheff assigned to his country and to his sovereign a noble and worthy part in *the great reunion*. He could not be forgiven for the concluding passage of his memoir: "Let me be allowed, in conclusion, to recall an incident of the visit of the Emperor of Russia to Rome in 1846. Men, perhaps, will still remember the general emotion with which his apparition in St. Peter's was received,—the apparition of the orthodox emperor, returned to Rome after an absence of so many centuries! They will still remember the electric movement which thrilled through the crowd when they saw him go and pray at the tomb of the Apostles. There was reason in this emotion. It was not the emperor alone that was prostrate there—all Russia was prostrate with him. Let us hope that his prayer before the sacred relics has not been vain."

The spectacle of a sister thus returning to her sister's house, and forgetting in tender embraces all past divisions, was not what was wanted then. For years the West had meditated on the humiliation of Russia. It was as a penitent that the orthodox Church was to present herself at Rome. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* itself assigned this position to Russia. On the other side, we need only call to mind certain conferences of F. Lacordaire against the Russian Church; the Abbé Rohrbacher's *History of the Church*, written, in all that concerns Russia, rather with the pen of Suetonius than with that of Eusebius; F. Theiner's *Schismatic Russian Church*, filled so full of gall by the author, and still more embittered by the translator, Mgr. Lucquet. The tone of all these works was insulting, the facts exaggerated most unfairly. If any Catholic before the war had dared to write in a different spirit, he would have been brought to the bar of public opinion as a favourer of schismatics and heretics.

From the day the war broke out, the partisans of the government of St. Petersburg have never ceased to declare, that among its happy results for Russia, the first would be to make her better known, and consequently more fairly appreciated. Since the peace, every day proves the truth of this prediction.

Even in religious matters, where the resistance is always most obstinate, the most unexpected changes are taking place.

Towards the middle of last year, M. Douniol, the publisher of the *Correspondant* at Paris, brought out a book entitled, *Will Russia become Catholic?*\* by F. J. Gagarin, of the Company of Jesus. This book would have been an impossibility before the war.

The author, a relation of the Russian Prince Gagarin, and formerly secretary to the Russian legations in London and Paris, is one who knows and loves his country, and even the orthodox Church in which he was baptised and educated; he has dared to throw down the gauntlet to all those passionate anti-Russian authors who have thought themselves bound to write about matters of which they knew little or nothing, and has offered his hand to M. de Tutcheff, and to all Russians who, like the Empress Catharine II. in her letter to Pius VI., speak of the *reconciliation of the two rites* as a thing *ardently desired*.

F. Gagarin speaks of the reconciliation with the same confidence as M. de Tutcheff. "It will take place sooner or later; because war cannot last for ever, and because peace is advantageous for every body."

He believes that there never was a time when circumstances were more favourable. "The Pontiff who now occupies the chair of St. Peter is animated with the most conciliatory disposition towards the East. The Russian Bishops are in their own Church favouring an imposing reaction against Protestant and Febronian tendencies. And lastly, when has there been on the throne of Russia a sovereign more capable of conducting such an enterprise to a successful issue?"

F. Gagarin thinks that the difficulties in the way of the accomplishment of this great work are rather accidental to it than substantial. He asks, "What is the real problem? To upset the whole religious organisation of Russia; and to establish a new faith, a new worship, a new clergy?" And he answers, "Not in the least." It is an answer worth noting in the mouth of a Catholic, especially of a Jesuit.

Our readers may here be reminded of the complaints of Holstenius, whose profound knowledge of ecclesiastical affairs led him, in the seventeenth century, to renounce Protestantism, and to embrace the Catholic religion. In a congregation of Cardinals, held in 1639, for reconciling the Greeks and Latins, this learned man had the boldness to declare that the deplorable quarrel which separates the Eastern and Western Churches is chiefly to be attributed to men whose disputa-

\* *La Russe, sera-t-elle Catholique ?*

tious vanity loves to make every thing a question of controversy; who judge rashly of things they know imperfectly, and instead of quoting Scripture, councils, and fathers, have nothing to offer but frivolous arguments.

F. Gagarin explains the reason why there can be no idea of upsetting the religious organisation of Russia. "In the eyes of Rome," he says, "the Russian Bishops are true Bishops, the Russian priests are true priests, who truly offer on their altars the sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. The catechisms of the Russian Church present gaps rather than errors, and their deficiencies are completed and corrected by the offices of the oriental liturgy. The same must be said of the discipline of the Russian Church: we may lament some recent alterations; but, with these exceptions, the Roman Church is far from blaming the differences which exist between the discipline of the East and that of the West. There was a time when, in spite of all these differences of rite and of discipline, the East and the West formed but one Church, whose children were united together by the bonds of one selfsame faith and of one love. It is such a time which we wish to see restored. There is, then, evidently no question of the absorption of the Russian by the Latin Church; the thing sought is their reconciliation."

To smooth the way to this reconciliation, F. Gagarin distinguishes between Latinism and Catholicity; and proves by a great number of acts of the Popes that there never will be a question about establishing Latinism or Latin usages in Russia.

But what guarantee has the author to give to the East-erns? Are the Papal acts which he quotes irrevocable? Will the Papal consulters, of whom Holstenius complained so bitterly, renounce their influence? Can we hope that the Pope would cut short their influence by a Bull like that by which Innocent XII. so utterly abolished nepotism?

If the Pope could be induced to publish a Bull obliging all cardinals before entering the conclave to take an oath that if they are raised to the tiara they will change nothing of the rites and usages of the Russian Church, except in cases of evident error, or with the consent of the majority of Russian Bishops and of the government, the work of reconciliation would be greatly advanced.

In making this declaration, we supply that which is wanting in F. Gagarin's first thesis, which he sums up in these words: "If the Russians were convinced that they might be Catholics without renouncing communion under two kinds, the use of leavened bread in Mass, their Slavonic liturgy,

and their married clergy, one of the greatest obstacles to the reconciliation of the Russian Church with the Holy See would be gone; but as long as they continue in the belief that Rome secretly intends to make them end in adopting the Latin rite, they will remain suspicious, and will not second any attempt at reunion."

In the succeeding chapters, F. Gagarin examines the motives which ought to make the Russians more desirous of consummating this work of reconciliation. He says first, "The Russian Church has need of independence; and there is no independence for her except by her reconciliation with the Holy See."

We are far from denying that a certain independence is the normal state of the Church; but we make bold to ask whether in the present transitional state of a great part of Russia this independence is desirable?

Omitting all reference to the East, let us take our examples from the Latin Church herself. Every body knows that the authority of Charlemagne over ecclesiastical affairs was such that he was called, even in his lifetime, the Bishop of Bishops, *Episcopus Episcoporum*, as the monk of St. Gall tells us. Two centuries later a still greater power was conferred by Pope Silvester II. on St. Stephen, king of Hungary. That great Pope, whose knowledge drew down upon him in a barbarous age the accusation of magic, made St. Stephen his legate; and charged him, as Baronius himself admits, with the organisation and administration of the new churches of Hungary: *Ecclesias Dei una cum populo nostro nostrâ vice ei ordinandas relinquimus*; and when, in 1418, Ladislaus, the king of Poland, and Vitold, grand duke of Lithuania, were on the point of invading Russia, Pope Martin V. in like manner made them his legates, and communicated to them an ecclesiastical authority superior to that of the Bishops, Archbishops, Primates, and even the Patriarchs. We omit other examples, which may be seen in F. Thomassin's *Discipline of the Church*; and we do not hesitate to say, that it is in no way contrary to the traditions of the Roman Church to invest a prince, in certain cases, with a large spiritual power.

F. Gagarin is far from denying this; he even lays down the principle that "the independence of the Church and its unity are not the same thing,"—a principle by which he overthrows the arguments of those exaggerated controversialists who, because the Church is not as free in Russia as it is in France or Belgium, would on that account impress on her brow the mark of schism and heresy.

F. Gagarin adds, that though the principle he has laid

down is evident, yet "it is no less true that, practically, unity and independence are preservatives of each other." As a general proposition, we have nothing to say against this assertion; but does it not admit of exceptions, and would not F. Gagarin have done well to speak of them? Who will say that the ecclesiastical power of Charlemagne and of St. Stephen was hurtful to the unity of the Church? Do not all Church historians enlarge upon the good wrought by these great sovereigns? F. Gagarin himself, in his account\* of the Protestant Palmer on the Russian Church, owned that this Church had been preserved by external means from Donatism, or from the Anabaptist heresy, into which the rest of the East has fallen. And to whom is she indebted for this great service but pre-eminently to the influence of the Russian government?

It is therefore evident that this influence and authority may be sometimes useful; they may even, to a certain point, be necessary.

"What shall we say when we fix our eyes on those innumerable sects which the Russian clergy has shown itself unable to subdue? There is immense danger in that question. These sects present materials ready prepared for the secret societies; let a man like Tongatcheff or Mazzini arise, and then we shall see what terrible scourges these sects may become." These are the words of F. Gagarin himself. We quote them to fortify our observation, that till the Rascolnics are subdued, Russia will be in the same state as Germany in the eighth and ninth centuries, and as Hungary in the eleventh; a state which requires that a great authority in Church matters should be given to the emperor, and consequently that the Pope, if the reconciliation is even made, must be as liberal to the sovereigns of Russia as his predecessors were to Charlemagne and St. Stephen.

In his third chapter, F. Gagarin speaks of the advantages to accrue to the Russian clergy from the reconciliation of the two rites. In this chapter he more than once protests with great vigour against those western writers who have nothing but sarcasms for the Russian clergy. "The Russian clergy," he declares, "is not known: I will not say that it is perfect and irreproachable; but I maintain that it is calumniated, and that it is better educated and more moral than is generally allowed. . . . There are priests and monks and Bishops who are remarkable for their respect for the writings of the Fathers and for the ecclesiastical traditions, and who are zealous for the faith." And a little further on, "As I said be-

\* See the *Univers* of 24th April 1853.

fore, it is a calumny to reproach the Russian clergy in such hard terms for its ignorance. However true it may have once been, they have now incontestably made remarkable progress in literature and theological knowledge. We may form an idea of the level they have attained by the works published by them within the last few years, which show a sensible improvement in ecclesiastical studies."

We are delighted to reproduce these noble words, because they must annihilate all those books and magazine-articles written by men as ignorant of the Russian language as of Russia itself.

We willingly subscribe to F. Gagarin's enumeration of the advantages which the Russian clergy would reap from the reconciliation. "The better educated the clergy, the more capable would it be of appreciating the advantages which would result from more frequent and more intimate communications with the West; the better would it comprehend how much it had to gain by drinking without distrust or stint of the theological fountains of the Latin Church without being obliged to forswear the treasures which it already possesses. With independence and learning, the Russian clergy will receive more consideration, and will be able to exert a more beneficial influence in the vast sphere of its action. By its reunion with Rome it loses nothing; it preserves all that it has now, and gains very much that it wants."

In his fourth chapter, F. Gagarin treats of the reunion of the two rites from a political point of view; and he puts the question in these terms, "Catholicity or revolution."

Undoubtedly the events of 1848 threatened all Europe; and if the revolution had been victorious in Hungary, it might have produced movements in some parts of Russia. It is also true that Russia contains heterogeneous elements, and that she is not without her share of men inclined to socialism.

But from these premises to extract the dilemma "Catholicity or revolution," is a somewhat violent process. We think, then, that F. Gagarin, if he thinks it necessary to consider the political aspect of the reconciliation, might find in his diplomatic reminiscences some better reasons than he has given in his last chapter.

But to recall the beautiful words of M. de Tutcheff, How is that which is one in principle, which is one in eternity, to triumph over its temporary disunion? How, above all, are we to get over the doctrinal differences which separate Rome from the orthodox Church?

F. Gagarin, who knows the doctrines of both Churches,

reduces these divergences to two : the procession of the Holy Ghost, and the authority of the Pope over the universal Church. He leaves to Mgr. Lucquet the honour of being the first to have erected into a heresy the doctrine of the mitigation of the pains of the damned.

He then makes a remark from which those Westerns who accuse the Russians of obstinacy and heresy may learn much ; he tells them that the Russians have come to no definite decision with regard to the procession of the Holy Ghost and the primacy of the Pope, because these doctrines have not been defined in any council which they consider to be œcumenical. He adds, that in order that a council should be œcumenical, and therefore infallible in their eyes, the Eastern Bishops are not sufficient by themselves any more than the Westerns by themselves, but that the East and the West should take part in the synod ; and then, according to their own principles, the Russians are ready to submit to the decisions of such an assembly. F. Gagarin develops at length this consideration, so new to the Westerns ; and he concludes it in these terms : “ I am the more anxious to exhibit thoroughly this aspect of the question, since, when once proved, it immediately shows the possibility of a reconciliation between the East and Rome.”

The author thinks that there are no very great difficulties in the way of this council ; because the contradiction, which is more apparent than real, more in words than in things, would easily disappear if properly explained. This view of matters is but a consequence of the declaration which he had made in the beginning, namely, that whatever may be wanting in the Russian catechism is abundantly supplied by the liturgy, as, indeed, is the case with all catechisms. It is equally in accordance with the views of M. de Tutcheff, who on his side proclaims that the orthodox Church, in spite of a separation for ages, and amidst all human prejudices, has never ceased to own that the Christian principle has always been preserved in the Roman Church. Truly when men on both sides, with full knowledge of the case, make such advances, explanations made in the spirit of peace and mutual esteem ought to be able to smooth away all difficulties.

Besides explanations, F. Gagarin speaks also of definitions. But will this satisfy all parties ? May it not easily be made to appear a condemnation of one or the other side ? We have more than once heard Russians say that this thorny path may be avoided ; it would be sufficient to approve in a special manner some writings of the Greek and Latin Fathers, and some parts of the Oriental and Latin liturgies, as con-

taining the true teaching of the universal Church, and consequently the doctrine of Jesus Christ.

No; definitions are not necessary. And here we say, once for all, that if the Latins sincerely desire a reconciliation they must renounce their proud and imperious tone. Rome made this renunciation in presence of Napoleon I. in order to obtain the concordat of 1801, and thus to terminate her religious quarrels with France; let her recall this historical recollection, if she ever undertakes to treat with the Russian Church. Russia is worth as much as France.

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This paper is enough to prove the tendencies and the hopes of a certain party in Russia. A short statistical account of the Oriental Church will serve to show the dangers which threaten that communion, and which drive so many of its best members to look wistfully to Rome as the place whence they must seek their remedy. Our facts are for the most part gathered from a very remarkable correspondence, dated from St. Petersburg, which has appeared at intervals in the *Journal de Bruxelles* since May last, and has attracted great attention in Belgium. We only hope that the subject it treats may excite a corresponding interest among the Catholics of this country. It will be seen that the great weakness of the Oriental Christians in general, and of the Russians in particular, arises from the want of a central living authority, which want can only be remedied by a reconciliation with the Holy See.

The orthodox Eastern Church comprehends all that great mass of oriental Christianity which is in union with the Four Patriarchs of the East and the Synod of St. Petersburg; for though among them there are differences on the validity of heretical baptism, on the canon of the Old Testament, on the power of the Sacraments independently of the dispositions of the minister, and on other points, yet they tolerate these opinions in one another, though they loudly condemn them in those with whom they are not in communion. Their union of faith is therefore rather political than religious; but, such as it is, this United Orthodox Oriental Church has 279 Bishops, who in their hierarchical organisation form a number of separate groups, with a constitution somewhat analogous to that of the German Confederation *minus* the Diet of Frankfort. It is not so much one Church as a confederation of ten independent Churches, if we can call that a confederation where there is no central power.

It is true that all these Churches recognise the supreme authority of a general council; but as, in their opinion, no general council has been assembled for a thousand years, and

as they are not agreed on the conditions required to make a council really œcumenic, we need not take any notice of this theoretic central power, which is evidently absent from their organisation. What would become of the German Confederation if the diet were prorogued, we will not say for a thousand years, but for a thousand days?

The 279 Bishops are, as we have said, divided into ten groups, very unequal in importance and in the number of Christians subject to them. This inequality is another feature that reminds us of the German Confederation—of the Prince of Reuss or of Waldeck by the side of the King of Prussia or the Emperor of Austria. Each of these ten groups, or Churches, is independent, just as each prince of the Confederation is sovereign. The comparison might be carried out into several other details; for which we have no time at present, as our object is to give a short statistical account of the different Churches.

1. The Church of Constantinople is governed by a Patriarch, who bears the title of *Most Holy Archbishop of Constantinople, New Rome, Œcumenical Patriarch*; he has under him 136 Bishops, of whom there are eleven in the three Danubian Principalities, four in Wallachia, three in Moldavia, four in Servia, seven in the Ionian Isles, and one at Venice. We all know that the Churches of Wallachia, Moldavia, and Servia are tending to make themselves independent of Constantinople; while in Bulgaria and Bosnia the Sclavonic population is making the most energetic efforts to get rid of the Phanariot clergy. These efforts cannot long remain unsuccessful; and then doubtless we shall see five new independent churches, and the confederation will consist of fifteen instead of ten groups.

The population of the Ionian Isles, being of Greek race, does not tend to the same kind of independence as the Sclavonians and Roumanic race. But it ardently desires the incorporation of the Republic of the Seven Islands with the kingdom of Greece; and if this event were to happen, doubtless the seven Bishops would recognise the authority of the Synod of Athens in preference to that of the Patriarch of Constantinople.

2. Next comes the Church of Alexandria, with its five Bishops under the *Blessed and Holy Patriarch of the great city of Alexandria, of all Egypt and Pentapolis, of Libya and Æthiopia, Pope and Judge Œcumenical*. His titles are as great as his jurisdiction is small; although his patriarchal chair is at Alexandria, he habitually resides at Cairo.

3. The Church of Antioch still numbers seventeen Bi-

shops. Its chief bears the title of *Blessed and Holy Patriarch of the City of God, Antioch, Syria, Arabia, Cilicia, Iberia, Mesopotamia, and all the East, Father of Fathers and Pastor of Pastors*.

4. The Church of Jerusalem has fourteen Bishops; the Patriarch is called, *the Blessed and Holy Patriarch of the Holy City of Jerusalem, of Palestine, Syria, Arabia beyond Jordan, Cana, Galilee, and Holy Sion*.

5. The Russian Church has sixty-six Bishops, governed by the *Most Holy Synod directing all the Russias*.

6. The Isle of Cyprus counts four Bishops, under the *Blessed and Holy Bishop of New Justiniana, and of all the Isle of Cyprus*. This see is at Nicosia.

7. The Orientals in the Austrian dominions have eleven Bishops, who acknowledge the supremacy of the *Blessed and Holy Archbishop of Tarlowatz, Metropolitan*. This prelate took the opportunity of the troubles of 1848 to assume the title of *Patriarch*, which he has kept ever since.

8. The Church of Mount Sinai has only one Bishop, the *Blessed Archbishop of Sinai*, who resides in Princes' Isle.

9. The Church of Montenegro likewise has but one Bishop, called *Metropolitan of Scauderia and the Sea-shore, Archbishop of Cetigua, Exarch of the Holy See of Ipek, Lord of Montenegro and of Berda*. He had formerly both spiritual and temporal power; he has quite recently been totally deprived of the latter.

10. The Hellenic Church, in the kingdom of Greece, numbers twenty-four Bishops, governed by the *Holy Hellenic Synod of Athens*.

The Patriarch of Constantinople long pretended to exercise authority over all these Churches; and it is only by a series of religious insurrections, and by successive dismemberings, that these ten Churches have acquired their independence. The Church of Constantinople seems to follow the destinies of the Turkish empire; each nationality, as it awakes to freedom, and seeks to shake off the Ottoman yoke, wishes also to establish a national independent Church. It is a hard thing to say, but it is no less true, that the sultan has been for centuries, not only the tyrant, but also the saviour of the Patriarchate of Constantinople. This arm of flesh is now failing: doubtless the Phanariots will seek and will find expedients; but expedients have never more than a temporary effect, and every body sees that they are in the way to have as many patriarchates as provinces.

There is, then, one problem that ought to engage the anxious consideration of every one belonging to the Eastern com-

munion. In the organisation of their Church there is a void which the most inattentive eyes must perceive; there is no central power: and yet such a power is most urgently required when the spirit of dismemberment and division makes most progress. But how are they to constitute such a power? What form are they to give it? On what foundation to build it?

Some would fain dream of an Oriental Papacy, having jurisdiction over all Churches of that communion, and independent of every temporal power. Others would have a permanent synod, consisting of representatives of all these Churches. Others would prefer the periodical assembling of a great œcumenical council; and some would give the Oriental Church the cohesion which it wants by placing it under the protectorate of the czars.

But there is an easier mode of resolving the problem than any of these. Only let the Eastern Church reconcile herself with Rome on the old basis, and the thing is done. Ever since the schism she has been ill at ease; she has never found in her organisation the means of remedying her difficulties. She has only to return to that which was for centuries the salvation of the whole Church, and which is still the salvation of the West; she has only to acknowledge the primacy of honour and jurisdiction which all antiquity recognised in the See of Rome.

The Russian Church is being eaten away by the same cancer that afflicts the Church of Constantinople; they are both being punished by that wherein they have sinned. The schism of Constantinople was defended on several pretexts; the procession of the Holy Ghost, the use of unleavened bread, the celibacy of the clergy, strangled meat, the reckoning of the forty days of Lent, the Saturday's abstinence, the shaving of priests' beards, and the like, were all represented as heresies, and as legitimate motives of schism.

The progress of the schism of the Rascolnics and Staroveres, who separate themselves on similar pretexts, is now in turn exciting the greatest alarm in Russia. The deliberations of the commission established at St. Petersburg to combat the progress of Rascolnicism, so far from having any result, have only made this sect, or rather assemblage of sects, spread more and more every day. Siberia, the Ural, and all the Cossacks, have fallen from the Russian Church in communion with the Holy Synod. At the east of the empire the whole population is falling away village by village. The sectaries already number fifteen millions, according to the estimate made by persons well acquainted with this general apostasy.

Among the many causes that have contributed to this deplorable state of things, is the fact that the Staroveres, who reject the liturgy as corrected by the Patriarch Nikon, have obtained a Bishop, and consequently priests. Hereby the principal cause of their weakness is destroyed, they can now take the form of a Church as well as the orthodox communion itself; hereby also the great argument employed against them by the Metropolitan of Moscow is annihilated: "The true Church is essentially episcopal; but you have no Bishops, therefore you are not the true Church."

It is strange that one of the ten Churches which form the pretended union should have assisted these sectaries to gain such a position; yet so it is. The Greek Bishops of the Austrian empire had sufficient easiness of conscience to make this unjustifiable ordination. Up to this time the Starovere Bishop has not entered Russia; he has fixed his residence in the Bukovina, where he has ordained several priests, six of whom have been sent to Russia. Of these, two have been apprehended by the Russian government, and sent to Siberia; the other four are still at large, and will doubtless soon receive reinforcements, if they are not already sent.

Another effect of this Starovere Bishop's residence in Austria is, that the Russian sectaries are beginning to emigrate into that country; quite recently 30,000 emigrants have crossed the frontier.

To show how surely and with what scrupulous exactitude states are punished according to their sin, we may as well recall a similar evil office that Russia performed for Poland in 1620. The non-united Christians were then without Bishops; they had nothing left but to become Catholics, when by the intrigues of Russia, Theophanes, the pretended Patriarch of Jerusalem, restored the schismatic episcopate at Kief. It is with no satisfaction that we mention this; this schism from a schism is certainly no approach towards Catholicity.

We see, then, that as the spirit of nationality, which breaks out with new power now the Ottoman empire, which so long compressed it, is relaxing its grasp, is the canker of the Eastern Church in general, so Rascolnicism is the canker of the Russian Church in particular.

The greatness of the evil requires an adequate remedy. Different parties in Russia propose different nostrums; and among all these opposing currents of opinion, the idea of renewing the ancient union with Rome gains ground, especially among persons near the throne, not to say on the throne itself. We have the most positive assurances that the government is occupied with this question; there is a talk of memoirs writ-

ten on different sides by order of the government; the providential course of things which draws together the French and Russian governments and nations strikes every one; the almost complete destruction of the Protestant spirit in the Russian Church is another sign: the uneasiness, even the dangers into which the Russian Church is thrown by the Rascolnics in general, and by the Staroveres in particular, make them look anxiously round for a plank of safety, and force many persons to hope from Old Rome the aid which New Rome is evidently unable to give. These and several other circumstances stir-up in many Russian hearts the same wishes which Pius IX. tried to inspire in the beginning of his pontificate by his letter to the Orientals. The idea of a reconciliation with Rome gains ground in Russia, and probably before long politicians will have reason to become aware of the fact.\*

#### WAS CAMPION A TRAITOR TO HIS BRETHREN?

It is strange and sad to have to put a question of this kind concerning a person whom we feel impelled, in spite of all doubts, to venerate as a saint and a martyr. Yet it is a question that must be considered; for it has been asked, and answered in the affirmative, not only by the Protestant persecutors who put Campion and his companions to death, but also by his greatest admirers, by many of his contemporary biographers, and by the whole series of Catholic historians since his day. Father Parsons, his companion, admits the fact, though he excuses it and explains it away. An eye-witness of his martyrdom puts an apology into his mouth, and makes him under the gallows beg the pardon of those who had been compromised by his confession, "desiring all them to forgive him whose names he had confessed upon the rack; for upon the commissioners' oaths that no harm should come unto them, he uttered some persons with whom he had been." Bishop Challoner acquiesces in the charge; Lingard allows it, though, as we shall see farther on, he ought to have perceived the hopeless inconsistency of the account given in his text with the dates furnished by the authorities quoted in his notes; and now our last Catholic historian repeats the cuckoo cry, and Mr. Flanagan thus mildly announces that which, if true,

\* Does not the transfer of M. de Rayneval, late French ambassador at Rome, to St. Petersburg point this way, especially since the Austrian government has made the like change?

certainly deserves a harsher condemnation in a person of Campion's standing and pretension:

"Once only did he show some want of firmness (if, indeed, we may so judge him). The commissioners swore that if he told the names of some persons with whom he had been, no harm should fall upon them. If not, Campion ought to have reasoned, why were the commissioners so anxious about them? and ought to have remained silent, for fear of exposing the innocent to suffering. Being, however, himself of an amiable turn of mind, and hearing their solemn protestation, he revealed the names of several."

Lame excuse for an inexcusable act! Or shall we say, Unhappy carelessness of historians, who find it less troublesome to admit good-naturedly a hoary libel, and to patch up the hole that it makes with the first materials that come to hand, than laboriously to collate accounts, to seek for new documents, and to expose the inveterate lies which have hitherto been far too easily received?

In saying this, we are not blaming Mr. Flanagan,—he has conscientiously compiled from the usual sources a history of the Catholic Church in England; we only affirm that these *usual* sources are sources of much error, and that if any one wishes to relate the real history of our body, he must give himself up to the labour of original research. This absurd story about Campion's weakness is a case in point; and it is moreover one where no very deep digging is required to show the plain forgery of the whole charge.

The story was this: Campion was captured July 17, 1581, together with two other priests, and some thirty gentlemen and others, his companions. They were taken to London, and thrown into the Tower, and into other prisons, where they were carefully secured against all communication with the world outside. No one knew what they were doing, except by the reports which the prison-keepers or the government chose to spread. After a while, the Catholics were horrified with the story that Campion had apostatised, had gone to church, had committed suicide. These reports were afterwards contradicted; but a more probable one was soon spread about, that he had confessed the names of those at whose houses he had been received and entertained. This rumour gained consistence and an appearance of truth from the events that occurred: almost all that had entertained Campion in the various counties (and a good many also that had not entertained him) were apprehended and cast into prison, on his evidence, as they were told. And so the report of what we must call his treachery to his friends came to be believed by

many of the poor sufferers, and by those who lived in the midst of the turmoil of conflicting reports.

Spectators from a distance, however, saw more clearly. "If the persecutors," says Father Louis of Grenada, "discovered and convicted any principal Catholic, they pretended it was by Campion's confession, to make him odious." And though, he says, they often pretended this in cases where it must have been false, yet as in many of the cases it was very probable, these latter only were observed, and the former forgotten: like prophecies, a man may make fifty false ones, and we take no notice; if he makes one true, then we are all attention. It was also observed, that the very rumour of Campion's having confessed all was by itself of a nature to make those likely to be compromised discover themselves; they would be thoroughly frightened, and would be casting about for all means of safety. And so it was: some, who fancied themselves implicated, fled; others concealed themselves, and so betrayed themselves. They were taken up on speculation, and charged with entertaining and comforting Campion as if on his own confession. They thought it all up with them, and so confessed every thing; and thus Campion was discredited, and the queen's treasury was enriched with an outrageous fine.

But the English Catholics in the midst of their sufferings could not take this calm view of matters; the lies that they heard so constantly were at last believed; of the dirt that was thrown so plentifully, some stuck. Campion was believed to have betrayed them, yet they could not suppose that he was a traitor; though they were suffering, as they fancied, through him, yet they could not persuade themselves it was by his fault,—his character stood too high for that, the "gem of Christendom" was of too pure water to be suspected of such a flaw. Yet there, as they thought, was the ugly fact, for which they had to apologise and account as well as they could. Hence the admissions of contemporary chroniclers, who, not content with giving their own explanation of the matter out of their own heads, must needs, after the fashion of Thucydides, forge speeches for their hero, and make him utter their words as his own. Such was the theory of historians in those days—to fill-up the voids between their scanty data with their own suppositions, to which they attributed as great an authenticity as to the historical facts. When a difficulty arose, they formed their own theory as to its proper explanation; and then, instead of giving this merely as their own theory, they put it into the mouth of the historical personage, and made it his own. This they had learned from Thucydides and Livy; it was the re-

ceived style. We cannot blame the writers; we only mention it as the explanation of much which would else be inexplicable in the contemporary biographers of *Campion*.

For example, at the trial of Lord Vaux, Sir Thomas Tresham, and others, for comforting *Campion*, November 14, 1581,\* "a letter was produced, said to be intercepted, which *Mr. Campion* should seem to write to a fellow-prisoner of his, namely, *Mr. Pound*, wherein he did take notice that by frailty he had confessed some houses where he had been; which now he repented him, and desired *Mr. Pound* to beg him pardon of the Catholics therein, saying that in that he only rejoiced that he had discovered *no things of secret*." Now what is the meaning of this expression? Those who believed that *Campion* had really betrayed persons who were before unknown, and who without his confession might have escaped, could not give the very obvious meaning, namely, that he had told nothing that had not been known before—that he had revealed nothing that was a secret to the commissioners; they had therefore to furnish another explanation, and instead of giving it as their own, they must needs put it into *Campion's* own mouth, and insert it in his dying speech. "Farther, he declared the meaning of a letter sent by himself to *Mr. Pound*, in which he wrote that he would not disclose the secrets of some houses where he had been entertained, affirming upon his soul that the secrets he meant were not matters of treason, but saying Mass, hearing confessions, and the like."†

Now in spite of this speech, which the "eye-witness" of *Campion's* death in true historiographical style puts into his mouth, we assert that *Campion* said nothing of the kind; that if he had said it, he would have told a lie, because, in matter of fact, he did not betray a single Catholic. The only thing he did was this: when his companions confessed where they had been with him, and how long they had stopped at each place, and what they had done there, and when this circumstantial and detailed account was shown to *Campion* on the rack, then, seeing that it was *no secret*, he owned its truth. But when they racked him to tell what they did not know,—at whose houses he had been in the intervals which they could not fill up from other persons' confessions,—then the holy martyr "would confess no place of their being but at inns."

The only copy that we have found of what purports to be *Campion's* confession carries this explanation on its very front. It is to be seen among the *Burghley* papers in the British Museum (*Lansdowne*, vol. xxx. no. 78). It first states that

\* See *Rambler* for January 1857.

† *Challoner, Missionary Priests*, vol. i. p. 76.

Campion confessed being at the houses of Lord Vaux, Sir Thomas Tresham, and Sir William Catesby, in the summer of 1580, where he was not. After this the paper consists of several paragraphs, all headed with certain names, which were those of the young gentlemen who conducted Campion about. These young men were a kind of lay missionaries, whom the fathers were obliged to employ according to the tenor of the instructions which they brought with them (a copy of which we have been fortunate enough to find in the archives of the kingdom of Belgium at Brussels). They were never to treat directly with heretics, but to procure the assistance of Catholics, who were to endeavour to convert their friends; when they saw them inclined to be fair and to listen to reason, the inquirers were to be introduced to the Jesuit father to be fully instructed and received, though even then the fathers were not to allow themselves to be known as Jesuits. Parsons and Campion founded a confraternity for this purpose as soon as they arrived in England, and this organisation enabled them to make the astonishing number of 20,000 conversions in thirteen months. But to return to the pretended confession. We will copy out enough of the document to show that it can only bear the interpretation we put on it.

*"Henry Perpoyn, Esq., Jervys Perpoyn, Esq.*

Campyon [confesseth] that he was there all last Christmas, and stayed there until the Tuesday after Twelfth-day, brought thither by Jervys Perpoyn. *Confessed by both the Perpoyns.* He said Masses, and confessed Jervys every week once.

*Henry Sacheverell, Esq.*

Campyon [confesseth] that he was there about the Wednesday after Twelfth-day last, tarried there one night. *Confessed by Mr. Sacheverell;* and that he said one Mass."

And so on, the confession of some one else being added to that of Campion. So that by these entries it is impossible to tell which confessed first: whether Campion was the traitor, on whose information his entertainers were apprehended; or whether they were caught by chance and compelled to confess, their confession being afterwards shown to Campion, and owned by him as true when he saw that all was known. For assuredly he was not bound to suffer the tortures of the rack in order to conceal that which was no secret. But an entry that occurs shortly after takes away all uncertainty.

*"Ayiers of the Stipte, gent.*

Jervis Perpoyn [confesseth] that he brought Campyon thither about the Monday se nnight after Twelfth-day last, where they met

with Tempest by former appointment; after which, Campyon confesseth he went northwards with Tempest, and that they kept company together about nine days, and will confess no place of their being but at inns."

Burghley either could not catch Tempest, or else found him too stout to force a confession from. Campion was upon the rack, and they tried to make him say where he had been and where he had lodged while in Tempest's company. But they could not show him that the places were known to them. Where he and Tempest had been was still "a thing of secret," and he would reveal no secret; so obstinate was he, that Lord Hunsdon declared that "it was easier to rack the man's heart out of his body than a word out of his mouth."

This conviction arises *à priori* in our mind after once reading over Campion's pretended confession. Our conviction attains the degree of a demonstrated truth after the following evidence:

1. Campion's confession is owned to have been "at the rack." "The evidence read (against Lord Vaux, Tresham, and the rest) was a confession of Mr. Campion's *at the rack*."\* Now we find by Rishton's diary in the Tower, and other authorities, that Campion was racked altogether only three times, twice before August 31st, and once on the 31st of October. Now this latter date is too late to assign as that of the alleged confession, as by that time many of the parties said to have been betrayed by it were already in prison on the charge. Therefore it remains that the alleged confession must be dated before the 31st of August. And this deduction is rendered quite certain by documentary evidence; for instance, there is a letter of Lord Huntingdon, Lord President of the North, to Burghley, the original of which may be seen in the Lansdowne Mss. (vol. xxxiii. no. 8.) It is dated "York, *this 18th of August 1581*," and contains these words, "What I may be able to perform touching the contents of my lord's letters concerning those things which Campion *hath confessed*, your lordship shall have as soon as may be. I dare assure your lordship that *some things* which I see he hath confessed be true." Here we see that the alleged confession was made before the 18th of August, and that it contained such evident contradictions that Huntingdon could only dare affirm that *some things* in it were true; the rest, of course, being manifest lies. There is another letter, quoted by Lingard from Digges,† and dated August 10th: "We have gotten from Campion knowledge of all his peregrination in England—Yorkshire,

\* Report of Trial: see *Rambler* for January 1857.

† Lingard, Elizabeth, Hist., vol. vi. p. 338, 5th edit.

Lancashire, Denbigh, Northampton, Warwick, Bedford, Buckingham, &c. We have sent for his hosts in all countries." Moreover, the account of the trial of Lord Vaux and the rest dates Campion's confession "the — of August last." It is therefore abundantly evident that this confession was made or forged in the month of August.

2. But was it made by Campion at all? On the contrary, we are in a position to demonstrate that Campion had made no such confession before the 31st of August. Rishton, in his *Diary of the Tower*, at that date makes the following entry: "Campion, having been twice stealthily racked, is brought out, with the priests and Catholic laymen imprisoned with him, without any preparation whatever, to dispute with the heretics in the public chapel of the Tower, on condition that he was to allege no argument whatever for the Catholic faith, but only answer the objections of the ministers. Afterwards there were two or three other disputations, at the request of the nobles; but quite private, and not public as before, because the heretics had perceived that their cause had been no little injured by the former disputes." Two years and one month after Campion's martyrdom, and two years and four months after the first of these conferences, the Protestant ministers who took part in them published their own account of what was said and done there, in a small quarto volume, entitled, *A true Report of the Disputation, or rather Private Conference, had in the Tower of London with Ed. Campion, Jesuite, the last of August 1581. Set down by the reverend learned men themselves that dealt therein. Whereunto is joined also a true Report of the other three days' Conferences had there with the same Jesuit, which now are thought meet to be published in print by authority. Imprinted at London by Christopher Barker, Printer to the Queen's most excellent majesty, Januarie 1, 1583 (1584 new style).*

This authoritative report was put out in order to do away with the idea that had been current for two years, that Campion had beaten all his opponents. Nowell and Day, the Deans of St. Paul's and Windsor, his opponents in the first disputation, "trust that by this true relation" (put forth, it is true, more than two years after Campion's death, but still written from notes taken at the time) "all Catholics that have any spark of shamefastness left will be made to blush for Master Campion's sake, being so manifestly deprehended in so many lies so braggingly advouched." Their arguments descend to such mere personalities as whether Campion could read Greek or no; whether he had really read the books he quoted; whether twenty years before he were not a beggarly scholar

at the Blue-Coat School; and so on. No opportunity of casting discredit upon him is allowed to pass. "Surely," write the very reverend deans, "we do think ourselves, and may say in truth, that if we had been so openly convicted so many ways and in such sort as Master Campion was, we should while we lived be ashamed to show our faces." The object of the book is to show up Campion as a bragging and boastful liar. Not a stone is left unturned where there is any possibility of damaging his moral character or his intellectual ability. If the deans could have shown that he was a traitor to his brethren, there would have been no measure to their voluminous blateration on so damaging a theme.

According to this report, Nowell and Day began the dispute by demanding of Campion what he meant by "charging the queen's majesty's most merciful government with cruelty and torments practised upon his fellows in religion? . . . . Whereunto he answered, that he was punished for religion himself, and had been twice on the rack; and that racking was more grievous than hanging, and that he had rather choose to be hanged than racked." After some replies from the two deans, "Master Lieutenant" of the Tower, Sir Owen Hopton, "being present, said, that he had no cause to complain of racking, who had rather seen than felt the rack; and admonished him to use good speech, that he gave not cause to be used with more severity. . . . Besides this, Master Beale, one of the clerks of her majesty's privy council," who, with another named Norton, who was also there, and Owen Hopton, had presided over Campion's racking, "being by chance present, demanded of him before all the company there assembled whether that, being on the rack, he were examined upon any point of religion or no. Whereunto he answered, that he was not indeed directly examined of religion, but moved to confess in what places he had been conversant since his repair into the realm.

"Master Beale said, that this was required of him because many of his fellows, and by likelihood he himself also, had reconciled divers of her highness's subjects to the Romish Church, and had attempted to withdraw them from their obedience due to their natural prince and sovereign.

"Whereunto he answered, that forasmuch as the Christians in old time, being commanded to deliver up the books of their religion to such as persecuted them, refused to do so, and misliked with them that did so, calling them *traditores*, he might not betray his Catholic brethren, which were (he said) the temples of the Holy Ghost."

Listen to this; before that vast assembly of the highest

nobility of the country, Catholic and Protestant; in the presence of the three men who had presided over his racking, and who must have written down any confession that he made, he answers: "In old days they were called traitors who only betrayed the dead books of their religion; how much more should I be a traitor if I had betrayed my brethren, the living temples of the Holy Ghost!" Now if he had done so, if he had made any such confession as was alleged, would he have dared to make such an answer? Would not Hopton, and Norton, and Beale, and Nowell, and Day have turned round upon him at once, and said, "Then by your own confession you are a traitor, for you have betrayed your brethren; and here is your act of treason signed by your own hand"? But no such answer was made.

"But it was replied by Master Beale, that it was convenient in policy for the prince to understand what such as were sent from the Bishop of Rome (her majesty and the realm's mortal enemy) did within her dominions; and to know her foes from her faithful subjects, specially in such a time as this wherein we live; and that this inquiry did not touch the cause of religion. After this we came to the matter of his book."

Campion's answer is that of a man who not only knows that he refused to make any confession whatever, but who is also utterly ignorant that he is suspected of having made such. There is no denial of his having done so, for there is nothing to deny; there is no accusation that he knows of. But there is the most natural and open assumption of perfect innocence from any such stain; and a denunciation of the heinousness of the sin such as no man would have made in the presence of enemies whom he knew to be conscious of his having committed it. It is morally, almost physically impossible, that Campion should both have been a traitor, and should have made such a reply as is here attributed to him.

On the 31st of August, then, Campion had made no confession; yet the confession which was put about as Campion's was then in existence. This confession was, therefore, a forgery. Moreover it was put about by Lord Burghley, the prime minister, and the other officials of the government, who are thus implicated in the felony. Further, as we have proved that Campion certainly had not confessed any thing when it was said he had, and when a confession said to be his was carried about, there is no ground for suspicion that he afterwards made any confession; for he is only accused of having acted this treacherous part previously to the 31st of August. The pretended confession, on which Lord Vaux, Tresham,

Catesby, and others, were condemned, was dated "in August last;" the letter of Huntingdon fixes its date before August 18th; that quoted by Lingard in his notes\* fixes it before August 10th. Yet in spite of this Lingard, in his text, has unaccountably written that "the second time Campion suffered the torture" (and he gives in the margin the date October 31, which was the date of his *third* racking) "he made disclosures which he deemed of no importance;" the truth being, that from first to last he disclosed *nothing of secret*, nothing which was not abundantly manifest without his confession. This, of course, was no disclosure at all; yet when Poundes, who had heard, and partly believed the reports of his weakness, wrote to him to know if he had really acted the traitor, his tender conscience reproached him even for this entirely indifferent act, which all our martyrs allowed themselves to do; he begged pardon for having simply confessed the names of his entertainers, even when otherwise well known, and by their own confession; he protested that he had told nothing of secret; and he declared that, "come rack, come rope," his persecutors should not get another word out of him that they could in any way make use of. Campion was too stout a confessor, too glorious a martyr, to need such lame excuses as Mr. Flanagan makes for him; we have cited the Protestant false witnesses to give testimony against him, and the witnesses have convicted each other of falsehood. The account of the conference, published by authority, and written by his deadly enemies, gives the lie to all those false charges which Burghley and his minions so industriously spread about the holy martyr, and to which the poor persecuted Catholics managed to give more colour than they deserved by their injudicious explanations and apologies. The just man is acquitted by the mouth of his persecutors, *et mentita est iniquitas sibi*.

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## Reviews.

### ROUGH NOTES ON RUSKIN.

*The Elements of Drawing, &c.* By John Ruskin.

IT is a horrible completeness of conquest that leaves no parcel of an invaded country at liberty, and puts every man into the

\* Loco citato.

chains of slavery. It seems as if our days were to witness the pretensions of the evil spirit to all the pleasures which are in reality the *powers* of this world. Perhaps there may be great struggles coming on, great periods of combat for the Church—the natural antagonist of evil—in preparation; for which it will be necessary that the faithful should have been reminded that a Christian is never safe but in suffering, and that the mental or bodily pleasures in which human nature takes delight, though occasionally lawful for the consolation of our weakness, do not belong to the dominion of a crucified Master. There have been for ages domains of intellectual joy apparently left by the policy, or negligence, or necessities of the prince of this world, "*tenebrarum harum*," to the exclusive use of the true religion—certain achievements, mysteries, and effects of art that had come to be considered sacred, so exclusively had they been applied to sacred purposes by appealing to sacred feelings. From this have arisen in our own days the errors of persons who believed that the revival of certain forms and fashions would lead to the revival of the high principles that were connected with them in former periods of the world. The warning against this error is found in another fact of our days, that all these hitherto exclusively religious *effects*,—as we will call them, for want of a better word,—whether in architecture, music, painting, eloquence, or other arts, have been appropriated to popular and secular purposes. No perishing soul need now incur the inconvenience of remorse and repentance by being touched with the impressiveness of an ecclesiastical ceremony. If he wants to see it "well done," he has every thing short of High Mass at the opera. He is in no peril of being moved by an ideal picture of our Blessed Lord, he can see Mario got up exactly like Leonardo's Christ. He may escape the melting mood of Holy Week in the Sixtine Chapel, for he can grow familiar with all phrases of religious music at oratorios, and sit as a most unmoved spectator of the tears of our Blessed Lady dramatised by Rossini without any thought but of an evening's entertainment. Yet a little more, and we shall have excursion-trains to Calvary. In this stage of dilettante degradation and sentimental decrepitude, it was not to be expected that the queen of all human arts, to whom it is given in her language of love to utter thoughts too delicate and spiritual to be conveyed in gross words, should escape unappropriated by the spirit of the world. The power of painting, as the book of the unlearned,—not only of the unlearned who cannot *read*, but of the more unlearned who cannot *think*, and of the greatest of all fools, those who cannot *feel*,—is too

unquestionable to be ignored, and too invincible to be argued away. It has been necessary, therefore, to invent a false semblance of art to discredit the true one, and to lead astray those who might have benefited by it, just as mesmerism has become the counterfeit of miracles and fanaticism of religion. There has therefore arisen in this our day a sect of painters affecting the formalities and fashions of the early religious art without a particle of its sublime feeling, who play in modern exhibitions the same character that the Puritans did in the political and religious history of the seventeenth century. In the nomenclature of our age, they should be called the *Methodists of art*. They are immense precisians, see every thing at the end of their nose, are great about a dead leaf or a deal-shaving, and take exactly the same view of the world as the fly in the fable did of the inside of St. Paul's dome. They not only affect to be able to see the panorama inside of their millstone more profoundly than any one else, but scout the idea that there is any thing worth viewing outside of it. We should naturally expect to find such painters aping the fashions and the weaknesses of semi-barbarous periods, when heraldic colours and conventionalities were the poison of art; systematically repudiating grace, beauty, and perspective; defiant of all tradition or authority; deliberately rebellious to the natural or religious feeling that partly corrected the style, as it ennobled the inspirations, of the old masters, and making a horrible mess of their work when they approach religious art. Accordingly we find there is just as much difference between their pictures and those of the ancient school, whose resurrectionists they aspire to be, as there is between a real saint and one of the canting covenanting Roundheads of the civil wars. We need only remind our readers of two of their most flagrant works, little short of blasphemy in their conception, which appeared some years ago in the Exhibition. One was Millais's illustration of one of the most touching passages in Scripture, referring to the sufferings of our Lord: "What are these wounds in Thy hands? With these I was wounded in the house of them that loved Me." The highest interpretation he could put on this passage was, that our Blessed Lord must have cut His fingers in the workshop of St. Joseph; and his noble illustration was a careful study of deal-shavings and other accessories of a carpenter's shop, among which was an exceedingly ill-favoured young Praise-God-Barebones crying for sticking-plaster, after having incurred the proverbial consequences of playing with edge-tools. For high art, in any sense of the term, this picture was immeasurably inferior in either

execution or design to the popular print of the "Cut Foot;" and it makes one shudder to imagine it could have been meant to be allied with a religious idea, and put forward as an improvement on the manifest meaning of the sacred text. This was followed some time after by Hunt's still more scandalous illustration of our Blessed Saviour's words: "I am the light of the world." This was so monstrous, that it required the publication of a passionate panegyric by Mr. Ruskin to endeavour to rescue it from the very just indignation and disgust which it excited even among the spectators at the London Exhibition. We can testify that the sensation it produced afterwards at the Paris Exhibition was no less mingled with scorn, ridicule, and horror. No language of reprobation could be strong enough to condemn this abominable caricature. The whole conception of the subject was neither more nor less than that of a watchman (not of the soberest) carrying a lantern! It is utterly impossible to trust oneself to comment on such a design, identified, alas, too well with the subject by the crown of thorns. It was irreverently imagined, and foully painted. A Jack-o'-lantern, a glowworm, a gas-company, Theseus's suggestion in "Pyramus and Thisbe," that the man should be in the lantern,—any thing would have been quite as poetical and quite as respectful as this. The artist who could conceive such an illustration probably thinks of the Day of Judgment as ushered in with "Past twelve o'clock, and a cloudy morning." Such are they who scoff at *the religionists of Overbeck's school*; such are the results of Pre-Raphaelitism.

These Puritans of painting are marshalled, heralded, and trumpeted by Mr. John Ruskin; a painter's pursuivant who has all the cant and truculence of the Cromwell of art, and marches truncheon, or at least pen, in hand as their lord-protector. So meretricious a muse as theirs naturally requires a bully; and they have found a very efficient one. He has great power of language; and being as well read in the slang, and perhaps doctrines, of art, as old Noll was in the Bible, he uses his knowledge in much the same spirit. True art, whatever its method of working, whatever language it speaks in, whatever subject it discourses on—sacred, profane, domestic, or natural—is the expression of love. Ruskin's whole spirit is that of scorn, hatred, and all uncharitableness. He would compel us to love what he deems the proper objects for our consideration, as Cromwell and his soldiers would have enforced the Gospel of Peace with a blunderbuss at our ears and a dagger at our throats. His is the very spirit and tone of Sir Anthony Absolute, commanding admiration

for his Pre-Raphaelite *protégé*: "Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose; she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull in Cox's museum; she shall have the skin of a mummy [your true Pre-Raphaelite complexion!] and the beard of a Jew;—she shall be all this, sirrah! yet I will make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty."

Flesh and blood cannot stand this; and we confess, the whole time we read any of Ruskin's works, we have a strong inclination growing upon us to protest that we would rather run the risk of being wrong than agree with one who has such an impertinent coxcombical way of announcing even the most trite and undeniable truths, as if they belonged to him by right of discovery, and he was sure you intended to deny them all. Providence, however, has mercifully interposed to save us from the temptation; for though all his opinions are pronounced as if they were gospel, and dissent is threatened with as fearful a vengeance as if all his readers were naughty school-boys, and he their master, he has the saving gift of mixing up his real truths with so much nonsense that truth and error seem to be equally without value in his eyes, except as materials to aggravate his self-conceit and irritate every one else. Rather than not be in a state of continual fury and fighting, he will startle you with the most absurd and contradictory challenges to your common sense, and all that is most venerable and certain in the traditions of art, and in the science that artists have accumulated; and while he orders you to believe that there are no outlines in existence, and sees in Nature nothing but a thing of shreds and patches of colour, will discourse like a gipsy about lines of life and lines of thought, and such-like cant, and refer you for the utmost perfection of lines to Tintoret, whose lines were chiefly inspired by the veins in alabaster, and Turner, whose aim was to supersede all outline, and paint an idea in colour with as little form as possible. The book before us might as well have been called the Catechism of the Pre-Raphaelite school. It is Mr. Ruskin's recipe for making a Pre-Raphaelite; and though art is so various, and the genius that makes an artist so magnetic of the truth it seeks, that no system that will make a youth study art in any kind of way can *prevent* his becoming an artist if he perseveres, this seems the most unlikely method of teaching or helping him that we have ever met with. This teacher's tone of speaking of or to children is about as genial as that of Bumble giving a lecture in a charity-school; and his despotic Cromwellian spirit is pretty

well illustrated by his announcement (p. 55): "I never allow my own pupils to ask the reason of any thing." Now, inasmuch as the essential rules of art are exceedingly few and simple, and the highest art, divested of the cant and pretended mysticism in which writers like Mr. Ruskin love to envelop it, is the simplest thing to explain, though not the easiest to do that can be, it gives one an irresistible conviction that Mr. Ruskin's idea of teaching is, not to impart knowledge, but to parade it; not to enable a pupil to practise, but to bully him for his ignorance and to mystify him with theories.

It is not possible for us in our limited space to follow him step by step through the process recommended in his book. We feel morally sure that no student who follows his doctrine and examples of outlines and sketching will ever be a good artist; but this can only be determined by experience. We can conceive nothing so teasing and so useless to a beginner as the first processes of shading he prescribes. A *steel-pen* is the very last instrument in the world we should advise any student to draw with, and the woodcuts here given as examples the very last models we should take for imitation; but we trace an affinity between these peculiarities of Mr. Ruskin and the barbarous style of art of which he is the apostle; and we have little doubt his method would eventually bring up a young barbarian to be a suitable follower of himself,—an artist tattooing in his touch and a writer scalping in his style. One only passage we shall call particular attention to, because it contains the germ of some of the gravest defects of the Pre-Raphaelite painters; in fact, it is the key to their vicious colouring. At p. 52, the pupil is desired to ascertain the depth of shades in the object he is drawing by looking at it through a round hole about half the size of a pea in a piece of white paper, and then matching the colour seen through it by tinting the paper beside the circular opening. Now, unless the paper is laid actually on the stone or other subject, which, of course, is impossible for a landscape or group of figures, this is *not* the true colour of it as seen from the eye without the intervening hole in the paper; and a picture painted according to this prescription will be only a succession of flat patches of colour, inlaid and unconnected, as most of those Pre-Raphaelite paintings are. They ignore one of the chief principles on which the great masters composed,—that you only see perfectly the one point on which your eye is focused, the principal point of the principal object; all the rest is included in your view by moving your eye about. In pictures which, like altar-pieces, are to be looked well over and meditated on, the rule is relaxed, so that you read them

in their different parts, which are, in fact, different pictures included for convenience in one frame. The principle has been often abused by slurring carelessly over all but the chief point in the picture, and hiding every thing else in confusion, uncertainty, or blackness; but even thus you get at least one good glance out of a painting, whereas in the Pre-Raphaelite mode of making every eighth of an inch of space a principal object, you have nothing but an impossible mass of confusion to look at, and much prating about delicacy and tenderness and conscientious work to listen to afterwards. Judge of a picture as you would of a book. Does it tell its story at once, plainly, ineffaceably? If it does, it is a good picture. If it does not, no labour in littleness can make it a good one. In the *Agony in the Garden*, the olive-trees are part of the idea, and they should be like olive-trees; but who cares in a picture of the Crucifixion whether Calvary be granite, marble, or freestone? Ruskin would give you a sermon as long as to-day and to-morrow upon the mysticism of the fracture of every stone in the *Via Dolorosa*, and take you by the button-hole, snug and cosy, with him under the arch of the *Ecce Homo* to make sarcastic remarks on every passenger in the crowd, particularly those who were of your way of thinking about the business in hand. There is no doubt he has studied art deeply; but there is just the difference between the understanding he has got from his study and the knowledge which makes an artist, that there is between "our own correspondent" who describes a battle, and the general who wins it. In this, and in all his writings that we have met with, there is much food for reflection, much that is suggestive, a good deal of truth—though it is generally turned topsy-turvy to make it more startling; but the writer is an unsafe guide to follow implicitly, and the tone of feeling and thought produced by his writings is the very opposite of that produced by, or favourable to, art. We have said already that we do not believe a student can learn to draw by the process he recommends; but if he has learnt well beforehand, he may improve by some of these suggestions; and we will do Mr. Ruskin the justice to say, that the explanation of some rules of composition he lays down in the latter part of the book, when purified from the cant and maudlin sentiment with which they are interlarded, are very sound and practical. But even in these, as in most of his other violently-enforced dogmas on art, the student must remember that though they will add to the beauty of a picture they are not essential to it. What is essential is, first, that the student should thoroughly understand and have *modelled* in his mind the form of the object

he has to draw; and secondly, that he should be able to draw flat, rounded, and angular bodies, for his subject must be composed of those shapes variously combined. If his mind is thoroughly impressed with the shape of the thing he wants to represent, he will surely soon find a way of representing it, whether it be in chiaroscuro or colour. The various styles of different periods have all had some peculiar merit, some method of overcoming difficulties in art—which for a time was looked on as paramount to all other considerations, till it became an abuse and was exchanged for a newer fashion. The hard outlines and geometrical forms of one period, the anatomical rage of another; the expanse of bright colours of one school, the concentration in another of light or colour to gain greater depth by surrounding it with black,—have each certain advantages and certain failings which the artist must select from. The fashion of to-day cries up one as perfection; the fashion of to-morrow supersedes it with another. We will have none of Mr. Ruskin's dictatorship. Liberty in art for ever!

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#### CHURCH-HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

*A History of the Church in England from the earliest Period to the Re-establishment of the Hierarchy in 1850.* By the Very Rev. Canon Flanagan. Two vols. 8vo, pp. 633 and 549. London: Dolman.

THIS work has one great and incontestable merit, in itself sufficient to account for and excuse a multitude of mistakes in detail, if such should be found to exist: we allude to the fact that it is our first and only ecclesiastical history with any pretension to completeness, and embracing the whole period from the original conversion of the Britons to the present time. To be the pioneer in this path, to be the first arranger of the disjointed fragments of history, is at once to occupy a certain rank as a historian.

From adopting this plan, however, it of course follows that a work of only moderate size must be merely an outline. No one could expect that the history of the eighteen centuries that have elapsed since the traditionary mission of St. Joseph of Arimathea to Britain could be circumstantially exhibited in somewhat less than twelve hundred pages. A complete history of this kind must to some extent be a superficial one; and so the writer acknowledges in the outset that it never was his intention to seize every minute detail, or to

propound and develop antiquarian and rubrical theories or researches.

Another superficialism into which such a plan must necessarily conduct the historian, results from his being obliged to content himself with published authorities, without testing their accuracy by fresh researches. It was never his intention, he confesses, to wade deep in that sea of documents that still remains, almost unnoticed, in ancient libraries and state-paper offices. His task involved too much labour to permit such a search: "the necessities of the Church are too pressing to allow time for prolonged investigations." Mr. Flanagan, if we understand him aright, thinks that the necessities of the Church are so urgent, that it was more important to write a complete history at once, taking for granted the veracity of the published documents, than to spend time in testing the received opinions on points of detail. "Is the present generation," he asks, "to pass away, like the preceding one, without the advantage of a history so interesting, so improving, and so edifying?" Of course the answer to such a question will depend very much on our opinion of the veracity of received statements. For himself, Mr. Flanagan thinks such sources ample; and he tells us, that after endeavouring to scrutinise all the published monuments of the past, he has secured what he deems sufficient both for truth and edification.

We are not prepared to deny Mr. Flanagan's assumption; but, after all, it is only an assumption, against which many probabilities can be produced. The weak point of English literature is incontestably history. Not that we lack names of the very first class even in this branch: we have histories of Greece and Rome which leave little to desire; Gibbon, too, is a writer who stands by himself, in spite of his sarcastic infidelity. But still history is not a study pursued either with the same love or the same success among us as it is among our continental brethren. There are whole periods of our past national existence which the nation neither knows, nor desires to know. To some, the interest of English history begins with William III.; others carry it up to Cromwell; a few think the account of the Reformation under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth the turning-point of our national existence; beyond that, popular research and interest almost fail. The national Protestantism is the cause of this; the nation has deserted its fathers' paths, and cannot afford to tell or hear the truth about a period whose history, rightly told, refutes present opinions: while, on the other hand, honest men are loth to expend their talents on a forgery, and to falsify that which, if truly told, would be unpopular. Hence there is

scarcely any great history of England previous to the Reformation; most that are published are full of distortions, because they have been written with a purpose, and from a point of view quite hostile to the spirit of the times they pretended to paint. So far as mere clerks' work goes, there are honest collections of documents for those ages; but there is scarcely a history worthy of the name which is completely trustworthy in its ecclesiastical aspect. The carelessness of our ecclesiastical annalists is wonderful; even a work of such pretension as Sir Henry Ellis's edition of *Dugdale's Monasticon* is crammed with errors; and though so many English houses were dependent on abbeys abroad, yet the editors seem almost to be ignorant of the existence of works like the *Gallia Christiana* and others, by which the ecclesiastical history of the Continent has been so fully elucidated, and have neglected to draw from evident sources the materials both for correcting their errors and for enlarging their knowledge.

Published sources of English ecclesiastical history are certainly full of gaps, not to mention more serious errors; and the very period concerning which most errors have been accepted is that which it most concerns us to have completely cleared up, namely, the period of the Reformation. Under that reign of terror the government took possession of mind as well as body: views and opinions were dictated; facts were propounded by proclamation; no means of testing the reports spread by government was permitted. Catholics, therefore, frequently acquiesced in rumours which they could not disprove; and were obliged to content themselves with explaining and apologising for ugly events instead of denying them, as they might have done with truth had they but known it.

Next, we even doubt whether Mr. Flanagan has really examined all accessible materials. We have not thoroughly looked through the two volumes, from want of time; but so far as we have been able to ascertain by the aid of his rather incomplete index, some of the best authorities are either omitted or used very scantily. Father Clement Reyner's *Apostolate of the Benedictines in England*, Father Alford's carefully collected *Chronicles of the English Church*, and Father Serenus Cressy's *Church-History of Brittany*, all abound with authentic monuments, mostly reproduced textually. From a note in the second volume, we apprehend that Mr. Flanagan never examined this last writer, whose writings he describes from Dodd; much less could he have seen that most valuable unpublished portion of his history which still exists in Ms. in the town-library of Douai, and which appeared to us, on

a hasty inspection, to be almost entirely compiled from original archives. This part commences in 1199 and ends in 1307, and certainly ought to be examined thoroughly by any person who undertakes to write a complete ecclesiastical history of England. We may, then, be allowed to doubt, first, whether Mr. Flanagan has used all accessible materials; and secondly, if he had, whether these are sufficient either in extent or in trustworthiness to found a complete history upon. And if they are not, we may perhaps put the further question, whether it would not have been more for the good of the Church first to ascertain whether the materials were sound before the edifice was built, than to make haste to build it up of such unproved materials as came to hand.

The work certainly bears marks of hurry in the execution; the index reveals striking *lacunæ* both in names and in things. Thus we can find no mention of King Ina, though famous both as an ecclesiastical legislator (see Wilkins' *Concilia*) and as a founder of religious establishments; one of which, in an altered form, is in full vigour at Rome even to this day. Again, in a "complete" ecclesiastical history, we should have thought that the question of the endowment and maintenance of the Church required some treatment, however brief; nor should we have thought the origin of tithes in this country of so exclusively antiquarian interest as not to merit even a mention. History, we consider, should always be treated with some reference to existing controversies, so as to bring it to bear on the present state of things. Now as the Anglican clergy, while gladly relinquishing almost all other points of the ceremonial law, has for very obvious reasons made an exception in favour of the Divine right of tithes, the origin of the impost in this country seems to us somewhat more than a dry point of antiquarian research. We do not for a moment believe that the tax was originally created in favour of the Church; we believe it to have been an old civil impost, transferred in the eighth century to ecclesiastical use. We are unable to give any direct proof of our opinion; but we argue from a case probably analogous, that of Belgium. In the time of the Romans, the British province was probably administered in the same way as its neighbours. Now we know that in Belgium the tithe was part of the tax paid to the Romans; a small part, it is true, for the taxes were then very high, amounting to nearly three times their present sum per head. When the Franks subdued the country, this tax was continued upon all lands, except those made dominial or governmental, which of course were not assessed by the governing seigneurs who owned them. These seig-

neurs retained the greatest part of the tithes in their own hands, a small portion being from time to time made over to ecclesiastical purposes before the period of the Crusades; then, however, enthusiasm was high, and there was quite a passion for founding and endowing monasteries, and consequently the religious orders and clergy became owners of the greater part of the tithe. Now this was done, it may be observed, while the states of Europe were at peace with one another; during that great voluntary exodus of Christendom against the Mahometans the governments had not to sustain the expenses of petty warfares against neighbouring chieftains, nor of standing armies kept up to protect their frontiers. In after ages, when this temporary pacification was forgotten, the chieftains again found themselves called on to maintain bands of men for their defence; but they had relinquished to the Church the revenues on which they formerly relied to pay their soldiers. What were they to do? to resume their gift, or to impose new taxes on their vassals? The latter course was adopted; and the tillers of the soil now found themselves pressed by a double tithe—the old one, that had been given to the Church; and the new one, rendered necessary by the new needs of the seigneurs. Doubtless the coincidence in amount of this impost with that ordained by Moses for the use of the priests caused it to be considered especially fit to be made over to the Church; but it must never be forgotten that it was not of ecclesiastical institution, that in its origin it had no pretence of Divine right, that the seigneurs in giving it burdened the people with a double tax, and that changes in the financial or political state of a country might make it become a very hard, not to say unjust, imposition. Such is the history of tithes in Belgium; and we cannot help imagining that the history of the dotation, *mutatis mutandis*, would be very similar in England. It would probably be found that the Romans collected, among other imposts, a tenth part of the produce of British lands; that the Britons, when left to themselves, continued the tax; that it was preserved by the Saxons as a civil contribution, till in the fervour of their conversion, and in the midst of the plenty generated by the reformation of manners and the pacification of the country, it was transferred to the clergy. But governments could not always continue at peace; when war came, the peasants were doubly taxed. If so, there is no more Divine right of tithes in England than in Belgium; it is a mere State endowment, raised from the taxes of the people and given to the Church during pleasure, like the Maynooth grant; for we cannot consider the Synod of 786, the acts of the par-

liaments of the Heptarchy, and the agreement between King Alfred and Guthrun the Dane, as at all more perpetually binding than Sir Robert Peel's act of 1845.

Another point, omitted, we believe, by all ecclesiastical historians of England, is the curious fact mentioned in the *Life of Archbishop Lanfranc* (cap. xiii. no. 32): "In the suburbs of Canterbury there is a church dedicated to St. Martin, in which they say there was an episcopal see in former times; and it is said there was a Bishop of it before Lanfranc came over to those parts. But since the canons forbid that there should be two Bishops together in one city, Lanfranc ordered that no more Bishops should be consecrated for that place." Gervase of Dover (*in Actis Pontif. Cantuar.*, cap. de S. Elphego) says that this was a *chorepiscopus*: "Formerly the Archbishop of Canterbury had a *chorepiscopus*, who had his chair in the church of St. Martin outside Canterbury. This office was abolished when Lanfranc came, as it was also in all other places." It is difficult to suppose that this was a *chorepiscopus*, since he had a fixed see. Some persons have supposed that he was a successor of the Bishop whom Bertha, Ethelbert's queen, had brought over with her from Gaul. It is, however, a point which wants clearing up; and we commend it to the industry of students of history.

We are only giving a few notes of points which, as it seems to us, should have been elucidated by Mr. Flanagan. Our readers will excuse the desultory character of our observations, if from the time of the Conqueror we skip to that of Queen Elizabeth.

In speaking of the exaction of the oath of supremacy by that queen in the first year of her reign, our author says, "We have the testimony of the Protestant writers that it was refused by eighty rectors of churches, fifty prebendaries, fifteen presidents of colleges, twelve archdeacons, twelve deans, and six abbots and abbesses," besides all the Bishops except Kitchen of Llandaff.

"Cardinal Allen," he continues, "who travelled through a considerable part of England soon after these events, and who was intimately acquainted with several of those who resigned, gives very nearly the same account. He says that besides the Bishops, the Abbot of Westminster, four priors of religious houses, and three entire religious communities, there were twelve cathedral deans, fourteen archdeacons, more than sixty canons of cathedral churches, fifteen rectors of university colleges, more than twenty professors and doctors, and more than a hundred of those priests who were most remarkable both for position and reputation."

Now is it really true that there were only two hundred

and fifty or sixty ecclesiastics who were found faithful, and ready to suffer rather than to admit Elizabeth's pretensions? Is it likely that those who so lately, at the restoration of religion under Cardinal Pole, had repented of a former fall, should so soon forget all and fall again? And how does this small number explain the "dismal solitude" which Jewell complains of immediately after in the universities and in the Church, and which was so general, that as a remedy, the parliament had to admit to the livings men ordained at Geneva or elsewhere abroad, in lack of those who were fit for, or would submit to, the orders of the Anglican Bishops? We cannot help thinking that here, as in the case of Campion, Catholics, for want of better information, acquiesced in the false reports of Protestants, who would naturally do all they could to lessen the effect of the very extensive protest made by the clergy against their violence.

In support of our doubt, it may be observed, first, that we are told only how many "refused" the oath, without being told to how many it was tendered. Now we have reason to think that in the visitations of the first year of Elizabeth comparatively few of the clergy were required to swear. It was, we know, part of Burghley's policy in dealing with recusants never to summon many at a time, lest consciousness of numbers and strength might give boldness. The commissioners had general orders "that the letters to be sent forth for the appearance of the recusants be so used as that they come not many together at a time" (Harleian Mss. no 360, fol. 65). From an inspection of a visitation-book for the province of York in the State-Paper Office (Dom. Eliz. vol. x.), which records the proceedings of the commissioners in the north in August, September, and October 1559, we see plainly enough that this system was carried out. This book, which is not very clearly kept, purports to be a complete diary of what was done, and to contain the names not only of the recusants, but of those who subscribed the oath, as well as of those who absented themselves with or without appearing by proxy. That the book purports to be kept in this complete manner will appear by the following abstract of proceedings at the visitation in York Minster on Wednesday, September 6, 1559:

"Godfrey Downes, D.D., prebendary, obstinately and peremptorily refused to subscribe on three separate occasions; he was deprived of his benefices.

Robert Purseglove, suffragan Bishop of Hull and prebendary, refused four times; his benefices were in like manner sequestrated.

George Palmes, LL.D., prebendary, and Roger Marshall, prebendary, refused; and were deprived.

Robert Bapthorpe, D.D., prebendary, George Williamson, prebendary, and Richard Drewry, prebendary, subscribed voluntarily.

\*John Boxall, \*William Taylor, \*Maurice Clenocke, Peter Nedd, only appeared by proxy.

John Herde, prebendary, had already subscribed.

William Rokeby, Archdeacon of the East Riding, John Grene, and Baldwin Norton, appeared by proxy ; as also \*Richard Peter, prebendary, John Hebden, Richard Norman, prebendary, and William Bell.

John Warren, \*Alban Langdale, Arthur Lowe, John Seaton, Peter Vannes, \*Thomas Ardern, prebendary, Godfrey Morley, Thomas Clement, Thomas Theston, and George Blythe, made no appearance whatever."

Here it is evident that the visitation-book professes to give us a complete list of the persons summoned, and a division of them into four categories—recusants, subscribers, absentees who appeared by proxy, and absentees who made no appearance. Of the two categories of absentees, it is not too much to say, that ultimately they were nearly all recusants. The names marked with an asterisk in the above list are also found in Dr. Bridgewater's list of persons, "not indeed all, but only those that have come to our knowledge, who have suffered chains, confiscation of goods, exile, or death, under Queen Elizabeth." We need not wonder at not finding the names of the other absentees in the same catalogue, which is so incomplete, that it does not contain any of the names even of the recusants of the above list who are recorded in the visitation-book to have suffered the loss of their benefices, and to have been bound in heavy penalties to appear when called upon.

Now the number of names in this visitation-book altogether amounts only to thirty-six recusants, twenty-one subscribers (including one who was at the same time ordered to leave off his habits of tippling), sixteen absentees who appeared by proxy, and seventeen absentees who made no appearance ; that is, sixty-nine recusants and absentees to twenty-one subscribers. Now of the thirty-six recusants, four, or at most five (for one is too common a name to be certain of), are mentioned as sufferers by Bridgewater ; of the seventeen absent without proxies, three are certainly in Bridgewater, and perhaps two more ; of the sixteen absentees who sent proxies, seven are known from Bridgewater to have been recusants. Now Bridgewater certainly knew all that Allen knew, for Allen was part-author of the book. But he only knew four or five out of thirty-six who peremptorily refused, and were deprived on the spot, and only ten or

twelve out of thirty-seven who absented themselves; that is, he knew little more than one-fifth of the number of those who were deprived in this partial visitation.\* At the end of the volume, after a list of presentments of ruined churches and the like, we find an abstract of the number of rectors, vicars, and curates who refused to attend when summoned. They are, for the Diocese of York, 158; Chester, 85; Durham, 36; Carlisle, 35: total, 314. Of these we have a right to take 300 at least as recusants: add to these the sixty-nine mentioned above, and we have for the partial visitation of the single province of York a total of nearly 370 clergy who would not subscribe to the oath, instead of the 175 given by Protestant authorities for the whole of England, or the 250 claimed by Cardinal Allen and Bridgewater, who, after all, only followed Nicholas Sanders.

Almost any county history will show how the deprivations went on year by year; faithful to the principle "divide and rule," the new law was only applied to a few at a time, and for years the sequestrations were going on. We once examined how these matters were managed in the neighbourhood of Stratford-on-Avon, where Mr. Halliwell observes that Shakespeare's father could only have been acquainted with clergymen who passed without remonstrance from the Catholic *régime* of Queen Mary to the Protestant system of Elizabeth; so far was this from being so, that we found that the incumbents of Snitterfield, Aston Cantlowe, Stratford-on-Avon, Billesley, and apparently those of Wolverton, Hampton Lucy, and Alveston, all had to resign during the years 1560 and 1561, and to give place to preachers of the new learning. If other localities were similarly examined, we should probably be able to raise the number of deprived clergymen to thousands instead of hundreds; and we feel persuaded that a diligent comparison of documents will show that immense numbers of priests forfeited their preferments in the first few years of Elizabeth's reign. Till this point is cleared up, it is surely better to suspend the completion of our history than to adopt the under-statements of even so good an authority as Cardinal Allen. If only 300 had resigned, what need to fill the livings with "carpenters, blacksmiths, uneducated men of every mechanic art"? The practice of a few of the simpler rules of arithmetic might be sometimes useful to the critical faculty of a historian.

\* It is right to state, that this calculation is based on the imperfect alphabetical index in Bridgewater's *Concertatio*. If we had time or patience to look through the book itself, the numerical proportion would doubtless have to be somewhat modified.

The last point that we shall examine is one of far greater importance, namely, the Bull of St. Pius V., *Regnans in excelsis*, excommunicating and depriving Queen Elizabeth. The soundness of the policy which dictated this fulmination has always been a matter of question among English Catholics; its effect was doubtless to stir up a violent persecution, and the effect of this persecution was to make faithful Catholics shine more brightly, and to purge away from the Church a great mass of lukewarm religionists who entertained the idea of conciliating Christ and Belial, Catholicity and Protestantism. This was perhaps a happy result; and it is quite allowable for any reviewer or essayist to say that this was exactly what the Pope intended. But the historian should always prefer facts to theories.

The motives for the act are so plainly stated in the body of the Bull, that no historian need dive into his imagination to find others. After reciting the heresies, crimes, and deficient title of Elizabeth, it says: "All these things being notorious to all people, and proved by the clearest testimony, so as to leave no room for excuses, defence, or explanations, We, seeing that new sacrileges and crimes are being added continually to the old, and besides, that the persecution of the faithful and the affliction of religion is daily growing more severe by the urgency and action of the said Elizabeth; and understanding that she will neither listen to the remonstrances of the Catholic princes, nor receive our nuncio,—are compelled to take up the arms of justice against her, and to condemn her." Then follows her excommunication and deposition, or declaration that she was "deprived of all her pretended right to the kingdom, and of all dominion, dignity, and privilege;" and that her subjects were "absolved from all oath of allegiance," and commanded under pain of anathema "not to obey her, her admonitions, commands, and laws." This twofold sentence was signed, as Mr. Flanagan tells us, immediately after the close of the northern rebellion (Feb. 25, 1570), when the ill-considered attempt of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland to restore the Catholic religion had been put down by the arms of Catholics, and when in consequence a savage persecution had been commenced against those professors of our religion who were uncompromising in their fidelity to it.

The court of Rome felt bitterly the conduct of those Catholics who at the command of an illegitimate and persecuting queen took up arms against their brethren. The Pope thought to stay this conduct by his Bull. He consulted those English exiles who were around him at Rome; but they, like

all Englishmen who view the politics of their country through a Roman atmosphere, mistook the character and the dispositions of their countrymen. "The Bishop of St. Asaph's, the Bishop-elect of Bangor, the Dean of Hereford, the Rector of Lincoln College, the Prebendary of York, and the various doctors of divinity and other clergymen," doubtless assured the commissioners that the Pope had only to make his voice heard, and all these Catholics would obey. They were mistaken; it was by the arms of Catholics that Elizabeth was enabled to put down the Catholic religion, as afterwards it was by a Catholic admiral that she was defended from the Armada of the Spaniards; and as still England in great part depends on the sinews of Catholics to carry out any dream of conquest or reconquest she may entertain. It was, as the Pope implied, in hopes of withdrawing these men from the ranks of Elizabeth's upholders, and of thereby stopping the persecution of the faithful and the affliction of religion, that he issued his Bull. Such seems to be his meaning.

Mr. Flanagan, as a historian, was bound to tell us this; but instead he tells us, like an essayist, "The Pope felt undoubtedly that, *whatever might befall the property and persons of English Catholics*, it was time to provide for their souls at any cost; it was time for the warning voice of St. Peter to be heard," &c. We affirm, on the contrary, that the Pope thought by the Bull to save the property and persons of the Catholics; that if he had thought it would have embittered the persecution as it did, the holy man could have had no wish to plunge the English into such a fiery trial, in which so many souls would probably be lost. The same experiment had, indeed, been tried on Henry VIII.; but with no success, since it had only kindled the flames of persecution. Those times had now passed; several Popes had lived and died since then, and those events were forgotten at Rome; England, too, had seen her changes, and with the happiest auspices had been reconciled to the Church. The old lesson was every where forgotten; and the experiment was repeated, and with like results. It would not, however, have been repeated but for the representations of the English refugees, who unfortunately so entirely misread the spirit and character of their countrymen.

We must here guard ourselves from being misunderstood; we do not deny the Pope's right to depose Elizabeth, though we doubt whether it can be called a matter of faith or morals, wherein alone he is infallible.

1. We affirm that the Pope, as the supreme judge of morals, has the right to tell us how far we may obey certain laws, and where our obedience must end. And we confess

that Catholics are bound to accept his decision. Whether or not this is in practice a limitation of the power of the government, we will not stop to inquire. At any rate, in itself it involves no more than the passive resistance of the primitive Christians to the impious commands of Nero; it does not amount to any deposition of the monarch, or suspension of the government.

2. If, however, the monarch should be a Catholic, the same authority which could forbid his subjects to obey his laws could censure him for passing such laws; which could be no less than a public scandal, to be punished, according to the old canons, by a public penance, involving a separation from the company of the faithful or an excommunication.

In the early ages of the Church, the sacrament of penance was administered in a way now disused. Immediately after confession the penitent received absolution (*à culpâ*) of his sin; after this, if the sin was one that required it by the canons, the public penance was performed; and when this was completed a second absolution was given, *absolutio adæquata, à culpâ et pœnâ*, remitting the temporal punishment of the sin, and equivalent to the indulgences of the modern discipline of the Church.

During the public penance, the penitent was in a true state of excommunication. Besides having to abstain from the services of the Church, he was also interdicted from many civil and social functions: among the rest, he was forbidden to perform any military acts; whether it was to take him out of the danger of losing his life before his penance was accomplished, or for whatever other reason, the fact is clear, *non potuit militare*, he was interdicted for the time from military service.

But by the civil law the imperial and royal dignities are only military functions; it followed, therefore, by the canon law that a monarch, during his excommunication or public penance, had to lay aside the *insignia* and functions of royalty. But this did not amount to a deposition: the king was in the condition of a sick man; but this gave the head of the Church no right to say that such a person should never bear rule in future.

3. But a deposing power is requisite somewhere; there is no law that obliges nations to suffer a brute or a madman to rule over them for ever. "There is," says Dr. Johnson, "a remedy in human nature against tyranny," namely, "to cut off the oppressor's head." In modern days this right is recognised to reside in "the revolution," or "the barricades," that is, in the dregs of the populace of large towns. De Custine,

we think, wittily defined the Russian constitution as "an absolute monarchy limited by the institution of assassination." But assassination, insurrection, and revolution, are dreadful powers to let loose; it is like setting your house on fire to burn out the rats. It would be better if all the monarchs of Christendom could agree to lodge the right in some respectable hands; and what hands better than his, who by the institution of Christ already has the right of limiting monarchs' powers, both by limiting their subjects' obedience and by excommunicating them, if Catholics, from the exercise of their royal functions?

St. Gregory VII., with this persuasion, wrote to the monarchs of Europe asking them to acknowledge their dependence on him, and voluntarily to cede him this power. Many of them, liking to depend on the Pope better than on their own turbulent barons, admitted his right. William the Conqueror refused. His letter is preserved in Lanfranc's works.

"To Gregory, the most excellent pastor of the Holy Church, William, by the grace of God glorious king of the English and duke of the Normans, health with friendship.

Your legate Hubert, religious Father, came to me from you and admonished me to do fealty to you and your successors, and to think better of the money which my predecessors used to send to the Roman Church. One request I granted; the other I did not grant. I would not, nor will I, do fealty, because neither did I promise it, nor do I find that my predecessors did it to your predecessors. The money has been negligently collected for nearly three years whilst I have been in Gaul; but now that, by God's mercy, I have returned to my kingdom, what is collected is sent by the said legate; the rest shall be sent when there is opportunity, by the legates of Lanfranc, the Archbishop, our faithful (subject). Pray for us and for the state of our kingdom; for we have loved your predecessors, and we desire to love you more than all in sincerity, and to listen to you with obedience."

St. Gregory was not offended by this letter; he had asked, not for a right, but for a concession which he judged opportune. William, though a loving and obedient son of the Church, refused to grant it. St. Gregory answered him courteously, and spoke of this letter of his as having "filled him with joy at his prudence, honesty, and justice." England did not at that time admit, nor the Pope claim as a right, the deposing power: this was in 1080.

Time went on; in 1154 an Englishman was elected to fill the chair of St. Peter; the king of England, Henry II., cast a longing look on Ireland, but could make no just claim to it. He had recourse to his old subject, Pope Adrian IV.: but the Pope had no more right to Ireland than to England; he

could no more depose the reigning princes of Munster and Connaught than those of Britain. But a musty document was produced: it was a forgery,—not, however, known to be such in those uncritical days, and accepted in good faith by both parties,—purporting to be a donation of Constantine to the Roman Church, by which “all islands” of the empire became the property of the Popes. If Henry received Ireland under this grant, he tacitly admitted that he held England (also an island) by the same right; and it was under this grant that by his own ambassador, John of Salisbury, he accepted his new possession. We will give the very words of the English plenipotentiary.\*

“At my prayer, Adrian IV. granted and gave Ireland to the illustrious king of the English, Henry II., to be held by right of inheritance, as his letters testify to the present day. For by ancient right, all the islands are said to belong to the Roman Church by the donation of Constantine, who founded and endowed it. He also sent by my hands a gold ring set with a very fine emerald, to give him investiture of the right to govern Ireland; and the same ring is to this day ordered to be kept in the public archives of the court.”

The right which William had refused to give up to Gregory, Henry gave up to Adrian in exchange for the permission to invade Ireland. This concession was confirmed by Henry's son John, and allowed by the barons; and from that time England was one of those countries where, by the voluntary concession of prince and barons, the Pope had the right of deposing the prince. This right, together with all others implied in the word “fealty,” once obtained, became a portion of the endowments of the Church, and one of her material possessions. No tenant has a right to prejudice his successors by voluntarily relinquishing these possessions. It was moreover a right which was manifestly conducive to the preservation of religion, for it gave the Pope the power of deposing an apostate prince; its influence on the salvation of souls, therefore, was not indirect, but direct. It might be a question whether it was good for religion that monasteries, endowed with vast possessions when fifty acres of land did not support one man, should keep these immense estates when the country became thickly populated; but it could be no question whether it was for the good of religion for the Pope to exercise his acknowledged right of deposing Queen Elizabeth, if he found himself able to do so.

Moreover, after the question of right was decided, “Pius still delayed sentence until he had heard the various objec-

\* Joan. Salis. Metalogicus, lib. iv. cap. xlii.

tions that could be made to it." Those people were consulted who were thought to be, and who ought to have been, best acquainted with the English spirit. The right was proved; the general benefit to the Church, if the Bull could be carried out, was evident: for the question of fact, whether it could be effectually carried out, the Pope necessarily depended on his counsellors; and they misrepresented the true state of things in a way that we might call ludicrous, if the effects had not been so miserable, and so utterly different from those which the Bull was intended to produce.

This, we believe, is the true explanation of this famous Bull; it was the assertion of a right yielded to the Pope by two English monarchs for themselves and their successors. This assertion would never have been made unless the Pope had satisfied himself by the most careful inquiries that it would effect its purpose. He could not tell that the English Catholics would refuse to listen, or that they would continue from that day to this to shed their blood in the defence of the Protestant government, and thus perpetuate the sacrilege of Elizabeth, or doubtless he would have held his hand, and would not have fulminated his Bull in its actual form.

The excommunication which it contained of all who obeyed Elizabeth was the cause of the most frightful difficulties to Catholic priests during that whole reign, and indeed ever since. They were always asked what they thought of the Pope's deposing power: if they maintained it, they were manifest traitors to the queen; if they denied it, and professed themselves good subjects of Elizabeth, they apparently incurred the excommunication, and were traitors to the Pope. All the complications that afterwards arose were caused by this double-edged sentence; and the inextricable difficulties into which the priests were plunged caused them often to give trimming answers, which constitute the great difficulty in the way of the beatification of those among them who were martyrs. The whole question of their conduct is one that has yet to be thoroughly sifted. Among other things, it is to be considered that this deposing power of the Popes, who, as the Bull says, "are constituted princes over all kingdoms, to pluck out, destroy, scatter, and make to perish, to plant and to build," is not a power they possessed by Divine right, but by the voluntary cession of sovereigns, that is, by a civil bargain. It accrued to the Popes by gift or purchase, as any other material possession might; and thus it became part of the patrimony and estate of St. Peter. But now, in the government of this patrimony the Pope, we believe, may always resort to spiritual weapons. He may guard his territory not only by

arms, but by anathemas; he may punish offences against his civil government, not only by fine and imprisonment, but also by excommunication. We have seen a code of canons for the government of the ecclesiastical state wherein carrying salt across the frontiers was thus punished; and many such instances may be found in mediæval history. Now it occurs to us to ask, Is excommunication for a civil offence, that touches merely the temporal rights and privileges of the Pope, the same terrible thing as excommunication for an offence against morals or dogma? Are we really to suppose that heaven is shut to the man who smuggles salt across a frontier as really as to the man who denies the Trinity, or marries his father's wife? If this excommunication of the English was a civil one, intended only to preserve the Pope's temporal privileges over England, as such it comes within the same category as the excommunication for smuggling salt, which was intended to protect the finances of the Papal states. The Pope, of course, had a Divine right to excommunicate the queen for her heresy; but did not his right of deposing her depend on the validity of the bargain struck between Henry II. and Pope Adrian IV.? and did not the validity of the anathema against those who acknowledged Elizabeth depend on this right of deposition?

Some persons, doubtless, will see a just retribution in this: an English Pope sold to an English priest, who was ambassador of Henry II., a country which the king coveted, in exchange for a certain right; and by the exercise of this right a saintly successor of that Pope sealed the loss of England to the Church.

Mr. Flanagan, it appears to us, slurs over not this difficulty only, but also most others on which a controversy can be raised among Catholics; and most of the questions that have arisen in the Church since the change of religion are of this character. In such questions, two ways are open to the historian: either to take a side, and argue for a special view, like Dodd, Lingard, and Tierney; or conscientiously to expose the motives and reasons of each party, and to leave the reader to form a decision. Neither of these plans is followed in the volumes before us. The writer neither comes to a decision himself, nor furnishes his readers with uncooked materials for forming one; he seems afraid of following truth too close at the heels, lest it kick his teeth out. His narrative is therefore, as it were, boneless and nerveless, boiled down to a jelly; homogeneous throughout, but insipid. There is little brilliancy in his style; his periods are ill-constructed, and sometimes even hover on the confines of doubtful grammar; and the whole appears to be the production of a person too anxious

to avoid offending to allow him to narrate at his ease. This makes the style diffuse: he speaks too much, and says too little; the facts are not compressed, the descriptions do not individualise things, and all the peculiarities of the laws, liturgies, and customs of the Catholic Church in England are omitted, perhaps as being only "antiquarian theories."

It appears to us, then, that Mr. Flanagan's main merit is, that he is the first to have given a history that pretends to completeness. This is certainly a great step in advance; and though the book may easily be superseded by a better one, yet the next writer will make great use of Mr. Flanagan's labours, even if he does not found his own upon them.

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### CHINESE LIFE AND MANNERS.

*A Residence among the Chinese; Inland, on the Coast, and at Sea.* By Robert Fortune. Murray.

IN the face of a life-and-death struggle for the retention of our dominion over the vast empire of India,—a fearful and mysterious war, which has burst upon us with all the fury of a pent-up mountain-torrent, and in a few short months carried black desolation to hundreds of English dwellings, and lit up the fires of implacable revenge in thousands of English hearts,—it is only by an effort we recall the fact that we are also at issue with between three and four hundred millions of Asiatics inhabiting another mighty division of the great Eastern continent. If people think now of the Chinese expedition, and the unfortunate *Arrow*, it is only when they remember gladly that ships, troops, and ambassadors-plenipotentiary have all been diverted to the scene of a contest infinitely more important, where the presence of each single European—be he general, drummer-boy, or even civilian of any grade—is a warrant of security to those still in imminent peril of death, and worse than death, but who yet await with loyal confidence the speedy coming of their fellow-countrymen, if unhappily too late to save, at least in time to visit the savage murderers with stern and bloody justice. In one sense, therefore, Mr. Fortune's volume must be considered as a little unluckily timed; for he will hardly obtain the wide hearing a modest recital of his useful and amusing adventures deserves; but to those who have no immediate relations or dearly-loved friends endangered by the Indian war, and are

so spared the rack of hourly anxiety, his book will afford a very pleasant and agreeable relief from the perusal of horrors which it is not healthy for the mind to dwell upon too long.

Some fourteen years ago, our author landed in China for the first time, as botanical collector for the Horticultural Society of London. From 1848 to 1851 he was employed by the East India Company in collecting tea plants, seeds, implements, and green-tea makers, for the government plantations in the Himalayas; and from 1852 to 1856 in adding to these collections, and in procuring first-rate black-tea makers for the experimental tea-farms in India. The results of the former expeditions appeared in his *Three Years' Wanderings*, and *Journey to the Tea-Countries*; and in the present book he gives a minute account of extensive districts lying between the coast-line and the points formerly reached, with their natural productions, and the characters, manners, and customs of their inhabitants. It is not long since we journeyed with the Abbé Huc into the China of the past; and it is with equal interest we now accompany our shrewd botanical friend into the China of the present. No one, perhaps, out of the body of missionaries has had so much opportunity of getting at the home-life, habits, and manners of thought of this strange and anomalous people, with its barbarous civilisation, cowardice and endurance, treachery and hospitality, religion and infidelity, learning and utter folly; and as Mr. Fortune is neither philosopher, historian, diplomatist, ethnologist, nor statistician, he is obliged to tell all he sees and hears with no very special view beyond that of giving information, and with no other illumination than the lamp of common sense. In short, he puts things before his readers precisely as he found them; he rarely attempts to forestall their conclusions by any of his own; and when he does so, it is mostly as to points on which he has a right to be didactic. We can do no better for our readers, perhaps, than to follow his example; and in glancing through the narrative of his labours, stop here and there when we come to any thing bearing immediate relation to passing events, or illustrative of the peculiar mental organisation of the wonderful Chinese race.

In the very first chapter we are brought up short by an earthquake, no uncommon occurrence at Shanghai, where the scene is laid; but then follows a circumstance decidedly not within the experience of those versed only in the volcanic throes of Europe. At daybreak, groups of Chinese were seen in the gardens, roadsides, and fields, gathering *hairs*, said to make their appearance after an earthquake. On join-

ing the searchers, Mr. Fortune learned that these hairs proceeded from some huge subterraneous animal, whose slightest shake was sufficient to move the world; and he set to work at once, in the hope of securing a memorial of this animated fossil. Like his Chinese friends, he picked up hairs of dogs, cats, and horses, and the fibres of a palm; but failed both in his attempt to obtain a lock of the subterranean mammoth, and in a subsequent endeavour to shake the faith of the Chinese, even by ocular demonstration. A celestial is not a man to be convinced against his will. But the earthquake produced another striking illustration of the national character. Within a day or two a judgment was announced: a populous village with its inhabitants had been swallowed up, a pool of water taking its place. This report was repeated at a distance from Shanghae; and a nursery-gardener informed the author that the village in question had been full of bad people, and that this had happened on account of their sins. The site of a village just entombed being well worth visiting, Mr. Fortune arranged with the American consul and another friend to make the journey, the precise situation of the place being laid down as thirty miles up the river, south-west. Before starting, he prudently cautioned his servant, a trustworthy native, to make all necessary inquiries in order to guard against the possibility of mistake. After a couple of hours' examination, the man returned with the intelligence that it was *down* the river, and not up, the place must be sought; that, in his private opinion, the boatman knew nothing at all about the matter, and that the journey had better be put off. A few days afterwards, the parties who originally gave the information as to the sunken village coolly stated, that "it was quite true such an occurrence had taken place, but that it had happened about two hundred years ago!"

The rebellion, still raging in China, had already menaced Shanghae, and the imperialists were in a state of great alarm; but the course of the rebel armies does not appear in any material way to have deranged Mr. Fortune's plans, or to have interfered with his success. It will be remembered that this rebellion was hailed by a large section of the "religious public" in England, on the ground of its Christian character; it was believed that the thousands of Testaments sown broadcast on the celestial fields had come up in the shape of a noble crop of Evangelical Christians of the true Exeter-Hall stamp, and that henceforth China would be duly represented at the May meetings. Our author quotes the well-known exposition of the tenets of the rebels obtained by Mr. Medhurst, Chinese Secretary to the British Government at Hong-

kong, wherein it appears that their Christianity consists principally in the assumption by their leaders of the titles and attributes of the Holy Trinity; and he naïvely remarks, that "such professions . . . . incline us to pause before we can bring our minds to admit them to be Christians." He goes on, however, to assert that any change from Buddhism, Taouism, and the apathy of ages, is desirable, and believes that the deluge of Testaments must affect the "stony ground" at last. "Having these views," he concludes, "I fully agree with the following remarks made by a writer in the *Times* upon this subject: 'It cannot be said at present that the Chinese have learnt the Gospel; but they have, at any rate, been taught to abandon a system of idolatry, to profess themselves believers in something better, and to appeal to this new law for the correction of social evils.'" This is one of the points on which we certainly do not admit the right of our author to be didactic; but we forgive him his own nonsense in consideration of the absurd figure the *Times* cuts in his *mal-à-propos* quotation. The notion of a preparatory course of blasphemy as the "something better" to manure the ground for Church missions, is a little startling, to be sure; but then, says the practical *Times*, it is such a corrector of social evils! It is only fair to Mr. Fortune to add, that this is by no means a specimen of the quality of his work, which is singularly free from such obnoxious paragraphs as *will* find their way into most travellers' note-books when discoursing of religion. The Protestant chair of theology, be it remembered, is open to all comers; and he uses his privilege with becoming moderation. Leaving Tai-ping-wang and his rebel host to fight their battles in the province of Kiang-su and elsewhere, Mr. Fortune engaged a boat, and started from Ning-po for the tea-districts in the interior. At the end of a twelve-mile canal, leading to the foot of the hills, he was startled by a confusion of sounds, which turned out to be the shrill tones of hundreds of pilgrims on their way to the temple of Ayuka; the female sex greatly predominating, whether to display their holiday attire, or entirely on account of their greater devotion to the shrine, does not appear. The space from the entrance-gateway of the enclosure to the doors of the temple was lined with busy stall-keepers, all pressing their wares on the passers-by with enthusiasm,—candles, joss-sticks, and sycee paper to be burnt in Buddha's honour, and toys, curiosities, and sweetmeats for the amusement of his worshippers. After an inspection of the strange and noisy scene going on in the temple itself, our author paid a visit of ceremony to the high priest; a chatty old gentleman, who informed him

that he had given 3000 dollars or so for his post, and could only retain it three years, when his successor must cash down to the same tune. Having sipped his tea, Mr. Fortune requested a sight of a relic of Buddha, of which the monastery was happily possessed; and the priest who had charge of it was at once directed to exhibit it accordingly. Following his guide, he found the precious relic locked up in a bell-shaped dome; in this was an antique pagoda carved in wood; in the centre of this was a small bell, and at the bottom of the bell the *shay-le*, or relic, was said to be placed. The relic ungraciously refused at first to be visible, or to shine; but in the end became more accommodating. "It might be imagination,—I dare say it was,—but I really thought I saw something unusual in the thing, as if some brilliant colours were playing about it." There are 84,000 pores in a man's body; and, passing through all transmigrations, he finally leaves behind 84,000 particles of miserable dust. Buddha's body has also 84,000 pores; but by resisting evil, instead of the dust he has perfected 84,000 relics, as hard and bright as diamonds. Over these Ayuka built as many pagodas; but since the relics are only visible to the eye of faith, the human race has not enjoyed all the benefits from them that might have been expected. Mahomet was a greater benefactor to his followers; for, if we may believe him (and who should know better than himself?), his sweat produced the rose, which reveals its beauty to all without any conditions whatever, and has charms even for the blind.

Having completed his inspection of the tea-districts adjoining Ayuka's temple, and bid adieu to his hospitable Buddhist hosts, Mr. Fortune, on his return to Ning-po, visited Tse-kee, an ancient city some ten miles distant. Crowds of inquisitive people thronged at once round the stranger, questioning him as to where he came from, where he was going to, and what he wanted to buy; but all good-humouredly, and with great deference and respect. In the middle of the city he found an excellently supplied market, fully half a mile long, and literally crammed with articles of food. Here is a sketch from it:

"Frogs seemed much in demand. They are brought to market in tubs and baskets, and the vendor employs himself in skinning them as he sits making sales. He is extremely expert at this part of his business. He takes up the frog in his left hand; and with a knife, which he holds in his right, chops off the fore-part of its head. The skin is then drawn back over the body and down to the feet, which are chopped off and thrown away. The poor frog, still alive, but headless, skinless, and without feet, is then thrown into another

tub, and the operation is repeated on the rest in the same way. Every now and then the artist lays down his knife, and takes up his scales to weigh these animals for his customers and make his sales. Every thing in this civilised country, whether it be gold or silver, geese or frogs, is sold by weight."

The scenery round Tse-kee is beautiful in the extreme, and the most lovely spots on the hill-sides are chosen for graves. The ashes of the dead are visited at stated times by the surviving relatives, who burn incense and sycee paper, and chant prayers in commemoration of the departed spirits. No doubt much genuine sorrow is felt; but the custom necessarily involves a good deal of acting, in which the celestials are adepts. On one occasion the author saw a gaily-dressed lady, with her two female servants, and a coolie carrying provisions, a box of clothes, incense, and sycee paper, at a lately-made tomb. Chatting and laughing gaily with her attendants, she commenced robing herself in sackcloth over her bright satin; but observing that she was in presence of a stranger, she stopped immediately, and threw the gown to her women. Aware of his rudeness, Mr. Fortune retired, but only to a sheltered position, where an opening in a hedge allowed him to look on in safety. The sackcloth was now again assumed, and the wailing commenced in the most business-like manner, continuing about half an hour; when the handsome widow, having consigned the garments of woe once more to the coolie, as gay and bright as before, stepped into her chair and was carried away from the scene of mourning.

Botanist as the author was, and busily engaged in his own proper affairs, like all good and true men of science, he did not forget his brother-labourers. The hilly districts round Tse-kee were particularly rich in beautiful and rare insects, and these were vigorously captured by Mr. Fortune and his servants. The Chinese cannot by any means take in the idea of entomology as a science; and while the mass thought him a little cracked, the more intelligent insisted that the collections were simply made for medicinal purposes. A promise of a few cash (100 cash are equal to about 4½*d.*) set hundreds of hands at work; and on the author's return to his boat in the evening, the banks of the stream were crowded with old women and young, men, boys, and infants in arms, all huddled together with baskets, basins, hollow bamboos, and other vessels; and "Mâ jung! mâ jung!" (Buy insects! buy insects!) was shouted by a hundred voices. Alas, on examination, butterflies, beetles, dragon-flies, bees,—legs, wings, scales, and antennæ,—were all broken and mixed in the wildest confusion. It was the old story—the insects *must* be wanted for medicine,

and would have to be broken up at any rate: what did it signify? They had come to sell them, according to universal Chinese custom, by the ounce or pound.

Mr. Fortune is a connoisseur in Chinese works of art, and devotes a whole chapter to the subject, giving a full description of the treasures of a brother-enthusiast, a native gentleman of Tse-kee. Both had an equal horror of modern china-ware, and avoided alike carved ivory balls, grotesques in sandal-wood, soapstone, and the like, confining their attention solely to ancient specimens of china, bronzes, enamels, and so forth. The keepers of "old-curiosity shops" (Wardour Street is abundantly represented at Ning-po) took advantage of the eagerness of each antiquary to possess some unique example, and by pitting them against one another enhanced the price of the goods, but without causing any interruption of the friendly intercourse between the *virtuosi*. The author is great on "exquisite bits of crackle," handsome specimens of "old lacquer," and "old gold japan," and becomes quite pathetic over the loss of the art in these modern degenerate days. On the whole, his friend's collection was the finest he had ever seen, and "a real treat." True to the national character, however, the rich Chinese collectors do not appreciate any article of foreign art. A fine picture, bronze, or porcelain vase of barbarian origin might be accepted as a present, but not bought; while they are passionately fond of their own ancient productions, and will not be deterred from purchase by any amount of cost.

The author did not permit his amusements in any way to interfere with his important labours; but perpetually travelling by boat (canals and rivers being the high roads of China), examined the country for miles in all directions, and made arrangements with the small farmers for large supplies of seeds of the tea-plant, and such fruit and forest trees as were likely to suit the climate, or rather climates, of India. The farmers and the peasantry, as a body, he considers a happy race, industrious, peaceful, and contented; but owing to the weakness of the despicable government of China, and its utter venality, the waters swarm with pirates, and the success of the rebels has in addition let loose thousands of bad characters to victimise the people, and rob, pillage, and murder in every direction. The female members of the farmer-class are not so much restricted as those of higher rank, who may neither look on strangers nor speak to them. At first, when Mr. Fortune suddenly appeared in the court of a farmer's house, the ladies would scuttle off on their poor deformed feet, overturning stools, spinning-wheels, and any thing else in their

way. This gradually wore off when they found he was a civilised being; and they would often ask him to sit down and bring him a cup of tea with their own fair hands, going on with their work in his presence, and talking and laughing as gaily as if no foreign "devil" were one of the company. Coy as the lovely creatures are, they have a knack of working themselves into a sort of Berserker rage on small occasion; and he was witness to several outbreaks of the kind. For instance, a couple of men had bought some bamboo-trees which had been duly marked; but in felling they cut down a very fine one not for sale. Just then the wife of the farmer of whom the purchase had been made appeared in a state of great excitement. The rest of the story should be told in the author's own words:

"The old lady was so excited, that she either did not see me, or her anger made her disregard the presence of a stranger. She commenced first in short low sentences to lament the loss of the bamboo; then louder and louder sentence after sentence rolled from her tongue, in which she abused the unfortunate men for their conduct. At last she seemed to have worked herself up to a frantic state of excitement; she threw off her head-dress, tore her hair, and screamed so loud that she might have been heard for more than a mile. Her passion reached the climax at last, and human nature could stand it no longer. With an unearthly yell and a sort of hysteric gulp, she tumbled backwards on the ground, threw her little feet in the air, gave two or three kicks, and all was still. Up to this point I had been rather amused than otherwise; but, as she lay perfectly still, and foamed at the mouth, I became alarmed. The poor men had been standing all this time, hanging their heads and looking as sheepish as possible. I now looked round to see what effect this state of things had on them. They both shrugged their shoulders, laughed, and went on with their work. About a quarter of an hour afterwards I came back to the spot to see how matters stood; she was still lying on the ground, but apparently recovering. I raised her, and begged her to sit up, which she did with a melancholy shake of the head; but she either could not or would not speak. In a little while afterwards I saw her rise up and walk slowly and quietly home. Such scenes as that which I have just noticed are very common in the country."

Mr. Fortune's arrangements with the tea cultivators and farmers being successfully terminated, he returned to Shanghai in order to accomplish the more difficult task of procuring and forwarding to India some first-rate black-tea manufacturers. He found rumours current that the Fokien and Canton men, who are numerous at the port, were about to hoist the standard of the rebel emperor; and very shortly, on going one morning to the city, he saw at a glance that some-

thing unusual had taken place. A small band of men, composed chiefly of the members of one of the numerous secret societies which infest China, had inaugurated an attack on the mandarins by the brutal murder of the Che-heen, one of the chief magistrates. His mangled body lay in his house, which was being gravely pillaged by a body of respectable orderly plunderers, whose proceedings were sanctioned by the victorious rebels. The author ventured among the latter at their head-quarters, and declares that a more blackguard or unruly gang of ruffians he had never seen; and asks, "Will it be credited that a city containing upwards of 200,000 inhabitants,—walled and fortified, and, to a certain extent, prepared for an attack,—allowed itself to be taken by a band of marauders scarcely numbering 500 men, badly armed, undisciplined, and bent on plunder?" Yet for more than a year the apathy and cowardice of the citizens submitted to the yoke, and not an attempt was made by them to throw it off. Mr. Fortune severely, and we do not doubt with great justice, blames the foreign residents, inasmuch as they actually encouraged the attack and sympathised with the thieves who executed it. Civil and naval officers, he alleges, missionaries, merchants, and shopkeepers, all, with a few honourable exceptions, were in favour of the debauched band who took Shanghai; scoundrels who spent their days and nights in opium-smoking, in drunkenness, and all kinds of villany, giving out that they were followers of "the Christian king," Tai-ping-wang. In due course the imperial forces invested the city; and then began a series of childish skirmishes between them and the insurgents. These sham-fights were turned into earnest by the commanders of the French ships of war in the port (some of the "honourable exceptions," we presume), who had never looked with a friendly eye on the marauders, and now took occasion of some opportune disputes to bombard them; and finally the rebels, at least all who could, evacuated the city. This was immediately entered by the imperial troops, who at once set it on fire, plundering the wretched inhabitants of what had been left by the rebels, which was not much, and filling their cup of misery to the brim. When the author visited Shanghai a few days after the evacuation, fully one-third of the ancient city was in ruins; and the poor inhabitants were wandering about, looking out for the spots where their dwellings had stood, but most of them so heart-broken and paralysed that they could take no steps to rebuild their shattered walls.

During his sojourn at the temple of Tein-tung, which he made his head-quarters while at work among the hills of the

province of Che-kiang, Mr. Fortune assisted at the obsequies of a priest of the second order. Those of the first order are burnt. "I never had an opportunity of witnessing the ceremony of burning these bodies; but my old friend the priest, with whom I was staying, confessed that the sight was any thing but agreeable." In the present instance, a young priest ran into the house crying out to the author's friend, "Come with me; make haste, for Tang-a is dying." Hastening to the sick man's house, they found him dead. After a few minutes the body was washed and dressed, and for three days lay in state in an open chamber; a lamp, with sticks of incense, was burning day and night, and at intervals four or five yellow-robed priests chanted prayers. The third day the corpse was placed in a coffin, and four tables were arranged with offerings of rice, vegetables, cakes, fruits, and other delicacies,—all the produce of the vegetable kingdom. On two strings were suspended numerous small paper dresses cut in Chinese fashion, and on the ground large quantities of paper made up and painted to imitate ingots of sycee silver. Buddha is easily satisfied, and likes the representation quite as well as the thing figured. A rude painting of the god was hung up in the centre of the court, before which incense was burning; and many objects of minor note completed the picture. "Is not this very fine?" said the priest to me. "Have you any exhibitions of the kind in your country? You must pay it a visit in the evening, when all will be lighted up with candles, and when the scene will be more grand and imposing." In the evening the whole was a blaze of lights, the priests in splendid robes, and the funeral service in full swing, the whole having really an extraordinary and imposing effect. After a time an important addition was made to the company:

"A priest who was sitting at my elbow now whispered in my ear that Buddha himself was about to appear. 'You will not see him, nor shall I, nor any one in the place, except the high-priest, who is clothed in the scarlet robe, and has a star-shaped crown on his head; he will see him.' Some one outside now fired three rockets, and at once every sound was hushed; one might have heard a pin drop on the ground; and the priest at my elbow whispered, 'Buddha comes.' Prostrate yourselves: ah! pull your caps off."

The priest's information was quite correct as to the general invisibility of Buddha; and presently the author's host told him that all worth seeing was over, that it was very late and time to go home; but that the funeral would take place early the next morning, when he should be duly called, if he

wished to attend. At twilight he was awakened by the discharge of fireworks; and dressing hastily, was just in time to join the procession. This was swelled as it passed the dwellings (minor temples) of the priests by numerous sacerdotal accessions, and wound along the mountain-pathway until, at the last temple of the range, the body was deposited on two stools in front of one of the great images; and then, "China-like, before proceeding further *all went home to breakfast.*" This important business satisfactorily concluded, the party re-assembled in the temple, the coolies adjusted their ropes to the coffin, and the procession started afresh; but this time the priests only followed a short distance, and the chief-mourner, intimate friends, and servants of the deceased, with a band of music, alone accompanied the dead man to his resting-place, — a retired and beautiful spot, where the coffin was simply placed on the ground, to be covered with thatch or brick-work at a future opportunity. We should not omit to mention, that during the devotional exercises in the temple the Chinese audience "were sitting smoking on each side, and looking on as if this were a play or some other kind of amusement."

Piracy is carried on in all the Chinese waters on such a scale, and so systematically, that the native merchants and traders have, as a matter of course, to arrange for the safe convoy of any goods they may risk in the thousands of junks that perform the office of luggage-trains and waggons in the west. Where they meet with no resistance, the pirates for the most part strip the unhappy victims of property and personal effects, leaving their bodies sound; but opposition rouses that dormant cruelty, that disposition to maim and mangle, which is more or less characteristic of all Asiatics. In spite of their professed contempt for foreign prowess, not only the merchants, but the government officials themselves, are too glad, when possible, to make use of the courage of the strangers, and of the prestige it carries with it. While Mr. Fortune was at Foo-chow-foo, a small American steamer was chartered to convey boxes of treasure, with a guard of mandarins and soldiers, to the island of Formosa, where the rebellion was going on, and where it was necessary to have money to pay the expenses of the war; and he took this opportunity of visiting the island. The decks were covered with Chinese soldiers, their luggage and arms of all sorts,—bows and arrows, short swords, matchlocks, and bamboo shields,—and the sycee silver was safely stowed on board. The Yankee captain, however, understood his passengers: the coast was swarming with pirates both on land and at sea, and the money

was an extraordinary temptation ; so " the night, from eight p.m. to four next morning, was divided into four watches of two hours each ; and as we numbered in all about eight or nine persons (Europeans), there was enough to have two for each watch." Armed, therefore, with pistol, cutlass, and matchlock, a couple of foreign devils watched over the ship, the money, the soldiers, and the mandarins; the Chinese military being treated as absolutely less than nothing in reckoning up the defensive force, and accepting this negative position as right and proper. No alarm of consequence occurred ; and the passage of about a hundred miles being rapidly run over, the brave warriors, who, notwithstanding the semi-amphibious nature of the seaboard population, had sacrificed profusely to Neptune, recovered their legs and their spirits, and landed with bag and baggage in great force.

Our author's estimate of Chinese character is evidently intended to be very impartial : if, indeed, he shows any bias, it is in passing over somewhat too lightly broad facts which tell against them not only as individuals, but as a race ; and many of the abominable vices which we know from other authorities to exist among them are not alluded to, probably because they did not come under his immediate observation. On the whole, he does not modify in any material way our opinion as to the entire hollowness of Chinese civilisation,—that child of centuries of isolation from the great family of nations, educated under the deadly influence of cold metaphysical systems, combinations of superstition, and infidelity. The Chinese mind is essentially infidel ; and more unpromising ground for the labours of the missionary priest cannot be found among the wildest savages that traverse the plains of Africa. No country in modern days has been so watered with the blood of martyrs, and produced so barren a harvest ; for the Catholics of China, confessors though they be, are but a grain of wheat in a wide-spread desert. In all matters of trade, politics, and economical science, the shrewd, clear, wily intellect of the Chinese is more than a match for the energy of the European ; and it is useless to talk to him of religion when his sagacity has satisfied him beyond a doubt that the heart of the western merchant is where his treasure is—in chests of tea and opium, and in bales of silk ; that whatever his faith may be, his works are works of commerce, inspired solely by the god of dollars. In former times, when Catholic nations pushed discovery and conquest into unknown lands, their first thought was to plant the Cross on the new soil. God forbid that we should defend the atrocious acts which defiled some of those expeditions, the bar-

barous cruelties, violence, and extortion, which yet belonged as much to the times as to the men. They sinned; and the punishment fell on individuals and on nations, and it continues to this day as a warning. Yet, with all this, the great fact remains: wherever they conquered, there souls were won; and if they appeared as ministers of vengeance, they carried with them not the less the tidings of the mercy of God. Times have changed; and though the ploughshare and the loom have not altogether replaced the sword and the spear, the immense increase of the western populations in days of comparative peace has brought with it the need of gigantic industry to fill millions of mouths with food, and to supply them with clothing. Foremost among these nations stands the British. We have overflowed our borders, and spread our language, our trade, our customs, and our laws, into the four quarters of the globe. Though not unstained by the cruelties of conquest, our yoke has been, as a rule, a relief to the people, who in submitting to us have exchanged a harsh tyranny for one more endurable; who have found some substance of justice where even the name did not exist. But our Protestant Christianity, what as to that? Let India, Australia, Africa, the West Indies,—let America, and a hundred ocean islands, answer the question. It has done literally nothing; and it is well, though perhaps not for us, that it is so. Material prosperity has been our one great object; and this has been exclusively pursued with an energy, activity, and intelligence,—a courage, skill, and perseverance,—which has overborne all opposition and outstripped the world. Our success has been rapid and proportionate; is it equally sound and secure? We think not, and point to India as a pregnant illustration. We had indoctrinated that continent with the true principles of commerce; we had established courts of law, where the relations of *meum* and *tuum* were settled on a sound basis, and the rights of property duly enforced; we had bestowed titles of honour on native merchant-princes, and had begun to train the iron horse to bear the produce of the land, and the iron wire to whisper the price of the market;—but all the while the gods of the Hindoos were grinning in their temples, the crescent of Mahomet shone with undimmed lustre. Our Indian government has proved a total and miserable failure; and after a dreadful interval, must be re-established on a widely different plan, which even the mere politician now admits must include some faint recognition of the existence of Christianity as a subordinate element. We have been led to these observations by the last chapter in the author's volume, which he devotes to the consideration of our

present quarrel with the Chinese about the lorcha *Arrow*. This is purely a commercial "difficulty," and if it involved no further consequences than the extension or diminution of our trade with the port of Canton, we should regard it with little interest; but China is as India was, and, in truth, most important matters are concerned; the end, as Mr. Fortune observes, "is most difficult for those even who are best acquainted with China and the Chinese to foresee." The merits of the case it is not easy to understand. It *seems* very like extemporising a grievance on slender grounds in order to have an excuse for enforcing the provisions of a treaty which has been left in abeyance by a most blundering policy at headquarters here. These lorchas, it appears, are rarely owned or sailed by Englishmen; they fly the Portuguese flag, and are numbered and registered at Macao. Some are common traders, some act as armed vessels in convoying junks, and not a few are inveterate smugglers; and the author considers it as a great abuse that they should be allowed to sail under the English flag without any efficient control. As matters stand, however, he is clear that we cannot retract: "Whether we were right or wrong, therefore, at the commencement of this unfortunate dispute, it is now absolutely necessary for us to carry it through until our relations are placed upon a firm and satisfactory basis;" and this "in order to be humane in the strictest sense of the term, to prevent future war and bloodshed." For ourselves, we look upon the struggle as the insertion of the narrow end of the wedge which is to rend asunder the isolation of this strange pagan empire, and make a free passage whereby not only English commerce may find its way to the very core, but through which the light of the Truth may reach the most distant corner. It is to the credit of English good faith in her system, that she seeks no monopoly of advantage in her treaties of commerce; where she goes, there the road is open for others to compete with her on equal terms; and it will not be her fault if the Catholic states of Europe are behindhand in seizing the opportunity which, in all human probability, will soon be afforded them of insuring ample security and stability to their missions. The policy of isolation once infringed, a heavy blow may be dealt at the overweening conceit and self-sufficiency of the literate Chinese; and their influence weakened, an attack on the prejudices of the humbler classes would follow with immense increase of force and chance of success. For these reasons, we are not inclined to criticise with any very particular minuteness the technicalities of the precise matter at issue; the time for doing so is past. On the other hand, we rejoice at the prospect of

a negotiation, even though it should be attended unfortunately with some amount of bloodshed, which will have the effect of opening up afresh this fine country, with its millions of busy souls, to wider efforts of the missionary priest, and of restoring the free exercise of their religion to those scattered children of the Church who live there in hourly danger of torture and death.

We must not conclude without a word of commendation to Mr. Fortune. In addition to his very graphic and numerous details of Chinese domestic life and manners, the reader will find much information as to the natural productions of the extensive districts visited by him in the active performance of his duties. Somehow these botanical gentlemen have the knack of being very entertaining as well as instructive. We suppose the contemplation of the flowers of the field in the dewy morning is exhilarating, for it is rare to meet an open-air writer who is dull and tedious; and we trust some one like our author, or Dr. Hooker, may ever be wandering in tea-districts in China, or climbing the Himalayas after rhododendrons, in our service. There are plenty of other places, too, which will afford great materials, and about which we know less.

#### DÖLLINGER'S HEATHENISM AND JUDAISM.

*Heidenthum und Judenthum: Vorhalle zur Geschichte des Christenthums.* Von Joh. Jos. Ign. Döllinger. Manz, Regensburg. 1857.—*Heathenism and Judaism: the Vestibule to the History of Christianity.* By J. Josh. Ign. Döllinger. Manz, Ratisbon. 1857. 8vo, pp. 885.

WHEN, in a former Number\* of the *Rambler*, we reviewed Dr. Döllinger's work on *Hippolytus and Callistus*, we had occasion to mention the learned and interesting sketches it contained of heathen society in ancient Rome. Dr. Döllinger has now produced a work in which not only the society of ancient Rome, but of the entire heathen and Jewish world, up to the time of Christianity, is portrayed in its religious, philosophical, and moral aspects on a scale of completeness hitherto, as he thinks, unattempted; nor are we able to adduce any book on the same subject worthy of being compared for

\* No. xxii. vol. iv.

a moment with the volume at the head of this article. It is certain, that if you wish thoroughly to understand the history of Christianity, you must first of all thoroughly understand the heathen and Jewish systems of religion which mankind professed anterior to it. You must understand what kind of ground Christianity found to plant its foot upon, what the doctrines and speculations were to which it could attach itself, what circumstances cleared the way for it, or facilitated its diffusion; what obstacles, prejudices, and errors it had to overcome, what enemies to fight against, what evils to cure. This is the task which Dr. Döllinger seeks in his new work to enable you to accomplish. It is divided into ten books; nine of which are devoted to the heathen nations of antiquity, and the tenth to the Jews. The first book gives a territorial and political view of the Roman empire under Augustus, and then of the states and kingdoms east and west beyond the Roman frontier. The second book enters on the subject of the religions of antiquity; treating first the religion of Greece, its twelve Olympic divinities, its inferior divinities, its demons and heroes. The origin of the Greek polytheism is thus described by Dr. Döllinger:

“All the heathen religions, as they now subsisted from olden times among the united nations of the Roman empire, had the deification of nature or of nature's powers for their foundation. The elements, the sun, the heavens, the planets, the special objects of nature, physical phenomena,—these it was that, deified and worshipped, led to the rise and development of the polytheistic religions. When once an obscuration of man's original consciousness of God, a self-guilty estrangement on his part from the one living God, had set in; when man, even under the preponderating sway of sensuality and sensual pleasure, and consequently weakened in his moral freedom, was also no longer capable of apprehending the Divinity as a purely spiritual and supernatural being, distinct from, and infinitely exalted above, the world,—then it inevitably happened that, wholly banished and shut up with his intellectual horizon within the limits of nature, he sought to satisfy the innate necessity of his soul to believe in and worship the Divinity by a deification of material nature: for even in a state of obscuration, the idea of a Divinity, no longer known, it is true, but still surmised and felt, continued to be powerful; and the truth that the Divinity revealed itself as every where present and active in nature was perceived. Now all nature unfolded herself before the senses of men as a boundless domain, in which an infinite fullness of immeasurable and incalculable powers and energies not to be subdued was comprised. Every where she confronted them, even there where—already superior to the first impressions of the senses—men had penetrated deeper and deeper into her interior life, as an inscrutable mystery. But at the same time

there was developed among them a sympathy for naturalism, easily heightened into a passion, which led them to give themselves up the more willingly to nature's powers and impulses; so that while men were entangled more and more by her spell, and dragged down by her weight, their moral consciousness was disturbed in an equal degree, and their merely physical impulses completely let loose" (pp. 54, 55).

In discussing, in the third book of his work, the mysteries and doctrines of Orpheus, our author begins by correcting the common mistake, that the mysteries in question had any thing to do with a secret doctrine transmitted down in an hereditary manner through particular generations of priests or theologians, and spoken as a commentary in explanation of the symbolical acts and representations,—a monotheistic doctrine, as it were, by which the prevailing errors of the popular polytheism should be corrected. In the mysteries no doctrinal lectures were given, no dogmatical instruction took place; the understanding was not appealed to, the senses were appealed to instead; for the whole thing was nothing but a play, preceded by purifications, sacrifices, and injunctions how to behave. The fate of certain gods, their joys and sorrows, their appearance on the earth, their relations to men, their death or their descent into the nether world, their return or resurrection,—all this was represented in a series of dramatic scenes arranged for a nightly festival, and got up, especially at Athens, in the most brilliant manner, with every appliance of art and sensual pomp, with dancing and singing; so that nothing could be more calculated to seize powerfully the fancy and feelings of the spectators, in whose breasts the most opposite sensations of horror and delight, of sadness, fear, and hope, were alternately excited. All that was done in the mysteries generally was comprised under the designation of "things shown, acted, and spoken." Certain objects, symbols or relics, held as especially holy, were the things shown. The things acted were the dramatic representations of the deeds and fates of the gods, to which sacrifices and purifications were added. The things spoken were partly "sacred legends," as they were called, in which some mythical event, something done or suffered by a divinity, was related in explanation of a symbol or rite; partly liturgical forms, short enigmatical exclamations referring to the incidents represented, besides prayers and hymns. Hence the mysteries were certainly founded on a doctrine; or a doctrine might be drawn from them, as in reality was the case, though in a very contradictory manner. Only this doctrine was not propounded as such; it was partly a supposition, it lay partly veiled in

the symbols exhibited, in the divine histories represented, and in the forms of prayer; and in what way each person chose to interpret all this was left wholly to his own powers of reflection and the degree of mental culture he possessed. The principal doctrine thus drawn from the mysteries was, that a much more blissful state of existence after death was reserved for their adepts than for the rest of the world. And this was the main secret of the charm which the mysteries exercised, especially in Greece, where the Eleusinian mysteries at Athens, on which Dr. Döllinger dwells at great length, surpassed all the rest, as well in the assurance which they imparted of a happy hereafter, as in the artistic splendour and tasteful beauty of their dramatic decorations. Still neither the Eleusinian nor any other ancient mysteries appear to have found favour in the eyes of the ancient philosophers, who speak of them in terms either of contempt or positive blame—Plato, Plutarch, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and the Jewish philosopher Philo—as of a degrading and demoralising tendency. With regard to the early Christian apologists, their judgment upon the mysteries was of the most damning sort. Clement of Alexandria, for instance, who evidently had an exact knowledge of them, declares them to have been institutions full of fraud and jugglery, in which religious rites of revolting cruelty and indecency were performed.

In his fourth book, our author describes the priesthood, sacrifices, oracles, and entire ceremonial of Greek worship. The office of a priest had nothing to do in ancient Greece with the preservation or inculcation of any doctrine whatever; as among the Greeks nothing was ever taught about religion, the legends of the gods being handed down by popular tradition and the verses of the poets. A Greek priest had only to perform sacrificial rites, to take care of the temple and the property belonging to it. No particular bent of mind, no learned education, were required to qualify him for his duties. Thus the ancient writers, Plutarch and Dio Chrysostomos for example, when alluding to the kinds of men adapted to throw light on religious questions, never mention priests, but only poets, philosophers, legislators, sculptors, and painters. Physical beauty of person was a special recommendation for the Grecian priesthood, as also virginal purity; so that in the latter case the office of a priest or priestess was only filled by young boys and girls till a certain age, when they were replaced by others. The Greeks appear to have been much given to prayer; but they prayed only for earthly goods as the rule—for victory, health, long life, and plenty of money: seldom or ever for such a thing as moral virtue; which, in-

deed, Plato expressly says, every one must procure for himself, as it is no gift of the gods. The heathen Greek prayed standing, not kneeling. This posture he abhorred, as barbarous and superstitious. He prayed with a loud voice, with his arms spread out towards heaven. But if his prayer was addressed to the subterranean gods, he stamped on the earth with his feet or struck it with his hands. To blow kisses to the gods was a sign of the highest perfection of prayer. Great importance was attached by the Greek devotee to calling the gods by their right names, or by names especially agreeable to them. As these names were often uncertain, he was very cautious how he expressed himself, and added: "Whether this name or another name be more agreeable to thee." Far more efficacy, however, was attributed by the Greeks to curses than to prayers; as is ever the case in all natural religions, where fear is more powerful than love or confidence. The Greek uttered curses much oftener than blessings. While they seem not to have known the custom of blessing their children, they believed firmly, like all the rest of antiquity, that the curse of a parent on an ungrateful or undutiful child was sure of the most terrible fulfilment. The Greeks worshipped the images of the gods because they deemed them to contain the divinity itself, in the same way as the body contains the soul. It was when an image was solemnly consecrated for the temple that the god it represented was supposed to descend into it and reside in it. "When does your god begin to exist?" says Minucius Felix, expressing the common opinion of Greeks and Romans. "See, he is cast, wrought, and carved; still he is no god. See, he is coated with lead, put together, set up; and still he is no god. See, he is decked-out, consecrated, and prayed to: now at last he is a god, when the good pleasure of a mortal has consecrated him as such" (p. 217).

The fifth book of our author's work treats of the Greek philosophy, and its influence upon the religious opinions and conduct of the people; as also of the development of religious ideas among the Greeks from the sixth century before Christ.

"It was first of all," says Dr. Döllinger, "the cosmogonic theology of the poets, especially as propounded by Hesiod, which supplied the material and contained the charm for the sifting and shaping activity of the awakening spirit of inquiry among the Greeks. The cosmogonic problem, how the world and the multiplicity of finite things had arisen out of one primordial being, was in the first place to be solved. Here, then, was the birthplace of Greek philosophy,—the greatest and noblest fruit of the Hellenic mind, of that philosophy which a Christian doctor of the Church (Clement of Alexandria) afterwards declared to be a gift bestowed by Divine Providence it-

self on the best of the Greeks as a prefiguration of Christianity ; but which, it must be owned, found itself even from its commencement, and throughout its whole career, now in open, now in disguised contradiction to, now in direct, now in indirect warfare with, the state religion and the religious ideas of the people" (p. 222).

After duly passing in review the Ionic school of philosophy, Heraclitus and his school, Pythagoras with his theory of transmigration of souls, the Eleatic school, the pantheistic system of Empedocles, then the grossly atomistic system of Democritus, who even pronounced the soul to be nothing but an aggregate of round fiery particles in a constant state of renewal by the process of breathing, and as giving motion to and pervading our thick visible bodies like a second body of finer texture,—withal that this great philosopher expressed his opinion that the soul was only capable of thinking rationally when her warmth was at a proper temperature, so that if she was either too hot or too cold she could only think nonsense!—after describing the sophists Protagoras, Gorgias, Prodicus, Cretias, Antiphon, &c., with their materialist and atheistic views, Dr. Döllinger arrives at Socrates, whom he thus introduces to our notice :

"The founder of Attic philosophy, the sculptor Socrates, was, in the language of Athens, a sophist like the rest ; for so every one was then called who pursued philosophic speculations, and made the extension of his views by means of public lectures or conversation the business of his life. Like the others, he was fond of devoting his activity to youth, of mingling in conversation and disquisition with the rest of the sophists ; he was even produced on the stage by Aristophanes as a sample of the whole species : and yet it was a wide chasm that separated him from all others, not excepting the best of them, while his influence was much more powerfully felt on the whole intellectual life of that day. For the entire personal character of the man had something extraordinary and wonderful in it ; in the opinion of his contemporaries, he could be compared with nobody, and the effect of intercourse with him operated like an irresistible spell. The impulse which he felt to impart his opinions to every body on every occasion ; his readiness, nay, his eagerness, to enter into a dialectical dispute with the first comer ; combined with the rare gift not only of conversing with all persons, high and low, in their own particular style, of developing in them the germ of investigation and inquiry, but also of entangling them in admissions the consequences of which they did not foresee ; the art of superior dialectics with which he destroyed overweening knowledge ; the ironical impulse to draw every thing within the domain of his sharply dissecting reflection,—all this rendered him a wonderful and inimitable phenomenon, calculated deeply and enduringly to stir the minds of men. One understands how by some

he could be revered as a being of a higher order, as a genius concealed under the form of a Silenus; how by others he could be feared, nay, even hated. One also understands how Aristophanes could behold in him a foe to ancient discipline and morals; a cavilling doubter about every thing, dangerous to youth; the teacher of a political cosmopolitism utterly worthless; and how, as such, he could turn his arms against him" (pp. 246, 247).

From Dr. Döllinger's account of the Socratic philosophy, we learn that the celebrated demon, or genius, of Socrates was an interior voice perceptible by the sage from his early youth, which spoke only to warn or hold him in check, never to urge him forward. He himself did not personify it as his genius, but only called it something demonian, viz. something extraordinary or inexplicable, which he implicitly obeyed, and about which he spoke without reserve, even jocularly, as a well-known thing. This interior monitor only instructed him as to his personal conduct; and among other things, had forbidden him to take part in public affairs. Dr. Döllinger closes his account of Socrates with a survey of the mental culture of the Greeks in general as it stood in relation to religion up to the death of that philosopher, and briefly characterises the great lights of Greek literature belonging to this period. He then passes to Plato and Aristotle. Plato's doctrine he describes as not having originated merely in a love of scientific speculation, but in a conviction that philosophy among the Greeks was called to do what the state could not do,—to free the mind from delusion and sin, and establish a system of divine things suitable to the requirements of the human intellect, the order of the universe, and the destiny of man. Hence Plato's doctrine, more than any other system of antiquity, is also religion; it involved, in fact, the attempt, at least among the higher classes of society, to take the place of the traditional religion; and if it had succeeded, it would necessarily have changed by degrees the form, both inwardly and outwardly, of entire heathenism.

"Three fundamental errors of heathenism," says Dr. Döllinger, "Plato perseveringly opposed: first, the idea of a contest or dissension of the gods among themselves; secondly, the delusion that the gods, actuated by dark human passions,—by envy, hatred, or anger,—were also the dispensers of evil; and thirdly, the universal opinion that the gods were easily to be propitiated by sacrifices, forms of prayer, and ceremonies, for wicked deeds. He was thus brought into a peculiar relation to Greek mythology: for, on the one hand, he was well aware that if the people were to venerate the gods, it would not do for these to be mere shadows and abstractions, but that they must have a history; and that such histories of the

gods could not be dispensed with in education, as they formed the most suitable mental nourishment for youth, and would have to make the future citizen of the state acquainted with the popular faith: on the other hand, he found that most of the myths proceeded from false and unworthy ideas of the gods and heroes, necessarily calculated to awaken and nourish such ideas in the minds of youth. Hence he considered the high authority of the Homeric poems, from which the Greeks drew their first mental nourishment and imbibed their religious notions, as a misfortune, and wished by all means to have these poems excluded from the instruction of youth. The allegorical or physical explanation of the myths, such as the sophists even then employed, he deemed worthless; still he thought that, for the sake of the good end proposed, deception was on the whole allowable, and that as a means of conveying instruction fables and legends were indispensable, therefore that divine and heroic legends ought constantly to be composed; but that the legendary poets ought to be placed under state surveillance, their fictions examined, and mothers and nurses required only to relate to their children such fables and myths as had the approval of the government. Undoubtedly the philosophic spirit of the Greeks took its highest flight in the doctrine of Plato. That this doctrine should operate during seven centuries more powerfully and deeply than any other system on the human mind, was owing principally to its bearing on the religious necessities and presentiments of man, to its endeavour to adopt for itself those purer ideas of the popular religion which were capable of spiritualisation, and to fill up the voids left by heathen worship. For Platonism also claims to be essentially a morally strengthening doctrine, proclaiming and offering salvation. Plato defines the task of his philosophy to be a redemption, a deliverance, a separating of the soul from the body; as a dying and as a meditating on death, as a purifying of the soul from all pleasure and pain, which nail as it were the soul to the body and make it body-like. He ascribes to his dogmas a regenerating power; and is of opinion that those who should only learn by his doctrine to attribute the blame of their embarrassment and uncertainty to themselves, would grow dissatisfied with themselves, and would fly from themselves to philosophy in order to become otherwise than what they had been. A prophetic glance it is into the future when he draws the picture of the most exalted righteousness or of perfect virtue, how it is tried and glorified by suffering, and describes a righteous man who, laden with the strongest appearance of unrighteousness, is shaken by nothing in his sentiments,—who is bound, scourged, racked, blinded, and at last nailed to the cross! Thus is Plato unquestionably a prophet and forerunner of Christianity; but it must be owned that he is so, on the whole, more in a negative way, because his doctrine stirred up and brought more clearly home to the consciousness of men wants which it was unable itself seriously or permanently to satisfy, as also because it first of all made the interior incoherency of the Hellenic

doctrine of the gods by its re-interpretations and endeavours at reform so very evident, and sought to give this religion an ideal which could not fail to burst the musty vessel in course of time. Plato's monotheistic notion of God is the purest which pre-Christian speculation ever reached; but even he did not reach the knowledge of the full, living, unconditionally free, personal nature of God. In antiquity even, and in the early Christian times, a divine Trinity was often supposed to have been found in him. Alcinous, by an arbitrary distortion of Platonic doctrine, and by a combination of it with Aristotelian doctrine, elicited a complete divine trias; and the New-Platonists made out of predicates of God, which Plato but distinguished notionally, self-subsisting hypostases, by which Christian theologians allowed themselves to be seduced to infer from single utterances the doctrine, or at least the presentiment of a doctrine, which nevertheless was in reality foreign to him. True, Plato himself distinguishes between God, the original world of ideas, and the world, which he also calls God, or the soul of the world: but the last is with him a specially created, not an eternal God; and between the totality of ideas, which with Plato is not conceived as a true personal unity, and the Christian Logos, there is a wide difference" (pp. 299-301).

From Plato Dr. Döllinger turns to Plato's greatest scholar and opponent, Aristotle,—the philosopher of nature, in contrast to his master as the philosopher of mind, and of the ideal world beyond nature; so that while the latter cared nothing for strict logical system, but only thought how he could reduce his wealth of ideas to form, and give them dialogistical development, Aristotle, on the other hand, was the dogmatic systematiser, who in a plain and succinct style, adapted to express every thing in the shortest manner, with an accurate knowledge of all that had been achieved up to his time, asserts complete mastery over his subject, and sometimes despatches in a few lines what Plato has spun out in several dialogues.

"Between the God of Plato," says our author, "and the God of the Stagyrite, is an essential difference. Plato's God is an intelligent power, which knows the world, and operates upon it by shaping, regulating, and preserving it. But the First Cause of Aristotle is pure intelligence without power; an eternal, ever-active, simple, infinite, and bodiless substance. As the divine nature is immaterial, there cannot be several Gods; God is therefore one and indivisible, but also a solitary God: if the world were not, he would still be what he is, and in the manner that he is. His action begins and ends in him: he thinks, but thinks only the absolutely perfect and beautiful, therefore only himself; and in this self-contemplation he is blessed. God is therefore not an inactive idea, a being sunk in repose, but is eternally active, only that this activity consists purely in the contemplation of himself; as animal life is the life of sensation, as human

life is practical and social life, so is the divine life the life of intelligence in the ever-equal activity of its own solitary self-contemplation, from which, precisely because it is activity, pleasure and delight are inseparable. There is nothing, then, in God but the action of the thought incessantly thinking on himself. He is himself his own object, and can have no other object. From the height of this pure activity the Divine Spirit cannot descend to the individual being, cannot change the object of his thinking, cannot in general think discursively without committing himself to change, without turning from better to worse. True, he operates upon the world; but without knowing it, like the magnet upon iron: and his action on the world is not of his own free will. If God were to know the world, he would also know the evil it contains; but hereby he would have a polluting knowledge degrading to the knower. Thus was the notion of Divine Providence, which Plato had set up, again abandoned. God is certainly the cause of all harmony in the world, but does not even know that this world and its harmony exist. Aristotle compares the action of God upon the world with the influence produced by the beloved object on the lover; not by a mechanical shock can God, who is himself immovable, move the world, but only in such a way as beauty or goodness moves the soul, as the object of desire moves him who desires it" (pp. 306, 307).

After giving an account of the Stoic and Epicurean systems, Dr. Döllinger concludes his sixth book with a picture of the decay and impotency of Greek philosophy in many respects bearing a striking resemblance to the decay and impotency of modern Protestantism. His seventh book treats of the Asiatic and African religions, especially those of Persia and Egypt. The most wonderful was undoubtedly the religion of Egypt. One of its peculiarities is well known to have been the adoration paid to brutes. These, it seems, were viewed as holders or vessels of the divinity, whereby the social fellowship of the gods with men was affected; inasmuch as the divinity, by selecting the brute as his earthly tenement, rendered it possible for men to have him constantly in their proximity, and by their assiduous and respectful care of him to lay him under the obligation of being grateful to them in return. The instinct of brutes, their wonderful presentiment of the future, the certainty and uniformity of brute-life,—all this seemed to convince the Egyptians that the brute was the residence and organ of a higher being; and their notion was, that the Deity had specially chosen the brute for this purpose, but not man, because the latter as an individual, as a being capable of willing and choosing for himself, stood opposed to the Divinity, and could not, therefore, be used by it as a tool without will. Oxen, cats, lions, dogs, weasels, otters, sparrow-hawks, lapwings, storks, birganders, and eels, were universally

worshipped. To kill one of these animals was a capital crime, not to be pardoned. If a house took fire, the Egyptians thought much more of saving the sacred cats than extinguishing the flames. Every family in Egypt possessed its sacred animal, which was perfumed, bathed, anointed, richly adorned, and put to bed at night on a soft cushion. If it died, the family went into mourning for it as for a child. If it was a cat that died, they cut off their eyebrows; if a dog gave up the ghost, they shaved their heads and the rest of their bodies. The Egyptians regarded the soul, like all the rest of antiquity, not as a purely spiritual and immaterial being, but as a bodily substance of a finer sort, which after death had to perform a variety of transmigrations before it could be sufficiently purified for the full beatific vision of the divine light of the sun. A state of pure contemplation, however, was not believed to be the bliss ultimately reserved for the souls of the dead. It was rather believed that they would pursue the avocations of this life in the next, and continue to dig, sow, and reap in the fields of heaven. The souls of the dead, it was thought, enjoyed a double life, and frequently found pleasure in revisiting the sanctuaries of the gods, as well as the bodies they had once inhabited on earth. This led to the bodies of deceased Egyptians being carefully embalmed as mummies, so as to endure incorrupt for ages; while such was the value they bore in the eyes of the living, that every limb had its particular god to protect it, which made up nineteen gods for the entire body.

Dr. Döllinger's seventh book describes the religions of the West,—of the Etruscans, Romans, Gauls, and Germans. The religion of Rome naturally occupies the most prominent place in this book. In the eighth book, we have a view of the state of religion and philosophy throughout the Roman empire from the end of the republic till the Antonines. At length, in the ninth book, the subject of the heathen world is brought to a close with a picture of the social and moral condition of things in Greece, in Rome, and in the Roman empire. Here we are shown in a most impressive manner how entirely both religion and philosophy failed to provide a remedy for that mortal disease of heathen antiquity which Dr. Döllinger well designates as the want of all notion of *conscience*. We are shown how there existed neither among Greeks nor Romans any thing like a received code of objective morality; how conscience was a mere matter of private opinion and interest, how there was no moral responsibility or true freedom. We are shown how slavery formed the foundation on which the entire social and political life of the Greeks reposed; how

Plato and Aristotle were the most decided advocates of the principle of slavery in its entire iniquity; how, among other moral horrors, the abomination of unnatural lust was emphatically the national vice of Greece in the heyday of its intellectual refinement; how even Socrates sanctioned it in theory; how Plato celebrated it in his dialogues, and Aristotle practised it; how in the Doric states, in Crete and Sparta, it was actually encouraged as a means of education, nay, legally enacted. We are shown how at Athens a far more careful and accomplished education was systematically bestowed on those females intended for a career of sin than on those destined for domestic married life. In Rome, the picture of moral depravity given by our author derives perhaps additional horror from its gigantic dimensions and the coarser features of the Roman character.

"Those men," says he, "who ranked as the foremost men of their time, men like Tacitus, were swayed by a profound feeling of discouragement or sadness: they acknowledged the futility of the contest against the prevailing depravity, they saw the impotence of all legislation; nowhere could they discover the germ of a new life, of a great, moral, and political regeneration. Tacitus did not doubt but that Rome lay under the weight of Divine wrath. In this way they were seized by the feeling that every thing earthly was empty and stale, that human life was nothing but a great farce. Even Cicero had regarded the contempt of all human things as a sign of greatness of mind: in the times of the emperors, when men were also shut out from all political activity, this view of the emptiness of life became more frequent; all reference to a higher life beyond the grave was wanting. Only then could this contempt of human things be reduced to its just standard, and life be awarded its true value, when He should be made known to men who bound, as it were with a golden chain, this temporary existence as a preparatory step to another and eternal existence, and thereby gave to life its true meaning and its highest importance. The Stoic philosophy had found itself compelled to declare that the real wise man—the ideal of virtue and moral heroism—had not as yet appeared on the earth. Thus on all sides the feeling of unsatisfied moral and spiritual wants was diffused. As good men longed for a visibly shining model of human virtue, on which they might constantly build up and test their moral sense, so they also desired a fixed divine doctrine, which should secure them from the labyrinth of opinions, conjectures, and doubts respecting the end of existence and the state of man after death; they yearned after a rule and discipline of life, which, placed beyond the reach of the fluctuating wilfulness of their own inclinations, should afford support and confidence to their conduct; and the spectacle of the Roman empire may well have awakened in them the presentiment of another empire, which, uniting the nations of the world under a free and voluntary obedience, should have the pro-

mise of duration ; which should not, like the Roman, be threatened by a crime-avenging God with destruction" (pp. 732, 733).

The tenth and last book of Dr. Döllinger's work is devoted to the Jews ; and treats of their historical development as a nation, of their law, of their religious doctrines, and of the last things of the Jewish Church and State. A main feature of interest in this book is the account of the Jewish philosopher Philo, who viewed Plato, next to Moses, as the greatest of men, and formed his system of philosophy by combining the doctrines of both.

But we will now close our notice of Dr. Döllinger's work. He has long enjoyed a high reputation, as one of the ablest writers of the day in controversial theology and ecclesiastical history ; but this masterly production at once raises him to the rank of a standard classic in the literature of his age and country. The study of antiquity in future cannot be pursued properly without consulting it. That the transcendent merits of the work are such as to render it invulnerable to criticism, we are by no means prepared to assert ; so vast a design could hardly escape some inequalities in the execution. An inequality no less palpable than surprising, as we think, in the present case is the meagre account of ancient German mythology, which Dr. Döllinger has despatched in about five pages, simply out of Cæsar and Tacitus ; so that what he tells us respecting a branch of heathenism on which Christianity operated so marvellously, far from adding to the stock of modern knowledge, rather falls below it. On the subject of magic and oracles, too, we should have liked from so eminent a divine as Dr. Döllinger a more full and explicit opinion of their supernatural pretensions than he has embodied for our guidance in the copious narration of facts. Nor is this the only point on which we could have wished for a less rigid adherence to the objectively historical character of the work. We could point out what we think to be other defects ; but so entirely out of proportion to the merits which surround them, that we gladly pass them by. The great bulk of readers at the present day are so frivolous in their tastes, and so disinclined to any thing involving learning or thought ; or when this is not the case, they are so completely paganised and anti-Christian in their views,—that we wish in nowise to appear to assist by any critical cavilling of ours such a state of things in the opposition it will not fail to offer to a work like that of our author's acquiring the applause and popularity it deserves. On the contrary, we wish to do all we can to spread the knowledge and reputation of it as widely as possible, convinced that the Catholic intellect of this century has produced

few works as yet so calculated to operate as a sure antidote to the radical disease of our day, namely, its rationalist and pagan predilections—few works which, on the relative merits of Christianity and classical heathenism in a moral and social point of view, so completely hit the nail upon the head as Dr. Döllinger's *Heidenthum und Judenthum: Vorhalle zum Christenthum*.

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## Short Notices.

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### THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

*The Great Evil, or Mortal Sin.* By the Rev. J. Furniss. (Books for Children. Duffy.) Father Furniss possesses the rare art of speaking on religious subjects in a manner to interest children and to be understood by them. His devoted labours for their spiritual improvement have been chiefly, if not exclusively, among the poor, and we should gather from the character of his books, the very depraved. At any rate, it is to this last class that some of them are more suitable than to those who do not need frightening into religion. We can hardly imagine any thing more calculated to terrify a depraved child than the tract before us.

*Selections from the Correspondence of R. E. H. Greyson, Esq.* Edited by the Author of the "Eclipse of Faith." (London, Longmans.) *Slavery ordained of God.* By the Rev. F. A. Ross, D.D. (Trübner and Co.) We could almost find it in our heart to pity respectable Protestantism when it discovers such gentlemen as Messrs. Greyson and Ross among its prominent disciples. These writers, we suppose, must find *some* readers; and considering what are the frequent phenomena of unrestrained private judgment, there would perhaps be nothing remarkable in the fact that the writers of such books could claim a considerable following of admiring disciples. Their eccentricities are, however, perfect gems in their own way. Mr. Greyson (really Professor Rogers) is of the Spurgeon school, and considers that there is nothing like a joke for convincing people who are in any difficulties about religious truth. We almost owe our readers an apology for presenting them with the following specimen of this writer's notions of the right way of treating religious subjects, it is so abominably profane. But we must give it, if only to show what the professedly "philosophical" school can become, when it once mounts the tub and apes the mountebank. This disgusting dialogue is supposed to be an answer to a personage who had taken it into his head that the injunction laid upon Adam in paradise was what he calls "unmoral."

"I remember hearing of an Irish lecturer, who supposed these commands addressed by an angel to an Irish Adam. The answers were given, I was told, in a truly Irish manner; yet I think very naturally. As I did not hear the lecturer myself, I cannot precisely report the Irish Adam's answers, nor can I imitate the true paradisaic brogue; but I believe they would very reasonably run something like this:

'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.'

'Arrah, thin, your honour; I never as much as heard of any other at all, at all.'

'*Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image,*' &c.

'Why thin, please your honour's glory, I cannot say I ever felt the laste taste of a temptation in life for that same. Do ye think I'd be afther making a brute baste of myself?'

'*Thou shalt not take the name,*' &c.

'And wouldn't it be mighty *quare* if I did, your honour?'

'*Thou shalt honour,*' &c.

'By the powers, did ye never know that my father and mother are not yet born? and how thin would I *dishonour* them?'

'*Thou shalt not commit adultery.*'

'Sure it would be sthrange if I committed adultery with my own wife; for sorra another woman do I see here; and she's enough, any way.' (N.B. Too much, in one sense, Adam soon found her.)"

Dr. Ross's line is different from that of Mr. Greyson. He is all for the tremendously poetical and gorgeous. He is "pastor of the Presbyterian church, Huntsville, Alabama," and is a popular advocate of the slave-holding party in the southern states. Happy and blessed congregation of Huntsville, if it shares its pastor's own estimate of himself and his labours! His book, he says, "is not a hasty production. Unlike Pascal—who said as to his longest and inferior sixteenth letter, that he had not time to make it shorter—I had time; and I did condense in that one speech the matured reflections of my whole life. I am entirely satisfied I am right. I am sure God has said, and does say, 'Well done.'"

Now for our infallible doctor's style:

"I see it all in the first symbolical altar of Noah, on that mound at the base of Ararat. The father of all living men bows before the incense of sacrifice, streaming up and mingling with the rays of the rising sun. His noble family, and all flesh saved, are grouped round about him. There is Ham at the foot of the green hillock, standing, in antediluvian rakish recklessness, near the long-necked giraffe, type of his Africa; his magnificent wife seated on the grass, her little feet nestling in the tame lion's mane, her long black hair flowing over crimson drapery, and covered with gems from mines before the Flood. Higher up is Shem, leaning his arm over that mouse-coloured horse, his 'Arab steed.' His wife, in pure white linen, feeds the elephant, and plays with his lithe proboscis,—the mother of Terah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, David, and Christ. And yet she looks up, and bows in mild humility to *her* of Japheth, seated amid plumed birds, with robes like the sky. Her noble lord, meanwhile, high above all, stands with folded arms, following that eagle which wheels up towards Ararat, displaying his breast glittering with stars and stripes of scarlet and silver—radiant heraldry, traced by the hand of God. Now he purifies his eye in the sun, and now he spreads his broad wings in symbolic flight to the West, until lost to the prophetic eye of Japheth under the bow of splendours set that day in the cloud."

Of his reasonings, take the following as a specimen. We Catholics are reproached for making too much of the Vulgate as a guide to the meaning of the Hebrew text. But hear Dr. Ross as to the *authorised version's* superiority to the original.

"I protest against having any Doctor of Divinity *priest*, Hebrew or Greek, to tell the people what God has spoken on the subject of slavery, or any other subject. I would as soon have a Latin priest. I would as soon have Archbishop Hughes. I would as soon go to Rome as to Jerusalem or Athens. Sir, God sanctioned slavery then, and He sanctions it now. He made it right then and now. Having thus taken the last

puff of wind out of the sails of the anti-slavery phantom-ship, turn to Exodus xxi. 2-5. . . . Sir, the wit of man can't dodge that passage, unless he runs away into the Hebrew."

Yet these are thy gods, O Israel!

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

*Rome—its Ruler and its Institutions.* By John Francis Maguire, M.P. (London, Longmans.) Although parts of this book are open to criticism—as, for example, the description of Cardinal Antonelli's entrance into the Pauline Chapel: "A whisper is circulated, 'Here is Antonelli.' . . . That sallow intensely Italian face; those great black eyes, never at rest; those parted lips, that show the glittering teeth; the jet-black hair; the worn yet defiant look, so full of intelligence, power, and pride,—can belong to none but Antonelli. His very walk is a kind of stride." A curious description of a cardinal at church. Or the impossible account of the Pope's birth: "Giovanni Mastai Ferretti was born in Sinigaglia, on the 13th of May 1792, of the Count Jerome (!) and the Countess Catherine Solazzi." Or the author's wonderful struggles to implicate the Austrians as well as the Mazzinians in the Roman troubles—yet it is a very valuable compilation; not only because it contains a mass of information which we should not know where to get elsewhere, but chiefly because of the picture it gives us of Pius IX., the humble and laborious "servant of the servants of God;" the saintly pastor ever ready to give his life, much more every thing less than life, for the good of his flock; the model of unaffected charity; the tender-hearted ruler, who would rather be slain than slay; the genial man, whose word, whose smile, is the most powerful magnet of hearts. In the presence of such a portrait, we have not the conscience to amuse ourselves with the open-mouthed but generous admiration which Mr. Maguire displays. We do not doubt, however, that Protestants will tell him that he is nearly as uncritical as the young-lady tourists just landed for their first season on the Continent, whom we may see in Bruges Cathedral, or the Ghent Beguinage, note-book in hand, jotting down all the remarks of their *commissionnaire*, who has his several assortments of stories, to be adapted to the character which he guesses he has to do with. The difference is, that Mr. Maguire, instead of falling into the hands of a lying *commissionnaire*, has been shown about by well-informed gentlemen, all of them persons interested in the places and things they exhibited, and who generally speak in the superlative; and Mr. Maguire has received their testimony, not with the criticism of an independent inspector, but with the honest good-nature of a wondering reporter. This of course takes off from the value of the book as an independent examination of matters at Rome, because, it will be said, it resolves itself into a document in which the Romans are painted by themselves. Mr. Maguire, we shall be told, is a true zero in the book; much in sequence, but nothing taken by himself. Nevertheless the book is very valuable on many accounts.

*A Winter's Sketches of the South of France and the Pyrenees, with Remarks on the use of the Climate and Mineral Waters in the Cure of Disease.* By Fred. H. Johnson, formerly President of the Hunterian Society of Edinburgh. (London, Chapman and Hall.) This book is the result of the personal observations of the writer, amalgamated with

information derived from statistical works; the whole well mixed, and presented in a form at once compressed and interesting. The author is one of those persons, becoming, thank God, more numerous every day, who do not think it necessary to pander to the English taste by bearing false witness against Catholics. The following is his account of the religion of the Bearnais, the part of France whose capital is Pau :

"It is useless to disguise the fact, that in this part of France there is a tolerance shown in religious matters which is totally at variance with the statements of sectarian writers. So far as we had the opportunity of observing, there is not the most distant obstruction to the full exercise of religious opinions, with an observance of the same rule towards others; and the Protestant communities receive the most courteous consideration, if not encouragement, from their brother Christians. The priesthood, although possessing immense influence, both as ministers of the predominating faith and dispensers of charity, public and private, appear to be industrious and painstaking in both capacities. Very frequently sprung from the ranks of the peasantry, the curé of the village is the companion of his flock; associating with them in their pursuits; compelled by his scanty income to imitate their style of living; by the nature of his office the depository of their thoughts, and their adviser both in spiritual and temporal difficulties. Indeed, he may really be termed what Wordsworth characterised the old English gentleman—'the link which unites the sequestered peasantry with the intellectual advancement of the age.' It is not, therefore, surprising that he should acquire extraordinary power over the community in which he lives; but we have rarely heard of its being abused; in fact, we do not believe the people would bear it. The churches throughout the country are scarcely ever closed, and all classes resort habitually there in their devotions once or more each day. Habitually and formally it may be, but both habit and form are worthy of imitation; and it is to us a pleasanter sight when the working-man, during part of his hour for meals, turns into the house of God than when he turns into the tavern. Regular attendance to the public offices of religion is quite a characteristic of the Bearnais."

The good man attributes this to the recollection of the Huguenotism that once prevailed there, showing marvellous power of extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers—in fact, deducing the practice of continually attending church and respecting the priesthood from a religion the chief characteristic of which was pulling down churches and torturing priests! Our extracts will show that Mr. Johnson is better for his matter than his manner. But in these days of railroad-reading, it perhaps hardly pays to spend time in acquiring the knack of writing classical English.

*Preston Hall.* By the Author of "Stumpingford." (London, Dolman.) This clever and lively story first appeared in the *Rambler*, with the exception of one chapter now added, and we are therefore precluded from criticising it. We content ourselves with mentioning, that it is now published separately in a small volume.

*Salve Regina, for Four Voices.* By B. Joesbury. (London, Novello.) This, we believe, is Mr. Joesbury's first published essay in the way of musical composition. He has succeeded in producing a pleasing little piece, simple and flowing, well put together, and moreover, which is an additional merit, easy to sing. It is exactly suited to choirs of moderate strength.

# THE RAMBLER.

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## CATHOLICITY IN INDIA.

WHILST the various works that have issued from the press since the unhappy mutinies of the present year awakened an interest in India have given accounts more or less accurate of its history, geography, and political state, none of them furnish information respecting the ecclesiastical distribution of the extensive provinces over which the faith was preached by the apostle of the Indies, St. Francis Xavier. To understand the reasons for the present distribution of India, it is necessary to give a brief account of the events and causes that have rendered it necessary.

In the fifteenth century, Spain and Portugal disputed the empire of the seas. They made conquests in the two Indies, founded colonies, and enriched themselves with commerce. Jealousy and rivalry arose between the two nations; to nip these in the bud, the Holy See, then the recognised umpire of Christian princes, interposed, and assigned the East to the Portuguese, the West to the Spaniards, as the theatres of their conquests. At the same time the Pope required them to labour to spread the faith in those heathen lands, by sending missionary priests, and founding and endowing churches. During the fifteenth century, there was no talk of "patronage" over the lands which these two states discovered or acquired.

But Leo X., in his Constitution *Cum fidei constantiam*, 1514, granted to the kings of Portugal the patronage of all churches erected or to be erected in all countries of the East Indies conquered or to be conquered by them; and this was done for the sake of the protection which their power promised to the Church in those lands.

The bishopric of Goa was established by Paul III., Nov. 3, 1534, by the Bull *Æquum reputamus*, which enacted: 1. That this new diocese should extend from the Cape of Good

Hope to the confines of China; 2. That the king of Portugal, as perpetual administrator-apostolic of the revenues of the military order called the Soldiers of Christ (*Militia Christi*), should assign for the maintenance of the Bishop and chapter an endowment from the revenues of this order; 3. That the patronage of the said bishopric and all the diocesan benefices should belong by right of foundation and endowment to the king of Portugal and his successors, as perpetual administrators of the Soldiers of Christ: all which points were more expressly declared and explained by the Bull *Romani Pontificis*, June 8, 1539. But in this latter Bull, Paul III. also declared more plainly the duties incumbent on the kings of Portugal, or rather on the administrators of the Order of Christ in their quality of patrons. He declared: 1. That they were obliged for the present and future to keep up and repair not only the cathedral and the holy places of Goa, but also all the churches, chapels, and monasteries of that vast diocese; 2. That they were bound to furnish all these holy places with the objects necessary for divine worship; 3. That they were bound to provide for the proper maintenance of all the clergymen employed in Goa and the rest of the diocese; 4. That the setting-up and endowment of new parishes and other holy places in all parts of the diocese where it might be necessary, should be at their charge; and 5. That no grant, gift, or endowment made to these churches or other holy places, could be diminished or revoked by any person, though he might be armed with the authority of the Holy See, without the consent of the Bishop of Goa. The same consent was required, before the number of priests attached to any church could be lessened.

It was clear that one Bishop could not administer such a vast extent of territory. So Paul IV., by three Bulls, dated Feb. 4, 1557, one of which begins with the words *Et si sancti*, and the other two with *Pro excellenti*, divided the bishopric of Goa into three parts: the first became the archbishopric of Goa, and the other two the suffragan sees of Cochin and Malacca. The kings of Portugal were again declared to be patrons of these three sees by right of foundation and endowment. The endowment of Cochin and Malacca was derived from the royal revenue of those two places.

In 1575, Gregory XIII. erected the bishopric of Macao, comprehending China and Japan. That was the first occasion on which the Pope, not content with allowing the kings of Portugal the right of patronage as founders and endowers, inserted in the Bull the clause which has since been so much abused. He declared, "that the Holy See could not in any

way derogate from this patronage, unless with the consent of the kings of Portugal; that if such derogation took place without the consent of the said kings, it should be considered null and of no effect. And that every judge or commissary, with whatsoever authority he may be armed, must so give judgment, seeing that the right of judging or interpreting otherwise is taken from him by the present act."

In after years, every time the kings of Portugal acquired the right of patronage by foundation or endowment, this extraordinary clause was added to the Bull. Thus Sixtus V. had it added to his consistorial decree of Feb. 19, 1588, by which the empire of Japan was divided from the diocese of Macao, and erected into the new See of Funai, suffragan to Goa. Thus also Clement VIII. inserted it in his Constitution *In supremo*, Aug. 4, 1600, by which, on the death of the Nestorian Archbishop of Angomali, this metropolitan see became suffragan to Goa, and by which the endowment assigned by the king of Portugal to the diocese was approved. The same clause is found again in the consistorial decree of Feb. 9, 1606, by which Paul V. divided the see of Cochin into two, Cochin and Meliapor.

Cochin was already founded and endowed: the same was done for Meliapor by Philip II. king of Spain and Portugal, who took the necessary funds from the revenues of the Order of Christ. Lastly, when Alexander VIII., April 10, 1690, erected in the territories of the see of Macao two other dioceses, Nankin and Pekin, which were founded and endowed by Peter II. king of Portugal, the Pope again inserted the celebrated clause in his Constitutions *Romanus Pontifex* and *Romani Pontificis*.

The difficulties and embarrassments that are still caused by this right of patronage had then begun to be felt. It was supposed that a consequence of the royal patronage was that nothing could be done in the East Indies without the permission of the kings of Portugal, and that the Pope's authority was subordinate to their rights. The faith spreads, the number of the faithful increases, the existing bishoprics are not enough: Alexander VII. wishes to put Bishops into Nankin and Pekin; the king of Portugal forbids it.

Thereupon Rome had recourse to Vicars-Apostolic. No Catholic can deny the Pope's right to exercise his apostolic jurisdiction in any country whatever: this right is inalienable. In truth, they would only use it in cases of necessity, for the good of the Church; but this limitation is general, and applicable to every other act of jurisdiction. Of the reasons for using it, his own conscience and God are his sole judges.

Alexander VII., seeing on the one hand that the single Bishop of Macao was not enough to administer all China, and on the other that the Portuguese government forbade his making other Bishops, had recourse to a middle term: he did not diminish the extent of the diocese of Macao, but he suspended the exercise of the jurisdiction of the Bishop over a great part of China, and sent two apostolic commissioners, who were consecrated to two sees *in partibus infidelium*, each of whom was charged to administer a part of the enormous diocese of Macao, not in their own name and authority, but in that of the Pope. Hence they are commonly called *Vicars-Apostolic*. This expedient, which forbore meddling, not only with the rights, but also with the pretensions, of the king of Portugal, was approved and continued by Alexander VII.'s successors, Clement IX., Clement X., and Innocent IX.

Still the court of Portugal was deeply aggrieved by these measures; for it was imagined that the right of patronage included, besides certain honours, and the right of nomination to benefices, also a kind of primacy. But the Holy See had the best of the argument. It said to the king, "You say that you have the patronage of China; that it is your place to build and endow churches there, to send priests and Bishops, to provide for their maintenance, and to fulfil all the duties of an ecclesiastical patron. Do so, then. We only ask of you the fulfilment of these obligations. But if you cannot fulfil them, your patronage does not give you the right to hinder me from providing for the salvation of souls. What sensible man will venture to maintain that the Bishop of Macao by himself can perform all the episcopal functions requisite for all the Christians of the immense empire of China?" These disputes finished with the foundation of the bishoprics of Nankin and Peking, endowed, as we said, by King Peter II., and erected by Pope Alexander VIII.

But still the faith spread; and soon these three bishoprics became insufficient for China, and it was necessary to think of founding new sees. The opposition of those who pretended to the monopoly of missionary work in the East burst out; Innocent XII. disregarded it, and sent *Vicars-Apostolic* into certain fixed provinces of China.

Instantly the court of Lisbon began to assail the Pope with complaints and reproaches. They even accused him of injustice; as if the right of patronage included the right of opposing the necessary division of dioceses or parishes, and of hindering the ecclesiastical authority from taking the measures necessary for the salvation of souls.

But the pretended violation of the right of patronage was

not the only cause of irritation. French missionaries had been sent to assist the Vicars-Apostolic; and it is clear that this apostolate of a different nationality did not serve Portuguese interests. Perhaps some of the missionaries were too hasty in knocking down all that had been built before their time; in making themselves partisans, and sowing division among the old workmen; in a word, in acting more like indiscreet reformers than like apostles, who make themselves all things to all men. But if these infirmities ever existed, they would soon have been healed; and they certainly gave no new strength to the pretensions of Portugal, nor destroyed an atom of the rights of the Holy See.

Meanwhile, if the complaints of the Portuguese in Europe were bitter, the opposition of the Portuguese clergy in India against the *Propagandists*, as they called them, was ferocious. The inquisition of Goa excommunicated the Vicars-Apostolic and their missionaries; and the Archbishop sent his priests every where after them to persuade the people that the French missionaries were wolves in the fold.

The Holy See interfered with its usual mildness and constancy. The Pope wrote to the Archbishop of Goa, to interdict him from any act of jurisdiction in the countries administered by the Vicars-Apostolic, his delegates; and to the king of Portugal, to show him that Rome, in sending delegates into China, had invaded none of his rights, but only fulfilled a solemn duty,—that the mission of these delegates was an extraordinary remedy, the use of which would cease the moment a proper provision was made for the wants of the Chinese Christians.

Since that time Portugal has never been in the position to fulfil this condition; it even ceased to nominate to the greater number of the sees when they fell vacant, and almost all the missions that remained in Portuguese hands were left desolate. Provoked by this treatment, the people came from afar to throw themselves at the feet of the Vicars-Apostolic, and to say to them, "Give us your missionaries, or we turn Protestants." This threat was accomplished; and the 40,000 Protestants of Tinnevely furnish a lesson more than instructive.

A new Gregory VII. was wanted to place the axe at the root of the tree; so the immortal Gregory XVI., who, as prefect of Propaganda, had long known intimately the state of the Church in India, at last launched his famous brief, *Multa praeclare*, April 24, 1838. Therein he first confirms the authority of the Vicars-Apostolic of Calcutta, Madras, Ceylon, and the Coromandel coast, lately established. The bishoprics of Cranganor, Cochin, and Meliapoor, or St. Thomas, had been

long vacant; he provided for their administration, till ordinary Bishops should be appointed to them. The see of Goa was likewise vacant; but, as this town is in the hands of the Portuguese, the Holy Father contented himself with bemoaning this widowhood, and the evils resulting from it. On that occasion he only occupied himself with the countries where the Portuguese flag no longer flies, but is replaced by the English colours.

This was the least the Pope could do; but it was sufficient to make their rage break forth. We will not enumerate the persecutions, intrigues, and calumnies, of which the defenders of the patronage were guilty. They tried to make the Pope's Bull of no effect; they laid claim to their old churches; they excluded from them all that recognised the authority of the Vicars-Apostolic. The English tribunals, which had to decide more than once on the property of the churches, uniformly pronounced in favour of the schismatics. Nevertheless, in the beginning of 1853, they had lost all but 250,000 adherents; while the Vicars-Apostolic were found by a census at the head of 838,556 docile children of the Church.

For the spiritual care, then, of these vast provinces of India, the Holy See has been anxious to name a sufficient number of Vicars-Apostolic; whilst no efforts have been spared to settle the claims of Portugal by means of a concordat. When the terms of it are finally arranged and published, we propose to furnish our readers with an account of it; and in the mean time it will be interesting to them to possess from authentic sources statistics of the Church in those parts of India for which the Holy See has made provision. In making such provision, the Popes have been anxious to protect the sacred interests committed to them, and to prevent a conflict of allegiance in the portions of the territory of Goa which have passed from the sway of the kings of Portugal to the English crown. "All must have felt," says Gregory XVI. in the celebrated Brief already quoted, "that the Holy See never intended to confer a right of presentation to bishoprics upon the kings of Portugal to the exclusion of its own right to make proper provision for the wants of religion in India; and every one must perceive that the privilege was granted in times very different from the present, when the ancient political rule no longer exists under which it could have been exercised without difficulty, and when those provinces have passed under the sway of a most powerful sovereign, whose form and order of government would not allow it to be acknowledged." (Brief, *Multa præclare.*)

In accordance with the principle laid down by their pre-

decessors, and explained in this passage, Gregory XVI. and Pius IX. have in our times erected vicariates-apostolic in those parts of India over which the crown of Portugal has ceased to rule, without disturbing the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Goa over his own flock. Of the vicariates thus established, sixteen are in the British possessions.

"The Lower Provinces of Bengal," says the Government Minute of February 28, 1856, "including Pegu and the Straits settlement, are comprised in six of these vicariates, viz. :

- |              |                 |               |
|--------------|-----------------|---------------|
| 1. Calcutta. | 3. Patna.       | 5. Ava.       |
| 2. Dacca.    | 4. Vizagapatam. | 6. Singapore. |

The North-Western provinces, including the Punjab" (the Minute erroneously adds, 'and Scinde'), "with the Rajpootana States, and Gwalior, are comprised in three vicariates, viz. :

- |           |                 |          |
|-----------|-----------------|----------|
| 3. Patna. | 4. Vizagapatam. | 7. Agra. |
|-----------|-----------------|----------|

The Bombay Presidency including" (the Minute says *excluding*) "Scinde, is conterminous, or nearly so, with one vicariate, viz. :

8. Bombay.

The Madras Presidency, including Hyderabad, Mysore, and Travancore, is comprised in nine vicariates, viz. :

- |                 |                           |                |
|-----------------|---------------------------|----------------|
| 4. Vizagapatam. | 11. Mysore.               | 14. Verapully. |
| 9. Hyderabad.   | 12. Calicut. [Mangalore.] | 15. Quilon.    |
| 10. Madras.     | 13. Coimbatore.           | 16. Madura."   |

The Minute ought to have added a seventeenth vicariate, since the Vicar-Apostolic living in the French settlement of Pondicherry exercises jurisdiction over a large portion of the Company's territory.

The accurately compiled *Madras Catholic Directory* for 1857, and the interesting pamphlet of the Very Rev. Dr. Fennelly, supply the following statistics with reference to these vicariates and to the neighbouring vicariates of Siam, Jaffna, and Colombo, at the end of 1856, and before the North-Western provinces had been desolated by rebellion and war.

1. *Calcutta*, or *Western Bengal*, by a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, of February 15, 1850, comprises fifteen districts, viz. Calcutta, the twenty-four Purgannahs, Hidgelee, Midnapore, Sunderbunds, Jessoor, Barasety, Hoogly, Nuddya, Burdawn, Moorshedabad, Rajeshay, Bogra, and Malda. (Cuttack, named in the decree, has been since added to Vizagapatam.) The Catholic population is estimated at 15,000 souls: amongst whom from 1844 to 1856 were adult converts from heathenism, 107; and from heresy or schism, 222; and from Mahometanism, 4. Children receiving a Catholic education in the schools maintained by the Bishop,

850. In Calcutta, there is likewise St. John's College, and the Convent of Loretto House, as well as an orphanage for boys. The Vicar-Apostolic is the Right Rev. Dr. Oliffe, Bishop of Milene, so well known on account of his zealous charities in behalf of the sufferers during the mutinies.

2. *Eastern Bengal*, or *Dacca*, which is under the spiritual administration of Bishop Oliffe, comprises nine districts—Dacca, Pubna, Cachad, Mymensing, Sylhet, Backergunge, Tippera, Booloah, and Chittagong. (Decree of February 15, 1850.) In these districts are 13,000 Catholics, who are unhappily deprived by the schismatics of five out of thirteen public churches. There are two convents, Loretto House in Dacca, and Holy Cross (French) in Chittagong.

3. *Patna*, of which the Right Rev. Dr. Zubber is Vicar-Apostolic, is bounded on the east and south-east by the vicariate-apostolic of Western Bengal; on the south-west by the vicariate of Vizagapatam; on the west by the vicariate of Agra; and on the north by the Snowy Mountains. The estimated Catholic population is 3400. There is a convent-school at Darjeeling, a male orphanage and a free-school at Patna.

4. *Vizagapatam* extends along the Bay of Bengal from Cuttack to the mouth of the Godavery, a distance of 500 miles; and bounded on the north by the Bengal Presidency, on the west by the Bombay Presidency, and on the south by the vicariate-apostolic of Hyderabad. The total Catholic population is 7130. Three communities of the Sisters of St. Joseph take care of the schools. In the Cuddah-Hill mission, in 1853, 1854, and 1855, upwards of 600 natives (adults and infants) were baptised; and in addition, there were in the four years ending November 1, 1855, 354 converts from heathenism, and 45 from Protestantism. There are ten Catholic schools in the vicariate. The Vicar-Apostolic is the Right Rev. T. E. Neyret, Bishop of Olena, residing in Vizagapatam.

5. *Ava* and *Pegu* form a vicariate, which is bounded on the east by the vicariates of Siam and Yun-nan; on the south and south-east by the Malayan Peninsula and the Gulf of Martaban; on the west by the Bay of Bengal and the vicariate-apostolic of East Bengal; and on the north by the Assam and Snowy Mountains. Four Vicars-Apostolic attended to the spiritual wants of these provinces between 1741 and 1793, and their next successor was named in 1830; and the present Vicar-Apostolic, the Right Rev. J. B. Bigandet, was named in 1856, upon the resignation of Dr. Balma. The number of Catholics is 5300, in which number are to be reckoned 103 converts from heathenism in 1855. During the

same year baptism was administered to 630 children of heathen parents, and 340 children of Christian parents. At Moulinein there is a boarding and day school for young ladies, with a female orphanage and free-school, under the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Apparition; these schools are attended by 250 children. The English, Burmese, and Tamil schools are all well attended; and before the late war there were in Burmah Proper seven Burman male, and four female schools, and three Karean schools.

6. *Singapore.* By the Brief *Multa præclare* Malacca was placed under the jurisdiction of the Vicar-Apostolic of Ava and Pegu, on the 24th of April 1838; but by a decree of the Sacred Congregation, dated January 3, 1840, the Malayan Peninsula was erected into a separate vicariate, including the suppressed bishopric of Malacca, together with Singapore, Penang, and other places in the Straits previously administered by the Vicar-Apostolic of Siam. In 1845 the Right Rev. Dr. Boucho, Bishop of Athalia, was named Vicar-Apostolic. The mission called of Singapore in Lord Dalhousie's Minute, and of the Malayan Peninsula in Catholic documents, is divided into the Northern, Central, and Southern. The northern district does not contain more than 400 Catholics, whilst the other two contain 5000.

In the Pulo-Tikus district is a most flourishing college for the education of native clergy belonging to the missions of China, Cochin China, Tonquin, Cambodia, and Siam. Many students flock to this interesting establishment, and to the paternal care of its superiors, the priests of the *Missions Étrangères*.

In Wellesley province is St. Mary's Seminary, established by Bishop Boucho, in 1850, for the education of native clergy of the Malayan vicariate.

In the Southern district, are Malacca, with two stations, each of which has a school and catechumenate; and Singapore, which possesses the Church of the Good Shepherd, and two schools, one under the Christian Brothers, and the other under the care of nuns, together with an orphanage and Chinese catechumenate.

7. *Agra.* Of this district, which is under the care of the Right Rev. Dr. Persico, Bishop of Gratianople, it is impossible to speak without feeling deep sympathy for the Bishop and his clergy and flock, and sorrow and anxiety on account of the many of our fellow-countrymen who have perished. As we are writing, the tidings have reached us of the death of that young and gallant officer Everard Phillipps, whose attachment to his faith, and whose fidelity in performing his reli-

gious duties, brought joy, as they will now afford consolation, to his sorrowing parents. But who can bear to think of the wide-spread grief of so many families; and who can convey words of resignation to the lowly and forgotten poor who have waited for messages from Delhi or Lucknow to return to their wretched homes, and weep over them in lonely anguish? May He who comforted Martha and Mary give joy to these heart-broken mourners; and may He spare, in His mercy, the children that yet remain! When accurate accounts can be obtained of the sufferings endured by the missionaries,—of the heroic death of some of them, and of the destruction of the property of the survivors,—we hope to furnish our readers with an abstract of them.

Before the war, the Catholic population of the Agra vicariate amounted to 20,000 souls, scattered over the district which is bounded on the west and south-west by the vicariate of Bombay; on the south by that of Vizagapatam; on the east by the vicariate of Patna; and is unlimited on the north and north-west. There were twenty stations and five orphanages (containing 360 children): viz. at Agra, St. Paul's for European boys, St. Patrick's for European girls; two at Sirdanah for natives, one for boys and one for girls; and one at Gwalior for native boys. There were four ecclesiastical students in the College of St. Peter at Agra, and there was a boys' school (St. George's) at Mussoorie.

8. *Bombay* is bounded on the south by the diocese of Goa, and by the vicariates of Mangalore and Mysore; on the west by the sea; on the east by the vicariates of Madras, Hyderabad, and Vizagapatam; and on the north by the vicariate of Agra. Catholic population, 17,100, including 5200 Europeans; schismatics, 30,000. In the seminary at Surat, there are eight ecclesiastical students; and in the orphanage of Bombay there are forty children. The conversions from Oct. 1, 1852, to Nov. 30, 1854, were 143, of whom eighty-eight had been Hindoos and Mahometans.

9. *Hyderabad* was erected into a separate vicariate by his Holiness, May 20, 1851, under the care of the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Philadelphia (residence, Secunderabad). It is bounded on the north by the river Godavery, which separates it from the vicariate of Vizagapatam; on the south by the Kistna, which separates it from the vicariate of Madras; on the east by the bay of Bengal; and on the west by the vicariate of Bombay. The extreme length across the peninsula is about 460 miles; and its breadth between the two rivers is about 300 miles, with a Catholic population of 4000.

10. *Madras* extends along the sea-coast of Coromandel from north to south, from the mouth of the river Kistna to the mouth of the Pallar, 300 miles; from east to west, from Madras to Moodghul, 369 miles: bounded on the south by the vicariates of Pondicherry and Mysore; on the west by the vicariate of Bombay; and on the north by the vicariate of Hyderabad. Catholic population, 44,480; schismatical, 6880. Adult baptisms in eleven years, to Nov. 15, 1850, 2979, of which 2080 were from heathenism, and the rest from Protestantism; from Nov. 1853 to Nov. 1854, 423, of which 330 were from heathenism; and from Nov. 1854 to the end of 1856, 453, of which forty-one were from Protestantism, and the rest from heathenism.

Madras contains a female orphanage (eighty children), and a male orphanage (forty children), and has an ecclesiastical seminary, in which twelve students are preparing for the priesthood: English free schools, seven for boys and five for girls; besides another at Poonamallee: Tamil free schools, 15, of which two are for girls; five Teloogoo schools. In the English schools are 800 children, and an equal number in the others. The Bishop is the Right Rev. John Fennelly, D.D., Bishop of Castoria; and his Vicar-General is his brother, the Very Rev. Stephen Fennelly, whose able and calmly written pamphlet, already referred to, must produce a powerful effect upon all who are disposed to act fairly towards Catholics.

11. *Mysore* contains a Catholic population of 17,110 (of which 200 adults were baptised in 1853 only), under the care of the Right Rev. Dr. Charbonnaux, Bishop of Jassen, Vicar-Apostolic (residence, Bangalore). This vicariate comprises the territories of the Rajah of Mysore, and the British provinces of Coorg and Wynaad. It is bounded on the north (from Hurryhur eastward) by the vicariate of Madras, and from Hurryhur westward by the vicariate of Bombay, the boundary-line being the northern border of the Mysore territory; on the west by the vicariate of Mangalore, the southern Ghaut being the boundary; on the south by the vicariate of Coimbatore, the boundary being the northern border of the province of Coimbatore; and on the east, partly by the vicariate of Madras and partly by that of Pondicherry. In Bangalore are three churches for the natives, with seven schools (five Tamil and two English), and a splendid church for Europeans, raised chiefly by the Irish soldiers; a seminary, exclusively for natives, containing thirteen students; a convent, with two female schools and two orphanages: attached to the native church is a catechumenate, where heathens are prepared by a priest and a catechist for baptism.

12. *Mangalore*, erected into a vicariate by Pius IX., March 13, 1853, and now under the care of the Right Rev. Michael Anthony of St. Aloysius, Bishop of Menmath (residence Mangalore) is bounded on the south by the vicariate of Verapoly; on the north by the diocese of Goa; on the east by the Ghauts; and on the west by the sea. Catholic population, 30,480; schismatic population, 15,000, from whose number 1700 abjured the schism in 1855: 100 converts from heathenism, and eight from Protestantism, were received into the Church in 1854. Children attending the Catholic schools, about 800. In Calicut there is an English school for sixty boys; and in the seminary at Mangalore twelve students are preparing for the ecclesiastical state.

13. *Coimbatore* is bounded on the north by the vicariate of Mysore; on the west by that of Verapoly; on the east by the vicariate of Pondicherry; and on the south by the vicariate of Madura and the mountains of Travancore. Catholic population, 17,200, amongst whom are 590 converts from heathenism during the eight years ended December 1856. There are ten Church students in the seminary at Curmattumpatty. The administrator of this vicariate is the Vicar-Apostolic of Pondicherry.

14. *Verapoly* is a highly cultivated island, upon which are a presbytery, erected two centuries ago; an episcopal residence; two seminaries, one for the Latin and the other for the Syrian native clergy; houses for catechumens; and a hospital. The vicariate to which Verapoly gives its name extends to Porakawdoo to the south; to Ponany to the north-west; and to the Ghauts to the east. Under the administrator, the Right Rev. F. Bernardine of St. Theresa, are of the Latin rite twenty-five churches, twenty-nine affiliated chapels, forty-one native priests, and 69,180 Catholics; whilst of the Syrian rite there are 111 churches, seventy-six affiliated chapels, 397 native priests, and 158,826 Catholics. The total number of Catholics, 228,006, live chiefly in the territories of the rajah of Travancore and Cochin, and a few only in the territories of the East India Company. In this vicariate is a great seminary for Latin native Christians; and fourteen for Syrian Malabar Christians, with one convent of the latter clergy. In the two houses of catechumens more than 1000 heathens are baptised every year, besides many Nestorians and some Protestants.

The conversion of the Christians on the Malabar coast is described by his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster in his learned *Moorfields Lectures* (vol. i. p. 229):

“When the Portuguese arrived there, they found a church of

Christians who knew nothing of any other civilised community, but were in communion with and under the authority of the Nestorian Patriarch at Mosul; and we have the letter which they wrote to him, giving a description of the ships which arrived, and the strangers who had landed on their coast, and expressing their satisfaction that they agreed with them in every point of doctrine. In course of time conferences were held, and the differences peculiar to their sect discussed; and the consequence was, that one-half, who may now be about 30,000 or 50,000, became Catholics, and have remained so ever since, having their Bishops and priests; using the Syriac, which is now a dead language, in their liturgy, and thus forming a body united with us in communion, like the united Greek and Syriac Churches in Western Asia."

15. *Quilon*, erected into a vicariate by Pius IX., in 1853, is bounded on the north by the vicariate of Verapoly; on the east by the mountains of Travancore, which separate it from the vicariate of Madura; and on the west and south-west by 150 miles of coast from Porocaudoo exclusive to the mouth of the river Manacoody, near Cape Comorin. There are 120 churches and chapels, of which only that of Tangacherry is in the territory of the Company. Catholic population, 49,000, for whom a seminary and many free schools have lately been established. In 1854 the converts from heathenism were 204. The apostolic administrator of the vicariate is the Right Rev. Father Bernardine of St. Theresa, Bishop of Heraclea.

16. *Madura* is bounded on the north by the vicariate of Pondicherry; on the north-west by the vicariate of Coimbatore; on the west by the vicariates of Verapoly and Quilon, from both of which it is separated by the southern Ghauts; and on the east and south-east by about 150 miles of coast extending from Negapatam to Cape Comorin. Catholic population, 140,000, amongst whom are 1445 converts from heathenism and 378 converts from Protestantism, all received since the beginning of 1849. The Right Rev. Dr. Canoz, S.J., Bishop of Tamas (residing in Trichinopoly), and the other fathers of the Society, maintain a scholasticate (with six students) and a college (with ninety students), a house for catechists, a native convent, and fifteen Tamil schools. In addition to an English school, five houses (containing 160 children) have been opened at different stations for the reception of children in danger of being brought up by Protestants or heathens.

17. *Pondicherry* is bounded on the north by the river Pallar; on the south by the river Cauvery; on the east by sixty miles of the coast of Coromandel, from the mouth of the Pallar to the mouth of the Vettar; and on the west

partly by the Mysore territory, which forms its common boundary with the vicariate-apostolic of Mysore, and partly by the Cauvery. Catholic population, 100,046. In the colonial college are 110 pupils; in the theological seminary, 10; in the preparatory seminary, 200. There are three native convents (one of Carmelite nuns, and the others of the Sacred Heart of Mary), besides a convent and orphanage of the Sisters of St. Joseph. There are two native orphanages, of which one is for pariahs. There are two hospitals, and many schools. The Vicar-Apostolic is the Right Rev. Dr. Bonnard, Bishop of Drusipare, residing in Pondicherry. His lordship has seen since 1852 the baptism or reception into the Church of 144 Protestants and 1384 heathens.

In the portions of these vicariates which are subject to the East India Company, are, according to the returns furnished by the Superior of Missions, 801,858 Catholics, of whom, at the beginning of 1857, 16,000 were European soldiers. For the latter a very inadequate provision was made by Lord Dalhousie's Minute; and for the remaining 785,858 no provision at all was made by the Company. (Fennelly, pp. 4, 5.)

During the course of the present year, seven priests—the Rev. John Kyne and the Rev. Edward Lescher (both of Westminster), the Rev. Charles Morgan (Clifton), the Rev. Patrick Fairhurst (Liverpool), the Rev. John F. Browne (Salford), the Rev. T. Crowther, O.S.A., and the Rev. William Stone—have been sent as officiating chaplains to the Catholic soldiers now in India.

In the vicariate-apostolic of *Siam*, under the Right Rev. Dr. Pallegoix, Bishop of Mallo (residing in Bangkok), are 3000 Christians of different nations, who have eight churches, to which are attached six schools, a convent, and a college. The church of St. Francis Xavier has a congregation of 1800 Cochinese Christians, who were made prisoners of war by the Siamese in their contests with Cochinese China. There are other catechumenates and schools in the vicariate.

In the island and colony of Ceylon are two vicariates-apostolic: that of Jaffna comprises the northern division of the island, including Chilaw, Nowland, and Batticaloa; whilst Colombo comprises all the remaining districts.

In Jaffna, which has unfortunately been deprived by death of its saintly Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Bettachini, the Catholics amount to 60,000; for whom there are thirty schools, viz. twenty-three Tamil, five English, and two Cingalese. Between the end of 1850 and January 1855, the baptisms of

heathens amounted to 1132, and the conversions from Protestantism to sixty-five.

In the vicariate of Colombo, in 1856, 372 Protestants and 326 heathens were received into the Church. The Vicar-Apostolic, Dr. Cajetano Antonio, Bishop of Usula, has a coadjutor, the Right Rev. Dr. Bravi, Bishop of Tipasa. The Vicars-Apostolic reside in Jaffna and Colombo.

For the convenience of our readers, we subjoin a table, extracted from the *Madras Directory*, showing the Catholic statistics of India.

VICARIATES.	Bishops.	Priests.	Catholic population.
Madras . . . . .	1	18	44,480
Hyderabad . . . . .	1	6	4,000
Vizagapatam . . . . .	1	15	7,130
Pondicherry . . . . .	1	53	100,000
Mysore . . . . .	1	16	17,110
Coimbatore . . . . .	1	11	17,200
Madura . . . . .	1	37	140,000
Quilon . . . . .	1	16	49,200
Verapoly . . . . .	1	439	228,006
Mangalore . . . . .	1	24	30,480
Bombay . . . . .	2	33	17,100
Agra . . . . .	1	25	20,000
Patna . . . . .	1	10	3,400
Western Bengal . . . . .	1	12	15,000
Eastern Bengal . . . . .	1	6	9,000
Ava and Pegu . . . . .	1	11	5,300
Malayan Peninsula . . . . .	1	23	5,400
Siam . . . . .	1	12	4,900
Jaffna . . . . .	1	17	60,000
Colombo . . . . .	2	18	90,900
Total . . . . .	22	802	968,656

\* \* For further information on this subject, we must refer our readers to the excellent pamphlet, *Relations of the Catholic Church in India with the Honourable East India Company*, by the Very Rev. Stephen Fennelly, Vicar-General of Madras. Dublin: Duffy, 1857.

## LAURENCE VAUX.

BISHOP CHALLONER gives us accounts of 186 priests and lay persons who suffered death for their fidelity to the Catholic Church under Queen Elizabeth. From his memoirs he reasonably omitted those who were implicated in any real trea-

son against the State. Yet, while we own that such persons cannot be called martyrs, we think, considering the express terms of the Bull of St. Pius V., which pronounces anathema on those who obey Elizabeth, that the Bishop is scarcely justified in omitting from his list either Felton, who pasted the Bull to the Bishop of London's gates; or Leyburn, who, in obedience to it, denied Elizabeth to be his lawful sovereign; or Story, of whose martyrdom we gave an account last March; or Woodhouse, the first priest that suffered for religion alone. But besides these additions to be made to Challoner, there are two other categories of persons, whom we will describe in the words of Alban Butler, from a Ms. account of the English College of Douai, now in the royal library of Brussels.\* After giving a catalogue of 127 martyrs of that college, and a supplement containing seven more names, he says, "These are about all, whose names are known to us, who suffered death for their religion and priesthood;" and then he adds, "Others there are, whose names never were ascertained by us, to the number of about twenty;" and again, "To this catalogue we might add another of those who suffered imprisonment and exile; but their number is so great that it would be too long to rehearse them." Considering the suspicion and the terrorism that every where surrounded the Catholics, it is no wonder that they had such difficulty in getting authentic accounts of their martyrs. We lately showed how they were often obliged to acquiesce in the false reports of Protestants, from having no means of testing their truth. No wonder that in such a state of things there should be twenty anonymous martyrs; whose names and histories may, however, be discovered if our researches into historical monuments are carried far enough. Of those who suffered imprisonment for the faith, a large class deserves to be placed on the list of martyrs; those, namely, who died in prison in consequence of the hardships they had to endure and the infected air they had to breathe. Bridgewater in his Catalogue appends to the names of such persons the touching epitaph, *Obiit in vinculis martyr*, "He died in prison the death of a martyr." If any one should attempt to make a perfect list of these noble witnesses, he would find that he had undertaken the labour of a life. There is not an old prison in England that has not been sanctified by such slow martyrdoms.

Of these secondary martyrs, as we may call them, no one is more deserving of a memorial than he whose name stands at the head of this article, and whose history we are about briefly to relate.

\* Ms. no. 15,594.

Laurence Vaux, or Vaulx, or Vauce, or Vause, or Vawce,—for his name is spelt in all these ways, and others beside,—was born at Blackrode in Lancashire, about 1518. He was educated at Queen's College, Oxford, from whence he migrated to Corpus Christi College, where he was made B.D., July 29th, 1556. After this he acted as chaplain to James Brooks Bishop of Gloucester, and was made Canon of Salisbury. When Philip and Mary restored the foundation of the Collegiate Church of Manchester, George Collier was named guardian, and Laurence Vaux and John Coppage fellows. On the death of Collier, in 1557, Vaux succeeded him, and admitted two more fellows, Robert Erlond and Richard Harte; there was also a chaplain, named Robert Prestwich, attached to the church,—a man too much addicted to his cups. At the death of Queen Mary, Vaux, understanding how matters were likely to turn out, packed up the papers and valuables of the college, and, with Coppage, carried them to a place of safety. While they were away in London (Oct. 19, 1559), Edwin Sandys and the other royal commissioners held their visitation at Manchester. In their book the absence of Vaux and Coppage is recorded; and then it is stated that Erlond, the fellow, and Prestwich, the tippling chaplain, appeared and subscribed to the articles of supremacy and religion. Prestwich then received a severe lecture from the commissioners, who warned him not to go on frequenting taverns, unless he wished to be suspended. Then came Richard Harte, the fellow, who manfully refused to subscribe, and thereupon had to enter into his own recognisances for 300*l.*, and to find two sureties for 100*l.* each, to answer for his appearance when called on. These persons, says the visitation-book,\* produced no deeds or other papers belonging to the college; and said that the guardian had taken them away with him, and that he kept every thing in his custody without asking their consent.

Vaux, according to Dr. Wroe,† was “laborious and learned in some part of the learning of those times, being an exact grammarian. He was also devout and zealous in his way, and an opposer of the Reformation; on which account he was either turned out or left his place in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and, as it is said, fled beyond sea into Ireland; where he fell among thieves, who robbed him, and slew some of his fellow-travellers, but himself escaped.” Dr. Wroe says that he had lived in the family of Standish of Standish; here, at any rate, he left most of what he had carried from Manchester, altar-plate and books, “some of which are there

\* State-Paper Office, Domestic, Eliz. vol. x. p. 101.

† See Bishop Kennet's Collections, Lansdowne Ms. 981, fol. 104.

yet to be seen. I more particularly took notice of a curious silver-gilt paten, inlaid with pearl, whereon the Host was consecrated, and a very fine wrought pixis of plate answerable to it, wherein it was laid up and preserved. It is to be wished that whatsoever it is, it were again restored to the Church. He was a man well-beloved, and much honoured by many in Manchester, especially for his honesty and generosity." So far Dr. Wroe.

We do not know where Dr. Wroe got his story about the flight to Ireland, and the falling among thieves. If it took place at all, it was probably just after the visitation, in the early part of 1560.

We have read the story elsewhere, with the addition of some amusing details. Vaux and his party were suddenly surrounded by a party of Irish brigands, who used them very roughly, and after knocking them down, began to examine their baggage. The contents of the baggage soon revealed the sacerdotal character of some of the party; rich chalices and vestments were displayed before the robbers' eyes. They immediately unbound the chief of the party, and knelt around him, addressing him in their unknown tongue, probably to request his blessing. Not willing to give his blessing before he had made sure of his property, he held back; when one of the robbers came behind him, took hold of his right arm, and forced him to make the sign of the cross over the prostrate thieves, who immediately decamped with both booty and blessing.

After this he returned to England, was taken, deprived of his preferments, and made to enter into his recognisances to keep the peace towards the queen. Strype\* quotes a document of the year 1561, by which we learn that he was ordered "to remain in the county of Worcester;" while "Richard Harte, late one of the curates of Manchester, was to remain in Kent or Sussex." A marginal note informs us that "these two are thought to behave themselves very seditious and contrary to their recognisances, secretly lurking in Lancashire; and are said to be maintained there by rulers and gentlemen of that country." Doubtless one of these gentlemen was Mr. Standish, with whom Vaux certainly deposited much of the college property, as Wroe has told us, and as we shall see further on.

A document in the State-Paper Office, or in any of the collections from which Strype compiled his Annals, was not put there for nothing: the papers there are not for speculation, but practice; they are there to be acted upon. After the information of the above marginal note, we have no doubt that a

\* Annals, vol. i. pt. i. p. 413.

search was made for Vaux ; who, however, eluded the pursuivants, crossed the sea into Belgium, and retired to Louvain, a city which had afforded hospitality to several English Catholics in the time of Edward VI. Here he found several of his countrymen circumstanced as he was, to whose children, according to Dr. Wroe, he acted as schoolmaster. The same authority also tells us that while at Louvain "he wrote a book *de Ceremoniis Ecclesiæ*, and another called *Brevis Forma Confessionis*," concerning which we can give no bibliographical information, except that the former tract appears to have been translated and printed as one of the appendices to the *Catechism*, which we shall have to mention below.

From Louvain, Vaux made a journey to Rome, in 1566, the year of the accession of St. Pius V. to the pontificate. One of the Pope's first acts seems to have been to hold a consistory, in which, although several of the old Bishops were yet alive, he named Dr. Nicholas Sanders and Dr. Thomas Harding his apostolic delegates for England, with full powers of conferring faculties on priests, and with a special mission to promulgate the decision made by the Council of Trent in 1562, and confirmed by himself in consistory, that the English committed mortal sin, and were guilty of schism or heresy, if they attended the places of worship of the Establishment. In obedience to this command, Sanders wrote a letter to Vaux, intended, however, as a pastoral for the English in general, and commissioned several clergymen to enforce it by their personal influence. Among others, the following priests travelled up and down Lancashire to publish the Papal decision : Laurence Vaux ; William Allen, afterwards Cardinal ; Marwen, late Chaplain to Bishop Bonner ; Marshall, the deprived Dean of Christ Church, Oxford ; Hargreave, the sequestered Vicar of Blackbourne ; besides others, named Peel, French, Asbrook, Sidhall, two Bannisters, and Henry Crane. The following weighty, solemn, and authoritative letter, written by Vaux to one of his Lancashire friends, Nov. 2, 1566, belongs to the history of this mission :

"I understand by your letter that ye be in doubt how to understand the letter sent from Dr. Sanders to me, &c. After that Almighty God hath given a precept to our first parents, that they should not eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil upon pain of death, when our mother Eve talked with the devil in the serpent, she would not understand the plain words, but did extenuate and diminish the same, that thereby her offence might seem the less in breaking the precept ; where God said plainly, *in what day ye shall eat of it, ye shall die*, she said, *peradventure we shall die*, speaking it doubtfully. The corrupt nature of man is such, that such pre-

cepts as be against our carnal wills, or our licentious appetites, we would gladly extenuate, diminish, or misconstrue, so that we might have our own voluptuous pleasure and carnal appetite. Concerning Mr. Dr. Sanders' letter, I am charged to make a definitive sentence, that all such as offer children to the baptism now used, or be present at the communion of service now used in churches in England, as well the laity as the clergy, do not walk in the state of salvation; neither we may not communicate or sociate ourselves in company with schismatics or heretics in divine things; there is no exception or dispensation can be had for any of the laity, if they will stand in state of salvation. Ye must not think this to be any severity or rigorousness of the Pope Pius V. that now is God's vicar in earth, to whom at this present God hath appointed the government of His Church on earth, who for his singular virtues and sundry miracles that God by him hath wrought excelleth all his predecessors that hath been since St. Gregory's time, which sent St. Austin and others with him to preach the faith in England. The Pope that now is hath no less zeal and good-will to reduce England to the unity of Christ his Church than St. Gregory had, as he hath shown himself both in word and deed; and partly I heard him myself express in words and deed, being with him in his own private chamber at Rome. By my special friend I was brought into his chamber to hear him speak himself what a benefit was granted in the consistory for England, to the intent I might make more plain declaration to Mr. Dr. Sanders, and to Mr. Dr. Harding, concerning the authority granted unto them in the consistory by the Pope for the souls' health of them that dwell in England; and for because I did partly know their commission, the said doctors earnestly requested and moved me to come into England, for, as they thought, I might be able to give some instruction to such as have authority under them in England as occasion serveth. They wrote to me, they put me in trust, and charged me to signify the truth to others that now be deceived through ignorance in matters of faith and conscience. I must therefore, without halting, colouring, or dissembling, tell you that the Pope cannot dispense any of the laity to entangle themselves with the schism, as is afore written, concerning sacraments and service, that ye may not be present amongst them. If ye associate yourselves at sacraments or service, it is contrary to the unity of Christ his Church: ye fall into schism, that is to say, ye be separated from Christ his Church; and being in that state, as saith St. Augustine, although you lead never so good a life in the sight of the world, the wrath of God hangeth over you, and dying in that state [ye] shall lose the everlasting life in heaven. It is no small danger to continue in schism; and ordinarily no priest in England hath authority to absolve from schism, except he have his authority from the Catholic See by Mr. Dr. Sanders and Mr. Dr. Harding. In the holy Scripture we read many terrible examples that may make us afraid to enter into schism. The two sons of Aaron, because they offered strange fire not appointed for the priests of God, were

stroken with sudden death. In what miserable state be priests in England, which, contrary to the ordinances of the Catholic Church, offer unto God service and communion that is strange, schismatical, and heretical! Also when Coram, Dathan and Abirom would not be content with the ministration that Moses and Aaron offered to God, but would minister and offer that which they were not appointed to do, Moses, by the commandment of God, commanded all the people to separate themselves from their ministration, and touch nothing thereof: and straightway God poured out His vengeance on them, and they that took that schismatical ministration upon them were swallowed up into hell alive: and the people that would not separate themselves out of their company in the time of their schismatical ministration were burnt up in three tents to the number of two hundred and fifty. O, how terrible an example is this, both to the ministers of this schismatical service, and devilish and damnable communion, and to the laity that cometh to the same! Such as halt upon both parties God doth most abhor. No man can serve two contrary masters; and St. Paul exhorteth not to draw in yoke with the infidels, but with the faithful; for what society is unto light with darkness? Not only they that be doers of evil be worthy death, but the consenters thereunto. St. Paul saith, no trouble, adversity, anguish, imprisonment, nor corporal death, ought to separate us from the love of God. In ecclesiastical histories we read of as great persecution and trial of the people as is now; amongst other examples in *Tripartita Historia* mention is made that such as would not come to the Arians' communion were put in prison, the communion was brought unto them, their mouths were opened with sticks or irons; women had the paps writhen off: amongst other, there was a constant woman named Olympias, who, refusing the Arians' communion, and being sore tormented therefore, she said, 'Lay on me any more punishment; for it is not lawful for me to do that which the godly refuse to do.' The same answer ought to be made of the laity nowadays. There is not one of the old Bishops or godly priests of God that will be present at the schismatical service or damnable communion now used: for the which cause they have lost their livings; some be in corporal prison, some in exile, and, like good pastors, be ready to suffer death in that cause, as it is the duty and office of the Bishops to go before their flock, and to [be] their leaders in matters of faith in religion. So the clergy and laity are bounden to follow their examples, if they intend to be partakers with the Bishops of the joys of heaven. And, thanks be to God, a number not only of the clergy, but as well of the temporality, both of them that be worshipful and inferiors to them, do follow their Bishops constantly, and will in no wise come at the schismatical service. And such as frequenteth the schismatical service now used in the Church in England, must either condemn them as fond, foolish men, that refuse to be present at service, or else their own consciences will accuse them that they do naughty in that they do contrary to the example given them of the Bishops. I beseech you consider all the days that you have to

live in this world; although ye might [live] a thousand years, it is but a moment in comparison of the life everlasting. What doth it profit a man to have solace, pleasure, and prosperity, that can be wished in this world, when everlasting torments do follow the same? For by much trouble and adversity we must enter into the glory of God, saith the Scripture; and as St. James saith, he that will flatter and dissemble with the world is enemy to God. I pray you [hear] the comfortable promise of our Saviour Christ in His gospel. Whosoever will confess Christ and the faith of His spouse of the Catholic Church before men, He will confess him before His Father in heaven; and whoso denieth Christ and His Catholic faith before men, Christ will deny before His Father in heaven. He that loseth his life for Christ or the Catholic faith shall find everlasting joys: Ye that have followed Me, shall Christ say, shall sit upon the seats, judging the tribes of Israel. And at the day of judgment Christ shall say, Ye be they which have tarried with Me in My temptations and adversities; therefore I dispose unto you a kingdom, that ye may eat and drink upon My table in the kingdom of heaven. Thus, to conclude, your good examples in the premises may not [only] be the salvation of your own soul, but upon your examples dependeth the salvation of a great number of the simple that know not the right hand from the left. Although this my rude letter appear hard, sharp, bitter, and sour, yet it is the truth, as I am persuaded in my conscience, as I shall answer at the terrible day of judgment, and specially in God's cause I may not halt nor dissemble. What I write here to you I will wish Sir Richard Molineux, Sir William Norris, and other my friends to be partakers [of], not only to hear this my rude letter, but to follow this counsel. Although it be simple and rude, yet I doubt not but it is true, as knoweth our Lord, who ever keep you and yours in health and prosperity.

Nov. 2, 1566.

Yours ever,

L. V.

*Athanasius*: Whosoever will be saved, afore all things, in heart, word, and deed he must keep the Catholic faith firmly, wholly, and inviolate, or else without doubt he shall perish in everlasting pain. Thus saith our creed.\*

Sanders alludes to this mission in a sentence of the dedication to Pius V. prefixed to the *De Visibili Monarchia*, where he reminds the Pope of "his pastoral solicitude, in sending a few years ago to the English in their own country to declare to them his desire to see England return to the bosom of the Catholic Church, and to promise them that he would use every exertion to bring it about. The fruit of the mission is daily exemplified in the multitudes both of nobles and commons who are every day leaving the schism, and returning to the Church." We have not been able to find a copy of Sanders's letter, but there is a multitude of documents relating to it and to this mission in the State-Paper Office;

\* State-Paper Office, Domestic, Eliz. vol. xli. art. 1.

the whole forms an important chapter of the history of religion in Lancashire, and abounds in notices of the illustrious Catholic families of that county. We regret that our imperfect information prevents our entering further into the subject at present. A brief abstract of the papers alluded to may be found in Strype, *Annals*, vol. i. part ii. p. 259.

In consequence of the strict search which was made for him as soon as the court heard of the commotion his preaching was causing among the gentlemen of Lancashire, Vaux had once more to retire from the country. His flight was not so hurried but that he found means to convey over some of the valuable property of the college of which he was still the legitimate guardian, though he left the bulk of it in the hands of Mr. Standish. Once more he retired to Louvain, and, we may suppose, again occupied himself in teaching the English school there; for which he wrote "A Catechism, or a Christian Doctrine necessary for children and ignorant people," which Paquot says was published at Louvain in 1567, though, as we shall see by and by, it was not printed till 1582 or 1583. It was afterwards often republished, and the later editions have three appendices: "Certain brief notes of divers godly matters;" "An instruction of the laudable customs used in the Catholic Church;" and "Godly contemplations for the unlearned." At Louvain he enjoyed the society of Dr. Allen, Dr. Thomas Baily, Dr. Wilson, Cuthbert Vaux, his own kinsman, now licentiate of theology and fellow of the lesser College of Theologians in Louvain, and Lawrence Webbe; all exiled priests, and most of them afterwards famous for their share in the great foundation at Douai.

In 1572, Vaux, now in his fifty-fourth year, was received as a guest into the monastery of St. Martin, at Louvain, a house belonging to the canons-regular of St. Augustine, of the congregation of Windesheim. After a few months he wrote a letter petitioning to be admitted into the order, the autograph of which was preserved in the conventual archives, and has now passed, with great part of those valuable papers, into the hands of M. Edward Van Even, archivist of Louvain. We subjoin the letter:

"May it please you to understand, reverend father, that I, Laurence Vaux, an English priest exiled from my country for the Catholic faith, and now in the fifty-third year of my age, have a great desire to enter the order of the canons-regular, to take the habit, and to make the profession according to the rule of St. Augustine and your constitutions, and to remain in the order till my death, provided I can obtain your consent. Therefore I humbly beg your leave and favour. Moreover you must know that this request

comes from no sudden notion, but from long deliberation; for from a boy my mind has been always attached to your religious order, though hitherto I have had no opportunity of entering it; nor did I ever petition for admission before I came to the monastery of St. Martin, at Louvain, where I was received most kindly and favourably, and where for some months I have lived with the fathers, who have seen my disposition, and proved my abilities. The holy conversation of the prior and convent makes me every day more anxious to become a religious: but I do not wish to put others to inconvenience for my convenience; therefore if it can be done without damage or loss to your order, I beg that you will grant me permission to take the habit, and make my profession in the aforesaid monastery. By me, Laurence Vaux."

He was accepted, and on St. Laurence's day, August 10, 1572, he was clothed with the habit. His old friend Goldwell, Bishop of St. Asaph, wrote to him from Rome to congratulate him; we extract his letter from Molanus, *Annales Urbis Lovanii*, lib. v. c. xxxiv.:

"DEAREST FATHER LAURENCE,—I am delighted to hear that you have not only left your dignities and your property in England for the Catholic faith, but that also you have lately entered the order of canons-regular. This order of yours dates from the Apostles' times, before St. Augustine, who reformed it; and it was held in such esteem, that eight Popes in succession were elected from it, among whom was our countryman, Hadrian IV. Under Pius V. I was for five years dean of St. John Lateran's, which formerly was the first and mother church of your order throughout the world. There I found many ancient monuments in praise of your order, and many privileges granted to it."

By the 8th of May 1573 he had finished his novitiate, and before his profession he appeared with Paul Van den Bossche, the prior, before a notary public, to make the disposition of his property. As the list of church-plate which he had saved from Manchester is not without a certain antiquarian interest, we will give it at some length.

The first catalogue is of things that he had brought over to Louvain with him, and deposited in the custody of the prior of his convent:

"*Imprimis*; a chalice, paten and spoon, gilt, weighing xxxix ounces, or thereabouts.

Item, a silver thurible parcel-gilt, weighing xxij ounces.

Item, a gilt monstrance with reliquary, weighing together xlv ounces and three quarters; which reliquary enclosed, is said to be ornamented with jewels, and to contain relics of St. Martin and other saints.

Item, a gilt silver instrument for giving the pax, with an image

of Christ crucified, with Mary and John, and coats of arms beneath, weighing about v ounces.

Item, a cope, a chasuble, and two dalmatics, of red silk shot with gold, the chasuble having images of the B. Virgin Mary and other saints, with this inscription in English : ' Praye for the soul off Huogh Oldham,' and the cope the same inscription, but not the dalmatics."

At the same time he made the following disposition of the things he had left in the custody of Mr. Standish and elsewhere :

" He wills that all and singular his goods, wherever they may be found, be disposed of to pious uses according to the discretion of his executors, William Allen, Thomas Bozley, and Thomas Wilson. He declares that he has had in his custody for many years the goods belonging to Manchester College, described in the former instrument, which are now in the custody of the prior of St. Martin's.

Moreover he declares that he has left in the custody of Mr. Edward Standysse, Lord of Standisse, the following goods belonging to the said college :

A silver vessel for chrism, with images of the xii apostles placed round it, weighing  $44\frac{7}{8}$  oz.

Item, four silver-gilt basins for washing, weighing  $49\frac{1}{4}$  oz.

Item, a silver-gilt candlestick,  $8\frac{1}{4}$  oz.

Item, a silver-gilt cross,  $19\frac{1}{2}$  oz.

Item, a silver-gilt thurible,  $33\frac{1}{2}$  oz.

Item, a silver-gilt image of St. Peter, 22 oz.

Item, a silver parcel-gilt monstrance, with relics of saints,  $15\frac{7}{8}$  oz.

Item, a silver instrument for showing relics, 16 oz.

[ Item, two little silver bells, one gilt,  $11\frac{3}{4}$  oz.

Item, one cruet of silver, 3 oz.

Item, two little silver crowns, 1 oz.

Item, a pax, 3 oz.

Item, four vestments for mass, viz. cope, chasuble, deacon and subdeacon's vestments, of purple silk, very precious.

Item, another purple silk chasuble.

Item, another green.

Item, two copes of green satin.

Item, all the deeds and muniments and letters belonging to the said college were placed in a little box, and left with the said Mr. Standysse.

Item. He declares that he has left in the custody of the Mother Superior of the Ursulines,\* in Half Street, Louvain, a silver-gilt thurible of 19 oz.

Willing and desiring, and laying it on the consciences of his said executors, that they shall recover these deposits as far as possible, and restore them to Manchester College, when it shall be restored to the Catholic faith, or when Catholics shall live in it.

\* This was an Englishwoman, Sister Margaret Clement, aunt to Dr. Clement, Dean of St. Gudule's, Brussels, elected prioress in 1569.

Making them his executors to give receipts for the things deposited in England or elsewhere, and to compel legally their restoration.

In the presence of Cuthbert Vaux, Laurence Webbe, and John de Wamel, notary."\*

There was also a codicil, which Vaux kept in his own hands, and which has not been found.

He must have made his vows shortly after, and then his piety and experience soon gained him a high place in the esteem of his fellow religious; so that in 1577, when the prior's chair became vacant by the transition of its occupant to the Carthusian order, there were serious attempts to elect Vaux to the office of successor. We have transcribed the following from a Ms. chronicle of the monastery compiled in the last century, which was shown to us by the Bishop of Bruges.

"In the confusion which followed the vacancy of the prior's chair, a further dispute arose among the brethren, which of them should be reckoned greatest. Some wished to elect one, some another; some even desired to have F. Laurence Vaux for prior, and endeavoured to elect him. People said that he was not unwilling to accept the dignity, in order that he might be able to receive with him into the monastery a lot of Englishmen, who had fled from their country after suffering persecution there for their profession of the Catholic faith, in which case our monastery would have become as it were a seminary for the English. Meanwhile the temporal affairs of the house naturally fell into confusion, especially as the troubles of the Low Countries commenced about 1577; and almost all the towns were infested with a garrison of poor soldiers, who were scarcely ever paid."†

After a time this state of uncertainty was terminated by the election of Augustine Baesten, of Sichein, then prior of Croix-à-Lens, who was confirmed July 18, 1578. At the same time probably Vaux was made sub-prior, in which office he continued till Midsummer 1580, when we read that he exhibited to the prior an English letter written by Dr. Allen, from Rheims, to call him into France, in order that from thence he might, according to the Pope's command, pass over to England, with the blessing and leave of his prior. He was allowed to depart on St. John Baptist's day. The following letter will show how he succeeded in his mission. It was written by Vaux, from his prison in Westminster, to the prior of St. Martin's, Oct. 20, 1580:

\* These lists have been taken from copies formerly in the archives of St. Martin's, and now in the hands of M. Van Even.

† *Chronicon Martinianum*, vol. i. p. 270.

"MY REVEREND FATHER,—That I am so late in writing is not from want of love ; I have at last an opportunity, so I will tell you all my adversities and tribulations from the 1st of August to the present day, into which I fell while I journeyed towards my appointed country. I was intercepted, and taken 140 miles on this side of the post assigned to me. I will briefly give you the summary of the whole affair. On the 1st of August, with two companions, I started from Rheims towards England, and on the eighth day we arrived at the port of Boulogne, and hired a ship for England ; but for four days we had to wait for a fair wind (for it blew from the west, and was contrary). On the fourth day, about noon, it changed to the south, and, being good enough, we went on board, and in four hours reached England, and landed at a port called Dover. When we had entered an inn there, the mayor, with some gentlemen, came to us to ask who and what we were ; then, after hearing our answers, he commanded ourselves and our baggage to be searched in his presence, for fear we might have letters or other unlawful things about us (for he had a command from the queen to keep strict watch on the ports) ; but, thank God, no letter or other unlawful thing was found. So pledging us in a glass of excellent wine, he left us free to go wherever our business called us. We had there a merry supper, and at dawn next day we hired horses to Canterbury, sixteen miles ; at Canterbury we ate and drank, and then hired fresh horses for Rochester, twenty miles further. But woe is me, in the mean time we had been betrayed by a Frenchman, who had come in our company from Boulogne, and who pretended not to understand a word of English ; but he suddenly gave us the slip, without bidding us farewell, at Canterbury, and went stealthily to one of the queen's council who dwelt there, before whom he accused us of all he had seen and understood. The councillor, therefore, sent post haste after us, and apprehended us in Rochester, after summoning the mayor and other officials. They first took us as prisoners to the governor of that county, who treated us very honourably both in deeds and words, listening kindly to my reasons, and so wrote favourably in my behalf to the queen's council. The fifth day afterwards the secretary of the queen's privy council was sent to us with sixty interrogatories in writing, who examined us separately on the same, and wrote down our answers. But to some theological questions I refused to give him an answer because he was a layman, and so he departed. On the eleventh day after, we were brought before the Bishop of London, who proposed to me the same theological questions ; after three hours spent in talking, because I would not agree with him, he committed us to the prison in Westminster Close. There is here a beautiful monastery, of ancient foundation and construction, endowed with vast revenues by most generous kings. The glorious church, with other fair buildings of hewn stone, still remains in its pristine beauty ; but the abbot and his monks are changed into a dean and secular canons, with cantors and singing men. Divine service is celebrated every day after their manner in the said

church; I can hear the singing and organ in my cell. But to be brief. When I was taken to the prison-hall, I found there no small number of prisoners,—nobles, priests, women, gentlemen, and lay people,—all shut up for the Catholic faith. They congratulated me on my arrival. We have soft beds, rooms tidy enough, where we can read our hours, say our prayers, and study. From my room I have a charming prospect, from one window towards the south, and from the other towards the north. Twice a day we all go down to the dining-room, and there sit down together to table. We are very well treated for diet, having many dishes, both boiled and roast. We always have the best white bread, and capital beer and wine. Nothing is heard among us but what is Catholic, pious, and holy. The daily expenses for the table are ten stivers (pence) a-day,—four for dinner, four for supper, and two for our beds. A maid makes the beds and sweeps the rooms. So I remain a prisoner, but well content with my state; we hope for better things at last. The Jesuits prosper. Farewell, and pray for me. In haste, 20 Oct. 1580. Salute in my name, I beg of you, Reverend Father Paul, Vlimmers, Simon, Peter, the procurator, and my dearest Gregory, and all the rest. Humbly asking the help of their prayers, I subscribe myself, yours most humbly, Laurence Vaux, canon-regular.”\*

This letter shows that Vaux was chosen to form part of the famous mission which Campion and Parsons led into England at Midsummer 1580. For his bodily comfort it was happy that he was taken so early; for soon afterwards the prisons began to be overcrowded with recusants, and the prisoners were rendered as miserable as possible by the evangelical severity of the high commission, and especially of the Bishop of London. In the State-Paper Office we have found the questions administered to Vaux and one of his companions,† Mr. Tichbourne; they are at present placed among the undated papers of 1583 (No. 459), but ought to be transferred to August 1580. Though Vaux's answers are not recorded, it will be interesting to see the nature of the interrogatories that used to put to suspected priests.

“What is his age, art, condition, or calling? Where was he born, how long did he dwell there, and where did he live in England? How long is it since he went abroad? Has he been in England since he first went over, and with whom?‡ Did he go with license, and how did he get license? How was he maintained abroad, by whom, and for what consideration? Where did he live

\* *Chronicon Martinianum*, vol. i. p. 270. Paquot, in his literary history of Belgium, sub voce “Vaux,” mentions this letter as existing among the archives of St. Martin; the original is now lost, but a copy has happily been preserved by the laborious compiler of the chronicle.

† The other companion of his journey was probably Thomas Cotesmore.

‡ This question evidently refers to his visit to England in 1566, of which the government had some evidence in his letter of that date.

abroad? How long did he remain there, and what did he do? What Englishmen did he know there? Being professed in religion, what consecrated things has he brought over with him? Are they not sent to some persons as their factors and friends, or for what other purpose did he bring them? Has he used or given any since his arrival; to whom and what? From whence did he come, where is he going, and what the cause of his return? At what port did he land, and in what company? What commission or token has he to do in England; where, what, and to whom? What acquaintance and how long has he with Mr. Titchbourne? Where did they first meet, and is Mr. Titchbourne a priest? What does he know of Titchbourne's kindred; who and where are they, and how long has Titchbourne been over? Whose apparel was brought over in the trunk, and to whom was it sent? Why did he say when he was searched at Dover, 'though they have searched me, they have not found what they sought for?' What was that?"

The examination of Titchbourne consisted of similar questions about himself and Vaux. Though there is nothing that can be properly called theological in them, there are inquiries which touched his life, such as the question whether he had brought over any consecrated things, and whether he had given them to any: to have brought them would have been high treason; to have received such things involved the penalty of *præmunire*, or loss of all property and imprisonment for life. He was quite right to refuse to answer them on any pretext whatever, and if he could maintain that they were theological, he was perfectly justified in doing so.

Another document in the State-Paper Office, No. 111 of the year 1583, will give us the names of some of Vaux's companions in prison—Thomas Cotesmore, an old Sussex priest, taken, probably with Vaux, as he was coming over the seas, and who died in prison, 1590; John More, son of a Yorkshire squire, captured in the same way about the same time; Edward Paule, a deacon, of Coventry, taken at Dover under the same circumstances; Humphrey Eyton, a retainer of the Roper family at Eltham in Kent, committed by Burghley; John Hughes, a Devonshire man, and clerk of one of the secondaries of the counter, committed by the Star-Chamber for being found in the company of a priest; Richard Ross, an old Yorkshire priest, whom the Bishop of London had kept five years in prison for his religion; Humphrey Comberford, a Staffordshire squire committed two years before by the same evangelical prelate; the wife of Mr. Heath, of Fulham; James Braybrooke, a lawyer of Abingdon; Anthony Throgmorton, a merchant of London; Edward Yates, of Berkshire, at whose house Campion was captured; and Thomas Edwardes, another of the companions of that martyr. Be-

sides these, he had enjoyed the company of Polidore Morgan and Robert Dibdale, both priests, but both now discharged for want of proof; the latter destined to fall again into the hands of the government, and to expiate his priesthood by martyrdom, in 1586.\*

On the 21st of August 1583, Vaux wrote the following letter to his old companion Coppage, the ex-fellow of Manchester College, who, like himself, had fallen into the hands of the Philistines, and was now immured with a great number of other priests in Manchester gaol, where they lived a regular life, as in a college or monastery; as did afterwards the priests at Wisbeach Castle on a larger scale. Vaux refers to this in the opening of his epistle:†

“GOOD MR. COPPAGE,—After my hearty commendations, I have received your gentle letters with a pair of gloves by this bearer, for the which I thank you most heartily. Blessed be God for your more liberty. I am glad that ye have set up a college of priests; I pray God bless you all. Your charge is small in comparison of ours, for I pay 1*l.* a-year for my chamber, and I must be at charge to make a chimney. I have agreed with a workman by great to find all manner of stuff thereunto, and to make it within these twelve days; and when I have made it, I must pay double for faggots and coals, that I could buy in the streets. Our keeper maketh a great gain of us, as well for meat and drink as for fuel; he gaineth half-in-half, which bringeth many into extreme necessity; but God be blessed, as yet I have found no lack. My friends here be many and of much worship, especially since my Catechism came forth in print. At my coming out of foreign countries, I left it with a friend in Louvain, to be put in print; but it came not forth until this last year. Here were great plenty of them sold at 12*d.* a-piece, but now is not one to be bought. A gentleman dwelling within sixteen miles

\* State-Paper Office, Dom. same date.

† From returns of Trafford and Worseley, the keepers of “Salford Fleet,” as the Manchester gaol was called, dated Feb. 28, April 13, and Oct. 13, 1582, we learn the names of Coppage’s companions, and the kind of treatment they received. Sir John Southworth, Knight; John Towneley, William Hugh, and John Hockwell, Esqs.; Ralph Worseley, gent.; John Coppage, Thomas Houghton, Ralph Scott, William Wilson, Thomas Woodes, and Christopher Hawkesworth, priests; John Burgh, schoolmaster; Oliver Platt, Thurstan Arrowsmith, and John Finch, husbandmen; Katherine Marsh, Helen Challoner, and three other women. They are reported as very obstinate, and the keepers ask for a preacher to make them conform; failing in this, they “appointed one to read at their meal-times a chapter of the holy Bible. But in contempt of the same, Arrowsmith and Finch have very contemptuously disturbed the reader of the same.” All these were committed by the Earl of Derby, the Bishop of Chester, and the other commissioners for that diocese. There is another list, dated 25 Jan. 1584, containing thirty-eight names; among them twelve priests and three schoolmasters. In addition to the above priests, we have John Morryn or Marwen, Richard Hatton, James Bell, Thos. Williamson, John Alabaster, and John Lowe. Of this company, Bell, Lowe, and Finch were martyrs. Coppage is always mentioned first, as head of the “college.”

of you told me that he had 300, which came in at the north parts, so that there is no want amongst you; and in these parts the Jesuits and seminary priests do use it for the instruction of the people. Thanks be to God, many are reclaimed. I have done your commendations to Mr. Steward, who thanks you of your gentleness; he keepeth his old lodging in the garrets of the house, and an old priest of eighty-four in a chamber next to him. In the next chamber to me is an old priest who knoweth you well, and hath him commended to you. His name is Mr. Cotesmore; he was clerk to the old Lord Delaware, and kept his courts; he hath seen you with our old master [Collier] with my lord. He was made priest and beneficed in Queen Mary's time; he saith service with me daily. I pray you know whether Mr. Worseley the lawyer was not student in the Middle Temple; Mr. Braybrooke, one of my next fellows, a man of much worship, co-captive for religion, desireth to know, and if it be, he giveth hearty commendations to him; he was student with him. I pray you do my hearty commendations to all your college. I pray God bless you all. In haste, 21 Aug. 1583. Yours ever, L. V.—You shall receive by this bearer a Spanish pistolet of gold delivered by a carrier in Holme, a young man."

Vaux's letter reached Coppage, and at his death fell into the hands of the government. He soon began to experience harsher treatment; for the *dispersæ algæ inquisitores*, the prying pursuivants, were set to hunt out all copies of his Catechism. At the end of the year, we find a man called Edmonds who had the temerity to take one of them to church with him instead of a Book of Common Prayer at Great Torrington; his neighbours looked over him, and with the inquisitorial spirit which at that time converted every Englishman into a spy and a police agent, one of them asked the loan of it, that he might peruse it.

"Edmonds," continues the paper,\* "gave it him, saying, 'It is a catechism.' Thereupon he read it, and saw that it contained Popish doctrine. In a little time Edmonds asked to have the book back again. He refused to give it back, because it contained matters against the queen's proceedings. Edmonds said, 'You will not use me so; give me my book.' He answered, 'You shall not have it before I peruse it better, and then maybe you shall have it.'"

Poor Edmonds pleaded hard to have his book back; but his tormentor told him, that the more he stirred, the worse it would be for him; so he sighed and spake no more. After church the book was examined, and taken to the mayor, who summoned Edmonds and his master; in the afternoon the provincial Dogberry and his aldermen sat on the case, and concluded that Edmonds could not do much harm with the book, for he could scarce read, and was of no religion, but an

\* State-Paper Office, Domestic, 1583, Dec. 26.

arrant knave. Then arose a civic dispute about the seven Sacraments, and Edmonds was discharged. But by another paper we find that "Edmonds has run away, after having been obliged to surrender his livery, fearing the consequences." Such was the effect that being caught with a Popish catechism had on the fortunes of a poor serving-man in those melancholy days. In the inventories of effects seized in the pursuivants' forays on recusants' houses, we often find Vaux's little book mentioned; it was evidently a production that administered a shrewd pinch to Protestantism. Thus when Paul Wentworth made a descent on the house of Mr. Hampden, of Stoke, Buckinghamshire, he carried off from Mr. Hampden's room a superstitious gold tablet, Vaux's Catechism, and "a picture on sarsenet, called Veronica." In the maids' rooms he found manuals of prayers, Jesus-Psalters, and beads, "a piece of bread like old holy-bread," four books called *Lives of Ludovick* (St. Louis), and pictures.\*

We are not aware that the Catechism was ever seriously answered, though we learn from Strype that it was one of the "Popish treatises" that were "in answering." In those days, when people were readily permitted to read the reply, but imprisoned if they possessed the book replied to, it did not much matter whether the answer was good or bad; no one could find out its knavery and its folly. Vaux's books at length stirred up all the malice of Aylmer, the pretended Bishop of London, who summoned him and others before the ecclesiastical commissioners early in 1585, and there condemned him to death, if we may believe Strype (*Life of Aylmer*, p. 116). Burghley, although a cruel man, unsparing of Catholic blood whenever any, even the least, political motive seemed to require it, could not go with the minister of his Gospel to this extent of impolitic barbarity. Vaux was an old priest, and so not obnoxious to the statutes against seminaries and Jesuits; he was a venerable old man, an ornament of the clergy, beloved by all who knew him, and affectionately remembered for his charities in Manchester; he was a well-known scholar, and his Catechism, while it proved his power of adapting his teaching to the young and ignorant, showed also the affectionate solicitude that he had for the lambs of the flock. William Cecil, who would not have felt the slightest compunction in sacrificing this person for any "cause of state,"—to frighten the recusants, to strike terror into the priests, or to prove to the people that there were no thoughts of a toleration,—drew back from the meaningless, gratuitous, and cold-blooded brutality of the Bishop, and in-

\* State-Paper Office, Dom. 1584, Jan. 26.

terceded with him for the deliverance of Vaux. The Bishop wrote back that the condemned man was now out of his jurisdiction, and that if Burghley wished to save him, he must do it for himself. We will copy his letter :

“It may please your good lordship to understand that though I pity the old fellow Vauxe, being not so bad as the other, and yet bad enough, yet I do not take upon me to deal with him, nor any other in the like state, for his liberty ; for I think your lordship do remember what the opinion of the judges was before my lord-chancellor and you at the Star-Chamber, viz. that they being upon condemnation according to the statute in execution for the queen, the commissioners had no more to do with them. Therefore if it shall please your lordships of her majesty’s privy council to grant them any favour, from thence it must come, and not from us ; and so I take my leave of your good lordship, praying God to bless you with all good graces from heaven. Fulham, 12 April 1585. Your good lordship’s assured in Christ,  
JOHN LONDON.”\*

Most biographers, such as Anthony Wood, Dr. Wroe, and the rest, give impossible dates for Vaux’s death. Bishop Kennet writes : “He died in Dec. 1571.” Mr. Wood says, that “being imprisoned in the Gatehouse at Westminster, he died there in great necessity about 1570. . . . . In a Ms. register of St. Margaret’s, Westminster, it is said that Laurence Vaux, a prisoner in the Gatehouse, was buried in St. Margaret’s church, Dec. 1571.” Paquot, however, seems better informed as to the date, when he says that he died of hunger and misery in the Gatehouse in 1588. We find that when he first got into trouble about his book, he was removed from his comfortable rooms in the Gatehouse to the Clink prison in Southwark, where we find him in April 1584. After this we lose all trace of him in the lists of London prisoners : but since he was condemned to death in 1585, we cannot suppose that his condition was improved ; and as the tradition is the same both among Protestants and Catholics that he died of hunger and misery in prison,† there is no possible reason to doubt the fact, we may place his death in 1585, in the Clink prison. In the index to the edition of Bridge-

\* British Museum, Lansdowne Ms. no. 45, art. 41.

† Since the above was written, the Bishop of Bruges has kindly communicated to us an entry from the Chronicle of St. Martin’s (p. 258), which we overlooked in our hasty search. It quite confirms our conjecture as to the date of the death of Father Vaux : “The venerable Father Laurence Vause, martyr, . . . . . shortly after his profession, discharged the office of sub-prior, and went into England, where he was thrown into prison for the confession of the Catholic faith, and was famished to death, and so gained the crown of martyrdom, 1585.” This chronicle, in which nearly all the archives of the convent were copied out, was compiled during the last century by James Thomas Bosmans, Prior of Putte, and Secretary of the Congregation of Windesheim, who died 26th March 1764. :

water, published in 1588, we have, "Laurence Vaux, priest, died in prison, a martyr." This is probably Paquot's authority for the date; but, after all, it only proves that he was dead before 1588.

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## THE GREEK RITE.

AMONG the prejudices and misconceptions which form the chief obstacle to the reconciliation of the Orientals with the Catholics, the question of the Greek rite, according to F. Gagarin, occupies the chief place. Whenever Rome endeavours to bring back a separated Church to the unity of the faith, she is generally supposed to entertain the unexpressed intention of imposing upon it the Latin liturgy and discipline. Nothing, says F. Gagarin, is more false. "*Non opus est*," says Benedict XIV. (Bulla, *Allatæ sunt*, § 19), "*ad Orientales in viam unitatis revocandos, ut lædantur ipsorum ritus, aut corrumpantur, quandoquidem id semper alienum fuit ab instituto Sedis Apostolicæ.*"\* The Holy See, says the same great Pope, has always respected "the venerable Oriental rite." The same may be gathered from the Encyclic of Pius IX. of Jan. 6, 1848. So that we may affirm that the Holy See has always seriously and sincerely desired to maintain the Oriental rite; and that no Pope ever intended to make its destruction or alteration a condition of peace between East and West.

If it be objected that in the Ottoman empire and in Poland those who were converted by the Catholic missionaries almost always passed over to the Latin rite, the explanation is easy. In Turkey, till the publication of the *Hatti-houmayoun* of 1856, all Christians of the Oriental rite were placed under the authority of the Patriarch of Constantinople; thus, if persons wished to pass over to the obedience of the Pope, the government compelled them to adopt the Latin rite. And in Poland the Latin rite was the symbol of the dominant nationality, while the Slavonic rite was almost the stigma of the slave; in adopting the Latin rite, the Russian passed naturally into the ranks of the dominant people. It was through political motives, not by the violence, nor by the

\* "To recall the Orientals to unity of faith, there is no need of hurting or spoiling their rites; for that was always contrary to the practice of the Apostolic See."

intervention of the Bishops, that so many families passed from the Slavonic to the Roman rite.

It is precisely this historical fact which accounts for the deep prejudice felt against the Latin rite in Russia: both people and government consider Catholicity and what they in derision call *Latinism* to be the same; this nickname is synonymous with *Polonism*, so that the progress of the Catholic Church in Russia is looked upon as the triumph of Polish nationality; while, by another association of ideas, every thing that is favourable to the Poles is considered also to favour the revolutionary spirit. Thus do the Russians come to confound the interests of the Catholic religion with those of socialism and revolution.

In order to cut away this prejudice by the roots, and to prevent the possibility of the suspicion that the Western Church wishes to humiliate the East by abolishing the Oriental liturgies and imposing her own, a bold proposition has lately been made; namely, that the Catholic missionaries, male and female, sent by the Pope to reconcile or educate the Orientals, should all adopt the Oriental rite.

There is much more in this proposition than meets the eye. Persons who have never been in countries where the two rites coexist, may fancy that it is a thing which might easily take place without exciting attention. This is a mistake. The transition would be a fact of immense significance; it would bring home the fact of the unity of the Church to those who at present overlook it, and would be a powerful means of propagating the desire of reconciliation. But can it be done? As it is in accordance with the ancient discipline of the Church, and is contradicted by no fundamental principle of modern discipline, although at present actually unlawful, it might be legalised by the simple permission of the Popes.

In the first ages of the Church, there were different rites; but, as a general rule, there were never two Bishops, with their own clergy and flocks, in the same diocese or ecclesiastical territory. In every place there was but one Bishop and one clergy, and the faithful who travelled from one diocese to another generally conformed to the usage of the place where they were staying. Such, at least, was the advice of the wisest prelates.

They were not only lay people that passed in this way from one rite to another. History has preserved the names of numerous Orientals who occupied episcopal sees in Italy, Africa, Gaul, and England. Even the see of Peter at Rome has been occupied by thirteen Greek, and six Syrian Popes.

In the monasteries likewise there was little question of nationality, or of the rite in which a person had been born and educated. We find in the ancient communities a mixture of men belonging to the most different countries and the most opposite rites: Syrians, Copts, Greeks, Italians, and Gauls lived together. The monks of the East and West used to take long voyages to visit each other, to live under one another, and thus to learn from one another the best rules of perfection.

But by degrees this happy intercourse became impossible. The ancient heresies, which were so rife in the East, were always mixed up with questions of nationalism, and during their prevalence they generally imported some change into the national rite: hence it came to pass in the East that at last there were almost as many rites as there were nations; and the Church, when she found herself able to bring these erring members back to unity, generally found also that, in order to secure what was necessary, she had to be indulgent and condescending in all that was not essential; and that in order to succeed in her endeavours to restore them, she was obliged to respect the liturgies which they had concocted for themselves, and the habit which they had learned from their mothers of confounding in one love their country and their national rites. While, in order to avoid giving any occasion of jealousy, the Church was even obliged to forbid persons to pass from one rite to another.

But this prohibition did not prevent Latin monks having convents in the East, nor Orientals having their establishments in the West, each observing the rites and rules that were proper to their native land. Thus in Italy many Greek convents were erected; even at Toul, St. Gerard, the Bishop of that city, built and endowed a monastery for monks, who were to be of Greek birth and of the Greek rite.

Another instance still more to the point is that of St. Sabas, a monk of either Syrian or Greek rite, at the close of the fifth century. In the year 492 he was archimandrite, or abbot, of the great community of St. Simeon, near Antioch, to which the fame of his sanctity had attracted a great number of Armenians. In the year in question the increase of his members obliged him to build a new church for them; on which he gave the old one to the Armenians, "in order that the thanksgiving used by Christians (the Eucharist) and the reading of the gospels to those present might be conducted in their own language; they were, however, to receive the Divine Sacraments together with the rest, so that all might partake of them in common." But since Peter the Fuller, the Eu-

tychian intruder into the see of Antioch, had inserted a clause into the *Trisagion*, or *Sanctus*, to express his heresy; and since the Armenians had been accustomed to use this form,—St. Sabas, “to take away this novelty, though he allowed them to sing all the rest of the liturgy, which he knew to be rightly conceived, in their vernacular tongue, yet made them sing the *Trisagion* in Greek.”\* Cardinal Mai,† in relating this history from the epistles of the monk Nikon, adds another fact of no less importance to our subject, namely, that the Armenians had a Bishop of their own, consecrated by the Greek Patriarch of Antioch. “Nikon,”‡ says he, “testifies that there were certain Armenian monks who lived in the Greek monasteries at Antioch and Jerusalem, who were orthodox, and far from the suspicion of any heresy. He shows that from the time of St. Sabas and abbot Theodosius they lived in community with the Greek monks; but by St. Sabas’s permission were accustomed to sing Mass in the Armenian language (and rite), all except the *Sanctus*, for fear of their adding the clause of Peter the Fuller. The Armenians, moreover, had a Bishop of Edessa, who was always consecrated by the Greek Patriarch of Antioch.” This Bishop was subject to an Armenian Archbishop, who was attached to the monastery of St. Simeon at Antioch; one of these Archbishops appears to have been St. Macarius, who was expelled from Syria by the Saracens in 985, and who wandered as far as Ghent in Belgium, where he died in the abbey of St. Bavon. “He professed,” says the monk who nursed him in his illness, and who afterwards wrote his life,§ “that he was Archbishop of Antioch, which city is the flower of Armenia:” or as it was better expressed in the epitaph on his tomb, he was “Archbishop of the monastery of St. Simeon at Antioch.” Here, then, we have an instance of a single monastic community, ruled by one abbot, where all the monks received the Sacraments in common, but yet were divided into two portions, subject to two separate episcopal jurisdictions, and using two different liturgical rites.

To come to later times, the Dominican missionaries to Armenia, who succeeded in bringing back to the Church a part of that people, founded there monasteries of their order to which they admitted Armenians. They said Office and Mass in the vernacular tongue, but not according to the Armenian rite; for they used the Dominican Breviary and Missal

\* Surius, *In Vita S. Sabæ*, Dec. 5.

† Script. Vet. Nov. Collect. tom. iv. p. 166.

‡ Epist. xxxvi. *ad Gerasimum*, fol. 362.

§ Acta Sanctorum, Aprilis, vol. i. p. 875.

translated into Armenian. These religious, then, who were called *united friars*, were only Armenians in language; in rite they were Latins: they were in the same case as the Illyrian Catholics, among whom from time immemorial Mass has been said in the Illyrian language, and according to the Latin rite.

It is known that the Jesuits wished to introduce the same thing into China, though their enemies succeeded in preventing their obtaining the permission of the Holy See. After the suppression of their order, others made use of their labours that had long lain dormant in manuscript, and obtained from Pius VI. a decree, mentioned by Gavanti, permitting Mass to be said in Chinese. But still this does not amount to a precedent for members of a Latin order passing over to an Oriental rite.

The following instance would be decisive, if we could do more than report it on hearsay; but we have as yet been unable to verify the account, though, since it was given us on excellent authority, we have no reason to doubt its accuracy. It is said that the present Pope has given authority to the Capuchin missionaries to Abyssinia to use the Abyssinian rite in all public functions, and yet to retain the Latin rite for Private Masses, if they judge it to be convenient. Hereby one of the greatest objections to this change of rites would be avoided. For as the Oriental rites only allow of one Mass in a church on one day, most missionaries would be only able to offer the Holy Sacrifice at rare and distant intervals, unless they were allowed to satisfy their devotion by saying Low Masses according to the Roman rite in private oratories when they could not sing the Oriental Mass in the church.

Yet even if this should turn out not to be true, we cannot go so far as to say that the project here discussed has been altogether without precedent since the mutual exclusion of the different rites has prevailed. In 1347, the emperor Charles IV. founded in the new city of Prague a magnificent monastery, called first St. Jerome's, and afterwards Emmaus, and gave it to Slavonians, whom he obliged by his charter to follow their national rite and the rule of St. Benedict at the same time. Pope Clement VI. authorised this arrangement, and afterwards permitted the same prince to found in the same city another monastery, that of St. Ambrose, bound to observe the rite of Milan; so that, as there was at Prague a third Benedictine monastery of the Latin rite, one town presented the spectacle of three convents of the same order following three different rites.

The Catholics of Russia are beginning to see the advantages which would result from propagating the Institution of

Clement VI. in the Slavonic provinces. The same thing has been long understood in the West. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, a man\* who well understood all that concerned the missions of the East remarked that, in order to insure the stability of the union between East and West, it was not enough to make them merely acknowledge the same visible head, but that it was necessary to lay deep the foundations of the union; and that nothing could serve this purpose better than the establishment of religious houses using an Oriental rite, but observing a Western rule and obeying a Latin superior-general. He took his chief instances in proof from Russia. He showed by experience that the Latin missionaries, afraid of the united Ruthenians relapsing into schism unless they were attached to the Church by unity of rite, laboured to bring them over to the Latin rite; and that in consequence, the Ruthenians who stuck to the Slavonic rite held the missionaries in abomination, so much so, that they preferred leaving their children to vegetate in ignorance rather than to send them to the schools of the Jesuits or other Latins, where they would be exposed to the danger of being persuaded to abandon their rite. He adds, that in all these countries those who follow the Latin rite, though natives, are looked upon as foreigners, and that in consequence their best actions are blamed because they wound the feeling of nationality.

For these evils Father Thomas could see but one remedy, and that was, to permit the missionaries from the West to adopt the Oriental rite. This simple act would, he tells us, be a certificate of naturalisation; for it would give the missionaries the means of finding their way into society, and of heartily attaching to the See of Peter these suspicious and prejudiced people. This great man, therefore, demanded that there should be Jesuits, Capuchins, Recollects, and other religious, Latin by birth, but belonging to the Slavonic rite by adoption. He himself took great pains to found within his order a congregation of missionaries thus able to make themselves all things to all men.

These considerations have been brought with fresh force before the Catholics of Russia by the late elevation (in 1856) of Mgr. Lewicki, Archbishop of Lemberg and Metropolitan of the united Ruthenians of Gallicia, to the cardinalate. We are informed that this act of the Pope has made an incredible sensation in all Slavonic countries. For many months the newspapers have been printing, not only the official documents,

\* F. Thomas of Jesus, discalced Carmelite, in his book *De Unione Schismaticorum cum Ecclesiâ Catholica procurandâ*.

but also all the addresses sent to the new Cardinal. Every thing that could have the slightest connection with the elevation of a prelate of the Slavonic rite to the Sacred College has been hunted out. It has been particularly remarked, that though this dignity has hitherto been considered as belonging exclusively to the Latins,—insomuch that after the Council of Florence, when Bessarion, the Archbishop of Nice, and Isodore, the Metropolitan of Moscow and Kief, were made Cardinals, they had for the moment to go over to the Latin rite,—yet Pius IX. demanded nothing similar from the Metropolitan of Lemberg, when he raised him to that dignity. It was impossible for the Pope to choose a better means of placing the two rites on the same footing.

The rejoicings of the Slavonic Catholics found an echo even in Russia, where there is a general persuasion that the honour conferred by the Pope on the Archbishop of Lemberg was not without influence on the Emperor Alexander, when at his coronation he gave the Grand Cross of St. Andrew to the too notorious Siemiaszko, the fallen Catholic, who made himself the tool of Nicholas to force the Ruthenians of Russian Poland into schism. The emperor had no other means of keeping the non-united Slavonian episcopate on a level with the united Bishops, who had all been so immensely raised in the estimation of the world by the act of Pius IX. And now for the application of this to the Russian Catholics. Ever since the terrible persecution of the late emperor, many of them have thrown off their lethargy, and have seriously taken in hand the interests of the Church; the improvement in their spirit is so great, that it is impossible not to remark it. Many a heart is now warm which was before cold and paralysed. This new fervour shows itself in the usual way, by the spirit of self-sacrifice which is leading many persons to aspire after a religious life,—the only kind of life where self-sacrifice can be carried out into all its consequences. But the Russian laws oppose so many difficulties to a life in community, and the name of each postulant has to pass through such a long file of administrative *bureaus*, that another expedient has to be made use of.

People in Russia are beginning to understand that the old rule, by which a person could only do what the government allowed him to do, is exploded; common sense has invaded the official mind, and people are beginning to see that they may do any thing that the law does not forbid. Now though it is still forbidden to erect new religious houses, yet people ask whether it is forbidden for women, at least, to practise the religious life like the *monache di casa* of Naples, that is,

to observe in the bosom of the family, like the ascetic virgins and widows of primitive ages, all the essentials of the religious life. They might even go farther: we know how the French nuns, especially those of Paris, after being turned out of their convents by the great revolution, put themselves into communication with a certain priest, who united them together, in spite of their dispersion, by the bond of a common rule, a uniform life, and mutual dependence and aid. Although many of them had belonged to contemplative orders, circumstances forced them to embrace an active life; and God alone knows how much good they did, and what an immense number of families profited by their presence. The same thing was done, or attempted, for the English by the "Jesuitesses," in the commencement of the seventeenth century; and though the order was abolished by Urban VIII., who enforced literally the decree of the Council of Trent, which enclosed all nuns in their cloisters, a similar one was restored by Clement XI., in 1703. Something of the same kind is desired by some persons for Russia.

It seems that a new era is about to commence in the religious development of that country. We have the most positive assurances of the persons most interested in the negotiation, that the Emperor Alexander has made a demand of the Rev. Father Etienne, the Superior-General of the Lazarists and Sisters of Charity at Paris, for *five hundred* nuns of his congregation. Father Etienne declared that he could not possibly spare such a number; but offered a hundred and fifty, on condition that they were to be under the direction of the priests of the mission. In order to be really useful to Russia, this project ought to be carried out according to the plan said to be about to be put in operation in certain Slavonic towns in the Austrian empire, where Sisters of Charity of the Slavonic rite are to be established, and placed under the direction of Lazarist fathers, who are to follow the same rite.

Our readers will now see the reason of the assertion in our last Number that Poland must be contented to yield the propagation of Catholic ideas in Russia to a nation that is regarded with less jealousy. In fact, the Polish tradition of the necessity of assuring the pre-eminence of the Latin over the Slavonic rite in Russia is losing credit every day; the Russian Catholics begin now to comprehend the wisdom of the measures taken by the Popes to preserve the Slavonic liturgy in its integrity.

Nothing that we have said with regard to the desirableness of preserving and even encouraging the Russian rite is in any degree applicable to the plans of those few persons who dream

of an English rite for the restored Anglican Church. The cases of Russia and England are not parallel. Russia has an ancient rite, that she possessed long before the schism. Its origin is lost in antiquity. It is thoroughly Catholic in tone and doctrine. It has been used by saints; it has therefore a claim on the consideration of the Church, and the Church respects it accordingly. But the Anglican Prayer-Book is a compilation made by apostate priests. It has neither beauty, nor antiquity, nor consistency, nor orthodoxy, in its favour; it is therefore destitute of all claim. Besides, the people do not care for the Anglican Prayer-Book. It has no hold upon the poor, and is very little understood by others; if the people were converted it could not be used, nor would they wish it. Again, although the Pope acts as he is doing towards the East, he has no desire of spreading diversity of rites in the West. Witness what is going on in France, where diocese after diocese is adopting, or rather returning to, the Roman Missal and Breviary. Doubtless it would be foolish to assert that Rome would rather see England heretical, than Catholic with a rite of her own; but as there is no question of the sort proposed, the discussion is entirely unpractical. When the proposition is seriously made, it will be time to discuss it.

In Russia and the East, on the contrary, the question is eminently practical: it is no discussion about a rite for the future, about the service to be adopted in certain contingencies; the assurance the Russians seek is, that they will be ever able to keep the treasure which, since the days of primitive Christianity, they have never for a moment let go. And truly no one but a bigot can deny that it is a treasure in itself, and that relatively to the Oriental mind it is more adapted for its purpose than the Latin rite would be. We of the West are more practical and simple; the Orientals are more mystical. And the Oriental liturgies appeal more to this mystical feeling; there is more of concealment, of symbol, of the appearance of solemnity in their rites; the dogmas that we express in articles, they sing in hymns; there is more sublimity of poetry in their antiphons and odes than in ours. As in Arab poetry, so in the Oriental rites, there is a dreaminess of idea and a haze thrown over the object, infinitely attractive to the Eastern mind, but indescribable to a European. It sets before the mental eye the dim grand outlines of a picture; which must be filled up by the spectator, guided only by the few glorious touches which stand out so powerfully. And yet with all this Pindaric grandeur, these liturgies are eminently didactic and dogmatic; so far so, that they easily fill up the gaps of the catechisms and correct the errors of popular teach-

ing. This was triumphantly shown by Cardinal Lewicki, then only Metropolitan of Lemberg, in a pastoral letter of March 10th, 1841, directed to the united Ruthenians, so far as relates to the teaching of the Slavonic liturgy concerning St. Peter and his successors. For instance, in the hymn for the Feast of St. Peter's Chains, that apostle is called "Foundation of the Church, Rock of the faith, who holds the keys of heaven, Prince of the Apostles, the light that illumines all souls, immovable foundation of doctrine, the pastor both of the flock and of the shepherds." In a collect for St. Peter's day it is said, "Peter is the Primate and Prince of the Apostles; he was chosen and preferred by the Lord to sit on His own throne; to him was confided the helm of the Church, and supreme power of the keys." Of St. Sylvester, the Pope who baptised Constantine, the Russian Church sings, "He was a column of fire, he ruled as a saint the holy college, with his doctrine he indoctrinated the earth, his mellifluous words have penetrated every where, he was the primate of the holy college, he was the ornament of the throne of the Apostles," &c. On the Feast of St. Celestine, April 8th, she sings, "It was he that destroyed the heresy of Nestorius, and drove that patriarch from his see of Constantinople;" of St. Leo the Great she tells us, "he was the head of the orthodox Church, the eye and the foundation of the faith, the president of the supreme college of Bishops, the infallible rule of doctrine, the possessor of the supreme See of St. Peter, adorned with the virtue and zeal of that apostle, the column of the orthodox Church of Christ, the conqueror of all heresies, the dawn and the western sun, the successor of St. Peter, inheriting his primacy, and endowed with all the Apostle's zeal." In similar strain the Slavonic liturgical books speak of St. Agapitus, St. Gregory II., and of St. Martin I., who fell a victim to the impiety of the emperor of Byzantium.

Father Passaglia, in his gigantic work on the Immaculate Conception, has quoted a vast array of most beautiful fragments of the same kind relating to our Blessed Lady. Monseigneur Malou's work on the same subject also reproduces several of the kind. But we prefer to lay before our readers part of a long Greek hymn, published by Mone,\* from a Venetian Ms. of the fourteenth century. It sums up the beauties which would otherwise have to be sought piecemeal throughout the *Menæa*; it shows too how far we are from having exhausted the symbols of Mary in the Litany of Loretto:

\* *Hymni Latini Medii Ævi*, vol. ii. p. 363.

"I have found thee my refuge, O all-holy one,—  
 My protection, my bridge, and my harbour of calm.  
 I have found thee the comfort of my soul, O Virgin,  
 My joy and my breath, and the expanding of my heart.  
 Happy my lot, to have thee for an invincible champion:  
 I have found thee a defence from my enemies, and my strength;  
 I have found thee my wall, and my castle, O City of God.  
 The rudder of my salvation, my anchorage of safety,  
 And the anchor of my hopes do I reckon thee, O Virgin.  
 Therefore do I run to thee, O sweetness of my heart;  
 And from my soul I beg thee, afford thy usual protection—  
 Pass me not by, O venerable one, but quick stretch forth thy  
     helping hand,  
 Redeeming me from dangers of the soul,  
 From spiritual enemies, malevolent, violent:  
 Crush them by the might of God,  
 Cover me with thy wings, O my joy,  
 And hold me up, too high for sin to reach,—  
 From sins of thought, of deed, of slippery speech,  
 O all-immaculate Throne of Christ!  
 For I hold thee for my rampart, thee for my patron,  
 Thee also for dew, my refreshing delight,  
 For sweet ambrosial manna, O Virgin,  
 For nectar-drink, and for the chalice of immortality;  
 For the garden of life, for the vine hung with clusters of grapes;  
 And all my hopes have I fixed on thee,  
 Who hast wonderfully subjected all my thoughts to thyself.  
 O Mother, Throne, Vessel, Couch of God,  
 Spiritual Mountain, and All-holy City—  
 Throne whose foundations are upon the Cherubim,  
 Couch nearer to God than the Seraphim,  
 Vessel of Manna, candlestick of gold,  
 The true spring, the country of joy,  
 Adorable habitation of the all-highest Word,  
 Unspeakable splendour of the Light, grace of the Sun,  
 Venerable chamber, Virginal Gate of the Bridegroom God,  
 Which he passed through ineffably, and yet, as He alone knew how,  
 Miraculously preserved inviolate, holy, unopened, unsealed."

After these extracts, we need be at no loss to understand why the Orientals are so attached to their rituals, and why the Popes should be so loth to disturb them. Besides the intrinsic merits of the Oriental type of liturgy, its testimony to all the disputed doctrines is of the most striking character. It is an unimpeachable witness against Eastern errors; it is also one of the Church's two great witnesses against Protestantism, which is condemned as strongly by the living voice of Eastern worship as by the West. And if the question was merely about the form and language of the ritual, we apprehend that there would not be a moment's hesitation: but there are other questions of discipline involved, which introduce fresh difficulties; the Oriental ritual carries with it a married secular priesthood, the prohibition of Low Masses,

Communion in both kinds, and other practices repugnant to the discipline of the West. But in spite of all this, there was once unity that lasted for centuries; there still is unity with vast bodies who hold this discipline, and there easily may be unity again with the whole. We do not imagine that any such concessions are to be expected for any part of the West; but if there is any party in England that is striving for union with these conditions, we would not discourage them. It is better to hope for unity under impossible conditions, than not to hope for unity at all. The idea of union may often remain, even after the conditions are shown to be impracticable. Let us all pray most fervently that the Pope's intentions in this matter may be fulfilled; God alone can tell the happy results that such a flood of grace would produce, not for Russia only, but for all the world.

## Reviews.

### TRANSLATIONS OF THE SCRIPTURES.

*Analecta Juris Pontificii; ou Recueil de Dissertations sur divers sujets de Droit canonique, Liturgie, et Théologie.* No. XXI. Rome, 1857.

THE 21st Number of the *Analecta Juris Pontificii*, recently published at Rome, contains a prolix dissertation "On the Translation of the Bible into the Vulgar Tongue." The dissertation consists of three parts: the first reproducing in substance a treatise written by the Dominican Roterus towards the middle of the sixteenth century, on the general question, and especially on the evils to be apprehended from a literal version; the second comprising historic notices of Italian, Spanish, and French versions, especially of that of Mons (of unhappy celebrity), and that of le Maître de Sacy;\* the third presenting a comparative review of several translations.

The subject is one that is fraught with the deepest interest; we wish we could say that it is handled by the writer in a manner worthy of it, and answerable to the high character and repute of the work in which his lucubration appears.

\* The writer notices and strongly commends the translation of the New Testament by Father Amelote. That of Father Bouhours, which was the subject of much animadversion at the time of its appearance, he does not mention.

A serious responsibility to truth and charity and religion is incurred, and a more than ordinary combination of patient investigation, candour, dispassionate temper, and readiness to make every fair allowance, is required, in the case of a writer who undertakes to show that the scriptural evidences for Catholic dogma and practice have been purposely weakened, obscured, and obliterated in some forty or fifty instances. As his sentence must be stern, and his denunciation severe, a calm and cautious inquiry should precede. Headlong zeal runs the risk of baffling the cause which it has undertaken to vindicate. Exaggerated truth is no longer truth. By insisting upon inconclusive and irrelevant texts as sure vouchers for a dogma, or, which is much the same, by challenging as false brethren those who decline to allege them, the evidence for the dogma is disparaged in the minds of those who are to be argued with. And when, in the eagerness to bring home the charge of bad faith and evil intent, those considerations which would move to a suspending of judgment or mitigation of censure are wholly put aside, as casual error, oversight, vagueness or ambiguity in the text, discrepancy, and, perhaps, even a balance of authorities,—when even facts lying upon the surface are overlooked, and, at the hazard of involving the wisest and the best in the reproach, imputations are lavished in contumelious language, and hateful insinuations are superadded to unsubstantiated charges; certainly we must deplore the wrong sustained by Christian charity, and the disservice done to Christian truth, by its professed defender.

Now we implead the author of the dissertation before us of unfairness and misrepresentation; and we shall substantiate our charges by an examination of the first paragraph upon which we happened to light,—one that, in fact, stands almost foremost in the third part of his dissertation.

Among the ten passages which, as he alleges, are corrupted or badly translated, against the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity and the Divinity of Jesus Christ, the following stands third:

“Evangile de St. Jean, c. i. v. 27: ‘Ipse est qui post me venturus est, qui ante me factus est.’

Calvin et toutes les Bibles de Genève lisent, ‘C’est lui qui vient après moi, qui *est préféré à moi*.’

Traduction de Mons: ‘C’est lui qui doit venir après moi, qui *m’a été préféré*.’ Et à la marge: ‘Qui a été fait avant moi.’

Sacy: ‘C’est lui qui doit venir après moi, qui *m’a été préféré*.’

Genoude: ‘Celui qui vient après moi est au-dessus de moi.’

Que le lecteur juge si les expressions de la Vulgate, *ante me factus est*, parfaitement conforment au grec, qui lit: ‘Il a été engendré

avant moi ;' si ces expressions sont fidèlement rendus par ces mots : 'Il m'a été préféré,' qui Sacy et Mons empruntent à Calvin et à Genève. Cette façon de traduire est une vraie falsification de l'Ecriture, puisqu'elle fait disparaître le témoignage que le Précurseur rend à la divinité de Jésus-Christ. Les Ariens abusèrent du mot *factus* contre la consubstantialité du Verbe ; mais les Docteurs Catholiques ont très-bien résout leur objection, ainsi qu'on peut le voir dans Maldonat (p. 48)."

This is strong language, and there is no mistaking it. The author pledges himself distinctly to several assertions : let us see whether he can make them good. The first remark to be made is, that the stigma which he inflicts upon the Mons version of this passage must equally brand others which are the productions of Catholic authors, and that, by the same rule of logic and charity, our Bristow and Witham and Challoner, to mention no others for the present, must be held indebted to Calvin : Rheims and Douay must have "borrowed from Geneva." For the original Rheims (ed. 1582), although, with its customary literalness, it renders the text, "He that shall come after me is made before me," yet in its marginal note it explains the meaning to be, "He is preferred and made of more dignity and excellency than I." That is to say, the Rheims version and the Mons version give the same double rendering, a literal and an equivalent ; the one in the text, the other in the margin, or *vice versâ*. Dr. Witham, a professor of theology at Douai (1730), appends to his translation of the verse, "He that is to come after me is preferred before me" (i. 311-315), the following note : "The sense," says St. Chrysostom, "is, that he is greater in dignity, deserves greater honour, &c. ; though born after me, he was from eternity : λαμπρότερος, ἐντιμότερος, illustrior, honorabilior." In the more recent edition of the Rheims version, as revised by the venerable Bishop Challoner (the text in general use at present amongst ourselves), this rendering, "preferred before me," is substituted for the more literal one, in all the three verses, 15, 27, 30, of the first chapter of the gospel according to St. John.

In every instance the phrase is one and the same, whether in the Vulgate or in the Greek : *Ante me factus est* ; ἔμπροσθέν μου γέγονεν. That the Latin is here conformable to the Greek is perfectly true : that the Greek text reads, "He has been begotten," is not true. A man who undertakes to put the theological student on his guard, ought not to mislead him. A man who seems to make no allowance for mistakes, who ascribes every error, real or supposed, to treacherous intention, should quote the Bible fairly. In his

ignorance or in his haste to convict certain writers, towards whom he evinces a morbid antipathy, of falsifying Holy Writ, he has unconsciously obtruded\* upon the sacred and inspired page a statement which is not found there. *Non addetis ad verbum quod vobis loquor, nec auferetis ab eo* (Deut. iv. 2).

But the critic has appealed to Maldonatus; and his appeal shall be attended to.

Maldonatus, after a brief reference to the Arians' perversion of the word γέγονεν, noticed by several fathers and ecclesiastical writers, and a glance at an interpretation recited by St. Chrysostom and another proposed by Origen, subjoins these words, which it must be charitably supposed the critic never read: "Verus sensus est quem Chrysostomus hic, Augustinus, tract. iii., Ambros. lib. iii. de fide, c. 5, Gregor. Hom. 7, in Evang. Beda, Theophyl., Euthym. et Rupertus tradiderunt, *Plus honoris et dignitatis quam ego consecutus est, mihi est antepositus.*"

He justifies this interpretation by the remark that the word ἔμπροσθεν is never in holy Scripture used to denote time; as also by discussion on the scope and context.

We beg the reader's attention to the following extract from the venerable Cardinal Bellarmine:

"Ad illud Joan. i. 15, 'ante me factus est,' dico significari illis verbis, non Christum productum esse ante Joannem, sed Joanni *prælatum* et antepositum fuisse; ac si Joannes dixisset, 'Qui post me venit, major me est.' Ita explicat Ambrosius, lib. iv. de fide, et omnes interpretes, ut Augustinus, Chrysostomus, Cyrillus, Theophylactus; et colligitur ex textu; nam sic ait: 'Ante me factus est, quia prior me erat,' id est, præcessit me *dignitate*, quia æternus erat, et ego temporalis." (*De Christo*, lib. iii. cap. xviii. n. 12.)

This is a superabundant disproof of the criminations contained in the paragraph, which we have selected for examination in order to test the candour and trustworthiness of the writer. The reader of the dissertation in the *Analecta* will be cautioned against giving an implicit credence to the remainder. *Il n'y a de beau que le vrai.*

Here we intended to pause; but, upon re-consideration, we deem it necessary to extend our remarks, in order that the

\* To deny the applicability of a text to a certain doctrine is, in the considerate language of the author before us, "*renverser la doctrine.*" With equal reason, that is to say, with none, it might be said that the author forges or invents doctrines because he insists upon deducing doctrines from texts which have no bearing upon them. The reader will hardly need the assurance,—however, we give it here distinctly,—that the Catholic dogma of the eternal generation of the Word is again and again inculcated by Sacy in his notes on the first chapter of St. John's gospel, pp. 10, 11, &c.

author may receive full justice at our hands. We are not concerned in the defence, still less in the advocacy, of the several versions which it is the aim of his dissertation to inculcate; our province is simply, in the interests of truth and sacred science, to watch the proceedings taken against them. Be their shortcomings or their faults what they may, their censor is not released from the obligation of honourable dealing. Now petty cavilling and a course of frivolous and vexatious objecting are among his minor delinquencies. The object he steadily pursues, is to impeach the authors of these versions of treachery towards cardinal doctrines and honoured observances and constitutions of the Church, of disparaging holy persons and sacred things; so every fault of which he considers himself to have convicted those whom he has made amenable to his arbitrary tribunal he incontinently scores up under one of the counts of his odious indictment. More than this, his object is in *several* instances secured by a most unaccountable misstatement of fact,—by deserting the patristic interpretation of the sacred text, or by wresting the text to a sense not recognised by any accredited expositor. The reader shall be put in a condition to judge whether these serious charges which we prefer are sustained as they ought to be. We begin with (comparatively) minor matters:

1. As an equivalent for the expression, “mulier quæ erat in civitate *peccatrix*” (St. Luke vii. 37), Sacy and De Carrières have given “une femme de la ville qui était de *mauvaise vie*.” Had the dissertator objected that a literal rendering would have been preferable, and would have answered every purpose, the objection had well been allowed. The exception which he takes, grounded on the observation that a sinner, however guilty before God, is not necessarily notorious before the public as such, seems precluded by the remark of the Pharisees given in the 39th verse: “sciret quæ et qualis est mulier,” &c. Be this as it may, the dissertator taxes the version as “contre l’honneur de Ste. Madeleine” (p. 51), and it accordingly makes the fourth count of his indictment. Now as a corrective of this extravagance, we simply refer to two sermons of a writer of deep piety and unquestioned orthodoxy, wherein (not only the sources and the nature, but) the *scandal* of Magdalene’s sin is emphatically dwelt upon, and the strong language which St. Zeno of Verona has adopted from the prophet Jeremy is quoted and applied.\* Very plausible, to be sure, is the extract which the critic adduces from Theophylact, giving, at first sight, a

\* Bourdaloue’s sermon on her festival-day (Paneg. t. ii.); sermon for Thursday after Passion Sunday (Carême, t. iii.).

direct negative to what the French version (and also the just-mentioned writers) assert. Not very pertinent, however; for he might, and should, have known that Theophylact,\* like many others, held that Mary, the sister of Lazarus, was a distinct person from the woman in question. If this Greek commentator is invoked by the critic as an authority, the version in question is most inconsistently charged with reflecting on one whom it does not specify.

2. The disciple whom Jesus loved records his having taken her whom his dying Master had recommended him *to his own home*. So at least he is generally understood to say. Indeed, that he meant this we cannot doubt; for the phrase he makes use of (*εἰς τὰ ἴδια*) bears this meaning elsewhere in Scripture† and in profane writers; tradition, moreover, attests that the Blessed Virgin sojourned with St. John.‡ The French translators, then, we suppose, were sufficiently correct in rendering the text (St. John xix. 27), “*la prit chez lui*.” No, says the critic: “St. Jean, n’ayant aucune possession en ce monde, ne pouvoit guère recevoir la Ste. Vierge chez lui.” The observation is irrelevant, unless he mean to say that St. John was without a home. St. Augustine,§ from whom he quotes a fragment, is alluding to the disciples’ holding all in common subsequently to the day of Pentecost; “distribution being made,” he says, “of what was needful to this disciple in such wise that therewith was assigned Blessed Mary’s portion as being his mother.” The meaning of St. Augustine in the fragment quoted,—in sua non prædia, quæ nulla propria possidebat, sed officia,—is now clear: St. John was a steward only, not a proprietor. This *chez lui*, however, is reckoned (p. 51) as one of the passages adulterated or mistranslated in derogation of the Blessed Virgin.

3. Whilst we are upon this head, let us notice the critic’s exception to the customary rendering of the Blessed Virgin’s words (St. Luke i. 34), “*Quoniam virum non cognosco*.” He adopts and insists upon Amelote’s rendering of *virum* by *mon mari*; and treats the other, “*je ne connois point d’homme*,”|| as incongruous. We need not add that the version is scored and duly entered under the second count. Now were we inclined to be captious, we might ask, whence comes this *mon*?

\* See Cramer’s *Catena Pat.* in Luc. p. 61; St. Thomas’s *Catena Aurea* on Mark xiv.; Dissert. sur les Trois Maries in the Bible de Vence.

† See Acts xxi. 6; and compare the Greek, Esther v. 10 and vi. 12, with the Hebrew or the Vulgate.

‡ “Sed cum quo virgo *habitare* debebat quam cum eo quem Filii hæredem integritatis sciret esse custodem?” Ambrosius de Instit. Virg. c. vii.

§ In Joan. tract. 118.

|| Bossuet has adopted this rendering, *Elévat. sur les Mystères*, semaine 12.

But it suffices to appeal to St. Basil, who in his 235th letter, addressed to Amphilochius,\* adduces as parallel, and treats as of similar import, the phrases recited in St. Luke's gospel, and that exhibited in Genesis xxiv. 16, when speaking of the unmarried virgin Rebecca. Amelote's rendering is unquestionably countenanced by several of the best expositors; but we are not compelled to adopt it.

4. Nor are we, deeply as we reverence the authority of St. Bernard, and still more deeply as we venerate the high dignity of her whom he delighted to extol, bound by that reverence to reject the word "lowliness"† or "bassesse,"‡ and adopt the word "*humility*" as the only proper and allowable version of *humilitatem*, ταπεινῶσιν (Luc. i. 48), under penalty of being treated as disparaging the Blessed Virgin. The offensive imputation shall be rebutted by the authority of the pious and learned A Lapide: "*Humilitas hic proprie vilitatem significat, non virtutem humilitatis superbiam oppositam; hæc enim dicitur ταπεινοφροσύνη.*"§

5. "*Cito proferte stolam primam*: Bring forth quickly the *first* robe," says the father at the return of the prodigal son. "*La plus belle robe*" is a version which is characterised (p. 61) by our critic as a "*falsification . . . dirigée contre la doctrine certaine en théologie de la réviviscence des mérites.*" A little patience. The Greek πρώτην and the word *primam* are undeniably susceptible of the interpretation given, whatever our critic may say to the contrary. The Anglo-Saxon version, executed so many centuries ago, translates accordingly: "*Thæne selestan gegyrelan*;" and Maldonatus will allow of no other interpretation: "*Illam omnium quæ domi sunt pretiosissimam. . . . Non vocavit stolam primam quæ prius usus fuerat, sed quæ omnium erat pretiosissima, quamque ante nunquam induerat.*"

6. Let us now advert to some new lights which our critic has thrown on the writings of St. Paul, or (to speak more correctly) to certain intemperate and groundless accusations levelled against those who have fairly represented the Apostle's meaning. Among the characteristics of the false teachers to come, St. Paul (1 Tim. iv.) notes their prohibition of marriage, and their *requiring* of abstinence from meats. They "*absolutely condemned marriage and the use of all kind of meat,*" says Challoner on the passage. The Vulgate, closely following the Greek, reads at the third verse, "*prohibentium*

\* Ed. Ben. iii. 360.

† See Wetham's note, i. 204.

‡ So Bossuet, *Elévation sur les Mystères*, semaine 14.

§ A Lapide quotes several of the best expositors; and refers to Gen. xxvi. 32, Esther xv. 2, Judith vi., Philip. iii. 21, as ascertaining the meaning of the word.

nubere, abstinere a cibis, quos Deus," &c. Now, to draw from these words, as Challoner has done, according to the clear and unanimous consent of the fathers,\* the statement that the false teachers condemned the *use* of meat, or, in other words, *required* abstinence from meats, it is obviously necessary to suppose, if not to supply, an *ellipsis*. Challoner has supposed it in his note; Wetham has supplied it in his text: "Forbidding to marry, *commanding* to abstain from meats." A Lapidè distinctly approves† of this: "Est ellipsis attica; supplenda est enim vox κελεύοντων, id est *jubentium*;" and Justiniani adduces as an instance of similar phraseology, "Mulieres in ecclesiâ loqui non permitto, sed subditas esse (1 Cor. xiv. 31). [Hoc est, Nolo illas loqui, sed *præcipio* ut subsint.]" This preliminary explanation will enable the reader to gauge the biblical knowledge of our critic, and his competence to pass sentence upon others. "St. Paul annonce des hérétiques qui doivent condamner le mariage et l'abstinence. On lui fait annoncer des hommes qui . . . . commanderont et prescriront l'abstinence, loin de l'interdire. Là où St. Paul dit *abstinence*, Sacy et Genoude lui font dire *usage*." Yes; and Justiniani had led the way in his paraphrase: ". . . ut matrimonia damnent, eorumque ciborum *usum* reprehendant."‡

7. "Æmulantur vos non bene: sed excludere vos volunt, ut illos æmulemini. Bonum autem æmulamini in bono semper, et non tantum cum præsens sum apud vos" (Gal. iv. 17, 18). We are concerned with the latter of these two verses, though the former supplies the clue to its interpretation. There is a slight discrepancy from the Greek; and it is a question among interpreters whether the leading word *bonum* is to be regarded as of the masculine or of the neuter gender: "Have a zeal for the good,"§ or "Be zealous for that which is good."|| St. Thomas is decidedly for the former, as the context seems to suggest: "Quasi dicat, Non debetis eos æmulari in doctrina eorum: sed æmulamini bonum *doctorem*, ME scilicet, et hujusmodi. . . . Sed quia aliquis potest esse bonus doctor,"¶ &c. Justiniani paraphrases the verse to the same effect: "Sed præclarum est recte institutam amicitiam perpetuo colere, neque amoris et benevolentiae terminos amicorum præsentia et consuetudine definire, quod mihi erga carissimos filios meos necessarium esse duco, quos non so-

\* Disertè: communi consensu. A Lapidè in loc.

† And Estius insists upon it, and gives several scriptural passages in confirmation.

‡ Tom. ii. 477.

§ Wetham.

|| Challoner.

¶ Edit. 1591, fol. 145-6.

lum olim cum præsens apud vos essem, sed etiam nunc absens vehementer diligo.”\* We have seen the interpretation of a canonised doctor of the Church, and of one of the ablest expositors of later times: if it needed confirmation from others, others are at hand. Now hearken to the critic before us: “Les traducteurs font dire à St. Paul ce que *n’a jamais été dans sa pensée*. C’est ainsi que les Jansenistes persuadaient aux femmes qu’ils dirigeaient,” &c. This dictum, and a sequel of scurrility which we abstain from quoting, *à propos* of such translations as these: “Je veux que vous soyez zélés pour les gens de bien en tout temps,† et attachez-vous au bon pour le bien en tout temps, et que ce ne soit pas seulement quand je suis parmi vous;”‡ and a paraphrase of De Carrières of the same import, the one and the other being borne out by the highest authority, as we have just seen.

8. Once more: St. Paul, in the course of his vindication of his character and preaching against his detractors at Corinth, uses these words: “If he that§ cometh preacheth another Christ whom we have not preached; or if you receive another Spirit whom you have not received, or another gospel which you have not received, *you might well bear* (with him),”|| *καλῶς ἡνείχεσθε, recte pateremini* (2 Cor. xi. 4). The Apostle may be supposed to intend a *reductio ad absurdum*,—a mode of arguing not unusual with him; and coherently with this, to make the *admission* that if rival teachers had any thing better to offer, the Corinthians would be warranted in accepting it: “Si ergo pseudoprophetæ meliora vobis prædicarent et vos docerent, recte faceretis et excusabiles essetis: sed hoc non faciunt.”¶ St. Chrysostom\*\* represents St. Paul’s argument to the same effect: “If we have omitted to declare, and these teachers have in their teaching supplied, any things necessary to be said, we hinder not your attending to them: but if every thing,” &c. Several other expositors†† coincide in this view of the text:—differing on the minor question, whether the Apostle is contemplating a preacher who substitutes a false gospel, or one who mars the simplicity of the true by frivolous adornments. Be this as it may, it is surely dealing captiously with the translation, “Vous auriez raison de le souffrir,” to say, “Comprend-on que St. Paul *reconnaisse* que les fidèles feroient bien de souffrir quelqu’un qui leur prêcheroient un autre Christ et un autre Evangile?” (p. 50.)

\* ii. 58.

† Sacy.

‡ Genoude.

§ i. e. whoever he may be,—any one soever. See Gal. v. 10.

|| Challoner’s edition.

¶ St. Thomas in loc. fol. 226.

\*\* Hom. xxiii. p. 238, Field’s edition.

†† Justiniani, Estius.

And this is the tenth of the instances adduced by our critic of "corruptions or mistranslations against the Blessed Trinity or the Divinity of our Saviour."

Before we proceed to notice one or two others which he has classed under this head, let us take a glance at the first instance alleged under the fifth head of his accusation. The Jansenists, he tells us, have warranted the suspicions entertained against the sincerity of their belief in the Real Presence by the falsifications they have committed in several passages of Holy Writ, playing into the adversary's hands. We refrain from comment on this observation, and proceed forthwith to examine the first of these (alleged) falsifications.

9. "The poor you have always with you; but me you *have not* always" ("viz. in a visible manner, as when conversant here upon earth," as Challoner aptly observes on the passage), St. Matt. xxvi. 11: "Me autem non semper habetis, οὐ πάντοτε ἔχετε." Unquestionably there is a more rigid accuracy in translating by the present tense than by the future, "Vous ne m'aurez pas." Nevertheless we must frankly own that we do not see what is gained by this: what would be sacrificed, what be imperilled, by translating ἔχετε *habebitis*,\* as ὁ ἐρχόμενος is translated by "qui venturus est."† For, be it known to the excellent critic before us, who observes that "Calvin et ses sectateurs ont tiré des conséquences de ce futur," that "this future" may be seen in some copies of the Roman Missal,‡ in the gospel for Palm Sunday: that it stands out incontestably in St. Thomas's Catena Aurea,§ with remarks thereunto appertaining, and an anticipation of Calvin's objection by an elucidation identical with that which we have quoted from Challoner. We may add, that in the Catena, Remigius especially adverts to the fact that the future, *not* the present, is in the text: "Sed ideo non dixit habetis, sed habebitis, quia," &c. Let us further apprise him that Sacy has accompanied the passage with a commentary that suffices to relieve him from the odious imputation above mentioned: "Mais pour moi, je ne demeurerai plus guère au milieu de vous en cette manière sensible que vous voyez."||

We cannot but regard as hypercritical the censure of De Carrières' translation of "qui assumptus est a vobis in cœlum" by "qui en se séparant de vous s'est élevé dans le ciel" (Acts i. 2). Our own English version, literally exact as it is, "Who is

\* Compare Matt. v. 46, τίνα μισθὸν ἔχετε, "quam mercedem habebitis;" vi. 1, μισθὸν οὐκ ἔχετε, "mercedem non habebitis."

† Matt. xi. 3; Heb. x. 37, &c.

‡ e. g. the Venice edition of 1562, and others of later date.

§ Ed. 1552, fol. 113, 114.

|| p. 278.

taken up from you into heaven," or the Greek itself, ὁ ἀναληφθεὶς ἀφ' ὑμῶν, would furnish Calvin, Beza, *et hoc genus omne*, with the same pretences. We agree with the author in thinking, that in the translation of the words of institution the pronoun should have been omitted; but it was perhaps a matter of necessity when translating into *French* to say, "Il le rompit, et le donna." The English seems more accommodating: "He gave thanks, and brake and gave to them."

The reader is now in possession of all the grounds and evidences upon which the translators Sacy and De Carrières are accused of adulterating or obscuring the scriptural vouchers for the Real Presence: he will by this time, we think, have begun to form his own opinion upon the moral worth of their traducer. We now revert, as we proposed, to the first head of accusation—the perverting or weakening of the Scripture proofs of the Divinity of Christ.

10. "In principio erat Verbum, et Verbum erat *apud* Deum." From our childhood we have believed and professed, "The Word was *with* God." But because the Arians took occasion from this expression to mock and to quibble; because the ignorant may abuse it; because elsewhere Christ declares Himself to be *in* the Father and the Father to be *in* Him,—therefore our critic will with Amelote read "*en* Dieu:" those who read *avec* are the faithful followers of Calvin, whom the critic surmises to have chosen the word *avec* for the purpose of perplexing the notion of the sacred mystery.

The author has not given us any reference to ascertain when and where and by whom "the Arians were told that '*in* Deo' and '*apud* Deum' signify the same thing." This is certain, that St. Chrysostom,\* and before him St. Basil,† insisted on the difference, and laid an emphasis on the word *πρὸς*, *apud*. The whole question is so ably summed up by Rondet, in his edition of the Bible de Vence,‡ that we cannot do better than transfer his note to our pages.

"*Apud Deum.* Les interpretes varient sur le sens de cette expression; les uns traduisent '*en* Dieu,' et les autres '*avec* Dieu.' . . . L'expression '*en* Dieu' peut marquer mieux l'unité d'essence; mais l'expression '*avec* Dieu' marque mieux la distinction des personnes. St. Basile et St. Jean Chrysostome ont expressement observé que St. Jean ne dit pas ἐν τῷ Θεῷ, mais πρὸς τὸν Θεόν, pour marquer la distinction des personnes. Théophylacte embrasse le même sen-

\* οὐ γὰρ εἶπεν ἐν Θεῷ ἦν ἀλλὰ, πρὸς τὸν Θεὸν ἦν, τὴν καθ' ὑπόστασιν αὐτοῦ διδιδότῃ ἐμφαίνων ἡμῖν. Ed. Montf. viii. 20.

† οὐκ εἶπεν ἐν τῷ Θεῷ ἦν ὁ λόγος ἀλλὰ, πρὸς τὸν Θεόν ἵνα τὸ ἰδιόζον τῆς ὑποστάσεως παραστήσῃ. οὐκ εἶπεν, ἐν τῷ Θεῷ, ἵνα μὴ πρόφασιν δῶ τῇ συγχύσει τῆς ὑποστάσεως. Ed. Ben. ii. 137.

‡ Edition of Toulouse, 1779.

timent, et observe que l'expression πρὸς τὸν Θεόν, 'apud Deum,' doit ici se prendre au sens de μετὰ τοῦ Θεοῦ, ou σὺν τῷ Θεῷ, c'est-à-dire 'cum Deo,' avec Dieu. St. Thomas et St. Bonaventure expliquent ce texte en ce sens, supposant toujours que l'expression *in Deo* marqueroit simplement l'unité d'essence renfermée dans l'expression 'Et Deus erat Verbum.' "

See into what irreverence towards the Fathers this writer's complacent ignorance or precipitancy has betrayed him!

11. We must crave the indulgence of our wearied readers, and submit, in closing these remarks, one more specimen of our critic's fairness, learning, and accuracy. In the eighth chapter of St. John's gospel, our Lord, in answer to the question, "Who art thou?" declares, τὴν ἀρχὴν ὃ, τι καὶ λαλῶ ὑμῖν.\* The version in the Latin Vulgate, "Principium qui et loquor vobis," although verbally very close upon the Greek, is not so easily reconciled with it as may appear at first sight. Various expedients have been adopted;† whilst, even in our own day, Catholic commentators‡ have overruled the meaning or wording of the Latin by the Greek phrase, which is easy of interpretation, being of frequent occurrence in the Old Testament and the classics.§ The Latin text, taken solitarily, involves the sense which De Sacy presents, and which our critic approves: "Je suis le principe de toutes choses, moi-même qui vous parle." St. Augustine, confining his attention to the Latin text before him, would naturally interpret and evolve the passage in this way. But what of the Greek text; and how would the Greek fathers, St. Chrysostom for example, interpret and apply the passage? It is an interesting question, which our critic has undertaken to solve in this fashion:

"St. Chrysostome, hom. lii., St. Augustin, lib. v. de Trin. c. xv., et les autres pères, prennent le mot *Principium* au nominatif. . . . Le grec original devoit avoir le nominatif; car il n'est pas croyable que St. Jérôme eut mis dans la Vulgate ce mot *Principium* au nominatif, s'il eût lu l'accusatif dans le grec original, comme il le faudroit afin de pouvoir traduire 'dès le commencement.' Ce sont vraisemblablement les schismatiques orientaux qui ont corrompu le grec pour appuyer leur hérésie sur la procession du St. Esprit." (p. 49.)

\* The authorities fluctuate between ὃ, τι and ὅτι, and in the Latin between *qui* and *quia*.

† Maldonatus admits the ellipsis κατὰ, and interprets the words to mean "juxta principium, a principio, ab æterno."

‡ Dr. Klee, in his German version, translates, "Verily that which I told you;" and appeals to several passages of the LXX. for proof that the word must be taken adverbially.

§ See Schleusner and Wetstein.

Of St. Augustine we have spoken already :\* "*les autres pères*" is an expression of convenient vagueness customary with our critic, although so exacting of others in the way of precision, and we cannot stop to discuss it ; but we will briefly examine a definite statement respecting St. Chrysostom to which he has pledged himself. This was an unlucky slip ; for St. Chrysostom quotes the Greek text as it stands at present : *τὴν ἀρχήν*, the accusative, not the nominative. After reciting the text, he subjoins this interpretation, and no other and no more, "What HE saith amounts to this : Ye are utterly unworthy of hearing any of my words, much less of being told who I am."† So much for our author's accuracy respecting the Greek Father : we know not how to deal with the assertions that remain. We must leave to grammarians the notable discovery regarding *Principium* in the nominative ; and to the historians of the Greek text the precious conjecture on the Eastern schismatics' contrivance. We are sorry that there is not the slightest trace of evidence given, not the faintest indication of a various reading as regards the word *ἀρχήν*.‡

We make one observation in conclusion. The influence exercised by a periodical such as the *Analecta Juris*, a work of its high repute and pretensions, printed in the metropolis of Christendom, and fortified by a double *imprimatur*, must be far from inconsiderable in forming the opinions and moulding the judgments of theological students in our colleges. Many of this class have, in all probability, unsuspectingly adopted as certain facts and established conclusions whatever this dissertator has palmed upon them. It is hardly possible to overrate the mischief likely to ensue to the hereafter expounders of Holy Writ and defenders of Church dogmas by the transmission of grievous mistakes from hand to hand and mouth to mouth. Injustice and bitterness become perpetuated ; an angry tone mingles its harsh jangle with the words of heavenly wisdom. The cause of religion is made to rest upon a support which fails at the first blow ; and its advocate, in his

\* We transcribe the following words from that Father's commentary on the passage, as an additional evidence of our critic's recklessness of assertion : "*Respondit, Principium ; id est, Principium me credite. In Græco namque eloquio discernitur : quod non potest in Latino. . . . Ut scirent quid illum credere deberent, respondit, Principium : non tanquam diceret, Principium sum ; sed tanquam diceret, Principium me credite. Quod in sermone Græco . . . evidenter apparet,*" &c. 38 Tract. in Joan.

† *ὃ δὲ λέγει τοιοῦτόν ἐστι· ὅπως ἀκούει τῶν λόγων τῶν παρ' ἐμοῦ ἀναξιοῖ ἐστε, μήτις καὶ μαθεῖν ὅστις ἐγώ εἰμι.* Edit. Monfauc. viii. 311.

‡ Tischendorf (p. 272) has produced some *Latin* variations : as, *imprimis quia, initium quod. Principium* is found in some old writers in the adverbial sense.

simple wonderment at his discomfiture, becomes the pity or the scorn of the adversary.

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### WATERTON'S ESSAYS.

*Essays on Natural History.* Third Series. By Charles Waterton, Esq.

THE squire of Walton Hall is a sterling bit of metal; he rings as true as gold. That he is chargeable with a shade of eccentricity, we admit—and like him all the better for it. We detest flabby-minded people. Every body who is worth his salt is eccentric more or less; eccentric, that is, in a fashion which does not outrage real proprieties, but which cuffs aside conventionalities on fitting occasions, both in earnest and in sport. Mr. Waterton does not spare them, as this little book *de omnibus rebus* testifies: but a man must be a thin-skinned specimen of a long-eared race (to use a metaphor in the author's own vein) who rises from its perusal with any other feeling than that he has been having a pleasant cheerful talk with a very lively, sound-hearted, sound-headed, and single-minded old gentleman. Alas that we should be obliged to fasten so ugly a word as "old" upon our worthy friend; yet if he will startle us at the outset with the effigy of "Charles Waterton in his forty-second year, Philadelphia, 1824," we have no escape. Seventy-four years, nevertheless, if they have whitened the locks, have neither unstrung the nerves nor relaxed the muscles of this open-air naturalist, who tells us that by observing the good old saying, "Early to bed and early to rise," he is "robust and energetic at the age of seventy-five." Seventy-five, or thereabout, he might have said; but we conclude that he likes to give what shopkeepers call the "turn of the scale" to the public. In any case, we trust that, should it please God so to prolong our own days, we may be able to produce as clear evidence of the *mens sana in corpore sano*; and, like our author, at three-quarters of a hundred commit a vigorous child of our brain to the indulgence of readers yet unborn and the wet or dry nursing of a future race of critics. Mr. Waterton, it is true, modestly apostrophises his literary baby as a "puny and an ailing brat;" but, for all that, it kicks and crows like a young Samson, and we more than suspect that the sly squire knows it. It is time,

however, to drop metaphor and to let him speak for himself. The volume contains an amusing continuation of his autobiography, to which is appended a series of essays on various subjects, mostly relating to natural history. And first Mr. Waterton details his dream of peaceful retirement from a busy world:

"Under this impression, I thought how happy I should be in this sequestered valley, where nature smiled and all was gay around me. Here the pretty warblers from the south, when spring had called them back, would charm me with their sylvan music; and when the chilling blasts of autumn warned them to return to their own sunny regions in Africa, their loss would be replaced by congregated ducks and geese, and even by cormorants, to change the scenery and still bring joy."

We, in grimy London, know too well how often feathered songsters are replaced by congregated geese, and even cormorants, without any joy whatever accruing thereby; so we must not wonder that a pleasant journey, with pleasant companions, tempted the veteran naturalist once more to leave even his northern hall for the smiling south, nor quarrel with the roving disposition which sought new adventures, to be recorded in due time for our instruction and amusement.

The travellers made for the Tyrol, being very desirous to see with their own eyes the *Ecstatica* of Caldaro, Maria Mörl; and on the festival of All Saints they were admitted to her presence. Mr. Waterton's account of the interview is very interesting, and even affecting in its quiet simplicity. His description of the circumstances attending this prodigy in no substantial way differs from other published statements, and is strictly in accordance with that given us by personal friends who have made the same pilgrimage and enjoyed a like privilege.

At Venice, his keen glance detected "a sleek and well-fed Hanoverian rat, basking in a sunny nook" of the *Hôtel de l'Europe*. "It looked at us with the most perfect indifference, as much as to say, 'I have capital pickings here both for myself and my relatives.' How well this plodding animal contrives to fatten both in a cold climate and in a warm one!" It is quite "refreshing" to find so hearty a hatred of the vermin in question alive and flourishing out of a novel or a history (which is much the same thing) in the year 1857; but Mr. Waterton's Jacobite feelings received a good rubbing-up in March last, as we shall presently see when we come to the end of his autobiography. In the mean time we return to the notes on natural history, and other matters, made in the course of his Italian ramble. Cats and dogs are scarce at Venice;

and the author's English stomach insinuates a reason for the paucity of the first-named:

"I am very averse to Italian cooking in general. We had a dish one day which by its appearance, and the sliminess of its sauce, I took to be a compound of cat and snail. When I shrugged up my shoulders at it, and refused to take it on my plate as the waiter presented it to me, I could perceive by the expression of his face that the scoundrel pitied my want of taste."

At Monsilice "there was nothing in the way of natural history" but "a goodly matron sitting on a stool, and with her thumb-nails impaling poachers in the head of a fine young woman, probably her own daughter." At Bologna, the splendid appearance of the hotels had serious drawbacks: "O ye nasty people of Bologna," exclaims the indignant author, "of what avail are your gorgeous palaces, your cookery and fruits, whilst your temples to the goddess Cloacina are worse than common pigsties!" At Rimini, carts cut a droll appearance, having three beasts abreast; a mule in the middle, flanked by a horse and an ass. The weather for November was remarkably fine; "fleas were vigorously skipping about, but we neither saw nor felt a bug." At Case Brusciate, an unlucky smash might have brought the journey to an unforeseen and speedy end; but the danger was averted, and Ancona reached in safety. At Loretto, the Church of our Lady and the Santa Casa were of course visited:

"That Supreme Being, who can raise us all at the last day, could surely order the Santa Casa, which was inhabited by the Blessed Virgin when she lived at Nazareth, to be transported from Judea to the place where it now stands, if such were His will and pleasure. There are authentic proofs of its miraculous transition; but the belief of it is optional with every Catholic, as the Church has pronounced nothing on the subject. Millions upon millions of pilgrims have already visited it; and millions, in times to come, will no doubt follow their example. I believe in the miracle."

The journey from Loretto to Rome, and thence by Calais home, afforded but scanty gleanings in ornithology; and according to our author, the traveller in continental districts will be sadly disappointed if in passing from town to town he expects even "a very moderate show of birds." Birds, however, do frequent these regions in vast abundance, as is proved by the ample supply to be found in the markets. "I have known," says Mr. Waterton, "seventeen thousand quails to be brought to the Eternal City in the course of one morning."

Having arrived safely at his Yorkshire mansion, our author drops natural history altogether for a time; and by way of

*entr'acte*, treats us to a discourse on the Gorham case, before narrating an adventure or two which are to close his labours for ever "as far as an autobiography is concerned." This little piece is what all interludes should be—short, sharp, and provocative of mirth. No doubt it has made the old rafters at Lambeth ring again with innocent laughter. The squire is the pink of politeness, and does not omit to crave leave before introducing so important a subject:

"I would kindly ask permission to say a word on the Gorham case,—an ecclesiastical affair which has set all England by the ears, except us Catholics, who are not in the least astonished at what has taken place; knowing, as we know by awful precedents, that those who repudiate unity of faith have seldom any fixed faith to steer by. In fact, surrounded on every side by the dense mist of religious innovation, they can no longer discern their long-lost northern star.

I own that I am not prone to revere the Church by law established; her persecutions and her penal laws together having doomed my family long ago to pick up its scanty food in the barren pastures allotted to Pharaoh's lean kine, she keeping possession of all the clover meadows. Thus kind-hearted and benevolent Protestants will make due allowance if I give her a thrust from time to time in these memoirs.

Seeing the Bishops of Exeter and Canterbury hard at work in doing mischief, both to their own new faith and to our old one, I bethought me to borrow good (?) Queen Elizabeth, in order to remind these two potent ecclesiastics that they had better look at home rather than spend their precious time in condemning or in supporting a delinquent pastor of their own new fold.

So, being in a poetical humour, one morning at early dawn I composed the following lines for insertion in our much-valued *Tablet* newspaper. It goes to the sweet and solemn tune of 'Cease, rude Boreas,' and also of 'When the rosy morn appearing.' The measure, in my opinion, is by far the most melodious in the English language.

APPARITION OF OLD QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GHOST TO THE PRELATES  
OF CANTERBURY AND EXETER.

Church and State, in conflict raging,  
Filled the realm with dire alarms;  
Exeter his chief engaging,  
Canterbury fierce in arms.

As their mother law-church staggers  
Underneath each cruel wound,  
Suddenly their murderous daggers  
Drop innocuous to the ground.

For behold, in brimstone burning,  
From below a phantom rose;  
And its eyeball fiercely turning,  
Thus addressed the mitred foes:

' Whilst you bishops here are boasting  
Of the Reformation tricks,  
My poor soul is damned and roasting  
On the other side of Styx.

See me punished for the measures  
Which I followed here on earth,  
When I stole the sacred treasures  
And to Church by law gave birth.

O, that in earth's farthest corner  
I had hid my wanton head,  
Ere I first became the scorner,  
Then the scourge of our old creed.

Villains bent on holy plunder  
Strove to drive from Albion's shore  
What had been her pride and wonder  
For nine hundred years and more.

Vain have proved their machinations,  
Vain each tyrant act of mine;  
Vain all impious protestations  
Raised against that faith divine.

Still in Albion's sea-girt regions,  
Just as when I first began,  
This firm faith defies heli's legions,  
And dispenses truth to man.

Ours, alas, for ever changing,  
From the period of its dawn,  
Through what lands, no matter, ranging,  
Nothing leaves but error's spawn.

Warned by my sad condemnation,  
Hasten to Saint Peter's rock;  
There alone you'll find salvation  
For yourselves and for the flock.'

This was all. The royal spectre  
Sank again to endless night,  
Leaving each law-church director  
Dumb with horror at the sight."

Surely the virgin queen was never before made to dance so "high and disposedly" for the amusement of the public in general, and for the instruction of the "prelates of Canterbury and Exeter" in special; but we fear the "kind-hearted and benevolent Protestants," so affectingly appealed to before our author seizes the lyre, will hardly listen to his strains with the complacent satisfaction so accomplished an artist deserves. Though the majority of "professing Christians" in this country are no more prone to revere the Church of England, as a Church, than Mr. Waterton, yet their reverence for respectability is unbounded; and the homage which is sternly denied to "John Bird by Divine Providence," and

"Henry by Divine permission," is willingly rendered to his grace of Canterbury and my lord bishop, who live in palaces and sit in the House of Peers. The Establishment is too serious a subject for a jest. Silas Figs, the "extensive" grocer, is a deacon and a leading member of Bethesda-Chapel congregation; but his children will assuredly hand themselves over to the care of the Rev. McAssar Podgers, M.A., Oxon, Incumbent of St. Pin-cum-Periwinkle, whenever their lamented parent's wealth shall give them a lift in the social scale. We are told not to despise the poor, because we do not know what we may come down to. Wesleyans, Congregationalists, Primitive, Secondary, Tertiary and New-Connection Methodists, with their various congeners, are taught not to despise the Establishment, because they do not know what they may go *up* to. So our bard must be content to receive his laurel crown at the hands of his co-religionists, or such of them as are uninfluenced by the respectable atmosphere which they are forced to breathe. At all events, our humble efforts will not have been wanting to secure the recognition of poetic genius, and "Old Queen Elizabeth's Ghost" and the present Number of the *Rambler* must be "laid" together.

Having let off his Parnassian steam, our author descends, first into the water, and then on to earth; but in each case in so reckless a manner as nearly to put an end to all future aspirations. Choosing Bruges as his place for assisting at the last jubilee, he left Yorkshire for London and thence for Dover by the night train. In his haste to get on board the Belgian steamer, he fairly walked into the Channel instead of the boat; but receiving most providential assistance, escaped all evil consequences but a cold and fever, which yielded to his own imperious treatment, and were not permitted to interfere with his fixed intention of accompanying the procession of the Most Holy Blood through the streets of Bruges for "full four hours." His adventure with mother earth was less propitious. Some seven years ago, having mounted twenty feet or so of ladder to prune a pear-tree, and having in his eagerness to set to work overlooked the Newtonian theory of gravitation, down came ladder and its burden in headlong ruin:

"In our fall, I had just time to move my head in a direction that it did not come in contact with the ground. Still, as it afterwards turned out, there was a partial concussion of the brain. And add to this, my whole side, from foot to shoulder, felt as though it had been pounded in a mill. In the course of the afternoon I took blood from my arm to the extent of thirty ounces, and followed the affair up the next day with a strong aperient."

This treatment in the Sangrado style would have been successful, had not a second tumble produced further concussion of the brain, from which Mr. Waterton only escaped with life by the "masterly practice" of Doctor Hobson of Leeds. But a stiff and withered arm remained, and incessant pain at last seemed to have decided the question of amputation in the affirmative. But this dreadful alternative was avoided in the end; and our author's narration is so illustrative of his genuine "pluck," and does such willing justice to a class of skilled empirics now nearly extinct, that we shall give it at length:

"This operation (amputation) was fully resolved upon, when luckily the advice of my trusty gamekeeper (John Ogden) rendered it unnecessary. One morning, 'Master,' said he to me, 'I'm sure you are going to the grave. You'll die to a certainty. Let me go for our old bone-setter. He cured me, long ago; and perhaps he can cure you.' It was on the 25th of March then, alias Lady-day, which every Catholic in the universe knows is a solemn festival in honour of the Blessed Virgin, that I had an interview with Mr. Joseph Crowther, the well-known bone-setter, whose family has exercised the art, from father to son, time out of mind.

On viewing my poor remnant of an arm, 'Your wrist,' said he, 'is sorely injured, a callous having formed betwixt the hand and the arm. The elbow is out of joint, and the shoulder somewhat driven forwards. This last affair will prevent your raising your arm to your head.' Melancholy look out! 'But can you cure me, doctor?' said I. 'Yes,' replied he firmly; 'only let me have my own way.'

'Then take the arm; and with it take elbow, wrist, and shoulder. I here deliver them up to you. Do what you please with them. Pain is no consideration in this case. I dare say I shall have enough of it.' 'You will,' said he emphatically.

This resolute bone-setter, whom I always compared to Chiron the Centaur for his science and his strength, began his operations like a man of business. In fourteen days, by means of potent embrocations, stretching, pulling, twisting, and jerking, he forced the shoulder and the wrist to obey him, and to perform their former healthy movements. The elbow was a complicated affair. It required greater exertions, and greater attention. In fact, it was a job for Hercules himself. Having done the needful to it (*secundum artem*) for one-and-twenty days, he seemed satisfied with the progress which he had made; and he said quite coolly, 'I'll finish you off this afternoon.'

At four o'clock, post meridian, his bandages, his plasters, and his wadding having been placed on the table in regular order, he doffed his coat, tucked up his shirt above the elbows, and said that a glass of ale would do him good. 'Then I'll have a glass of soda-water with you,' said I; 'and we'll drink each other's health, and success to the undertaking.'

The remaining act was one of unmitigated severity; but it was absolutely necessary. My sister Eliza, seeing what was to take place, felt her spirits sinking, and retired to her room. Her maid, Lucy Barnes, bold as a little lioness, said she would see it out; whilst Mr. Harrison, a fine young gentleman, who was on a visit to me (and, alas, is since dead in California), was ready in case of need. The bone-setter performed his part with resolution scarcely to be contemplated, but which was really required under existing circumstances.

Laying hold of the crippled arm just above the elbow with one hand, and below it with the other, he smashed to atoms, by main force, the callous which had formed in the dislocated joint, the elbow itself crackling as though the interior parts of it had consisted of tobacco-pipe shanks. Having pre-determined in my mind not to open my mouth, or to make any stir during the operation, I remained passive and silent whilst this fierce elbow-contest was raging. All being now effected as far as force and skill were concerned, the remainder became a mere work of time. So putting a five-pound note, by way of extra fee, into this sturdy operator's hand, the winding up of the now rectified elbow-joint was effected by him with a nicety and a knowledge truly astonishing. Health soon resumed her ancient right; sleep went hand in hand with a quiet mind; life was once more worth enjoying; and here I am just now, sound as an acorn."

"Well done, Mr. Joseph Crowther," say we; "and well endured, O most iron-nerved of philosophers!" The truth is, that the old-fashioned bone-setter, who exercised his calling when the science of surgery was comparatively in its infancy, was forced by circumstances to attempt the cure of cases which would appal a more technically instructed practitioner. The absence of knowledge to be gained by the scalpel alone rendered imperative, and therefore cultivated, a precision of eye which at last embraced at a glance a complete system of external anatomy; and indifference to the consequential risks which deter a regularly educated surgeon frequently enabled the sturdy bone-setter to effect a complete recovery of use and motion where modern caution can only advise attempts at palliation. All the conditions in Mr. Waterton's case were favourable: he was in the hands of a skilful operator, and the operator had a bold and sound patient.

We have now seen our author well out of the water and off the ground, though as to the last not on such good terms as Antæus. We have now to recur to Hanoverian rats, having arrived at the point we mentioned when recording a little remark, uttered in the Hôtel de l'Europe at Venice, rather in the spirit of a royalist dragoon than of a peaceful naturalist. Some sixty years ago, Mr. Waterton's father put into his hand

a little iron cannon-ball, with a request that he would never let it go out of the family keeping. "It was used," said he, "against Oliver Cromwell, when he attacked our house." On the top of the old three-storied gateway was an iron swivel-gun; and on the place being invested by Old Noll, this gun, tradition affirmed, was so accurately brought to bear on a footpath in a wood, that a Roundhead soldier, returning from the village and carrying a keg of ale, was bowled over with a broken leg. The spot where the ball entered the ground was handed down from father to son; and not in vain. "Long before you were born," added my father, "curiosity caused me to dig for the ball at the place which had been pointed out; and there I found it, nine inches deep under the sod. So far my father." Now for the son:

"On the 12th March 1857, being at sludging-work, close to the old gateway, and in front of it, we found an iron swivel-cannon eight feet deep in the mud, and resting on the remains of the ancient bridge. The little iron ball mentioned above seems to have been cast to fit this gun. I have no doubt in my own mind but that this is the gun and this the ball which were used at the period of the defence."

Several other things have since turned up: musket-bullets, a sword-blade, spear, daggers, keys, coins, a silver spur, and two silver plates; all deep in the mud, no doubt flung into the lake with the family plate when Walton Hall was ransacked after the battle of Culloden. We can imagine Mr. Waterton's excitement as the cannon made its first appearance; the eagerness with which the iron-ball would be applied to its rusty mouth, and his exclamation of delight as it was pronounced to be an obvious fit.

"How varied is the turn of fortune! Success in battle, or the want of it, makes a man a patriot or a rebel. My family, solely on account of its conservative principles and of its unshaken loyalty in the cause of royal hereditary rights, was, by the failure at Culloden's bloody field, declared to be rebellious; and its members had to suffer confiscation, persecution, and imprisonment. It had to see, in a foregoing century, a Dutchman declared the sovereign lord of all Great Britain, and subsequently Hanoverian princes and Hanoverian rats called over from the Continent in order to fatten on our fertile plains of England."

With these reflections the autobiographical portion of the volume before us comes to an end, and the *Essays*, which form the bulk of it, commence. We had occasion to observe a short time ago that open-air writers are never dull; and Mr. Waterton certainly gives us no reason to change that opinion. His object is to prove that, notwithstanding all that

has been written and said to the contrary, the monkey family (which in his arrangement includes apes, baboons, monkeys with ordinary tails, and monkeys with prehensile tails) inhabit trees alone when left in freedom; the apes which frequent the rocks at Gibraltar being mere prisoners—though when so imprisoned there is no evidence to show—and dwellers on the ground solely because there are no forests to climb into in their uncongenial place of banishment. The pages of the *Rambler* are not a fitting arena for the discussion of problems in natural history of no interest to the general reader, and we must therefore refer the curious in such matters to the book itself. Wherever Mr. W. states a fact as the result of his own personal observation, his scrupulous accuracy entitles him to the most entire faith; and if he undervalues a little the labours of the closet systematist, it must be allowed that it is not altogether without provocation. Wise men will laugh, and not be angry. As a set-off against a charge of libel, we are permitted to plead a justification; and "*Cercopithecus*, *Gallitria*, *Sciureus*, *Oristile*, *Arachnoides*, *Subpentadactylus*, *Hypoxanthus*, *Platyrrhinus*, and *Pygerythræus*," are descriptive terms which go far to mitigate damages, when a man who has studied most of their owners in their native solitudes is at the bar on his trial for quizzing.

In the second essay, pigeon-cots and pigeon-stealers are treated of; and the stupid unsportsman-like pigeon-shooting matches which call the latter into existence are held up to well-merited scorn.

In the third essay, on "the Humming Bird," our author points out a great error in the setters-up of the skins of these lovely little feathered meteors:

"At the knees, in many species (indeed in all, in a greater or less degree) is found a profusion of delicately-white feathery down. When this is made to appear in preserved specimens, a solecism is committed in the art of what our learned doctors now call 'taxidermy.' No part of the feathery down ought to appear, whether the bird be on the wing or resting upon the twig of a tree. In nature it is entirely concealed by the adjacent and surrounding feathers."

Our readers will no doubt call to mind how very prominent and remarkable the white down alluded to appeared in a large proportion of the specimens exhibited in Mr. Gould's magnificent collection at the Zoological Gardens, some years back.

We shall not accompany Mr. Waterton on his trip to Aix-la-Chapelle and its thermal springs; but turn over to his "Notes on the Dog-Tribe," which he introduces with a dictum from Ovid,—*Canibusque sagacior anser*,—the truth of which

may, at all events, be doubted as regards the respective animals in these days:

"We, wiser in our generation," says the essayist, "have been taught otherwise; for when a man cannot exactly comprehend our meaning, we lose temper, and call him a goose. But when a man shows brain in ferreting out a dubious case, we declare that he has the sagacity of a hound. It appears, then, in our times, that as far as sagacity is concerned, the dog is superior to the goose."

In proceeding to enlarge on the capabilities of the dog,—his obedience, his courage and fidelity,—our author insists strongly on the impassable gulf which exists between the highest instinct and reason; and instances the fact, that if your favourite dog, who abounds in all the loftiest canine qualities, hurts himself, and you bind up the wound, no shadow of reason will enable poor Ponto or Fido to submit to any system of cure; but the moment the bandage presses, or the wound itches, he will bite and tear till he gets quit of the plaster altogether. And this is the case, "from the mouse to the mastodon," with all irrational animals. For our own part, we never treated a mouse for a sore tail, or a mastodon for the nettle-rash; yet we certainly remember to have *read* of a dog who not only attended his surgeon for a daily dressing, but on one occasion brought a damaged acquaintance to solicit similar medical assistance. One thing is most certain, however, that

"The dog, although particularly gifted by nature with a disposition which enables him to receive impressions to a certain amount, even, in some instances, bordering as it were on reason, will exhibit nothing in his wild state to exalt him above the surrounding animals,—no, not above the ass itself. He must submit to the rule and dominion of rational man, in order to excel the surrounding brutes. To man alone he is indebted for an education."

This is well and forcibly put. Sufficient importance is not usually given to the fact, that the qualities of docility, constancy, affection, and obedience, which, in conjunction or separately, are to be observed more or less in all animals coming under the general term "domesticated," afford no intimation whatever of their existence as long as such animals are in their state of natural freedom. Indeed, it is most difficult, perhaps impossible, to prove that the instinct of one class is higher in any sense than that of another. Of the much greater susceptibility of educational impressions which is possessed by one class over another there can be no doubt, nor that the dog-tribe stands first on the list.

By way of illustrating the difference between canine trac-

tability and asinine intractability, Mr. Waterton gives us a droll account of his controversy with a mule: we say "asinine," because it is always taken for granted that Mulo inherits his proverbial obstinacy rather from the ass his father than from the mare his mother,—a compliment to the fair sex which of course we dare not gainsay. But to return to Mr. Waterton and his adventures with Philip:

"When I was on the west coast of Demerara, I rode a mule in preference to a horse; and I took a kind of pride in my choice, because no other person seemed inclined to engage him. He was a cream-coloured, and a beautiful animal, and had been imported from Orinoco to work in the cattle-mills of the sugar-plantations. I gave him the name of Philip. At times he went quietly enough; but every now and then he would show who had been his father, and you would fancy that the devil of stubbornness had got entire possession of him. He was never able to dislodge me from the saddle except once; and then, being off my guard, he pitched me 'neck and crop,' as the saying is, over his head. A large brown wasp of the country had issued from its nest under a wooden bridge, over which we were going, and stung him in the face. Hence the true cause of the fracas."

Decidedly Philip was not altogether to blame in this matter; though it is little to the credit of his general intelligence that his only notion of getting rid of a wasp was to send his rider flying into the air, and down on his head. On a second occasion we have no excuse whatever to offer for him:

"Another time Philip seemed particularly prone to mischief. I prepared for a storm, and the mule made a dead stop. It brought to my mind the affair which Sterne had with his own mule in the *Sentimental Journey*. 'Philip,' said I, 'I can't afford to stop just now, as I have an appointment; so pray thee, my lad, go on.' 'I won't,' said he. 'Now do, my dear fellow,' said I, patting him on the shoulders as I spoke the words; 'we must not remain here, a laughing-stock to every passing nigger.' Philip declared that he would not move a peg. 'Then, master obstinacy,' said I, 'take that for your pains;' and I instantly assailed his ears with a stick, which I carried in lieu of a whip. 'It won't do,' said Philip, 'I'm determined not to go on;' and then he laid him down, I keeping my seat in the saddle, only moving in it sufficiently to maintain an upright position; so that whilst he lay on the ground I appeared like a man astride of a barrel.

Nothing would induce the mule to rise. Niggers in passing by laughed at us, some offering assistance.

Here a bright thought came into my head. The swamps of Demerara being below the level of the sea at high water, each plantation has a sluice to effect a drainage when the tide goes out. An old nigger lives in a little hut close by the roadside, and he has

the sluice under his charge. He was standing at the door, grinning at us, with his mouth wide open from ear to ear. 'Daddy,' said I, 'bring me a fire-stick.' 'Yes, massa,' said he; and then he drew one hotly blazing from his fire. 'Put it, red-hot as it is, under Philip's tail.' He did so; and this was more than Philip's iron nerves could stand. Up he started, the hair of his tail smoking and cracking like a mutton-chop on a gridiron. I kept my seat; and away went Philip, scouring along the road with surprising swiftness. From that day forward, although he had a disagreeable knack of depressing his long ears and elevating his rump, he never attempted to lie down with me on the public road."

In cases where what Mr. Waterton calls his *anodyne* treatment fails, as it did with Philip, his *à posteriori* form of argument might, we think, be applied with very great advantage. It is not altogether new. When John Bull refuses to carry his ministerial burden through the mire it is pretty sure to lead him into, some grinning daddy of a Chancellor of the Exchequer is ever ready to clap the fire-stick of a new tax under his tail; so that he plunges furiously forward in a desperate attempt to get rid of his burden, and sometimes, though by no means as a rule, reaches sound footing on the other side of the quagmire. There are other instances in which the remedy might be exhibited with considerable benefit to the patient. When, for example, a pattern Anglican quietly settles himself down in a bog of blunders, and takes a will-o'-the-wisp for the sun, a touch of the actual cautery, judiciously administered, might make him spring at a bound over the line that divides truth from error. We are convinced that the history of Philip will not be lost on the world.

But we must hasten on, for our space is rapidly contracting. The reader will find Mr. Waterton's chapter on the fox by no means one of the least interesting of the series. His acquaintance with Reynard began early in life; for, to say nothing of the noted fox-earths at his paternal hall, the good Jesuit Fathers at Stonyhurst, in consideration of his inborn love of natural history, wisely constituted him rat and fox catcher to the college. "Armed with this authority, I was always on the alert when scholastic duties allowed me a little relaxation; and I became the scourge of noted thieves, such as fougarts, stoats, weasels, and Hanoverian rats." In his early vulpicide career (let it be clearly explained that no hounds were kept in the neighbourhood) he witnessed a strong instance of the imperfect instinct of the animal whose cunning is a constant theme of ancient and modern fable. Eight half-grown turkeys were missing one morning; and the four-footed thief, having as it seemed entombed three in

his own stomach, buried the remaining five for his wife and children (as our author suggests) in an open garden. If he had actually covered them, his sagacity would have remained unimpeachable:

"But he actually left one wing of each bird exposed to view; and it was this exposure which led to their discovery. I could not possibly mistake as to who had been the sexton; for when I disinterred them, each bird emitted that odour which a fox alone produces. . . . An ass, in this case, would have shown just as much talent and cunning as Reynard himself had exhibited."

Though our author has killed foxes, yet he is no fox-killer; and that we may not give a shadow of excuse for any such impression, let us quote his own words:

"Long may Great Britain boast of her useful pastime (which is unique of its kind), free from knaves, free from pickpockets, free from the necessity of a police attendance, free from blacklegs,—in a word, free from every thing that may cause a man to say he repents of having joined in the chase, or to confess that he has not found himself better in health and spirits after the day's sport was over than before it began! It is my wish, as I have already declared,—my wish, my ardent wish,—to cherish and protect the breed of foxes; not that I deny, however, a man, once or twice in his life, may be reduced to the repugnant necessity of committing vulpicide, or fox-murder."

And here let us take leave of this fine specimen of a north-country squire, as he utters a sentence worthy of himself. Mr. Waterton belongs to a class of which there are too few. Full of courage, yet tender and gentle; shrewd and observant, yet in simplicity a child; firm as a rock in his faith, and straight as an arrow in his dealings,—such is the owner of Walton Hall. As an open-air observer, he has made many and valuable contributions to natural history; and, with a style peculiarly his own, he has recorded his wanderings in a manner to secure the reader's interest. In his epilogue to the present volume, he says, "Some writers march steadily along; others stumble in the road; whilst others fall down flat on their faces, never to rise again." Now we cannot affirm truly of him that he does any one of the three. He neither stumbles nor falls; but his progress is of that discursive kind which we adopt when enjoying a ramble in the fields and woods with a congenial friend, not the steady pace which belongs to the graver walks of literature. In conclusion, we wish our author health and strength to launch more essays, ay, and to seek out fresh materials. To the public we say, Buy the present volume, and read it.

## Short Notices.

### THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

*Sermons preached on Various Occasions.* By John Henry Newman, DD., of the Oratory. (London, Burns and Lambert.) This volume cannot be supposed to have so much unity of idea as the two preceding ones; but it has that unity which the detached writings of a man of philosophical mind must always have. We consider F. Newman to be the classical religious writer of the day. His sermons are, in their way, as complete and perfect as an ode or an epos of the great poets. Their language and style are irreproachable, like Addison's; not, however, like his, dull and monotonous, but always impressed with the charm of novelty and unflagging interest. He is the well-instructed scribe, who brings forth from his treasures new things and old: old things in the garb of new; old things adapted to new wants; the past in terms of the present; stale truths, over which too many have gaped, in a form as attractive as the most brilliant writers can give to error. We must mention, by the way, that we cannot quite subscribe to the historical views of the extinction of the Catholic Church in England that are assumed in the beautiful sermon on "the Second Spring." Nor can we agree that there is no instance of a people that had once fallen away returning to the Church; some of the most Catholic States in Europe are those where Protestantism once reigned supreme, if not exclusively, for several generations. We may mention Styria, La Vendée, and Bohemia.

*The Raccolta, or Collection of Indulged Prayers.* By Ambrose St. John, of the Oratory. (London, Burns and Lambert.) This is truly, as the translator calls it, "a book of prayers which has the highest sanction of the Church; and the use of which is not only authorised, but privileged in the highest degree, so as to entitle it to be called emphatically 'the Church Prayer-book of Private Devotion,' as the Missal and Breviary are her books of public devotion." The translation is excellent; and at the beginning of the book is an approbation of the Pope, granting to the faithful who use it the same Indulgences as are annexed to the original Roman editions.

### FOREIGN LITERATURE.

*Le Correspondant.* (Paris, Douniol.) This review, with the tone and principles of which we must own to feeling the liveliest sympathy, proceeds without flagging on its brilliant career. Each Number contains two or three valuable memoirs. We may mention the Vicomte de Melun's admirable *résumé* of the controversy about the "Law of Charity" in Belgium, which led to the deplorable riots of May; and some memoirs on the government of the Papal States, by M. de Corcelle, written in a true Catholic spirit, and with all the political freedom which characterises the *Correspondant*, and with the cleanness and clearness which are so natural to the French in writings of this kind. The tales which are printed in the pages of this journal are generally of a superior class; one of them, "Madame de Bonneval," by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, has gained quite a European reputation: we cannot venture to predict the same success for the tale finished in the last Number, "Cecile." Altogether the *Correspondant* is a journal which Catholics must regard with pride, as being conducted with talent, honour, liberality, and freedom, and in an excellent Catholic spirit.

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